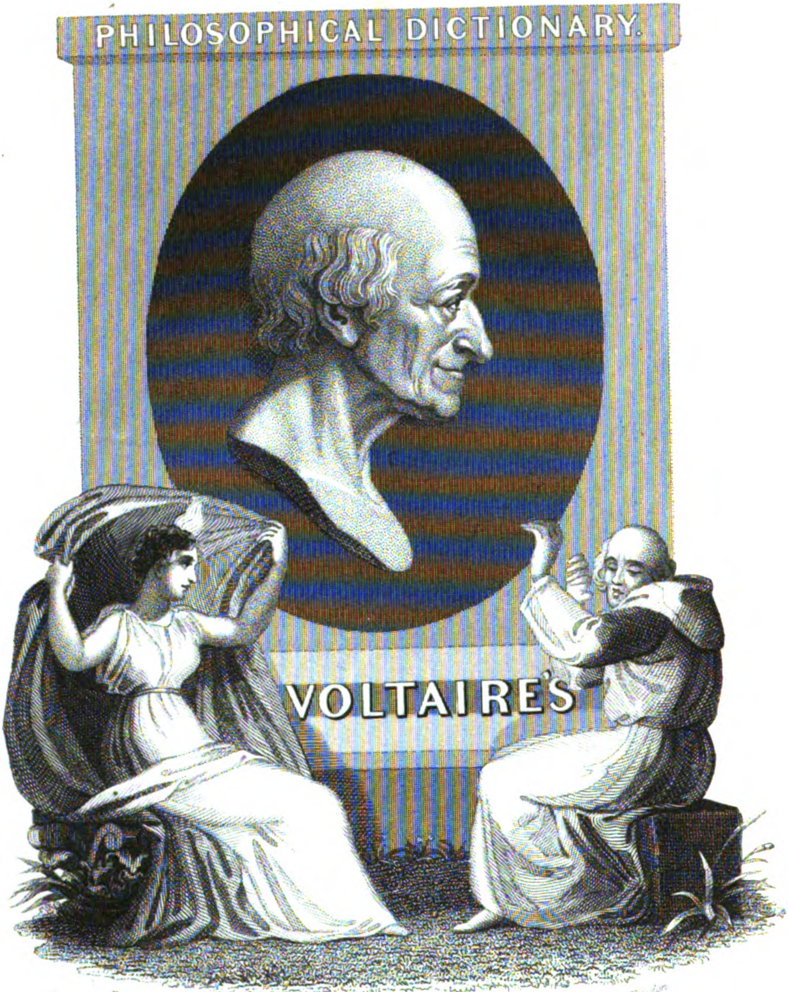
Wm Gray

Stamford

July 2



Engraved by Osborne Sheaden.

The Bust from Houdon

Published by William Dugdale 16, Holywell Street Strand. [illegible]

A PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Without Philosophy, we should be little above the animals that dig or erect their habitations, prepare their food in them, take care of their little ones in their dwellings, and have, besides, the good fortune, which we have not, of being born ready-clothed.
Article ANTIQUITY, Vol. 1. p. 89.

How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
MILTON'S COMUS, Scene 2.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED A CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR, AND A MEDALLION PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

London:
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MEMOIRS OF VOLTAIRE.

François Marie Arouet, who by assuming the name of Voltaire has rendered it so famous, was born at Chatenay, on the 20th of February, 1694, and was baptised at Paris, in the church of St. André-des-Arcs, on the 22nd of November in he same year. His excessive weakness was the cause of this delay, which, during life occasioned doubts concerning the place and time of his birth.

The father of M. de Voltaire exercised the office of treasurer to the Chamber of Accounts; his mother, Marguerite d'Aumart, was of a noble family of Poitou. Their son has been reproached for having taken the name of Voltaire; that is, for having followed a custom at that time generally practised by the rich citizens and younger sons, who, leaving the family name to the heir, assumed that of a fief, or perhaps of a country house. His birth was questioned in numerous libels. His enemies, among men of literature, seemed to fear that the fashionable world would too readily sacrifice its prejudices to the pleasure found in his society, and the admiration his talents inspired, and that a man of letters should be treated with too much equality. Such reproaches did him honour; malignity does not attack the birth of a man of literature, but from a secret consciousness, which it cannot stifle, that is wholly unable to diminish his personal fame.

The fortune which M. Arouet, the father enjoyed, was doubly advantageous to his son; it procured him the advantages of education, without which genius never attains those heights to which it might otherwise arise Nor was the advantage of being born to an independent fortune less inestimable. M. de Voltaire never felt the misery of being obliged to abandon his liberty that he might procure subsistence; to subject his genius to labour, which the necessity of living enforced; nor to flatter the prejudices, or the passions, of a patron.

The young Arouet was sent to the Jesuits' College, where the sons of the first nobility, except those of the Jansenists, received their education. The professors of rhetoric, under whom he was placed, were Father Porée and Father Jay: the first, being a man of understanding, and of a good heart, discovered the seeds of a future greatness in his scholar; and the latter, struck with the boldness of his opinions and the independence of his mind, predicted that he would become the apostle of deism in France: both of which prophecies were verified by time.

When he left college, he again found the Abbé de Châteauneuf, his godfather and the friend of his mother, an intimate at home. The Abbé was intimate with Ninon de l'Enclos, whom, for her probity, her understanding, and her freedom of thought, he long had pardoned in despite of the somewhat notorious adventures of her youth. The fashionable world were pleased that she had refused the invitation of her former friend, Madame de Maintenon, who had offered to invite her to court, on condition that she would become a devotee. The abbé de Châteauneuf had presented Voltaire to Ninon. Though but a boy, he already was a poet; already began to tease his Jansenist brother by his trifling epigrams, and to please himself with reciting the "Moïsade" of Rousseau.

Ninon had taken delight in the pupil of her friend, and had left him by will two thousand livres (about eighty guineas) to purchase books. Thus was he taught by fortunate circumstances, even in infancy, and before his understanding was formed, to regard study and labours of the mind as pleasing and honourable employments.

The Abbé de Châteauneuf also introduced the young Voltaire to these societies, and particularly to the company of the Duke of Sully, the Marquis de la Fare, the Abbé Servien, the Abbé de Chaulieu, and the Abbé Courtin; who were often joined by the Prince de Conti, and the Grand Prior de Vendôme.

M. Arouet imagined his son was ruined, when he was told that he wrote poetry and frequented the society of people of fashion. He wished to make him a judge, and saw him employed on a tragedy. This family quarrel ended by sending the young Voltaire to the Marquis de Châteauneuf, the French ambassador in Holland.

His exile was not of long duration. Madame du Noyer, who had fled thither with her two daughters, rather to avoid her husband than from zeal for the Protestant religion, was then at the Hague, where she lived by intrigues and libels, and proved from her conduct that she did not go thither in search of liberty of conscience.

M. de Voltaire became enamoured of one of her daughters; and the mother, finding that the only advantage she could gain from his attachment was that of making it public, carried her complaints to the ambassador, who forbade his young dependent to continue his visits to Mademoiselle du Noyer; and sent him back to his family for having disobeyed his orders.

Madame du Noyer failed not to print this story with the letters of the young Arouet to her daughter, hoping that this already well-known name would promote the sale of her book; and vaunted of her maternal severity and delicacy in the very libel in which she proclaimed her daughter's dishonour.

The youth, when returned to Paris, soon forgot his love; but he had afterwards the good fortune to be of service to Mademoiselle du Noyer, when she had married the Baron de Vinterfeld.

His father, however, finding him persist in writing poetry, and living at large, forbade him his house. The most submissive letters made no impression on him; the son even asked permission to go to America, provided that before his departure he might be permitted to kneel at his feet; but there was no choice; he must determine not to depart for America, but to bind himself to an attorney. He did not here remain long; M. de Caumartin, the friend of M. Arouet, pitied the fate of his son, and requested permission to take him to St. Ange; where, removed from those societies which alarmed paternal affection, he might reflect on, and make choice of a profession. Here he met with Caumartin, the elder, a respectable old man, who was passionately fond of Henry IV., and Sully, at that time too much

forgotten by the nation. Caumartin had been intimate with the best informed men of the reign of Louis XIV.; and was acquainted with the most secret anecdotes, such as they really happened. These he took a pleasure to recount, and Voltaire returned from St. Ange, occupied by the project of writing an epic poem, of which Henry IV. should be the hero, and ardently desirous of studying the history of France. To this journey are we indebted for the "Henriade," and the "Age of Louis XIV."

The death of this monarch was recent; the people, of whom he had long been the idol—the very people who had pardoned his profusion, his wars, and his despotism, and had applauded his persecution of the Protestants—insulted his memory by testifying indecent joy. A bull, obtained from Rome against a book of devotion, had occasioned the Parisians to forget that glory of which they so long had been enamoured. Satires on the memory of Louis the Great were as numerous as eulogies had been during his life. Voltaire, being accused of having written one of these satires, was sent to the Bastile. The poem ended with the following line:—

J'ai vu ces maux, et je n'ai pas vingt ans.

[These evils have I seen, yet have not reached my twentieth year.] Voltaire was then upwards of two and twenty, and the police took this conformity of age to be proof sufficient to deprive him of his liberty.

It was in the Bastile that the young poet sketched his poem of the "League," corrected his tragedy of "Œdipus," which he had begun long before, and wrote some merry verses on the misfortune of being there a prisoner. The regent, duke of Orleans, being informed of his innocence, restored him to freedom, and granted him a recompense.

"I thank your royal highness," said Voltaire, "for having provided me with food; but I hope you will not hereafter trouble yourself concerning my lodging."

The tragedy of "Œdipus" was performed in 1718. The author had hitherto been known only by his fugitive pieces, by some epistles which breathed the spirit of Chaulieu, but written more correctly, and by an ode which had vainly contended for the prize bestowed by the French Academy: to this, a ridiculous piece written by the Abbé du Jarri had been preferred. The theme proposed by the academy was the decoration of the altar of Notre Dame; for Louis XIV., after having reigned seventy years, recollected it was time to perform the promise of Louis XIII. Thus was the subject of the first serious poem, written by Voltaire, devotion. Possessed of native and unerring taste, he would not mingle the passion of love with a tale so horrid as that of "Œdipus;" and had been daring enough to present his piece to the theatre without having paid this tribute to custom. But it was rejected. The assembled comedians took it amiss that the author should dare to dispute their judgment. "The young man well deserves," said Dufresne, "as a punishment for his pride, that his tragedy should be played with the long vile scene which he has translated from Sophocles."

Voltaire was obliged to cede, and to insert a whole episode of love. The piece was applauded, though in despite of the episode; and the long vile scene from Sophocles ensured its success. La Motte, who was at that time the first among men of letters, said in his approbation that this tragedy gave promise of a worthy successor to Corneille and Racine; and the homage thus rendered by a rival, whose fame was established, and who had reason to fear he might see himself surpassed, must for ever do honour to the character of La Motte.

But Voltaire, proclaimed a man of genius and a philosopher to a crowd of inferior authors and fanatics of all sects, even then gained a combination of enemies,

whom the rising generation of sixty years have continued to supply, and who often have molested his long and glorious career. The following celebrated lines—

Nos pretres ne sont pas ce qu'un vain peuple pense
Notre credulite fait toute leur science—

[Our priests are not what the foolish people suppose; their whole knowledge is derived from our credulity]—were the first signal of a war, which not even the death of Voltaire could extinguish.

At one of the representations of "Œdipus," Voltaire appeared on the stage, bearing up the train of the high priest. The Marchioness de Villars asked who was that young man who wished the piece might be condemned; she was told it was the author. This thoughtless act, which spoke a man so superior to the trifling anxieties of self-love, made the marchioness desirous of his acquaintance. Voltaire being admitted her visitor, conceived a passion for her—the first and the most serious he ever felt. He was unsuccessful; and was for a considerable time diverted from study, which had already become necessary to his existence. He never afterwards mentioned this subject but with a sensation of regret, and almost of remorse.

Having freed himself from his passion, he continued the "Henriade," and wrote the tragedy of 'Artémire." The public, who had done justice to "Œdipus," was (to say the least) severe to "Artémire." This is a common consequence of success: nor is secret aversion for acknowledged superiority the only cause, though this aversion has the art to profit by a natural feeling which renders us more difficult to be pleased in proportion as we have more to hope.

This tragedy was of no other value to Voltaire than that of obtaining permission for him to return to Paris, whence he had been banished by his intimacy with the enemies of the regent, and among others with the Duke de Richelieu and the famous Baron de Gortz. Thus did this ambitious man, whose vast projects included all Europe, and threatened to overturn its governments, choose a young poet for his friend and almost for his confident. Men of genius seek for, and at once know each other; they have a common language, which they alone can speak and understand,

In 1722, Voltaire accompanied Madame de Rupelmonde into Holland. He was desirous, at Brussels, of being acquainted with Jean Baptiste Rousseau, whose misfortunes he pitied, and whose poetic talent he esteemed. Voltaire consulted him on his poem on the "League;" and read his epistle to Urania to him, written for Madame de Rupelmonde. This poem was the first monument of his freedom of thinking, and of his talent of treating on moral and metaphysical subjects in verse, and of rendering them popular.

Rousseau, on his part, read an "Ode addressed to Posterity," which Voltaire, as it is pretended, then told him would never arrive at the place to which it was addressed. He likewise read the "Judgment of Pluto," which was as quickly forgotton as the ode. The two poets parted irreconcilable foes. Rousseau violently attacked Voltaire, who continued patiently to suffer during fifteen years. It is astonishing to think that the author of so many licentious epigrams, in which the clergy were continually made the subject of ridicule and opprobrium, should seriously assign the thoughtless behaviour of Voltaire during mass and his "Epistle to Urania," as the cause of his hatred. But Rousseau had assumed the mask of devotion, which was then an honourable asylum for such as had suffered in the world's opinion: a safe and commodious asylum which philosophy, among the other evils of which it is accused, has, unfortunately for hypocrites, eternally closed.

In 1724, Voltaire presented the world with "Mariamne," which was but "Artémire" under new names, but with a less complicated and less romantic fable. It was written in the very stile of Racine, and was forty times performed. In his preface, the author opposed the opinion of La Motte, who possessed of much understanding and reason, but little sensible of the charms of harmony, discovered no other merit in versification than that of difficulties overcome; nor anything more than a formal custom, in poetry, invented to ease the memory, and to which habit alone had attributed charms. In his letters, printed at the end of "Œdipus," he had before combated the opinions of the same poet, who regarded the observance of the three unities as another prejudice.

About the same time, the "Henriade" appeared under the name of the "League:" an imperfect copy, stolen from the author, was clandestinely printed, in which there were not only parts omitted, but some vacancies were supplied.

Thus France was at length possessed of an epic poem. It must be regretted, no doubt, that Voltaire—the fables of whose tragedies are so full of action, who has made the passions speak a language so natural and so true, and who could paint them so effectually as well by analysing their sentiments as by their sudden ebullitions—should not have displayed in the "Henriade," those talents which never before were combined in the same man to so great a degree. Yet, a subject so well known and so recent, gave but little room for the imagination of the poet. The gloomy and persecuting spirit of fanaticism, exercising itself on subaltern characters, could excite little more than horror. The chiefs of the league were animated by an ambition which hypocrisy debased. The hero of the poem, gallant, brave, and humane, but continually subject to misfortune which alighted on him alone, could interest only by his courage and his clemency. Nor was it possible that the unnatural conversion of Henry IV. should form an heroic catastrophe.

But though the "Henriade," in pathos, variety, and action, be inferior to those epic poems which were then in possession of universal admiration, yet by how many new beauties was this inferiority compensated? Never was philosophy, so profound and so true, embellished by verses more sublime or more affecting.—What other poem presents to us characters drawn with greater strength and dignity, and without offence to historical fact? What other contains morality more pure, humanity more enlightened, or is more free from the errors of prejudice and vulgar passion? Whether the poet causes his characters to act or speak, whether he paints the crimes of fanaticism, or the charms and the dangers of love, whether he transports his hearer to the field of battle, or into that heaven which he himself created, he is everywhere a philosopher, and is everywhere deeply intent on promoting the true interests of the human race. In the very palace of fiction, we behold truth sublimely rise, and always painted in the most splendid and purest colours.

The "Henriade," Œdipus," and "Mariamne," had placed Voltaire much above his contemporaries; and seemed to secure a life of fame, when his repose was troubled by a fatal accident. He had returned a satirical answer to some contemptuous words which had been spoken by a courtier, who revenged himself by causing Voltaire to be insulted by his servants without endangering his personal safety. The outrage was committed at the gate of the Hotel de Sully, where he had dined; nor did the Duke de Sully deign to show any resentment; being, no doubt, persuaded that the descendants of the Franks had preserved the right of life and death over the Gauls. Justice remained mute; the parliament of Paris, which had caused far less misdemeanours to be punished when committed against

one of its own subalterns, imagined nothing was due to an undignified citizen, although the greatest man of literature the nation possessed, and kept silence.

Voltaire was desirous of taking those means to revenge offended honour which the manners of modern nations have authorised, but which their laws have proscribed. The Bastile, and, at the end of six months, an order to quit Paris, were the punishment of his first step. The Cardinal de Fleury had not so much policy as even to denote the slightes mark of dissatisfaction against the aggressor. Thus, when men are unprotected by the laws, they are punished by arbitrary power for seeking that revenge, which the want of protection renders legal, and which is prescribed as necessary to the principles of honour. We venture to believe that the rights of man will be more respected in our times, that the laws will not remain impotent from any ridiculous prejudice of birth, and that, when any quarrel shall happen between two citizens, no minister will deprive him who received the first offence of his freedom.

Voltaire made a secret journey to Paris, but to no effect. He there met with more than one adversary, who disposed at pleasure of judicial power and ministerial authority, and who could safely effect his ruin. He buried himself in retirement, and disdained longer to seek revenge; or, rather, revenged himself by overwhelming his enemy with the weight of his increasing fame; and forcing him to hear the name, which he wished to degrade, incessantly repeated with acclamation throughout all Europe.

England was his place of refuge. Newton was no more; but his spirit was infused into his countrymen, whom he had taught to trust to experiment and calculation only in the study of nature. Locke, whose death was likewise recent, had been the first to give the theory of the human understanding founded on experience, and to show the path which may safely be followed in metaphysical pursuits.

In France, meantime, the men of most understanding were labouring to substitute the hypothesis of Descartes, for the absurdities of scholastic philosophy. Any thesis, in which either the system of Copernicus or that of the Vortices, was maintained, was a victory over prejudice. Innate ideas, in the eyes of the devout, were become almost an article of faith; though they had at first been supposed heretical. Malebranche, whom men imagined they understood, was the philosopher in fashion. He was supposed a freethinker who allowed himself to regard the existence of the five propositions, in the unintelligible book of "Jansenius," as a thing in which the happiness of the human race was not concerned, or who had the temerity to read "Bayle," without the permission of a doctor in divinity.

This contrast could hot but excite the enthusiasm of a man who, like Voltaire, had from his infancy shaken off prejudice; and from this moment he felt himself called to be the destroyer of prejudice of every kind, of which his country was the slave.

The tragedy of "Brutus," was the first fruits of his journey to England.

The French theatre had not, since Cinna, breathed the haughty accents of freedom; and they had, there, been smothered by those of revenge. In "Brutus," the strength of Corneille was discovered with additional pomp and splendour, combined with that simplicity which Corneille wanted, and the uniform elegance of Racine. Never were the rights of an oppressed people displayed with greater power, eloquence, and even precision, than in the second scene of "Brutus." The fifth act is equally remarkable for its pathos. The poet has been reproached for having made love a part of a subject so awful and terrible, and particularly love, which is deficient in interest; but, had the motive of Titus been any other than love, he would have been debased, the severity of Brutus would not then have rent

the hearts of the spectators; and, had love been rendered too pathetic, it would have been to be feared that love would have destroyed the cause of liberty. It was after this piece had been acted that Fontenelle told Voltaire, "He did not think his genius proper for tragedy, and that his style was too bold, pompous, and splendid." "If so," replied Voltaire, "I will go and read your pastorals."

He supposed, at this time, he might aspire to a place in the French academy; and he might well have been thought modest to have waited so long. But he had not so much as the honour of dividing the votes of the academicians. The fat De Bose pronounced, in a dictatorial tone, that Voltaire should never be one of their dignified members.

This De Bose, whose name is now forgotten, was one of those men who, with little mind and not too much knowledge, obtain admission among men of rank and power, and succeed precisely because they neither have the wit to inspire fear, nor to humble the self-love of those who seek the reputation of patronising men of letters. De Bose was become a person of importance. He exercised the office of inspector of new publications; which is a usurpation on the part of the magistrate over men of letters, to whom the avidity of the rich and the powerful have left no employments but those whose execution requires the exertion of knowledge and talents.

After "Brutus," Voltaire wrote the "Death of Cæsar;" a subject which had previously been chosen by Shakspere, some scenes of whom he imitated and embellished. The tragedy was not played till several years had elapsed, and then in a college; he durst not risk a piece on the stage, destitute of love and of women, and which was likewise a tragedy in three acts: for it is not the most trifling innovations which excite the least clamour among the enemies of novelty; little things necessarily impress themselves on little minds. Still, however, a bold, noble, and figurative, yet natural style, sentiments worthy of the conqueror of the freest people on earth, and that force and grandeur of character and deep thought, which pervade the language of these last Romans, could not but be felt by spectators capable of discovering such merit, and men whose hearts and minds were related to these great personages, as well as by those who might love history, and such young minds as in the course of education had lately been occupied by similar objects.

The "Death of Cæsar" was not allowed to be printed: the republican sentiments it contained were attributed as crimes to the author. This was a ridiculous imputation; each character spoke his own language; and Brutus was not more the hero than Cæsar; the poet, treating an historical subject, drew his portraits after history, with strict impartiality. But, under the government of the Cardinal de Fleury, which was at once tyranical and pusillanimous, the language of slavery alone could appear to be innocent.

Who could, at present, suppose that the eulogy on the death of Mademoiselle le Couvreur could have been made a subject of serious persecution, and have obliged Voltaire to quit the metropolis, where he knew that absence would fortunately cause all things to be forgotten, and even the frenzy of persecution? It is a singular fatality, that in a country in which the dramatic art has been carried to the highest degree of perfection, the actors, to whom the public are indebted for the noblest of their pleasures, should be condemned by religion, and shunned from the most ridiculous of prejudices.

These prejudices Voltaire strongly opposed. Indignant to behold an actress, who had long been the object of enthusiastic applause, after being carried off by a sudden and cruel death, deprived of the rights of burial, because in a state of excommunication, he loudly reproached a frivolous nation which with cowardice bent the

neck under so shameful a yoke, and the pusillanimity of those people in power who peaceably suffered the memory of her, whom they had so much admired, to be thus insulted. Though nations are slow to correct themselves, they still suffer themselves to be told of their faults with patience. But the priests, whom the parliaments would suffer to excommunicate none but wizards and players, were irritated to see a poet dare to dispute the half of their empire, and the people in power could not pardon him for having proclaimed their unworthy cowardice.

Voltaire felt that some great theatrical success could alone secure him the hearts of the public, and shield him from the attacks of fanaticism. In a country in which no popular power exists, each class has some point at which to rally, and forms itself into a species of power. A dramatic author is under the protection of those societies who resort to the theatre for amusement. The public, by applauding allusions, flatter or offend the vanity of men in office, discourage or reanimate their opponents, and cannot for this reason be openly defied. Voltaire, therefore, presented his "Eriphile," which did not effect his purpose; but, far from being discouraged by want of successs and delighted with the subject of "Zaïre," he finished that tragedy in eighteen days, and it made its appearance on the stage four months after "Eriphile."

Its success surpassed his hopes. This was the first piece in which, forsaking the track of Corneille and Racine, he discovered art, style, and talents entirely his own. Never did love more true, or more impassioned, draw tears more sweet; never did poet before so depict the fury of jealousy in a mind so simple, so affectionate, and so generous. We love Orosmanes at the very moment he makes us shudder. With what art has the poet painted the Christians, whose interference disturb so sweet a union—a feeling and pious woman who has sacrificed her life and her love to her God; while the man who believes not in Christianity weeps for Zaïre, whose mind is distracted by filial affection, and who is the willing victim of a superstitious prejudice which forbids her to love a man of a different sect. This is the masterpiece of art. Whoever does not believe in the Old Testament, discovers in Athalia nothing but the school of bigotry, falsehood, and murder; but to all sects, and in all countries, "Zaïre" is the tragedy of the feeling and the innocent heart.

This tragedy was followed by that of "Adelaide de Gueschlin," which had likewise love for its subject; and in which, as in "Zaïre," French heroes and French history were recited in beautiful poetry, so as to increase the interest. But it was the patriotism of a citizen who delighted in the recollection of respected names and great events, and not the patriotism of the anti-chamber which has since been so applauded on the French theatre.

It is said that the success of "Adelaide" was injured by the "Temple of Taste," in which charming work Voltaire had passed sentence on the writers of the past age, and even on some of his contemporaries. Time has confirmed all his decisions, which each then appeared sacrilegious. In observing such literary intolerance, the necessity, under which every writer labours who wishes to live in peace, of respecting opinions already formed of the merit of an orator or a poet, and the fury with which the public pursues those who dare even on the most indifferent subjects to think differently from themselves, we should be tempted to imagine that man is intolerant by nature. Wit, reason, and genius, cannot always guard us against this misfortune. There are few men who have not some secret idols, the worship of which they cannot calmly see destroyed.

Voltaire had, in his retirement, conceived the happy plan of bringing his nation acquainted with the philosophy, the literature, the opinions, and the sects of England; to effect which, he wrote his "Letters on the English Nation." Fontenelle

was the first who made reason and philosophy speak an agreeble and inviting language: he had the art to mingle reflections, sage, delicate, and frequently profound, with the sciences. In the "Letters of Voltaire," we discover the merit of Fontenelle with more taste, simplicity, boldness, and gaiety. No rooted attachment to the errors of Descartes interfered to spread a shade over, and to disfigure, truth. He possessed the logic and pleasantry of the "Lettres Provinciales," but exercised them on greater subjects; nor were they injured by a varnish of monkish devotion.

This work was the era of a revolution in France; it gave rise to a taste for philosophy, and English literature; it interested us in the manners, policy, and commercial knowledge of that nation; and it brought us acquainted with the English language.

The publication of these letters excited persecution, the bitterness of which, to read them at present, could scarcely be conceived: but innate ideas were opposed in them, and our doctors of that day believed, if there were no innate ideas, there would be no sufficiently marked characters to distinguish between the souls of men and of brutes. Beside, it was there maintained, after Locke, that there was no strict proof that God had not the power, if he had the will, to impart to matter the faculty of thinking. This was to infringe on the privilege of the divines, who pretended to know accurately and exactly, they and they alone, all that God has thought, and all that he could do, or has done, since, and even before, the beginning of the world.

In fine, Voltaire criticised some passages of the "Thoughts of Pascal:" a work which the Jesuits, in their own despite, were obliged to respect as much as the works of St. Augustin. It gave scandalous offence to see a poet—nay, more, a layman—dare to sit in judgment on Pascal. It appeared to be an attack on the only defender of the Christian religion, who, among the fashionable world, had the reputation of being a great man. It was to attack religion itself: and how much would the proofs of religion be weakened, should the mathematician Pascal, who had openly devoted himself to its defence, be convicted of having often reasoned ill?

The clergy demanded that the "Letters on the English Nation," should be suppressed; and they were so, by an arret of council. These arrets were given, without examination, as a kind of retribution, for the subsidy which government obtained from the assemblies of the clergy: and as a reward for the facility with which they were granted, the parliament burnt the book, according to a custom formerly invented by Tiberius, and rendered ridiculous since the invention of printing. But there are certain people for whom the experience of three ages are necessary, before they can begin to perceive absurdity.

So much persecution, exercised at the very time when the miracles of the Abbé Paris and those of Father Girard were acting, loaded the two persecuting parties with ridicule and opprobrium. It was natural that they should unite against a man who daringly preached reason; and they went so far as to order informations to be issued against the author of the "Letters." The keeper of the seals banished Voltaire, who, being at that time absent, received early information, and avoided the people sent to conduct him to the place of his exile; rather choosing to combat at a distance, and where he could be in safety. His friends proved that he had not forfeited his promise, not to publish his "Letters" in France; and that they had made their appearance from the treachery of a bookbinder. Fortunately, the keeper of the seals had more zeal for his authority than for religion, and was much more of a minister than of a devotee. The storm was hushed, and Voltaire had permission to return to Paris.

This calm was but of momentary duration. The epistle to Urania, which, till then, had been kept in secret, was printed; and Voltaire, to escape a new persecution, was obliged to disavow and attribute it to the Abbé de Chaulieu, who had been dead several years. The imputation did the abbé honour as a poet, without injuring his fame as a Christian.

The necessity of falsehood, in disavowing a work, is an act of extremity, alike repugnant to conscience and to dignity of character; but the crime is in the injustice of those men who render such a disavowal necessary for the safety of the author.

We do not, however, disculpate Voltaire, for having attributed his work to the abbé de Chaulieu, but such an imputation is in itself indifferent, and a mere act of pleasantry; it is affording an excuse to people in power who are disposed to be indulgent without daring to confess themselves so, by the aid of which they may repel such persecutors as are over-serious in their zeal.

The indiscretion with which some of the friends of Voltaire repeated fragments from his "Maid of Orleans," was the cause of a new persecution. The keeper of the seals threatened to confine the poet in the worst and deepest of dungeons, if any part of the poem made its appearance. Remembering the long space of time during which such subaltern tyrants, inflated by momentary power, have dared to hold similar language to men who have been the glory of their country and their age, the sensations of contempt rise in us and smother those of indignation. The oppressor and the oppressed are now both in the grave; but the name of the oppressed will be borne, on the wings of fame, to future ages, and singly preserved from oblivion; while eternal shame will pursue the memory of his cowardly persecutors.

At a time when there was much conversation concerning a man who had been arrested by a supposed forged lettre de cachet, Voltaire asked the lieutenant of the police, Herault, what punishment would be inflicted on those who should fabricate false lettres de cachet. "They will be hanged." "That will be but doing right: let us hope the time will come when those who sign the true will be served in the same way."

Wearied by so much persecution, Voltaire thought it necessary to change his mode of life; to effect which, fortune secured him the means. The fortune which descended to him from his father and his brother was ample, and had been increased by the London edition of the "Henriade," and fortunate speculations in the public funds. Thus, to the advantage of possessing wealth, which ascertained independence, he added that of being indebted for it to himself. The use he made of riches might prevail on envy itself to pardon him their acquirement.

Much of his wealth was expended in aiding men of letters, and in encouraging such youth as he thought discovered the seeds of genius. This, in particular, was the application he made of the trifling profits he derived from his works and his theatrical productions, when he did not make a free gift of the latter to the comedians. Yet never was author more cruelly accused of injuries done to his booksellers; but the whole swarm of literary insects were at their command, and were themselves anxious to decry the conduct of a man whose works they were conscious they could not bring into disrepute. But proofs of the falsehood of these imputations, as well as the favours heaped by Voltaire on some of his detractors, still subsist; nor can we remember these proofs without a sigh, at the misfortune of genius thus condemned to suffer, and at that shameful facility men have to credit whatever can relieve them from the necessity of admiring. Such sighs are the melancholy retribution of fame.

Having no more need, for the security of his fortune, to court patronage, solicit places, or to traffic with booksellers, Voltaire renounced all residence at the capital. Previously to the administration of Cardinal de Fleury, and his journey to England, his intercourse had been among people of the first fashion. Princes and nobles, those who were at the head of affairs, people of fashion and women most in vogue, were courted by him and were equally desirous of his company. He was every where received with pleasure and welcome, but he everywhere inspired envy and fear. Superior, in genius, he was even more so in the wit of conversation, into which he infused whatever can render frivolity amiable, and at the same time interspersed traits of a more elevated nature. Born with the talent of humour, his repartees were often repeated; nor was there any want of an application of the word malignant to what was no more than the decision of the understanding rendered acute by native wit.

On his return from England, he felt that in society, where men assemble from motives of vanity and self-love, he should meet but with few friends. He, therefore, though he did not quarrel with such societies, frequented them less. The taste he had acquired for magnificence, grandeur, and whatever is uncommon and splendid, had become habitual, and he preserved it even in retirement. By this taste his works were often embellished, and it occasionally influenced his judgment. On his return to his country, he confined himself to live familiarly with only a few friends. He had lost M. de Génonville and M. de Maisons, but he still possessed M. d'Argental, who, during his long life, preserved sensations of affection and admiration for Voltaire, and who was rewarded by his friendship and his confidence. Madame Forment and Madame Cideville were likewise his friends, and the confidants of his works and his projects.

But about the time when he suffered such various persecution, friendship, still more tender, afforded him consolation, and increased his love of retirement. The Marchioness de Châtelet was, like him, passionately enamoured of study and fame, as well as of philosophy; but it was of that kind of philosophy which springs up in the strong and free mind. She had studied metaphysics and geometry sufficiently to analyse Leibnitz, and translate Newton. She cultivated the arts; but not undistinguishingly—not so as to prefer them to the knowledge of nature and man. Superior to prejudice, as well from strength of character as from reason, she had not the weakness to conceal how much prejudice was despised by her. Indulging in the trifling amusements of her sex, rank, and age, she yet could contemn and abandon them without regret in favour of retirement, labour, and friendship. Her superiority excited the jealousy of women, and even of most of the men, with whom she necessarily associated. Yet she could pardon their envy without an effort. Such was the friend that Voltaire selected with whom to pass his days; which were ever consecrated to works of genius, and embellished by mutual friendship. She retired with Voltaire to Cirey, on the borders of Champagne and Lorraine, where they led a life of study and retirement, interrupted and varied by an occasional quarrel. At Cirey, Voltaire wrote several of his plays—"Alzire," "Mahomet," "Mérope," and others; and he collected materials for the "Essai sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations," which, with all its defects, is one of his best works. Here also he finished his "Pucelle," which he had commenced some time before. Several fragments of it had been circulated before he left Paris.

It was in the year 1736, during his residence at Cirey, that a correspondence commenced between Prince Frederick, the son of Frederick William, King of Prussia, and Voltaire; it began by Frederick writing to him to express his admiration, and to solicit the favour of Voltaire's literary counsel. Voltaire's residence at

Cirey was not interrupted. He visited Paris, and also on several occasions left France, but his movements are not easily traced. Voltaire was at Brussels with Madame du Châtelet, in 1740, when Frederick William died, and he soon received an invitation from his successor, Frederick, to visit him. The first meeting of the new King of Prussia and Voltaire took plaee at a small chateau near Cleves, and is described by Voltaire in his amusing Memoires. When Frederick was prince-royal, he had written a treatise entitled "Anti-Machiavel," which he sent to Voltaire, who was then at Brussels, to correct and get it printed. Voltaire had given it to a Dutch bookseller; but on the accession of Frederick, seeing what his political schemes were, and anticipating, as he says, the invasion of Silesia, he suggested to his majesty that this was not precisely the time for the "Anti-Machiavel" to appear, and he obtained the king's permission to stop the publication, for which purpose he visited Holland. But the bookseller's demands were high; and the king, who did not like parting with his money, and was at least not sorry to see his work printed, preferred having it published for nothing to paying anything in order to stop the publication. While Voltaire was in Holland, the Emperor Charles VI. died, and Frederick began to make preparations for his campaigns. Voltaire visited him at Berlin, but on Frederick's setting out for Silesia, he returned to Brussels. From Brussels he went to Lille, where his tragedy of "Mahomet" was acted (1741); but though he had at first obtained the permission of the Cardinal de Fleury to have it acted at Paris, the representation was prevented by the intrigues of some zealots, who saw or affected to see in it an irreligious tendency. "Mahomet" was not acted at Paris till 1751.

At this time Voltaire was selected to conclude a treaty of alliance with the king of Prussia, and he executed his commission better than most diplomatists; but he was left without his reward. The mistress of Louis XV. was vexed that all Voltaire's letters from Berlin had passed through the hands of Madame du Châtelet, instead of her own: she revenged herself by causing the dismissal of M. Amelot, the minister for foreign affairs, from whom Voltaire had received his instructions: and Voltaire's hopes were thus disappointed.

The mistress herself was soon dismissed; and on her death, which followed shortly after, it was necessary for Louis to have a new favourite, and Mademoiselle Poisson, subsequently known as Madame de Pompadour, filled the vacant place. Voltaire was already acquainted with her, and, as he says, was in her confidence. Through her interest, he was made one of the forty members of the Academy, in the place of Bouhier (1746); and he was also appointed historiographer of France, and received the place of gentilhomme ordinaire de la chambre du roi. "I concluded," says Voltaire, "that to make the smallest fortune, it was better to say four words to the mistress of a king than to write a hundred volumes."

During their residence at Cirey, Voltaire aud Madame du Châtelet occasionally visited King Stanislaus at his little court of Luneville, which Voltaire has sketched in his usual happy way. Here Madame du Châtelet fell violently in love with M. de St. Lambert. The intrigue was discovered, and she died in child-bed at the age of forty-three. After her death, her husband opened a ring concealing a portrait which had once been his own. Voltaire knew that he had replaced the duke of Richelieu, and he had now the mortification to see that St. Lambert had replaced him. "Monsieur le Marquis," he said to the unhappy husband, "this is a discovery which does no honour to either of us."

Voltaire returned to Paris, and resumed his literary labours. King Frederick, who had not been able to induce him to visit Prussia during the lifetime of Madame du Châtelet, now renewed his invitation, and after some hesitation Voltaire went to

him in 1750. He had apartments assigned to him at Potsdam, a pension of 20,000 francs, a chamberlain's gold key, and a cross of merit. His duties were to correct his majesty's writings, which was rather an irksome occupation. The professions of Frederick were not sincere; and Voltaire could not always prevent expressions escaping him which were reported to the king, and were far from complimentary. To correct Frederick's French verses without laughing at them was impossible. The history of his residence in Prussia is briefly sketched in Voltaire's "Mémoires." Voltaire at last got away, "with a promise," as he says, "to return, and the firm resolution never to see him again:" his residence in Prussia was three years. On his return, an odd adventure befel him at Frankfort. He was arrested by a person named Freytag, the resident of the king of Prussia at Frankfort, who demanded of him, in his barbarous French, "l'œuvre de poeshie" of the king his master. A few copies of this precious volume of Frederick's poetry had been printed privately and distributed by the king among his favourites; Voltaire had been honoured with one. The poetry had been left behind at Leipzig, and Voltaire was obliged to wait at Frankfort till it came, when it was delivered up to the resident. Frederick probably feared that Voltaire would make some use of the book of poetry to his prejudice, as it contained many satirical reflections on crowned heads and other persons. Even after the surrender of the book, Voltaire and his niece Madame Denis, who had joined him at Frankfort, were detained by Freytag on some miserable pretexts, and kept prisoners in an hotel for twelve days. He was robbed of part of his property, and compelled to pay the expenses of his detention. At last, orders came from Berlin, and Voltaire and his niece were allowed to continue their journey to Mayence. It was not long after this adventure of Frankfort, while the memory of the treatment which he had received from the King of Prussia was fresh, that Voltaire wrote those "Memoires" which affix infamy on the name of Frederick.

After a short time, Voltaire fixed himself at Colmar for a few months (1754), while Madame Denis was at Paris for the purpose of ascertaining if he could safely return there. A new trouble now befel him. A Dutch bookseller had obtained in some way an unfinished MS. of the "Essai sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations," and published it under the title of "Abrégé d'Histoire Universelle, par M. Voltaire." The Dutch publisher had suppressed some parts of the work, which made it appear an attack on crowned heads and priests. However, Voltaire got the genuine MS. from Paris, and showed that the passages had been suppressed with a malignant design to injure him.

At length, wearied with his rambling, unsettled life, after spending a few years in the territory of Lausanne and in that of Geneva, he bought an estate at Tourney and another at Ferney, both in the Pays des Gex, and he finally settled at Ferney, where he spent the last twenty years of his life. He rebuilt the house, laid out gardens, kept a good table, and had crowds of visitors from all parts of Europe.

In his retirement of Ferney, removed from illusion, and whatever could excite momentary or personal passion, we shall see him yield entirely to his prevailing and incessant love of fame, to the still more potent necessity his mind felt of being productive, and to his zeal for the destruction of prejudice, which was indeed the most powerful and active of all the sensations he felt. This peaceful life, seldom disturbed, and then by the threats of persecution, rather than persecution itself, we shall see adorned not only, like his youth, by the exercise of private benevolence—a quality common to all men whose hearts have not been hardened and minds corrupted by misfortune or vanity—but by those acts of enlightened and bold benevolence, which, while they relieve the sufferings of certain individuals, are of service to the whole human race.

The first work he sent from his retreat was the "Orphan of China," a tragedy written during his residence in Alsatia, at a time when he hoped he might have been allowed to live at Paris, and was desirous of theatrical success to secure his friends and impose silence on his foes.

This play is the triumph of virtue over power, and of the laws over arms. Till then, Mahomet excepted, no poet had successfully made one of these men, whose fame appears awful, and whose characters present the picture of extraordinary strength of soul, in love without degradation. Voltaire a second time conquered this difficulty: the love of Gengis Khan is interesting in despite of the violence and ferocity of his character, because it is true and impassioned, because it wrests from him a confession of the vacancy his heart felt amid all his power, and because he at last sacrifices his love of fame, and his thirst of conquest to the charms, before unknown to him, of pacific virtues.

The repose of Voltaire was soon disturbed by the publication of the "Maid of Orleans." This poem, in which licentiousness and philosophy are combined, and truth assumes the mask of satiric and voluptuous humour, was begun about the year 1730, but had never been finished. The author had entrusted what he had written of it only to a few friends, and to some princes. The rumour of its existence had brought down menaces on him; and, by not finishing it, he took the surest means to avoid the dangerous temptation of making it public. Copies unfortunately got abroad, one of which fell into inimical and selfish hands, and the work appeared not only with such defects as the author had left, but with lines added by the editors full of grossness and ill-taste, and with satiric traits which might endanger the safety of Voltaire. The desire of gain, the pleasure of attributing their own wretched verses to a great poet, and the more malignant pleasure of exposing him to persecution, were the motives of this act of infidelity, the honour of which was divided between La Beaumelle and the ex-Capuchin Maubert.

They succeeded only so far as to trouble that repose for a moment which they wished to destroy. His friends evaded the persecution, by proving the work to be spurious, and the hatred of the editors served him whom it meant to wound.

This, however, obliged Voltaire to finish the poem, and present a work to the world, at which the author of Mahomet and the age of Louis XIV. need not blush. The work excited lively feelings of enthusiasm in a numerous class of readers, while the foes of Voltaire affected to decry it as unworthy of a philosopher, and almost as a blemish on the writings and the life of a poet.

But, if it be useful to render superstition ridiculous in the eyes of men addicted to voluptuousness, and by the very weakness which hurries them into dissipation destined some time to become the unfortunate victims or the dangerous tools of this vile tyrant of men, if affectation of austerity in manners, if the excessive value attached to their purity, be serviceable only to hypocrites, who wearing the mask of chastity, may neglect every other virtue, and cast a sacred veil over the most pernicious vices of society, such as intolerance and persecution, we shall then only behold in the author of the "Maid of Orleans" the foe of hypocrisy and superstition.

Two works, very different in themselves, appeared at the same epoch; the poem on "Natural Law," and the poem of the "Destruction of Lisbon." To display morals, the principles of which reason teaches all men, which are sanctioned by their hearts, and which remorse informs them it is their duty to practise; to show that these are the principles which God, the common father of men, alone could impart, since they alone are uniform; to prove that the duty of individuals is mutually to pardon their mistakes, and that of sovereigns to prevent the pernicious

tendency of those vain opinions which fanaticism and hypocrisy support, by wisely treating them all with indifference; such is the purport of the poem on "Natural Law."

This work, the finest which man ever consecrated to the Deity, excited the anger of the devotees, who called it the poem of natural religion; though religion is only mentioned in order to oppose intolerance. It was burnt by the parliament of Paris, which began to terrified, as well at the progress of reason as at that of Molinism. Under the conduct, at this period, of men who were either blinded by pride or false policy, it imagined it would be more easy to impede the advancement of knowledge, than to merit the applause of the enlightened. It felt not the want itself had of the good opinion of the public; it misconstrued those who were to be its guides, and declared itself the enemy of men of letters, at that precise moment when the suffrage of these men in France, and even over all Europe, began to acquire influence.

However, the poem of Voltaire, which has since been commented on in various celebrated books, is still that in which the connection between morality and the being of a God is most clearly demonstrated. Thirty years later, and the book which was burnt as impious would almost have appeared a work of religion.

In the poem on the "Destruction of Lisbon," Voltaire indulged those sentiments of terror and melancholy which this dreadful accident inspired. He led the tranquil sect of optimists amid these fearful ruins, combated their cold and puerile doctrine with the indignation of a philosopher deeply sensible of the sufferings of mankind, exposed the difficulties on the origin of evil in their full force, and avowed it is impossible for them to be solved by man.

This poem, in which at the age of more than sixty the mind of Voltaire, warmed by a love of humanity, displays all the strength and fire of youth, was not the only work in which he opposed optimism. He published "Candide," the first of philosophic romances; which species of writing he brought from England, and added to its perfection. It is a kind of composition which appears easy of execution, but it requires an uncommon talent; that of expressing by a jest, a flight of the fancy, or by the incidents of the romance, the result of profound philosophy, without ceasing to be natural, pleasing, and accurate. Hence it is necessary to select such effects as need neither development nor proof, and at once to avoid commonplace unworthy of repetition, and abstraction which is too deep or too new, and which is not adapted to the multitude: that is, it is necessary to be, without appearing to be, a philosopher.

"Candide" was soon followed by a free translation of the "Book of Ecclesiastes," and a part of the "Song of Solomon."

Madame de Pompadour had been persuaded that it would be profoundly politic for her to assume the mask of devotion, by which she might shield herself from the scruples and inconstancy of the king, and at the same time calm the hatred of the people. She wished to make Voltaire an actor in this farce. The Duke de la Valiere proposed to him to translate the "Psalms," the book of "Proverbs," "Solomon's Song," and the "Ecclesiastes." The edition was to have been printed at the Louvre, and the author to have returned to Paris under the protection of the religious favourite. But Voltaire could not act the hypocrite, not even to be made a cardinal, some hopes of which were given him about this time. Such proposals generally came too late; and were they made in time, the policy of them would not be very certain. He who must be a dangerous enemy, might become a still more dangerous ally. Let us suppose Calvin or Luther called to the purple, when they might have accepted the dignity without disgrace, and let us imagine what would have been the consequence. The baubles of vanity do not satiate souls impelled

by the ambition of reigning over the minds of men: they do but supply new arms.

Voltaire, however, was tempted to make essays in translation; not to recover his religious repute, but to exercise himself in another species of composition. When they appeared, the devout imagined he only had intended to parody that which he had translated, and exclaimed it was shameful. They did not imagine that Voltaire had softened and purified the text; that his "Ecclesiastes" had less of the doctrine of materialism than the original; and that his "Song of Songs" was less indecent than the sacred text. These works were therefore once more burnt, for which Voltaire avenged himself by a satiric and humorous letter, in which he mocked at the hypocrisy of morals, the peculiar vice of the modern nations of Europe, which has contributed more than is imagined to destroy that energy of character by which the ancients were distinguished.

In 1757, the first edition of his works, actually made under his own inspection, was printed. He revised it with rigorous attention, selected some of his numerous fugitive pieces with severity, but with judgment, and added his immortal "Essay on the Manners and Spirit of Nations."

Voltaire had long complained that among the moderns, especially, the history of a country was that of its kings, or its chiefs; that it spoke only of wars, treaties, and civil commotions; and that the history of morals, arts, sciences, legislation, and political government, had been almost forgotten. Those very ancients in whose writings we find most of morals, and internal politics, have only in general added to the history of wars, that of popular factions. We imagine, while we read such historians, that the human race was created only to exhibit the political or military talents of a few individuals; and that the object of society is not the happiness of the species, but the pleasure of having revolutions to read, or to relate.

Voltaire formed the plan of a history which should contain all that was most important for men to know; such as the effects produced on the peace and happiness of nations, their prejudices, knowledge, virtues, and vices, and the customs and the arts of different ages.

He chose the period from Charlemagne to the present century; but, not confining himself solely to European nations, he interested and instructed the reader by an abridged retrospect of the state of the other parts of the globe; the revolutions they had undergone, and the opinions by which they had been governed.

It was to reconcile Madame du Châtelet to the study of history, that he undertook this immense labour, which obliged him to read books of erudition, such as would have been supposed incompatible with the liveliness of his fancy, and the activity of his mind. The supposition that he should serve the human race supported him, and erudition was not dull to a man who, having the sagacity to detect and amuse himself with the ridiculous, found an inexhaustible source of this in the speculative or practical doctrines of our ancestors; and in the follies of those who have transmitted or commented on them, while admiring them either with sincerity or hypocrisy equally laughable.

Such a work could please none but philosophers. It was accused of being frivolous, because it was clear, and read without labour; and of being inaccurate, because there are some errors of names and dates discoverable in it, which in themselves are things absolutely indifferent. Yet it has been proved, by the very reproaches of his bitterest critics. that, in a history so extensive, no writer was ever more exact. He was often taxed with partiality, because he exclaimed against those prejudices which pusillanimity or meanness had too long respected; and it is easy to show that, far from exaggerating the crimes of sacerdotal despotism, he has rather

diminished their number, and softened their atrocity. In fine, it was taken amiss that, in a picture of the wickedness and folly of man, he has sometimes indulged in strokes of pleasantry; and that he has not always spoken seriously of human extravagance; as if that which is often dangerous, ceased therefore to be absurd.

This work placed Voltaire in the class of original historians; and he has the honour of having effected a revolution in the manner of writing history, by which England indeed has hitherto only profited. Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, and Watson, may, in some respects, be considered as his scholars. The history of Voltaire has another advantage; which is, that it may be taught in England as well as in Russia, and in Virginia as consistently as at Bern or Venice. He has inserted none but such truths as every species of government may adopt. He only requires that human reason should have the right of improving itself; that the citizen should enjoy his natural freedom; and that the laws should be mild and the religion tolerant. He addresses himself to all mankind, and says nothing which may not enlighten them all, without offence to any of those opinions which are so connected with the constitution and individual interest of a country as not to yield to reason, till such time as the destruction of more general error shall have rendered the approach of truth less difficult.

Voltaire was still at Berlin when Diderot and d'Alembert formed the design of writing the "Encyclopedia," and published the first volume of it. A work whose object it was to include the truths of all the sciences, and to trace the lines of communication between them, undertaken by two men who joined much wit and a free daring philosophy to extensive and profound knowledge, appeared to the penetrating eye of Voltaire the most formidable stroke that could be aimed at ignorance and prejudice. The "Encyclopedia" became the book of all men who wished to instruct themselves; but particularly of those who, without being habitually employed in cultivating their minds, yet are desirous of the power of acquiring a ready information on every object which excites in them either a transient or durable interest. It was a mass to which those, who had not time to form ideas for themselves, might have recourse for the ideas of the most enlightened and celebrated writers; in which, in short, the errors, that are respected by prejudice, would either be betrayed by the weakness of their proofs, or shaken by the near neighbourhood of truths which sap their foundations.

Voltaire, having retired to Ferney, gave a small number of literary articles to the "Encyclopedia;" he prepared some of those on philosophic subjects, but with less zeal, because he felt that the editors had less need of his assistance there, and because that, in general, though his great works in verse had been formed to constitute his glory, he had scarcely ever written in prose but with views of universal utility. Meanwhile, the same reasons which interested Voltaire for the progress of the "Encyclopedia," raised to that work innumerable enemies. Composed or applauded by the greatest men of the nation, it became a species of line which separated the most distinguished literati, and those who had the honour of being their disciples or their friends, from that crowd of obscure and jealous writers, who, in the sorrowful incapacity of giving either new truths or new pleasures to the world, hate and calumniate men to whom nature has been more bountiful.

A work in which it was necessary to treat freely and boldly of divinity, of morality, of jurisprudence, of legislation, and of public economy, could not but terrify all religious or political parties, and all the subordinate powers which feared to see their pretensions and utility discussed. The insurrection was general. The "Journal of Trévoux," the "Ecclesiastic Gazette," the "Satiric Journals," the Jesuits and the Jansenists, the clergy, the parliaments, all, without ceasing to hate

or oppose each other, united against the "Encyclopedia," and it fell. The editors were obliged to finish and to print in secret this work, to whose perfection liberty and publicity were so essential; and one of the noblest undertakings which the human mind has ever conceived, would have remained unfinished but for the courage of Diderot, and the zeal of a great number of men of distinguished learning, whom persecution could not deter.

Happily, the honour of having given the "Encyclopedia" to Europe, compensated France for the shame of having opposed its progress. It was, with justice, regarded as the work of the nation, and its persecution as that of a policy and jealousy equally despicable.

But the contests which the "Encyclopedia" had occasioned, did not cease with the proscription of that work. Its principal authors and their friends, marked by the name of philosophers and encyclopedists, which was designed as an opprobrium by the enemies of reason, were compelled to unite even by this very persecution; and Voltaire naturally became their leader by his age, his celebrity, his zeal, and his genius, He had long before enjoyed some friends and a great number of admirers; at that period, he had a party. The persecution rallied under his standard all the men of merit, whom, perhaps, his superiority would have kept at a distance from him, as it had banished their predecessors; and enthusiasm took the place of former injustice.

It was in the year 1760, that this literary war was most violent. Le Franc de Pompignan, an estimable man of letters but an indifferent poet, of whose works there remains a fine stanza, and a feeble tragedy in which the combined genius of Virgil and Metastasio could not yield him sufficient support, was elected one of the French academy. Clothed with the honours of magistracy, he thought that his dignity, as well as his works, exempted him from all gratitude; in the discourse, which he delivered at his admission, he permitted himself to insult the men whose names did the greatest honour to the society that condescended to receive him; and, clearing pointing out Voltaire, accused him of infidelity and falsehood. Soon after, Palissot—the venal instrument of the rancour of a woman—exhibited the philosophers on the stage. The laws, which prohibit the ridiculing individuals at the theatre, were silent. The journals repeated the insults of the theatre Still Voltaire combatted all. The "Poor Devil," the "Russian at Paris," "Vanity," a crowd of humorous pieces in prose succeeded each other with astonishing rapidity.

Le Franc de Pompignan complained to the king, and to the academy, and beheld, with an impotent grief, that his own name was obscured by the splendour of that of Voltaire. Each step he took did but increase the satire, which every tongue repeated, and the verses in which he is consigned to eternal ridicule. And he retired to bury his humbled pride and deceived ambition in the country; a fearful, but salutary, example of the power of genius, and the dangers of literary hypocrisy.

Fréron, an ex-Jesuit as well as Desfontaines, had succeeded the latter in the trade of flattering, by periodical satires, the jealousy of the enemies of virtue, of reason, and of talents. He distinguished himself in the war against the philosophers. Voltaire, who had long supported his outrages, at length did justice, and avenged his friends. In the comedy of "l'Ecossaise," (the Scotchwoman), he introduced a depraved journalist, whose character was formed of venality and rancour. The pit, in the character, recognised Fréron, who, delivered over to public disdain in a piece which could not fail to be preserved to the theatre by interesting scenes, and the original and forcible character of the worthy blunt Freeport, was condemned to bear, during the remainder of his life, a ridiculous and disgraced name. Fréron, in applauding the insult offered to the philosophers, had forfeited his right of

complaining; and his protectors chose rather to abandon him than to avow a partiality which might have involved their own discredit.

Other enemies, less virulent, had been either corrected or punished; and Voltaire, triumphing in the midst of these victims sacrificed to reason and to his glory, sent to the theatre, at the age of sixty-six, the chef-d'œuvre of "Tancred." That tragedy was dedicated to the Marchioness de Pompadour. It was the fruit of the address with which Voltaire could, without wounding the Duke de Choiseul, support the cause of the philosophers, whose adversaries had obtained a slight protection from that minister. This dedication taught his enemies that their calumnies were not more injurious to his security than their criticisms to his fame: it completed his vengeance.

In this same year he learned that a young niece of Corneille languished in a condition unworthy of his name; "It is the duty of a soldier," he cried, "to succour the niece of his general." Mademoiselle Corneille was invited to Ferney; and she there received an education suitable to the rank that her birth had marked for her in society. Voltaire even carried his delicacy so far as not to suffer the establishment of Mademoiselle Corneille to appear as his benefaction. He wished that she should owe that to the works of her uncle, and he undertook to publish an edition of them with notes. The creator of the French theatre commented on by the writer who had conducted that theatre to its perfection, a man of genius, born at a time when taste was not yet formed, judged by a rival who joined to genius the gift, almost as rare, of a taste that was penetrating without severity, delicate without timidity, and enlightened by a long and happy experience of the art: these are the beauties presented in that work. Voltaire speaks in it of Corneille's defects with frankness, and of his beauties with enthusiasm. Never has Corneille been examined with such rigour, never has he been praised with a feeling more profound and true. Resolved to instruct both the French youth and the youth of other countries who cultivate the French literature, he did not pardon the vices of language, the extravagance, nor the offences committed against delicacy and good taste, which are found in Corneille; but, at the same time, he taught them to know the progress which the art owes to that writer, the uncommon elevation of his mind, the almost inimitable beauty of his poetry in the passages dictated by his genius, and those vast, sublime words which spring suddenly from the necessity of the occasion, and paint great characters with a single stroke.

The herd of writers reproached him, nevertheless, with a design of degrading Corneille, from motives of mean jealousy; whereas, throughout the whole of his commentary, he seizes, he even seems to seek, occasion to proclaim his admiration of Racine; a more dangerous rival, whom he has surpassed only in some parts of the tragic art, and whose prodigious excellence he might well envy in the height of his glory.

Voltaire, tranquil in his retreat, employed in continuing the happy war which he had declared against prejudice, saw the arrival of an unfortunate family, the father of which had been conducted to the wheel by fanatic judges; the instruments of a ferocious passion of a superstitious people. He learnt that Calas, an infirm old man, had been accused of having hanged his young and vigorous son, in the midst of his family, and in the presence of a Catholic servant; that he had been urged to commit this crime by the fear of seeing this son embrace the Catholic religion, this son who spent his life in dissipation, and of whom no one in the midst of the universal effervescence could ever cite a single word, or point to a single action which announced such a design, while another son of Calas, already converted to the Catholic faith, enjoyed a pension from the bounty of this father,

who was far from possessing affluence. Never, in an event of such a nature, had circumstances so concurred to banish the suspicion of a crime in the father, or to strengthen the reasons to ascribe suicide to the son. The young man's conduct, his character, the kind of reading in which he indulged, all confirmed this idea. Yet a magistrate, whose weak mind was intoxicated with superstition, and whose hatred to the Protestants did not hesitate to impute crimes to them, caused the whole family to be imprisoned. The Catholic populace became inflamed, and the young man was declared to be a martyr. The fraternity of the penitents, which, to the disgrace of the nation, still exists at Thoulouse, performed a solemn mass for him, during which they bore his effigies, holding the palm of martyrdom in one hand, and in the other the pen with which he was to have signed his abjuration.

It was soon reported that the Protestant religion commanded fathers to assassinate their children, when they designed to abjure it; and that, for greater security, they elected, in their secret assemblies, the butcher of the sect. The inferior tribunal, led by the furious M. David, pronounced the unfortunate Calas guilty; and the parliament confirmed the sentence by that very small majority which is unhappily regarded as sufficient by our absurd jurisprudence. Condemned to the torture and the wheel, this miserable father died protesting his innocence; and the judges absolved his family, the necessary acccomplices of the guilt, or the innocence of its head.

This family, ruined and stained by prejudice, went to seek, among men of their own persuasion, a retreat, assistance, but, above all, consolation. They took up their residence near Geneva. Voltaire, whose compassion was moved, and whose indignation was roused, informed himself of the horrible particulars; and, assured of the innocence of the unfortunate Calas, he dared to conceive the hope of obtaining justice. The zeal of the advocates was excited, and their courage sustained by his letters. He interested, in the cause of humanity, the naturally susceptible mind of the Duke de Choiseul. The reputation of Tronchin had brought to Geneva the Duchess d'Enville, the great grand-daughter of the author of the "Maxims." Superior to superstition, both by her native feelings and by her acquired knowledge, informed how to produce the welfare of mankind by equal activity and courage, and embellishing by a genuine modesty the energy of her virtues, her hatred of fanaticism and oppression ensured to Calas a protectress, whose zeal could not be abated by obstacles or delays. The investigation was commenced. To the memorials of the advocates, too profuse and declamatory, Voltaire added more nervous writings, the style of which was seductive, and calculated in some places to excite pity, and in others to awaken the public indignation, so prone to sleep among a people, at that time, too much a stranger to their own interests. Pleading for Calas, he supported the cause of toleration, which word it was then boldness to pronounce, and which is even now rejected with contempt by men who recognise the right of enslaving thought and conscience. Letters, abounding with that subtle praise which he could distribute with such delicacy, animated the zeal of the defenders of the cause, of its protectors, and of the judges. It was, while he promised immortality, that he demanded justice.

The sentence of Thoulouse was annulled. The Duke de Choiseul had the wisdom and the courage to order a tribunal of masters of requests to revise this cause, in defending which the parliaments were all interested, whose prejudices and spirit of mutual defence left little hope of an equitable decision. In fine, Calas was declared innocent; dishonour was removed from his memory; and a generous minister caused the public treasury to repair the wrongs that the injustice of the judges had done to the fortune of his family, which was as respectable as it was unhappy,

But he did not proceed so far as to compel the parliament of Languedoc to acknowledge the decision which overturned an act of its injustice. That tribunal preferred the miserable vanity of persevering in its error, to the honour of lamenting, and repairing, the injury.

Meanwhile, the applauses of France and of Europe were heard at Thoulouse, and the unhappy M. David, sinking beneath the weight of remorse and of shame, soon lost his reason and his life. This affair, so great in itself, so important in its consequences, since it turned the attention not only of France but of other nations to the crimes of intolerance and the necessity of preventing them, this affair occupied the soul of Voltaire during more than three years.—"In all this time," said he, "a smile has not escaped me, for which I have not reproached myself, as for a crime." His name, which had long been dear to the enlightened friends of humanity as that of its most zealous, most indefatigable defender, this name was then blest by that multitude of citizens who, devoted to persecution during eighty years, at length heard a voice raised in their defence. Having returned to Paris in 1778, one day that the people surrounded him on the Pont Royal, a poor woman was asked who that man was who thus drew the crowd after him—"Know you not," said she, "that he is the saviour of Calas?" He was informed of this answer, and, surrounded as he was by the marks of admiration which were lavished on him, it was this by which he was most sensibly affected.

Shortly after the unfortunate death of Calas, a young woman of the same province, who, according to a barbarous custom, had been taken from her parents and shut up in a convent with a design of aiding saving grace by human means, wearied of the ill treatment she had endured, escaped, and her body was discovered in a well. The priest who had solicited the *lettre de cachet*, the sisterhood who had used with barbarity the power which it gave them over this unfortunate young woman, doubtless merited punishment; but it was on the family of this victim that fanaticism wished punishment to fall. The injurious reproach which had conducted Calas to the wheel was revived with a new fury. Sirven, fortunately, had time to fly; and, condemned to death for contumacy, he sought an asylum with the protector of Calas. But his wife, who accompanied him, fell a prey to her grief and to the fatigue of a journey, undertaken on foot, over tracts of snow.

Judicial forms required Sirven to present himself before the same parliament who had shed the blood of Calas. Voltaire endeavoured to obtain other judges. The Duke de Choiseul at that time thought it necessary to respect the opinion of the parliament, who, after the decay of his influence over the Marchioness de Pompadour, and again after her death, were become useful to him, at times to free him from an enemy, and at others to afford the means of rendering himself necessary by the art with which he could appease their commotions, which he himself frequently excited.

Sirven then was compelled to yield to necessity, and to appear before the tribunal of Thoulouse; but Voltaire knew how to provide for his security, and to prepare for his success. He had disciples in the parliament; some able advocates of Thoulouse wished to partake of the glory which those of Paris had acquired by defending Calas; the friends of toleration were become powerful even in this very city; within a few years Voltaire's works had changed the minds of men; they had only pitied Calas with a silent horror, Sirven found declared protectors, for which he was indebted to the eloquence of Voltaire, to the talent of opportunely infusing truth, mingled with approbation, into the feelings of those whom he designed to work his purposes. The friends of truth triumphed over the abettors of the penitents, and Sirven was saved.

The Jesuits had usurped the possession of a well descended family, who, by their property, were prevented from recovering their rights. Voltaire gave them the means of accomplishing that; and oppressors of every kind, who, long had feared his writings, now learnt to dread his activity, his generosity and his courage.

This last event almost immediately preceded the destruction of the Jesuits. Voltaire, educated among them, had maintained a correspondence with his former masters. While they were living they restrained the fury of the fraternity from any open attack, and Voltaire was respectful to the Jesuits, both in deference to the connections of his youth and also to preserve allies in the party which at that time governed the devotees. But, after the death of these friends, wearied by the clamours of the "Journal de Trévoux," which, by unceasing accusations of impiety seemed to call down persecutions on his head, he no longer preserved the same respect for the Jesuits, nor did his zeal for the defence of the oppressed extend to them, when they, in their turn, became oppressed.

He exulted in the destruction of an order, the friend of letters but the enemy of reason, which was desirous of destroying all talents, or of drawing them into its bosom, to corrupt them, by employing them to serve its designs, and to hold the human race in infancy, in order to govern them. Yet he pitied individuals treated with barbarity by the hatred of the jansenists; and he gave an asylum, in his own house to a Jesuit, to point out to the devotees that true humanity knows only misfortune and forgets opinions. Father Adam, to whom a sort of celebrity was given by his abode at Ferney, was not absolutely useless to his host. He played with him at chess, and he played the game with sufficient address sometimes to conceal his superiority. He also spared Voltaire labour in his learned researches; he even served him as an almoner, for Voltaire wished to oppose his fidelity in fulfilling the exterior duties of the Romish religion to the accusations which were brought against him of impiety.

At this period a great revolution was engendering in the human mind. Since the revival of philosophy, religion, exclusively established throughout Europe, had been attacked only in England. Leibnitz, Fontenelle, and other less celebrated philosophers, accused of free-thinking, had respected religion in their writings. Bayle, himself, by a precaution that was necessary to his safety, while he indulged himself in all objections, assumed the air of wishing to prove that revelation alone could resolve them, and of having formed the project of exalting faith by humiliating reason. In England, these attacks had little success or effect. In France, there had appeared some bold writers, but the blows which they aimed were still indirect. Even the work of Helvetius "De l'Esprit" (on the understanding) was only an attack on religious principles in general; it questioned the foundations of all religions, and left the reader to draw consequences and make applications. "Emilius" appeared; the savoyard vicar's profession of faith contained nothing relative to the utility, toward morals, of the belief of a God, and the inutility of revelation, which is not to be found in the poem of "Natural Law;" but the attack was open, and the persons attacked were brought upon the stage under their proper name and character, and not under that of the priests of India or Thibet. This boldness astonished Voltaire and excited his emulation. The success of "Emilius" encouraged him, nor was he terrified by the fear of persecution. Rousseau had not been persecuted at Paris had he not put his name to the work, nor at Geneva had he not maintained in another part of "Emilius" that the people possessed not the power of renouncing the right of reforming a depraved government. This doctrine authorized the citizens of that republic to overthrow the

aristocracy which its magistrates had established, and which secured an hereditary authority to certain rich families.

Voltaire believed that he could securely shun persecution by concealing his name; and a multiplicity of works, in which he successively employed argument and humour, were dispersed throughout Europe, under the various forms which could be invented by the necessity of veiling truth, or of rendering it engaging. An examination of works, which Christians regarded as proceeding from inspiration, the analization of dogmas, which have been successively introduced since the origin of that religion, the history of the ridiculous or bloody quarrels which have been excited by those, the miracles, prophecies, tales scattered through legends and ecclesiastical histories, the religious wars, the massacres ordained in the name of God, the butchers and scaffolds which, at the voice of priests, covered Europe, the blood of kings flowing from the steel of assassins, and the fanaticism which unpeopled America, all these were incessantly repeated in his works under a thousand varied forms. He excited indignation, he wrung tears from the heart, he exhausted the springs of ridicule. Men trembled at an atrocious action, they laughed at an absurdity. Voltaire did not fear frequently to place the same objects before his readers, to urge the same reasonings to them.—"They tell me that I repeat the same things," said he in one of his writings, "true; I shall repeat them till I see men reformed."

The works, rigorously prohibited in France, in Italy, at Vienna, in Portugal, and in Spain, could not be speedily circulated; all of them could not reach every reader; but there was not an obscure corner in the provinces, there was not any nation in foreign countries suffering under the yoke of intolerance, which did not feel the influence of some of these writings.

The zeal of Voltaire created him enemies in all those who had obtained, and all who expected to obtain, affluence or even subsistence from religion. Yet that party no longer possessed such men as Bossuet, Arnaud, and Nicole; those who replaced them by their talents and their acquaintance with philosophy and letters, had ranged themselves with the contrary party; and the members of the clergy who approached nearest to them in ability, yielding to the desire of not debasing themselves in the opinion of enlightened men, stood aloof, or contented themselves with maintaining the political use of a belief which they would have blushed to have partaken with the people, and substituted for the credulous superstition of their predecessors, a species of religious Machiavelism.

Defamatory writings and attacks sprang up profusely; but Voltaire, by answering alone, preserved the name of these works, which were read by none but those to whom they were useless, and who were unwilling or unable to understand either the objections or the answers.

To the clamours of fanaticism, Voltaire opposed the protection of monarchs. The Empress of Russia, the kings of Poland, Denmark, Sweden, and Prussia, interested themselves in his labours, perused his works, sought to deserve his approbation, and sometimes seconded his zeal for the welfare of mankind. In every country the powerful, and such ministers as sought reputation and were intent on spreading their fame through Europe, were ambitious to enjoy the suffrage of the philosopher of Ferney, confided to him their hopes and fears for the progress of reason, and their projects for the increase of knowledge and the ruin of fanaticism. He had formed a league which included all the great men of Europe, of which he was the soul, and whose cry was, "Reason and toleration." Did any striking injustice arise in a nation, did Voltaire hear of any act of bigotry, any insult offered to human nature, his pen exposed the guilty to Europe; and who

knows how often the fear of this sure and terrible vengeance has withheld the oppressor's arm?

But it was in France, more especially, that he exercised this dominion of reason. Since the affair of Calas, every victim, unjustly sacrificed or pursued by the sword of the law, found in him a protector, or an avenger.

The execution of the Count de Lally excited his indignation. The lawyers of Paris, sitting in judgment on the conduct of a general in India, a sentence of death passed without proof of a single determinate crime, nay, mere suspicion produced as the gravest accusation, a judgment pronounced on the testimony of declared enemies, on the memorial of a Jesuit who had composed two of them contradictory to each other, uncertain whether he should accuse the general or his enemies, not knowing which he hated most or which it would be most convenient to ruin; such proceedings and such a sentence could not but rouse the feelings of every friend or justice, although the calumnies heaped on the head of the unfortunate general and the horrid barbarity of dragging him to death with a gag in his mouth, should not have shaken every fibre in every heart which the habit of disposing of the lives of men had not turned to stone.

Yet Voltaire, during a long time, spoke singly against this enormity. The vast number of persons employed by the East India Company who were interested in throwing the fatal consequences of their conduct on a man who no longer existed, the powerful tribunal which had condemned the general, all those whom that body included in its suite whose voice was sold to it, the other corps, who, united with that by the same name, by common functions, and like interests, regarded its cause as their own; in fine, the administration, ashamed of the weakness or the cruel policy which sacrificed the Count de Lally to the hope of concealing in his tomb the faults which had lost India, all seemed to oppose a tardy justice. But Voltaire, by reiterated attacks on the same object, triumphed over prejudice and the interests of such as are attentive to preserve and extend its empire. Just minds needed only to be informed of the circumstances; others, he hurried along with him; and when the son of the Count de Lally, since so celebrated by his eloquence and courage, had attained an age at which he could demand justice, the minds of men were prepared to applaud the attempt and to solicit its execution. Voltaire was dying when, twelve years afterwards, this unjust sentence was reversed; he heard the intelligence; his powers sprang back to life, and he wrote—"I die content; I see the king loves justice." The last words which were traced by that hand which had so long maintained the cause of humanity and justice.

In the same year, 1766, another arret astonished Europe; which, while it read the works of our philosophers, concluded that knowledge was disseminated through France, or at least through those classes of society whose particular duty it was to inform themselves; and thought that, after a period of more than fifteen years, the brethren of Montesquieu might have had time to comprehend his principles.

The crucifix of wood, placed on the bridge of Abbeville, was insulted during the night. The indignation of the people was heightened and kept in action by the ridiculous ceremony of doing penance. The Bishop of Amiens, governed in his old age by fanatics, and no longer capable of foreseeing the consequences of this religious farce, added to its solemnity by his presence. Meantime, the malice of a townsman of Abbeville directed the suspicions of the people to the Chevalier de la Barre, a young officer whose relations were of the long robe and members of the chief magistracy, and who at that time lived with his kinswoman the Abbess de Villancourt, near the gates of Abbeville. A trial was commenced, and the judges of Abbeville condemned to tortures whose horror would dismay the imagination

of a cannibal, the Chevalier de la Barre and d'Etallonde his friend, who had taken the precaution to fly. The Chevalier de la Barre had awaited the issue of the trial; he had more to lose than the other by quitting France; and relied on the protection of his relations, who filled the first employments in the parliaments and in the council. His hopes were deceived; the family feared to attract the notice of the public toward this persecution, instead of endeavouring to seek support from the general opinion; and, at the age of nearly seventeen, the Chevalier de la Barre was condemned, by a majority of two votes, to be beheaded, after having had his tongue cut out, and having undergone the torture.

This horrible sentence was executed; and yet the accusations were as ridiculous as the punishment was atrocious. He was not only vehemently suspected to have taken a part in the adventure of the crucifix, but he was declared to be convicted of having sung, in parties of conviviality, some of those songs which are half obscene, half religious, and which, notwithstanding their grossness, amuse the imagination in the first years of youth, by the contrast which they form with the scrupulous respect which education inspires toward the same objects; of having recited an ode whose author was perfectly known, and at that time enjoyed a pension from the king's privy purse; of having made some genuflexions to certain libertine works which were written to the taste of a time in which men, led away by religious austerity, could not distinguish between pleasure and debauchery; and, in fine, he was reproached with having spoken in a language worthy of those songs and those books.

These accusations were all supported by the testimony of low people who had served these young men in their parties of pleasure, and by the tourriéres [old women, who are entrusted to be door-keepers] of convents, who easily find cause of offence

This sentence revolted the minds of all men; no law existed which ordained sentence of death either for the breaking of images, or for that species of blasphemy of which the Chevalier de la Barre had been accused; thus, the judges had exceeded even the penalties decreed by laws, which no enlightened man can still see sullying our criminal code without horror. There was no father of a family who had not reason to tremble, since there are few young men who escape similar indiscretions; and the judges had condemned the unfortunate victim to a cruel death for language, in which the greatest part of them had indulged in their youth—in which, perhaps, they still indulged, and whose children were as culpable as he whom they had condemned.

While Voltaire's indignation was roused, his apprehensions were strongly excited. The "Philosophical Dictionary" had been artfully placed among the number of books before which it was said that the Chevalier de la Barre had prostrated himself. His enemies wished it to be understood that the reading of Voltaire's works had been the cause of these indiscretions, which had been construed into acts of impiety. Still the danger did not prevent Voltaire from undertaking the defence of these victims of fanaticism. D'Etallonde, then a refugee at Wezel, obtained, through his recommendation, a commission in a Prussian regiment. The circumstances of the affair of Abbeville were unfolded to Europe in several publications; and the judges trembled, on their very seats, at the terrible judgment which they had passed, and which dragged them from their obscurity to devote them to a disgraceful immortality.

The reporting judge of Count de Lally's trial, accused of having contributed to the death of the Chevalier de la Barre, compelled to acknowledge the influence of that power which is independent of rank or situation, and which nature has given

to genius for the consolation and defence of the human race, wrote a letter in which, actuated alternately by shame and pride, he attempted to excuse himself, and suffered menaces to escape him. Voltaire replied by the following historical trait:—"I forbid you," said an emperor of China to the chief mandarin of the historians, "to mention me, henceforward, in your works." The mandarin, on this, took up his pen. "What do you now?" said the emperor. "I write the order which your Majesty has just given me."

During twelve years that Voltaire survived this act of injustice, he never lost sight of the hope of obtaining reparation for it, but he had not the consolation of success. The fear of offending the parliament of Paris still bore down the love of justice; and, at a time when the leaders of administration had a contrary interest, they were restrained by the fear of displeasing the clergy. Governments do not sufficiently know how much real importance they acquire, both with the people whom they govern and with foreign nations, by such illustrious acts of individual 'ustice; and how much more sure the support of public opinion is, than the deference paid them by certain bodies of men, rarely capable of gratitude, and part of whose authority over the vulgar mind it would be more politic to take away by these great examples, than to augment, by proving, in the respect which they themselves pay to them, the fears which such bodies inspire.

Voltaire did not, meantime, neglect the means of avoiding the storm; he diminished his domestic establishment, and secured some property which he could dispose of at pleasure, with which he might procure a new place of refuge. Such had ever been his secret design, in all the arrangements which he had made of his fortune; and it would have required a league among the powers of Europe, to have deprived him of independence, and to have reduced him to want. Princes and nobles were among his debtors, who do not indeed pay with much punctuality, but he had calculated the degrees of human corruption, and he knew that these same men, though they act with little delicacy in such affairs, would find means to reimburse him during the moment of persecution, when their negligence would otherwise render them the objects of the horror and disdain of Europe, indignant to behold such a man oppressed.

This persecution appeared for a time ready to burst forth. Ferney is situated in the diocese of Geneva, the titular bishop of which resides in the small town of Annecy. François de Salles, who has been raised to the rank of saints, having formerly been the bishop, in order that the heretics might not find cause of scandal in their own metropolis, it had been thought most proper to confide this see to none but a man who would not incur the reproach of pride, luxury, and effeminacy, of which the Catholic priests are accused by the Protestants.

But it had long been difficult to discover saints, who, possessing understanding or birth, would condescend to accept so small a diocese. He who filled the see of Annecy, in 1767, was a man of low extraction, educated in a seminary at Paris, where he was no otherwise distinguished than by austere manners, trifling devotion, and ignorant fanaticism. He wrote to the Count de St. Florentine, to induce him to banish Voltaire out of his diocese, and consequently out of his kingdom, though the poet had then built a church at his own expense, and spread abundance through a country which the persecutions against the Protestants had laid waste. But the bishop pretended that the lord of Ferney had given a moral exhortation against theft in the church after mass, and that the workmen who were employed by him in erecting this church, had not removed an old cross with sufficient veneration: these, indeed, were grave inducements to drive from his country an old man who was the glory of that country, and to rob him of an asylum to which the kingdoms

of Europe hastened to bear him the tribute of admiration. The minister, had it been only from motives of policy, could not be tempted to gratify the bishop; he therefore advised Voltaire to guard against these accusations, which the union of the Bishop of Annecy with the French prelates, who possessed more influence, might render dangerous.

It was at this time that he conceived the idea of solemnly receiving the sacrament, which was followed by a public declaration of his respect for the church, and his disdain of his detractors; a fruitless step, which spoke weakness rather than policy, and which the pleasure of compelling his pastor to administer the communion through fear of the secular judges, and of legally insulting the Bishop of Annecy, could not excuse in the eyes of the free and intrepid man who appreciates coolly the rights of truth, and perceives that which prudence requires when laws contrary to natural justness render truth dangerous and prudence necessary.

The priests suffered the small advantage to escape which they might have drawn from this singular scene, by falsifying the declaration which Voltaire had made.

He had no longer a retreat near Geneva. He had connected himself, on his arrival there, with the families whose education, opinions, inclinations, and fortune, were most congenial to his own; and these families had at that time formed the design of establishing a species of aristocracy. In a city which possessed no territory, where the strength of the citizens could be united with as much facility and promptitude as that of the government, such a project would have been absurd had not the rich citizens entertained the hope of engaging a foreign influence in their favour.

The cabinets of Versailles and Turin were easily seduced. The senate of Bern, whose interest it was to banish the picture of republican equality from the eyes of their subjects, made it their constant policy to protect every enterprising aristocracy around them; and, throughout the whole of Switzerland, such magistrates as became tyrants, were sure of finding at Bern an ardent and faithful protector. Thus the wretched pride of obtaining an odious authority in a small city, and of being hated without being respected, deprived the citizens of Geneva of their liberty, and the republic of its independence. The chiefs of the popular party employed the weapons of fanaticism, for they had read enough to know the influence which religion had formerly obtained in political dissensions, but they did not sufficiently understand the spirit of their own age to feel how much reason, aided by ridicule, had weakened this formerly so dangerous weapon.

It was proposed, therefore, to put in force the laws which prohibited Catholics from possessing property in the territory of Geneva. The magistrates were censured for their connections with Voltaire, who had dared to raise his voice against the barbarous assassination of Servetus, which had been commanded by Calvin in the name of God to the cowardly and superstitious senators of Geneva. Voltaire was obliged to abandon his house of the Delices.

Soon after, Rousseau advanced, in his "Emilius," principles which developed to the citizens of Geneva all the extent of their rights, and which founded these rights on simple truths that all men could feel, and all must adopt. The aristocracy wished to punish him for the publication, but it was necessary that they should have a pretext; they took that of religion, and united themselves with the priests, who, in every country, indifferent to the form of its constitution and the liberty of man, promise the assistance of heaven to the party which most favours intolerance, and who become, as their interest directs, sometimes the support of the tyranny of a bigoted prince or of a superstitious senate, sometimes the defenders of the liberty of a fanatic people.

Alternately exposed to the attacks of the two parties, Voltaire observed a neutrality, but he remained faithful to his detestation of oppressors. He favoured the cause of the citizens against the magistrates, and that of the common people who possessed no privileges against the citizens; for these people, condemned to be ever excluded from the rights of the citizens, found themselves more oppressed since the latter, better informed of the privileges which are granted by the present system of polity, but less enlightened respecting the natural rights of man, considered themselves as sovereigns, of whom the people were no more than subjects, and whom they thought they had an authority to reduce to subjection, by the same arbitrary power, for assuming which they deemed their magistrates so culpable.

Voltaire, therefore, wrote a poem, every part of which is impregnated with satire, and on which no reproach can be laid, except that of containing some verses against Rousseau, which were dictated by a degree of anger, whose excess and expressions could not be excused by the justice of the motives which inspired them. But when, in a tumult, the citizens had slain some of the people, he was eager to receive at Ferney the families which these troubles compelled to abandon Geneva; and, in the very instant in which the bankruptcy of the Abbé Terrai, which had not even the excuse of necessity, but was occasioned only by shameful expenses, had deprived him of part of his fortune, he was seen to give assistance to those who had no property left; and to build houses which he sold to others at a low price to be paid him in annuities; while he solicited the good offices of the government in their behalf, and employed his influence with sovereigns, ministers, and the leading men of all nations to procure a sale for the clocks and watches of this infant manufactory, which soon became famous throughout Europe.

The year 1771 was one of the most embarrassing periods of Voltaire's life. The Chancellor Maupeou and the Duke d'Aiguillon saw themselves obliged to attack the parliaments, to whom they were both objects of hatred, that they might not become their victims.

The approbation which Voltaire gave to the measures of the Chancellor Maupeou which succeeded, was at least serviceable to the oppressed. Though he could not procure justice to be done to the memory of the unfortunate La Barre, though he could not restore the young d'Etallonde to his country, though the minister's pusillanimous respect for the clergy concealed from him the true interest of his glory, still Voltaire had the happiness to save the wife of Montbailli. This unhappy man, accused of parricide, had perished on the wheel; his wife was also condemned to death; but she was supposed to be pregnant, and was fortunate enough to obtain a respite.

The tribunals had just rejected a provident law which, placing an interval between judgment and execution in which the truth might be discovered and innocence displayed, would have prevented almost all their unjust decisions; and they had refused it with an intemperance which sufficed to prove its necessity. Women alone, by declaring themselves pregnant, could escape the danger of these precipitate executions. In the space of less than twenty years, the lives of three innocent persons, who had attracted the public curiosity by some particular circumstances, had been saved by this privilege; another proof of the utility of that law which was opposed only by a barbarous pride, and which ought to exist till experience shall have proved that the new legislation (which doubtless will soon replace the old code), no longer exposes innocence to any danger.

The trial of the wife of Montbailli was revised; the council of Artois, by which she had been condemned, declared her innocent; and, more noble or less presumptuous than the parliament of Thoulouse, they lamented the irreparable misfortune

of having caused an innocent person to perish, and they imposed on themselves the duty of providing for the remaining days of the unfortunate women whose happiness they had destroyed.

Had Voltaire expressed his zeal against such acts of injustice only as were connected with public events or the cause of toleration, he might have been accused of vanity; but this zeal was equally ardent in that obscure case, to which his name alone has given celebrity.

A new occasion of avenging insulted humanity was presented to Voltaire. Vassalage, solemnly abolished in France by Louis Hutin (the boisterous), again existed under Louis XV. in many provinces. In vain had a project of abolishing it been more than once formed. Avarice and pride had silenced justice, by a resistance which had fatigued the indolence of government; and the superior tribunals composed of nobles, had favoured the pretensions of the proprietors of these seigniories.

This enormity tyrannised over Franche Comté, and particularly over the territory of St. Claude, the secular monks of which, in 1742, owed the greatest part of their lands, held in mortmain, to nothing better than false titles; and exercised their rights with a rigour which reduced to misery an uninformed but good and industrious people. At the death of each possessor, if his children had not constantly inhabited the paternal house, the fruit of his labours appertained to the monks; the widow and her offspring, without furniture, without clothes, and without dwelling, passed from the competence procured by labour to all the horrors of want. Should a stranger die after having dwelt a year on this species of land, stricken with the feudal anathema, his property also became that of the monks; nor did a son succeed to the inheritance of his father, if it could be proved that he had passed the night of his nuptials out of the paternal house.

These people suffered without daring to complain, and beheld, with mute grief, the fruits of their economy, which should have furnished useful capitals to industry, and the culture of the land, become the prey of the monks. Happily, the construction of a great road opened a communication between them and the neighbouring cantons. They learnt that, at the foot of Mount Jura, there existed a man whose intrepid voice had more than once caused the very palaces of kings to resound with the complaints of the oppressed, and at whose name sacerdotal tyranny turned pale. To him they related their griefs, and in him they found a protector.

These usurpations, this inexorable cruelty of hypocritical priests, who dared to call themselves the disciples of an humble master, yet wished to hold men in slavery, were proclaimed not only to France but to all Europe. Yet, after soliciting relief for many years, nothing could be obtained from the timid successor of M. de Maupeou, except an arret of council, which forbade this base violation of the rights of mankind. His fear of disobliging the parliament of Besançon would not permit him to withdraw from its jurisdiction, a cause which could not be regarded as an ordinary suit without shamefully acknowledging the legitimacy of the feudal slavery. The vassals of St. Claude were sent back to a tribunal whose members, the lords of the lands subject to this tyranny, took a barbarous pleasure in rivetting the chains of those poor people—who still continue enslaved.

All they have obtained was the liberty, granted them in 1778, of abandoning their home and their country, to escape from the dominion of the monks; but another article of that same law more than balanced this benefaction, so ineffectual to unfortunate men, whom poverty rather than the law has confined to the spot of their birth. In this very edict the sovereign has, for the first time, given the name

and sacred character of property to the detestable rights which, even in the midst of the ignorance and barbarity of the thirteenth century, were considered as usurpations which neither time nor titles can render legitimate; and a hypocritical minister has made the liberty of the peasant depend, not on the justice of laws, but on the will of his tyrants.

Who that reads these details would suppose that he reads the life of a great poet, of a prolific and indefatigable writer? We forget his literary fame, as he himself lost sight of it. He seemed no longer to pursue any object of fame, but that of avenging the human race, and of snatching victims from oppression.

His genius, however, incapable of inactivity, cultivated every species of literature on which it had ever exercised its powers, and even dared to essay new subjects. He published some tragedies, which we may doubtless reproach with feebleness, and which could no longer force the applauses of an audience whom he himself had rendered difficult, but in which the man of letters may gratify his taste by beautiful verses, and his judgment by profound, enlightened ideas; he wrote tales, in which that species of composition, till then employed only to reflect pleasing and voluptuous images, which amuse the imagination or awaken gaiety, assumed a more philosophic character, and became, like the apologue, a school of morality and reason; he wrote espistles, which, if compared with his first works, will be found less correct, less uniformly animated, and less poetical; but, in return, possessed of more simplicity and variety, a more general and free spirit of philosophy, and a greater number of those acute and deep remarks which are the product of experience. To these he added satires, in which prejudice and its patrons are ridiculed under a thousand varying forms.

About the same time, in his "Philosophy of History," he gave lessons to historians, while he provoked the enmity of pedants, by unveiling their dulness, credulity, and invidious admiration of antiquity; he finished his "Essay on the Manners and Spirit of Nations," his "Age of Louis XIV," to which he added the "Age of Louis XV," an incomplete but faithful history, the only one by which we can form an adequate idea of the events of that reign, and in which we find all the truth that can be expected in a contemporary history, which is neither a libel nor an eulogium.

New romances, works sometimes serious and sometimes humorous, and dictated by circumstances, did not add to his reputation, but they continued to render it ever present with the public, to sustain the interests of his partisans, and to humiliate that herd of secret enemies, who assumed the mask of austerity, that they might withhold that admiration which the example of Europe commanded them to give.

In fine, he undertook to assemble, in the form of a dictionary, all the ideas which presented themselves to his mind on the various objects of his reflections; that is to say, on almost all that is comprised in the circle of human knowledge. In this collection, modestly entitled "Questions to the Lovers of Science respecting the Encyclopedia," he treats successively of theology, grammar, natural philosophy, and literature. At one time, he discusses the subjects of antiquity; at others, questions of policy, legislation, and public economy. His style, ever animated and seductive, clothed these various objects with a charm hitherto known to himself only; and which chiefly springs from the licence with which, yielding to his successive emotions, adapting his style less to his subject than to the momentary disposition of his mind; sometimes he spreads ridicule on objects which seem capable of inspiring only horror, and, almost instantaneously hurried away by the energy and sensibility of his soul, he vehemently and eloquently exclaims against abuses which he

had just before treated with mockery. His anger is excited by false taste; he quickly perceives that his indignation ought to be reserved for interests which are more important, and he finishes by laughing in his usual way. Sometimes he abruptly leaves a moral or political discussion for a literary criticism; and, in the midst of a lesson on taste, he pronounces abstract maxims of the profoundest philosophy, or makes a sudden and terrible attack on fanaticism and tyranny.

The constant interest which Voltaire took in the success of Russia against the Turks deserves to be noticed. Highly distinguished by the favours of the empress, doubtless gratitude animated his zeal; but we should be deceived did we imagine his zeal had no other cause. Superior to those politics of the counting-house, which take the interest of merchants known to financiers for the interest of commerce, and the interests of commerce for that of the human race; not less superior to those vain ideas of the balance of Europe so valuable to political compilers, he beheld, in the destruction of the Ottoman empire, millions of men at least assured of shunning under the despotism of a sovereign the intolerable despotism of a whole people; he hoped to see the imperious manners of the East, which condemn women to a disgraceful slavery, banished into the unhappy climates that gave them birth. Immense countries situated under a propitious climate, destined by nature to be clothed with all the productions most useful to mankind, would have been restored to the industry of their inhabitants; these countries, the first in which man discovered genius, would have beheld, again springing up in their bosom, the arts of which they gave the most perfect models, and the sciences, whose foundations were laid by them.

The usual speculations of some merchants would without doubt have been deranged, and their profits diminished; but the real welfare of the people would have been augmented, because it is not possible to extend the space on the globe in which agriculture flourishes, commerce is secure, and industry active, without increasing for the use of all men the mass of enjoyments and resources. Can it be desirable that a philosopher should prefer the riches of some nations to the liberty of an entire people, and the commerce of a few cities to the progress of agriculture and of the arts in a great empire? Far from us be those despicable reasoners who would still hold Greece in Turkish chains, in order that they may seize on the persons of men, sell them as herds of cattle, compel them by the dread of punishment, to furnish food for their insatiable avarice, and who gravely calculate the pretended wealth which is produced, by these outrages on nature.

That men should everywhere be free, and that each country should enjoy the advantages given it by nature, would be the common interests of all people, as well of those who have reassumed their rights, as of those in which certain individuals, and not the community, have been benefited by the distress of others. Opposed to objects so grand, and to that eternal good which would arise out of a revolution so vast, of what importance would the ruin of a few avaricious men be; and of men too, whose wealth originated in the tears and the blood of their fellow-citizens.

Thus thought M. Turgot; and thus Voltaire could not but think

Louis XV died, and the new reign soon presented to Voltaire hopes which he had not dared to form. M. Turgot was called to the administration. Voltaire knew him to be a man of profound genius, who in every species of science had created sure and determinate principles on which he had founded all his opinions, and according to which he directed the whole of his conduct; a glory that no other statesman has been worthy of partaking with him. He knew that, to a soul zealous for the truth and for the happiness of man, M. Turgot united fortitude that

was above all fear, and grandeur of character superior to all dissimulation; that in his eyes the most important situation was but the means of executing his salutary views, and appeared to him no more than a vile slavery when that hope should be lost. In fine, Voltaire knew that, free from all prejudices, and detesting in those prejudices the most dangerous enemies of the human race, M. Turgot regarded the liberty of thought and of the press as the right of each citizen, and the right of whole nations, whose happiness the progress of reason alone can establish on an immovable basis.

In the nomination of M. Turgot, Voltaire saw the dawn of the reign of reason; so long disavowed and much longer persecuted; he dared to look for the rapid fall of prejudices, and for the destruction of that cowardly and tyrannic policy which, to flatter the pride or indolence of men in place, had condemned the people to humiliation and misery.

Yet his attempts in favour of the vassals of Mount Jura were ineffectual; and in vain he endeavoured to obtain for d'Etallonde, and for the memory of the chevalier de la Barre, that distinguished justice which humanity and the national honour equally required. These objects were foreign to the department of the finances; and that superiority of information, of character, of virtue, which M. Turgot could not conceal, had created him, in the other ministers and in the intriguing subalterns of office, too many enemies; who, finding neither ambition nor personal projects to oppose in him, bent themselves against all that they believed consonant with his just and beneficent designs.

Hence the only advantage which Voltaire could obtain, from the administration of M. Turgot, was to withdraw the little country of Gex from the tyranny of the farms. Separated from France by mountains, having an easy communication with Geneva and Switzerland, this unfortunate country could not be subjected to the revenue laws, without becoming the theatre of perpetual war between the servants of the revenue and the inhabitants, nor without paying expenses for the collection still more burthensome than the imposts themselves. The little importance of this regulation should have rendered it easy; yet, it was long solicited, in vain, by M. de Voltaire.

Voltaire's respect for M. Turgot would have been augmented by the edicts of 1776, had he not already known that minister's genius, and comprehended his views. This great statesman had perceived that, placed at the head of the finances at a moment in which he was embarrassed by the mass of the public debt, and by obstacles which the courtiers and the first minister opposed to every great reform in administration and to all important economy, he could not diminish the imposts; but he wished, at least, to give some consolation to the people, and some indemnity to the proprietors of lands, by restoring to them rights of which they had been deprived by oppressive regulations.

The remains of feudal slavery, which spread desolation through the country, which compelled the poor to labour without hire, and deprived agriculture of the husbandman's cattle, were changed into an impost, paid only by the proprietors of land. Through all the cities, ridiculous corporations obliged a part of the inhabitants to purchase the right of labouring; those who subsisted by commerce or their own industry were compelled to live under the vassalage of a certain number of privileged people, or to pay a tribute to these bodies; this absurd institution disappeared, and the right of freely employing their time and strength was restored to the citizens.

The proprietors of grain and of wine, the first harassed by popular prejudices, the other by despotic privileges, which had been extorted by particular cities, were

relieved from those oppressions; and these wise laws could not fail to accelerate the progress of agriculture, and multiply the national wealth, by ensuring the subsistence of the people.

But these beneficent edicts were the signal of that minister's fall who had the boldness to conceive them. They excited the opposition of the parliaments who were interested in supporting the Jurandes, the fertile source of lucrative lawsuits, who were not less attached to the old regulations which furnished them with the means of acting on the minds of the people, who were irritated to see the burden of making roads laid on the opulent owners of land, and were without any hope that an unworthy condescension would continue to lighten the weight of their individual taxes, but who were more particularly alarmed at the influence which seemed to be acquired by a minister, whose benevolent spirit menaced the overthrow of their power.

The intrigues of the enemies of M. Turgot were strengthened by this league of the parliaments: and it was then perceived how serviceable to their secret and pernicious designs was the manner in which the tribunal had been re-established; it was then seen how dangerous it is to a minister to design the welfare of the people; and, perhaps, were we to mount up to the cause of events, we should find that the fall even of vicious ministers has originated in the good which they wished to do, and not in the evil which they have produced.

In the calamities of France, Voltaire beheld the destruction of hopes which he had entertained for the advancement of the human mind. He had imagined, that intolerance, superstition, and the monstrous prejudices which infected every branch of legislation, every department of power, and all conditions of society, would have fled before a minister who was the friend of justice, of liberty, and reason. Such as have accused Voltaire of base adulation, such as have bitterly reproached him with the use which he made of praise, perhaps too frequently, to influence the minds of powerful men, and to compel them to be just and humane, may compare those praises to his eulogy of M. Turgot, and to his "Epistle to a Man" which he addressed to that minister at the moment of his disgrace. They will then distinguish the admiration which is the result of feeling, from a compliment; and the esteem which arises in the soul, from the play of imagination: and they will perceive that Voltaire committed no other crime than that of treating courtiers as women.

During his visit to Paris his admiration of M. Turgot was infused through all his discourse. M. Turgot was the man whom he opposed to all who complained of the depravity of our age; and to him his mind gave its entire approbation. He has been seen to take his hands, bathe them with his tears, kiss them, in despite of M. Turgot's resistance, and cry with a voice interrupted with sobs: "Let me kiss the hand which would seal the happiness of the people."

Voltaire had long desired to revisit his country, and to enjoy his reputation in the midst of the same people who had been the witness of his first success and too often the accomplice of his enemies. M. de Villette had lately, at Ferney, espoused Mademoiselle de Varicour, a lady descended from a noble family in the county of Gex, whom her relations had confided to the care of Madame Denis. Voltaire accompanied them to Paris, partly led by the desire of seeing the representation of the tragedy of "Irene," which he had shortly before finished. It had been kept a profound secret; and malice had not time to prepare her poison, nor would the public enthusiasm have permitted its operation. A crowd of men and women of every rank and condition, from whom his verses had drawn the tears of humanity, who had so frequently admired his genius at the theatre and in reading his works,

were eager to behold him. This enthusiasm was even spread through the common ranks of the people; they crowded round his windows, and passed whole hours there with the hope of seeing him for a moment. His carriage, which could scarcely proceed along the streets, was surrounded by a numerous multitude, who blessed him and celebrated his works.

The French academy, which had not adopted him till the age of fifty-two, lavished honours on him, and received him rather as sovereign of the empire of letters than as an equal. The children of those haughty courtiers, whose pride had been wounded to see him live in their society without meanness, and who had wished to humiliate in his person the superiority of genius and talents, contended for the honour of being presented to him, and of an opportunity to boast that they had seen Voltaire.

But it was at the theatre, where he had so long reigned, that he had the greatest honours to expect. He went to the third representation of "Irene;" which was, indeed, but a feeble tragedy; which, however, possessed many beauties, and in which the wrinkles of age could not conceal the sacred impression of genius. He alone drew the attention of a people, eager to distinguish his features, to observe his gestures, to pursue the direction of his eyes. His bust was crowned on the stage in the midst of applause, cries of joy, and tears of enthusiasm. To quit the theatre he must pass through the multitude that crowded round him; feeble, scarce able to support himself, the guards, which were designed to protect him from the eagerness of zeal, became useless; at his approach, each retired with a respectful attention, or disputed the honour of supporting him a moment on the stairs; each step offered him new aid, nor was any one permitted to arrogate too long the right of giving him assistance.

The spectators followed him to his apartment, and the air was filled with the cries of long live Voltaire! long live the Henriade! long live Mahomet; numbers fell at his feet, and numbers kissed his garment. Never has man been received with more interesting marks of admiration and of public affection, nor ever has genius been honoured by a more flattering homage: "They wish me to die of pleasure," said he; but it was the voice of sensibility, and not the artifice of self-love. In the midst of the honours paid him by the French academy, he was particularly struck by the possibility of introducing into that place a more daring philosophy: "They treat me with more attention than I merit," he said to me, one day, do you know that I do not despair of causing the eulogium of Coligny to be spoken there?"

During the run of "Irene," he was employed in revising his essay on the "Manners and the Spirit of Nations;" and to give, in that work, some new wounds to fanaticism. He had with secret pleasure observed, at the theatre, that the lines which were received with the greatest acclamations, were those in which he attacked superstition and the names she had long rendered sacred; and it was to this object he ascribed all the glory he had attained. He beheld, in that general admiration, the empire which he had exercised over the mind, and the destruction of prejudices which he had accomplished.

At this same time, Paris boasted, also, the presence of the celebrated Franklin, who, in another hemisphere, had been the apostle of philosophy and toleration. Like Voltaire, he had often employed the weapon of humour which corrects the absurdities of men, and had displayed their perverseness as a folly more fatal, but also worthy of pity. He had joined to the science of metaphysics the genius of practical philosophy; as Voltaire, that of poetry. Franklin was eager to see a man whose reputation had long been spread over both worlds; Voltaire, although

he had lost the habit of speaking English, endeavoured to support the conversation in that language; and, afterwards reassuming the French, he said: "Je n'ai pu résister au désir de parler un moment la langue de M. Franklin"—(I could not resist the desire of speaking the language of Mr. Franklin for a moment).

The American philosopher presented his grandson to Voltaire, with a request that he would give him his benediction. "God and liberty!" said Voltaire: "it is the only benediction which can be given to the grandson of Franklin." They went together to a public assembly of the academy of sciences, and the public at the same time beheld with emotion these two men, born in different quarters of the globe, respectable by their years, their glory, the employment of their life, and both enjoying the influence which they had exercised over the age in which they lived. They embraced each other in the midst of public acclamations, and it was said to be Solon who embraced Sophocles.

Age had not enfeebled the activity of Voltaire, and the transports with which he was received by his fellow-citizens seemed to renew his vigour. He formed the design of refuting whatever the Duke de St. Simon in his memoirs, then unpublished, had written under the influence of hatred and prejudice, lest these memoirs, which might derive some authority from the known probity of the author and from his rank and title of contemporary, should appear at a time in which men would be too far removed from the events of which he speaks, to detect error and defend the truth.

He had also induced the French academy to adopt the design of forming its dictionary on a new plan. They were to have deduced the history of each word from the period in which it had appeared in the language, to give the various meanings which it assumed in different ages, and the various acceptations it had received, and to employ, in order to display these varied shades, not capricious phrases, but examples selected from authors of the greatest authority. Then would have been seen the true literary and grammatical dictionary of the language, and not only foreigners but even Frenchmen might, in that work, have acquired a knowledge of all its delicacy.

This dictionary would have presented instructive pages to men of letters, would have contributed to form the national taste, and arrested the progress of corruption. Each academician was to have explained a letter of the alphabet: Voltaire undertook the letter A; and, to excite the industry of his brethren, and to banish the difficulty of executing this plan, he was desirous to finish, within a few months that part of the work which he had assumed.

His strength was wasted by such excessive application; and he had been much reduced by a spitting of blood, caused by his efforts during the representation of "Irene." Yet, the activity of his mind subdued all, and concealed from him the real weakness of his constitution. At length, deprived of sleep by an irritation produced by too intense labour, he wished to procure some hours' repose, that he might be in a condition to lead the academy irrevocably to engage in the new dictionary, against which some objections had arisen; and he resolved to take opium. His imagination possessed all its vivacity, his soul was equally restless and impetuous, his character abated not of its gaiety and its vigour, when he took the opiate which he judged to be necessary. During the same evening, his friends had heard him express his detestation of prejudices with his usual eloquence; and soon after beheld him viewing them only on the ridiculous side, and deriding them with that peculiar grace and aptness which characterised his sallies of wit. But he took the opiate at several doses, and was deceived as to the quantity, probably in the species of intoxication which the first had produced. The same accident happened to him

about thirty years before, and then placed his life in danger. Unhappily, this time, his wasted powers were unable to contend with the poison. He had long been subject to a complaint in the bladder, and in the general decay of his organs, that soon contracted an incurable disease.

Scarcely could he, during the long interval between this fatal accident and his death, preserve his recollection for a few successive moments, or disengage himself from the lethargy in which he was plunged. To the young Count de Lalli, however, he was even then celebrated for his courage, and who has since deserved celebrity by his eloquence and patriotism, he wrote, in one of these intervals, those lines, the last which were traced by his hand, in which he applauds the royal authority whose justice had lately annulled one of the atrocious acts of parliamentary despotism. At length, he expired on the 30th of May, 1778.

The arrival of Voltaire at Paris had rekindled the fury of the fanatics, and wounded the pride of the chiefs of the hierarchy; but it had also inspired some priests with an idea of building their reputation and their fortune on the conversion of this illustrious enemy. Certainly, they could not flatter themselves with the hope of subduing him, but they did not despair of inducing him to dissemble. Voltaire, who wished to remain at Paris without being tormented by sacerdotal accusations, and who, from a habit acquired in his youth, thought it beneficial to the interest even of the friends of reason, that certain scenes of intolerance should not succeed his last moments, had sent in the beginning of his malady for an almoner of the incurables, and who had boasted of having restored to the bosom of the church the Abbé de l'Attaignant, known by offences of another kind.

The Abbé Gauthier confessed Voltaire, and received a profession of faith from him, by which he declared that he died in the Catholic religion, in which he was born.

When the circumstance was known, which offended enlightened men rather more than it edified the devotees, the curate of St. Sulpice ran to his parishioner, who received him with politeness, and gave him according to usage a handsome offering for his poor people. But, mortified that the Abbé Gauthier had anticipated him, he discovered that the almoner of the incurables had been too easily satisfied with his penitent, and that he ought to have required a more particular profession of faith, and an express disavowal of all the doctrines, contrary to orthodoxy, which he had been accused of maintaining. The Abbé Gauthier had pretended that, by requiring every thing, all would have been lost. During all this dispute, Voltaire recovered, "Irene" was played, and the conversion was forgotten. But, in the moment of the relapse, the curate returned to Voltaire, absolutely resolved not to inter him, if he could not obtain the desired recantation of his errors.

This curate was among those men who are a mixture of hypocrisy and imbecility; he spoke with the obstinate persuasion of a maniac, and acted with the flexibility of a Jesuit; he was humble in his manners even to baseness, arrogant in his sacerdotal pretensions, fawning with the great, and charitable to the populace who are governed by the priests that distribute alms to them, and in fine, he harrassed the simple citizens by his imperious fanaticism. He earnestly wished to compel Voltaire at least to acknowledge the divine nature of Jesus Christ; to which he was more attached than to any other dogma. He one day drew Voltaire from his lethargy, by shouting in his ear: "Do you believe the divinity of Jesus Christ?" —"In the name of God, sir," replied Voltaire, "speak to me no more of that man; but let me die in peace."

The priest then declared that he was compelled to refuse him burial; but he was not authorized in this refusal; for, according to the laws, it ought to have been

preceded by a sentence of excommunication, or a secular judgment, and even an appeal might have been made against an excommunication, as a matter of abuse. Voltaire's family, by complaining to the parliament, would have obtained justice; but they feared the fanaticism of that body and the hatred of its members to Voltaire, who had so often combatted its pretensions, and exerted his powers against its injustice. They did not perceive that the parliament could not, without disgrace to itself, depart from the principles on which it had acted in favour of the Jansenists; they did not know that a great number of the young magistrates waited only for an occasion of effacing, by some splendid act, the reproach of fanaticism by which they were degraded, by dignifying themselves, by ordaining a mark of respect to the memory of a man of genius whom they had been unfortunate enough to number among their enemies, and of showing that they chose rather to atone for their injustice, than to yield to any incitements of vengeance. The friends of Voltaire did not observe how much power they had acquired by that enthusiasm which his name had excited; an enthusiasm which had gained every class in the nation, and which no authority would venture openly to insult.

They chose rather to negotiate with government. Daring neither to offend public opinion by gratifying the vengeance of the clergy, nor to displease the priests by compelling them to obey the laws; fearing to mortify sacerdotal pride should they erect a public monument to a great man whose ashes were basely disturbed by priests: or should they indemnify his memory for the loss of ecclesiastic honours, to which he had so little claim, by civic honours due to his genius and the services he had done the nation, ministers approved a proposal which was made of removing Voltaire's body to the church of a monastery, of which his nephew was abbé. It was accordingly conducted to Scellières, and the priests agreed not to interrupt the execution of this design. However, two ladies, of distinguished rank and very great devotees, wrote to the Bishop of Troyes, to engage him, in quality of diocesan bishop, to oppose the burial. But, fortunately for the honour of the bishop, these letters arrived too late, and Voltaire was interred.

We will here insert a letter from one of his physicians—with the remarks that accompany it, taken from the preface to Sir T. C. Morgan's "Philosophy of Morals," page 27, and which will at once demolish the innumerable lies promulgated by the religious world concerning the death of this celebrated philosopher.

(TRANSLATION OF DR. BURARD'S LETTER.)

"I feel happy in having it in my power, by rendering homage to truth, to overthrow the lying accounts that have been spread abroad with regard to the last moments of Voltaire. I was by my profession one of those who were appointed to mark the progress of his disease. (along with Doctors Tronchin Lorry, and Try, his physicians); I did not quit him a single instant during his last moments, and I can certify that we always observed in him the same strength of character, although, in consequence of his disorder, he must have experienced extreme suffering. We had absolutely prohibited him to speak, in order that he might avoid the progress of a spitting of blood with which he was afflicted; yet even then he continued constantly to communicate with us by means of cards, on which he wrote his questions: to these our answers were verbally given; and if we did not give him satisfaction, he still continued his observations in writing. He preserved therefore his intellects to the last moment, and the foolish stories which have been published, merit the greatest contempt.

"It cannot even be said that any person has related this or that circumstance of his death, as having been an actual witness; for, towards his end, all access to his

chamber was absolutely denied to any person whatever. Those who came to inquire the state of his health, remained in the anti-chamber or other apartments. The discourse which has been put into the mouth of Marshal Richelieu, must therefore be as counterfeit as the rest. He died on the 30th of May, 1778.

Signed BURARD. Physician.

Paris, April 3, 1819.

"This statement of Dr. Burard was confirmed to me in all its particulars by Madame la Marquise de Villette, Voltaire's adopted daughter, who was likewise about his person during his last moments. The origin of such stories as those here related, is easy to comprehend. If true, they prove only that a man, worn out by disease, has not the same force of character as when in the plentitude of health. But true or false, they are perfectly suited to the mental *calibre* of gossipping bigots, who measure humanity in all its aspects by the standard of their own impertinent imbecility; and who arrive at the pleasure of a strong sensation, through a strain upon their limited imaginations, to which they could never attain through their still more limited understanding.".

The French academy had observed a custom of saying mass at the church of the Cordeliers for each of their deceased members. The Archbishop of Paris, Beaumont, so well known by his ignorance and fanaticism, prohibited the performance of the ceremony. The Cordeliers obeyed with regret, for they knew that the confessors of the archbishop would pardon his spirit of revenge, and would forbear to recommend justice to him. The academy, therefore, resolved to suspend the practice of this ceremony till the insult offered to the most illustrious of its members should be repaired. Thus Beaumont became, in spite of himself, the instrument of destroying a ridiculous superstition.

Meanwhile, the King of Prussia commanded a solemn mass to be said for Voltaire in the Catholic church of Berlin; and the academy of Prussia was invited to attend. But that which was more glorious to Voltaire, was, that the king—in the field of battle, where at the head of a hundred and fifty thousand men he defended the rights of the princes of the empire and imposed laws on the Austrian power—wrote the eulogium of that illustrious man, whose disciple and friend he had been, and who perhaps had never pardoned him the unworthy and disgraceful violence which he had endured at Frankfort, but towards whom the monarch was incessantly and involuntarily led by his natural taste and his admiration of genius.

Government, in some degree ashamed of its feeble conduct, hoped to escape public contempt by prohibiting the naming of Voltaire in any writings, or in those places where the police was accustomed to violate the freedom of speech, under the pretence of preserving order, which it too often confounded with a respect paid to established and protected follies.

The public papers were forbidden to speak of his death; and the comedians had orders to perform none of his pieces. Ministers did not discover that means like these, of preventing the anger of the nation against their weakness, would only serve more fully to provoke it; and to demonstrate that they had neither courage to merit the approbation, nor to support the blame of the public.

This simple recital of the incidents of the life of Voltaire has sufficiently developed his character and his mind; the principal features of which were benevolence, indulgence for human foibles, and a hatred of injustice and oppression. He may be numbered among the very few men in whom the love of humanity was a real passion; which, the noblest of all passions, was known only to modern times, and

took rise from the progress of knowledge. Its very existence is sufficient to confound the blind partisans of antiquity, and those who calumniate philosophy.

But the happy qualities of Voltaire were often perverted by his natural restlessness, which the writing of tragedy had but increased. In an instant he would change from anger to affection, from indignation to a jest. Born with violent passions, they often hurried him too far; and his restlessness deprived him of the advantages which usually accompany such minds; particularly of that fortitude to which fear is no obstacle, when action becomes a duty, and which is not shaken by the presence of danger foreseen. Often would Voltaire expose himself to the storm with rashness, but rarely did he brave it with constancy; and these intervals, of temerity and weakness, have frequently afflicted his friends, and afforded unworthy cause of triumph to his cowardly foes.

His affections were permanent; and his friendship for Génonville, the President de Maisons, Formont, Cideville, the Marchioness du Châtelet, d'Argental, and d'Alembert, seldom obscured by passing clouds, ended only with his life. From his works, we discover that few men of feeling have so long preserved the remembrance of friends lost in early youth.

He has been reproached with his numerous disputes, but in none of these was he the aggressor. His enemies—those at least to whom he was irreconcilable, and whom he devoted to the world's contempt—did not confine themselves to personal attacks; they were his accusers to the fanatics, and wished to bring down the sword of persecution on his head. It is no doubt afflicting to be obliged to place in this list men of real merit; men like the poet Rousseau, the two Pompignans, Larcher, and even Rousseau of Geneva. But is it not more excusable to carry vengeance too far, in self-defence, and to be unjust in the indulgence of anger, the first motive of which is founded in rectitude, than to violate the rights of man by endangering the freedom and safety of a citizen, to gratify pride, the aims of hypocrisy, or an obstinate attachment to opinions?

Voltaire has been censured for his attacks on Maupertuis; but were not these attacks confined to the mere act of rendering a man eternally ridiculous, who, by base intrigues, had endeavoured to dishonour and ruin him; and who, to revenge some jests, had called the power of a king, irritated by his insinuous arts, to his aid?

Voltaire, it is said, was envious; which has been answered by the following line from Tancred:—

De qui dans l'univers peut-il etre jalouse?

[Does the world contain a man whom he might envy?]

Three quarters of a century have now elapsed since the death of Voltaire, and his name is still loaded with the most opprobrious epithets and the most pious curses that the advocates of eternal hell and damnation can invent, in order to deter their dupes from reading his pages or examining his opinions. Whoever reads the work to which these observations are preliminary—"The Philosophical Dictionary,"—will see that they have ample reason for so doing; inasmuch as whoever peruses these pages will have his eyes opened—will be able to see for himself, and will immediately cast off with contempt those black slugs who have too long feasted and fattened upon his fears, his ignorance, or his imbecility. Having been the man who baffled the odious vices of superstition, intolerance, and bigotry, while living, his memory is pursued with proportionate malice and falsehood by those who are the legitimate representatives of those vices since his death. Every puling fanatic can dwell upon his personal failing, and every political alarmist attribute to a writer whose ever-fertile brain was in eternal exercise against the vilest atrocities of priest-

craft or religion and tyranny or government, the re-action of violence which in the fullness of time they engendered. This observation is made in relation to the monstrous injustice of attributing the horrors of a revolution of unparalleled magnitude to the works of a writer whose only object was unlimited toleration in all matters which concerned the mental and bodily freedom of his countrymen. They reckon as nothing the oppression and misery of eight hundred years. It is true, the writings of Voltaire had some influence upon the leaders of the French Revolution after they had obtained power; but that was only upon questions of a theoretical nature, and not such as to affect the welfare of the great masses of the community. Those who labour, have no time to think. They must take for granted as true those doctrinal theories which they are told will regulate their happiness hereafter, and it is not till they are perishing for hunger that they will rise against those whom God hath set over them. No books, no writings, ever yet produced a rebellion in any country upon earth. And see how unanimous all shades of sectarianism agree in plundering the industrious and producing classes of the fruits of their labour; and with what a discordant yell they all as with one mouth assail the man of liberality who shall have the audacity to expose the horrible lies which are palmed upon the world in the names of Christianity and true religion. This Voltaire did; and to do this, without endangering his own existence, he was obliged to have recourse to those subterfuges which a despotic state of society compels every man to adopt who has not resolution enough to be ruined, nor courage to die a martyr. Voltaire did not possess nerve enough to adopt either of these alternatives. All he wished, was to be let alone. He declared that he died Catholic, in order to be allowed to die quietly. He had the Extreme Unction administered in his retreat at Ferney, in order to oppose the furious malice of his enemies. Let us suppose that Voltaire did not believe in the obscene mystery of the Holy Incarnation; let us suppose that he could hardly bring his powerful mind to place credence in the Holy Eucharist; and that he doubted whether One God was Three Gods, and still not Three Gods, but only One, being Three all the time. Whoever believeth not in these things shall be damned. He shall be burnt in hell everlastingly. There shall be a devil to roast and perpetually torment him. And shall a man like Voltaire, who had an undaunted mind but a nervous temperament, be blamed for succumbing for a moment to the ferocious and cruel superstition which was too powerful for him, and to resist which needed the succour of potentates and kings of too liberal minds to see the future consequences of their assistance. It was necessary that he should seek shelter beneath the mass that he was endeavouring to undermine. And he seemed especially born for the task he undertook. Did we believe in a special Providence, we should say he was sent from heaven to espouse the cause of humanity, of toleration, and of justice. In the time of Voltaire, to preach up toleration was a daring act, when we know that the word itself is but a tacit acquiescence in the right to deny or to refuse. But Voltaire obtained a great triumph. A right once granted it is difficult to take away, and thus far he did the greatest possible good to humanity in general. The warmth with which he espoused the cause of the unhappy Calas family will ever be remembered to his glory. Let it not be forgotten, that in the time of Voltaire the cause of freedom seemed hopeless; no one seemed to have courage and opportunity to shake the slumbering and inert mass that lay as it were trampled and crushed under the feet of their oppressors. In France, it was consolidated under two powers—the throne and the clergy; there was no aristocracy, as in England, that could occasionally be independent for the sake of acquiring popularity: all seemed barren and sterile. At this period appeared Voltaire. Removed by fortune from

the precarious existence which men of letters were forced to seek from the bounties of the rich, he could afford to be independent; and hence one cause of the vehement hostility with which he was assailed when living. It was then, as it is now in many places, thought to be disgraceful to earn a subsistence by labour, whether mental or bodily. The vile servility of the learned spoke in strong contrast to the boldness and independence of Voltaire. His writings caused an electric shock throughout France, which was communicated to the remotest region of Europe—and their effects are seen and felt to the present day.

It has already been observed that, in the estimation of a public character, a due consideration must be had for the period in which he lived, and of the nature of the society amidst which he was reared. Voltaire was in his twentieth year when Louis XIV. died, and consequently his very precocious adolescence was spent during the reign of that pompous and celebrated actor of majesty. How was that season characterised as to morals and the tone of Parisian good company, an epitome of the private life of Louis himself will tell. When youthful, he debauched one or two of his mother's maids of honour, and his amours as he advanced were abundant, according to the routine of their most Christian majesties in general. One or two of these affairs, independently of the last, were very characteristic; but the chief circumstance to be regarded, is the solemn self-engrossment of the man and the formality and etiquette with which he surrounded even his vices and impurities. In fact, the concubinage of the throne, under both him and his successor, was in a manner legitimated upon a sort of Mahometan principle; the priesthood making as little objection as any one else—no doubt because their privileges and revenues remained untouched, or were even extended by it as the sultans grew older. The decorum and air of state with which Louis sinned, was rather edifying than scandalous; and his subjects very faithfully copied the *grand monarque.* Gallantry became the order of the day throughout France, with a great abatement of the chivalrous sentiment which attended it under the regency of Anne of Austria, but still exempt from the more gross sensuality which succeeded Louis under the regency of the Duke of Orleans. When Voltaire entered life, Louis was all devotion and exclusive *Madame de Maintenon;* and as his glory, as it was called, had exceedingly abated, the youth of his dominions were beginning to look for other models and manners. Still a portion of this well-assorted decency and libertinism abounded, and the first thing we hear of the education of Voltaire is, that a very agreeable abbé—the Abbé Chateauneuf—taught him to repeat the fables of La Fontaine and a sceptical poem of J. B. Rousseau as soon as he could speak, and at the age of fifteen introduced him to the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos—the said abbé having been the last of her hundred and fifty lovers. Now all this was mere accident or routine in France; and yet, there are people who will dwell upon the levity and libertinism of Voltaire, and its desperate consequences, who would not hazard a word upon the dissolute framework of the society which formed him, because that would show at once both the source of his feelings and of the general disorder which engendered the revolution. The boasted reign of Louis, in fact, was signalised by the most flagitious immorality from the court downwards; which immorality was very poorly covered towards the close by a species of factitious devotion, which only added to the disgust of those who penetrated beyond the surface. The morals of the regency were a little better or a little worse just as the reader may be disposed to prefer impudence or hypocrisy, unblushing vice, or "the homage which vice pays to virtue." In England, this plated surface is preferred. But letting this pass, it is certain that a brilliant, highly-gifted young man, like Voltaire, who moved in the high tide of Parisian society, must necessarily be imbued with the levity and

laxity that on every side surrounded him, and which has rendered the period in question proverbial for profligacy and debauchery. His youthful career seems to have been precisely that of other young men of his age and station in the French metropolis, neither better nor worse; and it is scarcely necessary to prove the tinge which such a state of society must bestow upon every character, however highly gifted, which is formed in the midst of it.

So much as to a certain license in respect to gallantry and sexual matters, which, however, may be briefly dismissed, as Voltaire was by no means a distinguished offender in that way. This remark is made in relation rather to the literary freedom which this kind of early education is likely to create, and to certain occasional offences, *contra bonos mores*, which must be expected from a writer who has thus commenced his career as a man. But, even after including *La Pucelle*, these are not very numerous; being for the most part admirably redeemed by the wit and severity that accompany them, which are generally turned against the detestable vice of hypocrisy, and in exposition of the personal failings of fanatics or their idols who never either spare the weak opponent or pardon the strong one. And, after all, Voltaire has not proceeded much beyond Pope and Swift, and not near so far as a great number of English writers of the age which immediately preceded him.

Happily for the character of Voltaire, he is only distinguished in his personal controversies by the tremendous power of his ridicule—for we fear that its occasional misapplication or unfairness is common to most literary belligerents. It is certain, at least, that Pope in his Dunciad was anything but free from it, and we fear that it is a general characteristic. Some circumstances are mentioned of Voltaire in regard to his bargains with booksellers, which, as represented, are manœuvring and discreditable; but, on looking to evidence, little has been proved beyond a very natural desire to anticipate the piracies which were eternally taking place of works in a language so generally understood all over the continent. That he was tenacious both of his property and reputation is certain, and, strange to say, he knew how to speculate in money-getting as well as in literature; but, at the same time, it is equally evident that he was generous and knew how to give and to expend. His fortune was ample, and he very honourably diffused it.

It has been observed, that Voltaire was altogether a Frenchman, and the remark will be found just, whether applied to the character of the man or the genius. By increasing to intensity the national characteristics, social, constitutional, and mental, we create a Voltaire. These are gaiety, facility, address, a tendency to wit, raillery, and equivoque; light, quick, and spontaneous feelings of humanity, which may be occasionally worked up into enthusiasm; vanity, irascibility, very slip-shod morality in respect to points which grave people are apt to deem of the first consequence; social insincerity, and a predominant spirit of intrigue. Such were the generalities of the French character in the days of Voltaire; and multiply them by his capacity and acquirement, and we get at the solid contents of his own. It is therefore especially inconsistent to discover such excellence and virtue in the old French regime, and especially in the reign of Louis XIV. and to find so much fault with the *tout ensemble* of Voltaire; for both his good and his bad qualities were the natural growth of the period. The application of the former is indeed another affair, and stands over for subsequent observation; but in concluding that which it is to be hoped will be deemed a candid admission of the failings as well as the merits of a favourite author, it is necessary to rescue him from inconsistent attack. There is a tribe of critics, who will rail against the personal vices of Voltaire, while they countenance the wretched government which enslaved France. They will lift

their hands and eyes at *La Pucelle*, but will never talk of the grave and multiplied adulteries of Louis *le Grand*, or of the *Parc aux Cerfs* of his successor;—of the dissolute gallantries, amounting almost to promiscuous intercourse, of the entire body of the nobility;—of the nauseous depravity of the churchmen;—or of the gross and insolent oppression and demoralization of the people by the whole. They prate as eloquently as parrots about those *wicked philosophers*, and speak of the ejectment of half a million of subjects by the god-like Louis, and the murder, rape, ravishment, and dragooning of the Protestants which preceded and followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, as the slightest of all possible drawbacks in that very kingly character.

The corruption of habits and manners which prevailed during the reign of Louis XIV. notwithstanding its imposing, orderly, and even devotional aspect, has already been mentioned. A few sentences on the public character of that ostentatious period, either the positive or comparative merits of which there is neither space nor disposition to dispute, are now requisite. Attending to much of the sway which preceded it, the reign of Louis was doubtless effective and useful to his people. His natural capacity was strong; and possessing firmness, self-will, and an extraordinary thirst for renown, the nation soon began to feel the benefit of that unity of power and of purpose, forming the single advantage which absolute monarchy can at any time claim, and that but very seldom. At the same time, the lofty notion entertained by Louis of the regal character, and the theory,—not possibly altogether new in France, but certainly never carried to the like extent,—of making the glory of the monarch the mainspring and object of all public exertion, gave a factitious ascendancy to his character, which was by no means inoperative. There is occasionally much metaphysical ingenuity in political servility; and it was never more dexterously displayed than in this filching abstraction of all the more broad and generous notions of love of country and of kind, of national utility, and of public renown, which transforms patriotism into a species of pagod-worship of man, and that one not unfrequently the most contemptible and insignificant in his own kingdom.

The most detestable and odious of all political sins is, indisputably, religious persecution; and by that execrable union of kingcraft and priestcraft which assumes a sway over volition itself, was this sin unsparingly committed during the whole of the reign under consideration. This leads at once to the source of the early predispositions of Voltaire, and of the honourable enthusiasm which coloured nearly the whole of his long life. By accident, carelessness, or indifference, he was very early allowed to imbibe a large portion of philosophical scepticism, which no after education,—and he was subsequently educated by Jesuits,—could remove. It is not intended either to applaud or lament this fact, but simply as a fact to produce it, for the purpose of asking what was more natural for a brilliant, ardent, and vivacious young man, thus ardently *vaccinated*—if the figure be allowable—against the *small-pox of fanaticism and superstition* so prevalent in this country, and born during a reign which revoked the Edict of Nantz, and expatriated half a million of peaceful subjects? In what way did his Most Christian Majesty, the magnificent Louis, signalize that part of his kingly career which immediately preceded the birth of Voltaire? In the famous Dragonades, in which a rude and licentious soldiery were encouraged in every excess of cruelty and outrage, because, to use the language of the Minister Louvois, "his Majesty was desirous that the heaviest penalties should be put in force against those who are not willing to embrace his religion; and those who have the *false glory* to remain longest firm in their opinions, must be driven to the last extremities."

They *were* so driven, in a manner which it is impossible to enter into detail, for sources exist from which monstrous and mournful particulars might be extracted; but the general fact is all that is necessary in this place. It will therefore suffice to repeat, that at length the Edict of Nantz was formally repealed, Protestants refused liberty of conscience, their temples demolished, their children torn from them. and, to crown all, attempts were even made to impede their emigration. They were to be inclosed like wild beasts, and hunted down at leisure.

Such were the facts and horrors which must, in the first instance, have encountered and confirmed the incipient scepticism of Voltaire. What calm man, of any or of no religion, can now hear of them without shuddering and execration? and what such feel now, it is reasonable to suppose that a mind predisposed like that of Voltaire must have felt then. It is evident that, from his earliest manhood, he declared war against the whole fabric of priestcraft and superstition, from which such mighty mischiefs emanated. But such was the combination of the horrible and ridiculous which indisputably encountered the youth of Voltaire; and whether for invective, for argument, or for jibe, it is impossible that an enemy to superstition, fanaticism, and priestly domination, with their attendant horrors of cruelty, intolerance, and persecution, who was at the same time a poet, wit, satirist, and philosopher, could be more irresistibly urged into a warfare which was to distinguish the whole of a long future life.

It only remains to enquire how far his subsequent experience was of a nature to confirm these opinions. The regency of Philip of Orleans, however dissolute as to morals and manners, was comparatively philosophical on the subject of religion. The usual re-action had, in fact, begun to take place; and that contemptuous indifference was engendering for religious disputation, which never fails to follow an excess of it. The enormous power and influence of a corrupt, intolerant, and ambitious clergy, was, however, a stationary evil in France; and there was always sufficient going forward to keep in activity so determined and indefatigable an opponent as Voltaire. The despicable reign of Louis XV. was certainly not much encumbered with the devotion or fanaticism of the monarch; but the horrible iniquities practised by the provincial parliaments—the bigotted persecutions which disgraced the local jurisdictions—and the protection these atrocities received from the episcopacy, remained. However divided into factions and engaged in interminable contests among themselves about the grace of God, the dignified clergy uniformly threw their effective shield over the blundering cruelties which were perpetrated in the genuine spirit of intolerant orthodoxy.

To conclude: in as far as regards the operation of the philosophers, and of Voltaire in particular, it is the duty of superior intellect to be eternally active and restless against oppression and misgovernment, and to diffuse the superior light which it has collected. It is the duty of governments, on the other hand, to be the first to receive these lights, which are sure in the end to become general; and if, instead of this, they studiously reject them, the baleful consequences are of their own creation: society at large cannot and will not wait for them. The writings of Voltaire and his coadjutors, at great personal risk, pointed out abuses which were becoming unbearable; they were unattended to, and the result is a matter of history. Wisdom, in the proper place, might have made it better; but the consequences might have been worse. Enormous as was the temporary endurance, it bears no comparison with the aggregate amount of oppression and suffering in the two reigns of Louis XIV. and XV.; and to present and future France, even with a Bourbon on the throne, the great gain is unequivocal.

Next to fanaticism and superstition, Voltaire appears to have endeavoured with

the utmost anxiety to rectify the injustice of the public tribunals, especially in the provinces, which were in the habit of committing legal murders with a facility which could only be equalled by the impunity. Against the execrable tyranny of *lettres de cachet*, by which he himself suffered more than once, he occasionally darted his very powerful inuendos; but, after all, nothing has dropped from him of a nature to lead his readers to suppose that he contemplated anything beyond a regulation of the monarchy, and an extinction of priestly influence; but certainly his day-dreams never went beyond the model of Great Britain. The same thing cannot be exactly affirmed of such of his disciples as reached the revolution; but neither the one nor the other ever contemplated outrage, violence, or transfer of property. No matter what the religious opinions of Voltaire were, he uniformly inculcates political moderation, religious tolerance, and general good will. It would be well if all devout people did the same.

Looking, therefore, at the general labours of this premier genius of France for the benefit of his fellow creatures, he must at all events be regarded as a bold, active, and able philanthropist, upon his *own* theory, even by those who in many respects disagree with it. It is a poor matter in abatement to allege the various discrepancies, inconsistences, and apparent disingenuities that were forced upon him by the influence which he thwarted, and the tyranny which he undermined. It is very pleasant in the aiders and abetters of despots and inquisitors to require so high a degree of punctilious sincerity in those who oppose them. The exercise of the natural rights of mankind is first rendered dangerous; and then the unhappy necessity of avoiding the danger is constituted a new crime. If you persist in delivering your opinions to your fellow-creatures, you shall be fined, imprisoned, hanged, beheaded, or burned; and having done so, you are the most dishonourable of human beings if you equivocate in the slightest degree in order to escape from such desirable penalties!

Attend for instance to the particular situation of Voltaire. It is well observed by Condorcet, that if he had lived a few years earlier, the eminent services which he has rendered mankind could not have been executed; and that he, of all men, was best adapted to effect the greatest possible good in the relaxed yet still dangerous and equivocal times in which he arose. And why was he thus adapted? Because his spirit was Protean and ductile—because he could assume all shapes, practise every mode of warfare, and fly like a Parthian, only the more effectually to wound. Had this not been the case, Voltaire would have been cut off long before he redressed the horrible treatment of the Calas family, and redeemed the memory of the religiously-murdered head of it. As it was, he was twice imprisoned, once or twice obliged to fly, and in constant danger of the most hostile proceedings and vindictive prosecutions. The magnanimity of incurring these risks, in order to open the eyes of mankind to the nature of the pestilential superstition which was rendering them the wolfish shedders of each others blood, inhuman haters, persecutors, and slanderers, is surely a very tolerable set-off against a little faltering and finesse, when such risks became imminent. His character would have stood higher, had he exhibited less versatility; but still it must be conceded that the sacrifice of fortune, liberty, country, or life, is of a nature to shake the spirits of most men. Martyrdom is not the talent of *all* the world; not to mention that it is only silly when its avoidance is more serviceable to a cause than its endurance.

The only just and liberal mode of settling the merits and failings of Voltaire, is not to judge him from some abstract idea of perfection, but as a great man, who, although born in the most dissolute and corrupt capital in the world, and early introduced into its most seductive circles, dedicated himself to the Herculean and

dangerous labour of attacking and disarming a noxious superstition, which for centuries has stood in the way of all human improvement, in every land in which it has been seated in the fulness of power. Regarded in this single point of view, he is to be esteemed a benefactor to his own country in particular, and to human nature in general. That noxious superstition he has been a main cause of disarming; and we hesitate not to say, that the man who so washed it out of the minds of the large population of his country, that the faction intent on reviving it in its pristine fearfulness have no alternative but to begin again, has all but succeeded. A calm and enlightened lover of his species can form but one opinion—that it has uniformly opposed itself to political freedom, and the progressive amelioration of the social state. It never had—it never will have, more than one claim to consideration, and that is, when its own oppression is re-acted on itself—its own maxims put into force. It is no nice estimation of the mode of attack and of the nature of the weapon—no casuistical refinement upon the exact point when discretion failed, when the argument was carried too far, and when the assailant ought to have paused—which can rob Voltaire of the honest fame of having broken down, and *for ever*, the most baleful order of domination that ever existed, and that by the arms of wit, reason, and adventurous exposure alone. It must be something more than a few light-minded and fantastical inconsistencies, which can erase the name of this man from the list of the benefactors to mankind.

But great as are his claims on this score, they by no means form his only title to the gratitude of his fellow creatures. It is trite to observe, that books are useful in proportion as they are read; and that the most able and elaborate productions, if only partially perused, must be comparatively inefficient. The elegant and perspicuous style in which Voltaire conveyed his various information, the fascinating brilliancy of his allusion, the picquant attraction of his wit, and the easy flow of his narrative, made readers of everybody; and such is the spontaneous and natural order of his thoughts, that his prose is less injured by translation than that of any other author on record. Such have been the operation of these charms, it would be difficult to say how much his contemporaries and posterity owe to the labours of Voltaire; for, setting aside his diligent and never-neglected exposure of superstition and priestcraft, and their historical train of horrors, he uniformly inculcates the finest lessons of humanity, and those improved views of the genuine nature of the social progress, which are now beyond any power to unsettle, if not to impede. It must never be forgotten, that he wrote for everybody; and it would be immensely useful if other able men would do the same. A German taste exists at this time, which affects an amazing contempt for writers whom all the world can understand, and consequently for Voltaire. The perfection of human genius, in such estimation, is exhibited in the art of mystification. Common thoughts are born aloft into the clouds, and we no longer know them for that which they were, and still less for any thing else; and all this is played off with a gravity of pretension, which is quite edifying. These are not the levers by which society can be rectified or exalted, nor were they those of Voltaire. The cant of philanthropy is as despicable as any other cant; and mind must exercise itself in various departments; but the quiddities and conundrums of this class of writers, in comparison with the effective and manly exertions of Voltaire, resemble the learned lucubrations of the schoolmen in opposition to the effective intellectuality of Bacon.

It would be an endless task to attempt to refute the objections raised against Voltaire and his writings. The great privilege of a critic to find fault, because things do not square with his ideal theory of right and wrong, has been fully exercised against him. Condorcet distinctly states, that his great object was to destroy

Christianity; but we must recollect that it was Roman Catholic Christianity; and we well know what that is termed by our purer Protestant evangelical errand-boys of God. We have been told that Catholicism is idolatry; but when that idolatry is attacked, common cause is made with it by the professors of supernatural magic, let them be of whatever sect they may. Thus, when the French revolution drove away the priests, the impostors of a religion which for three hundred years we had been told was damnable and idolatrous—what an outcry was made against the impious atheists, infidels, Jacobins, and rebels. But the most curious of all was the fact, that Goddle Mity was so often on the side of these atheists! Had he been bribed, or had his thunder slept? So much for a protecting Providence. No matter! there must be a religion, a superstition, a mysterious power, to awe the wicked and confound the guilty; says one sapient caviller of Voltaire:—"when the Romans became wise enough to despise the oracles of their forefathers, and the augurs almost laughed in each others' faces, then they ceased to respect an oath, and the sanctity of their domestic life was exchanged for the most abominable prostitution." Now this is false—a naked lie. All that has been called religion, has hitherto been the promoter of every kind of immorality and debauchery among men. Those weak minds who believe in it know that, at the last hour, they can have redemption of their sins through the blood of the Lamb which was shed for all; and those of stronger minds, who are interested in perpetuating the existing plunder and oppression, never let the dogmas of religion restrain their rapacity. A fig for the other world! give us this, and take heaven entirely to yourself, say the priest and the oppressor.—"For it were easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." It would seem, indeed, as if the dogmas of religion were invented for the purpose of testing the powers of human credulity—as if there was no verbal or moral contradiction but what they could compel us to acknowledge, in entire defiance of our physical faculties. The object of all priesthood, from the pope at the Vatican to the ranting sectarian, is to live at ease upon the labours of others. "They toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not clothed like one of these." In this they all agree most wonderfully. For this end they keep up a most incessant clamour against all other forms of superstition, in order to prevent their deluded followers from calmly discovering the foul imposture by which they are entangled and deluded. Religion hath never been a restraint against the oppression of the powerful, in order to sustain the poor and afflicted. Passions, mischievous to society, are never restrained by religion, or what is so called; and the doctrine of a future state has never deterred men in power from pursuing their iniquitous aggrandisements. 'The other world is the reward for unhappy virtue,' says one. Aye, the other world! look there for a recompense! The more you are trampled upon, galled, goaded, and plundered, the brighter will be your reward hereafter; you will become angels, archangels, and the Lord only knows what else besides. Aye, this is true and pure and undefiled religion; this is the true creed from the Thames to the Tiber, from the Nile to the Niger, from the Ganges to the Gulf of New Orleans. To shake in some degree this mighty system of superstition and of plunder was the object of Voltaire, and he succeeded more than any other man could have done that had been born about the same period of time. He was as a willow that bent before the storm which uprooted the oak. His very compliance with the forms of the church—his eagerness to be reconciled to it—his taking of the sacrament and his death, and his avowal that he died a Catholic—were but so many distinct assertions that he was compelled to bend before a power which he abhorred, and which the whole tenor of his life and writings was calculated to destroy. No man can afford to be independent even now, when fifty

years have elapsed since the French revolution. No oaths, no promises, can be said to be binding that are extorted by superior power, whether exercised against the person, or fortune, or comforts of the victim. Is the rack the best argument of the holy and pious truths of the Christian religion? Yet is the rack trifling compared with the persecution, the calumny, that Voltaire had to experience throughout his long career—a period of upwards of fifty years. His unwearied industry, his rank as a tragic poet, his position in society as a French gentleman, his independent fortune, were all necessary to be combined in one individual to enable him to assail with success the mass of priestly power and courtly corruption. He did more than any other man could have done. He excited indignation, contempt, and derision, and the force of his ridicule was owned by men who scorned to be moved by his arguments. As a philosopher, he was the first to afford an example of a private citizen who, by his wishes and his endeavours, embraced the general history of man in every country and in every age, opposing error and oppression of every kind, and defending and promulgating every useful truth. The history of whatever has been done in Europe, in favour of reason and humanity, is the history of his labour and beneficent acts. If the liberty of the press be increased; if the Catholic clergy have lost their dangerous power, and have been deprived of some of their most scandalous wealth; if the love of humanity be now the common language of all governments; if the continent of Europe have been taught that men possess a right to the use of reason; if religious prejudices have been eradicated from the higher classes of society, and in part effaced from the hearts of the common people: if we have beheld the masks stripped from the faces of those religious sectaries who were privileged in imposing on the world; and if reason for the first time has begun to shed its clear and uniform light over all Europe—we shall everywhere discover, in the history of the changes that have been effected, the name of Voltaire.

It only remains to explain to the reader, that the French edition of the Philosophical Dictionary from which this translation is made, is a far more comprehensive collection than the one originally published under that name by Voltaire. It contains not only that work, but the contents of another publication called "Questions on the Encyclopædia;" of a manuscript dictionary entitled a "Dictionary of Opinion;" the articles of Voltaire inserted in the French Encyclopædia; a few designed for the Dictionary of the French Academy; and various minor pieces of a still more miscellaneous nature. Like all other dictionaries of facts and opinions connected with the progress of knowledge, time has made some havoc connected with a portion of its contents. Several articles are superseded by the extension of physical and economical science since they were written, as well as by increased information in every direction. These necessary omissions are augmented by leaving out a portion of disquisition which never could interest out of France, nor even in France any longer; including remarks on very local and obsolete laws; on minute peculiarities of the French language, and critical observations on the passing drama, and on French poetry, which have been repeated from other sources almost to satiety. Some repetitions, also, for which the French editors claim indulgence in a work thus got together, are carefully removed. These, and a few other kindred reductions, will reduce the work only about one-eighth of the original; and by giving a small but remarkably clear type, the publisher is able to supply the public with a work for Ten Shillings which before cost Fifty; and at the same time, for elegance and neatness, will be found worthy a place in the collection of every man of liberal and independent mind, who esteems genius, reverences truth, and detests priest craft, superstition, and tyranny.

END OF THE LIFE OF VOLTAIRE.

A
PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY.

From the French of Voltaire.

A.

The letter A has been accounted sacred in almost every nation, because it was the first letter. The Egyptians added this to their numberless superstitions; hence it was that the Greeks of Alexandria called it *hier'alpha*; and, as omega was the last of the letters, these words *alpha* and *omega* signified the beginning and the end of all things. This was the origin of the cabalistic art, and of more than one mysterious folly.

The letters served as cyphers, and to express musical notes. Judge what an infinity of useful knowledge must thus have been produced. A, b, c, d, e, f, g, were the seven heavens; the harmony of the celestial spheres was composed of the seven first letters; and an acrostic accounted for everything among the ever-venerable Ancients.

A, B, C, OR ALPHABET.

Why has not the alphabet a name in any European language? *Alphabet* signifies nothing more than *A*, *B*, and A, B, signifies nothing, or but indicates two sounds, which two sounds have no relation to each other. *Beta* is not formed from *alpha;* one is first, the other is second, and no one knows why.

How can it have happened that terms are still wanting to express the portal of all the sciences? The knowledge of numbers, the art of numeration, is not called the *one-two:* yet the first rudiment of the art of expressing our thoughts has not in all Europe obtained a proper designation.

The alphabet is the first part of grammar; perhaps those who are acquainted with Arabic, of which I have not the slightest notion, can inform me whether that language, which is said to contain no fewer than eighty words to express a *horse*, has *one* which signifies *the alphabet*.

I protest that I know no more of Chinese than of Arabic; but I have read, in a small Chinese vocabulary, that this nation has always had two words to express the catalogue or list of the characters of its language; one is *ko-tou*, the other *hai-pien:* we have neither *ko-tou* nor *hai-pien* in our Occidental tongues. The Greeks, who were no more adroit than ourselves, also said *alphabet*. Seneca *the philosopher* used the Greek phrase to designate an old man who, like me, asks questions on grammar, calling him *Skedon analphabetos*. Now the Greeks had this same alphabet from the Phenicians—from

that people called *the letter nation* by the Hebrews themselves, when the latter, at so late a period, went to settle in their neighbourhood.

It may well be supposed that the Phenicians, by communicating their characters to the Greeks, rendered them a great service in delivering them from the embarrassment occasioned by the Egyptian mode of writing taught them by Cecrops. The Phenicians, in the capacity of merchants, sought to make everything easy of comprehension; while the Egyptians, in their capacity of interpreters of the Gods, strove to make everything difficult.

I can imagine I hear a Phenician merchant landed in Aehaia saying to a Greek correspondent, "Our characters are not only easy to write, and communicate the thoughts as well as the sound of the voice; they also express our respective debts. My *aleph*, which you choose to pronounce *alpha*, stands for an ounce of silver, *beta* for two ounces, *tau* for a hundred, *sigma* for two hundred: I owe you two hundred ounces; I pay you a *tau*, and shall owe you another *tau*; thus we shall soon make our reckoning."

It was most probably by mutual traffic, which administered to their wants, that society was first established among men; and it is necessary that those between whom commerce is carried on, should understand one another.

The Egyptians did not apply themselves to commerce until a very late period; they had a horror of the sea; it was their *Typhon*. The Tyrians, on the contrary, were navigators from time immemorial; they brought together those nations which Nature had separated, and repaired those calamities into which the revolutions of the world frequently plunged a large portion of mankind. The Greeks in their turn, carried to other nations their commerce and their convenient alphabet, which latter was altered a little, as the Greeks had altered that of the Tyrians. When their merchants, who were afterwards made demi-gods, went to Colchis to establish a trade in sheep, skins,—whence we have the fable of *the golden fleece*,—they communicated their letters to the people of the country, who still retain them with some alteration. They have not adopted the alphabet of the Turks, to whom they are at present subject, but whose yoke, thanks to the Empress of Russia, I hope they will throw off.

It is very likely (I do not say it is certain—God forbid!) that neither Tyre nor Egypt, nor any other country situated near the Mediterranean Sea, communicated its alphabet to the nations of Eastern Asia. If, for example, the Tyrians, or the Chaldeans, who dwelt near the Euphrates, had communicated their method to the Chinese, some traces of it would have remained; we should have had the signs of the twenty-two, twenty-three, or twenty-four letters: whereas they have a sign for each word in their language; and the number of their words, we are told, are eighty thousand. This method has nothing in common with that of Tyre; it is seventy-nine thousand nine hundred and seventy-six times more learned and more embarrassing than our own. Besides this prodigious difference, they write from the top to the bottom of the page; while the Tyrians and the Chaldeans wrote from right to left, and the Greeks, like ourselves, wrote from left to right.

Examine the Tartar, the Hindoo, the Siamese, the Japanese characters; you will not find the least resemblance to the Greek or Phenician alphabet.

Yet all these nations, and not these alone, but even the Hottentots and Caffres, pronounce the vowels and consonants as we do, because the larynx in them is essentially the same as in us—just as the throat of the rudest boor is made like that of the finest opera singer, the difference, which makes of one a rough, discordant, insupportable bass, and of the other a voice sweeter than the nightingale's, being imperceptible to the most acute anatomist; or as the brain of a fool

is for all the world like the brain of a great genius.

When we said that the Tyrian merchants taught the Greeks their A, B, C, we did not pretend that they also taught them to speak. It is probable that the Athenians already expressed themselves in a better manner than the people of Lower Syria; their throats were more flexible, and their words were a more happy assemblage of vowels, consonants, and dipthongs. The language of the Phenician people was rude and gross, consisting of such words as *Shasiroth*, *Ashtaroth*, *Shabaoth*, *Chotiket*, *Thopheth*, &c.—enough to terrify a songstress from the opera of Naples. Suppose that the Romans of the present day had retained the ancient Etrurian alphabet, and some Dutch traders brought them that which they now use; the Romans would do very well to receive their characters, but it is not at all likely that they would speak the Batavian language. Just so would the people of Athens deal with the sailors of Capthor, who had come from Tyre or Berith; they would adopt their alphabet as being better than that of Misraim or Egypt, but would reject their speech.

Philosophically speaking, and setting aside all inferences to be drawn from the Holy Scriptures, which certainly are not here the subject of discussion,—is not *the primitive language* a truly laughable chimera?

What would be thought of a man who should seek to discover what had been the primitive cry of all animals; and how it happens that, after a series of ages, sheep bleat, cats mew, doves coo, linnets whistle? They understand one another perfectly in their respective idioms, and much better than we do. Every species has its language; that of the Esquimaux was never that of Peru; there has no more been a *primitive language*, or a *primitive alphabet*, than there have been *primitive oaks* or *primitive grass*.

Several Rabbis assert that the Samaritan was the original tongue; other persons say that it was that of Lower Brittany: — we may surely, without offending either the people of Brittany or those of Samaria, admit *no* original tongue.

May we not also, without offending any one, suppose that the alphabet originated in cries and exclamations? Infants of themselves articulate one sound when an object catches their attention, another when they laugh, and a third when they are whipped — which they ought not to be.

As for the two little boys whom the Egyptian king *Psammeticus* (which, by the by, is not an Egyptian word) brought up, in order to know what was the primitive language, it seems hardly possible that they should both have cried *bee bee* when they wanted their breakfast.

From exclamations formed by vowels —as natural to children as croaking is to frogs—the transition to a complete alphabet is not so great as it may be thought. A mother must always have said to her child the equivalent of *come*, *go*, *take*, *leave*, *hush!* &c. These words represent nothing; they describe nothing; but a gesture makes them intelligible.

From these shapeless rudiments we have, it is true, an immense distance to travel before we arrive at syntax. It is almost terrifying to contemplate that from the simple word *come*, we have arrived at such sentences as the following:—*Mother, I should have come with pleasure, and should have obeyed your commands, which are ever dear to me, if I had not, when running towards you, fallen backwards, which caused a thorn to run into my left leg.*

It appears to my astonished imagination that it must have required ages to adjust this sentence, and ages more to put it into language. Here we might tell or endeavour to tell the reader how such words are expressed and pronounced in every language of the earth, as *father*, *mother*, *land*, *water*, *day*, *night*, *eating*, *drinking*, &c., but we must, as much as possible, avoid appearing ridiculous.

The alphabetical characters denoting at once the names of things, their number, and the dates of events, the ideas of men, soon became mysteries even to those who had invented the signs. The Chaldeans, the Syrians, and the Egyptians, attributed something divine to the combination of the letters and the manner of pronouncing them. They believed that names had a force—a virtue, independently of the things which they represented: they went so far as to pretend that the word which signified *power* was *powerful* in itself, that which expressed *an angel* was *angelic*. and that which gave the idea of *God* was *divine*. The science of numbers naturally became a part of necromancy, and no magical operation could be performed without the letters of the alphabet.

Thus the clue to all knowledge led to every error. The Magi of every country used it to conduct themselves into the labyrinth which they had constructed, and which the rest of mankind were not permitted to enter. The manner of pronouncing vowels and consonants became the most profound of mysteries, and often the most terrible. There was, among the Syrians and Egyptians, a manner of pronouncing JEHOVAH, which would cause a man to fall down dead.

St. Clement of Alexandria relates that Moses killed a king of Egypt on the spot by sounding this name in his ear, after which he brought him to life again by pronouncing the same word. St. Clement is very exact; he cites the author, the learned *Artapanus*. Who can impeach the testimony of *Artapanus*?

Nothing tended more to retard the progress of the human mind than this profound science of error which sprung up among the Asiatics with the origin of truth. The universe was brutalized by the very art which should have enlightened it. Of this we have great examples in Origen, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, &c. &c.

Origen, in particular, expressly says, "If, when invoking God, or swearing by him, you call him *the God of Abraham Isaac, and Jacob*, you will, by these words, do things, the nature and force of which are such that the evil spirits submit to those who pronounce them; but if you call him by another name, as *God of the roaring sea*, &c. no effect will be produced. The name of *Israel* rendered in Greek will work nothing; but pronounce it in Hebrew with the other words required, and you will effect the conjuration."

The same Origen had these remarkable words:—"There are names which are powerful from their own nature. Such are those used by the Sages of Egypt, the Magi of Persia, and the Brahmins of India. What is called *magic* is not a vain and chimerical art, as the Stoics and Epicureans pretend. The names *Sabaoth* and *Adonai* were not made for created beings, but belong to a mysterious theology which has reference to the creator; hence the virtue of these names when they are arranged and pronounced according to rule," &c.

It was by pronouncing letters according to the magical method, that the moon was made to descend to the earth. Virgil must be pardoned for having faith in this nonsense, and speaking of it seriously in his eighth eclogue:

Carmina de cœlo possunt deducere lunam,
Pale Phœbe, drawn by verse, from heav'n descends.
DRYDEN'S *Virgil.*

In short, the alphabet was the origin of all man's knowledge, and of all his errors.

ABBE.

The word *abbé*, let it be remembered, signifies father. If you become one, you render a service to the state; you doubtless perform the best work that a man can perform; you give birth to a thinking being: in this action there is something divine. But if you are only *Monsieur l'abbé*, because you have had your head shaved, wear a small collar, and a short cloak, and are waiting for a fat benefice, you do not deserve the name of *abbé*.

The ancient monks gave this name to

the superior whom they elected; the *abbé* was their spiritual father. What different things do the same words signify at different times! The spiritual *abbé* was once a poor man at the head of others equally poor; but the poor spiritual fathers have since had incomes of two hundred or four hundred thousand livres, and there are poor spiritual fathers in Germany who have regiments of guards.

A poor man, making a vow of poverty, and in consequence becoming a sovereign? Truly, this is intolerable. The laws exclaim against such an abuse; Religion is indignant at it; and the really poor, who want food and clothing, appeal to heaven against *Monsieur l'abbé*.

But I hear the *abbés* of Italy, Germany, Flanders, Burgundy, ask, "Why are not we to accumulate wealth and honours? Why are we not to become princes? The bishops are, who were originally poor, like us; they have enriched and elevated themselves; one of them has become superior even to kings; let us imitate them as far as we are able."

Gentlemen, you are right. Invade the land; it belongs to him whose strength or skill obtains possession of it. You have made ample use of the times of ignorance, superstition, and infatuation, to strip us of our inheritances and trample us under your feet, that you might fatten on the substance of the unfortunate. Tremble, for fear that the day of reason will arrive!

ABBEY—ABBOT.

SECTION I.

An abbey is a religious community, governed by an abbot or an abbess.

The word *abbot*,—*abbas* in Latin and Greek, *abba* in Chaldee and Syriac,—came from the Hebrew *ab*, meaning *father*. The Jewish doctors took this title through pride; therefore Jesus said to his disciples, "Call no one your father upon the earth, for one is your father who is in heaven."

Although St. Jerome was much enraged against the monks of his time, who, in spite of our Lord's command, gave or received the title of *abbot*, the sixth counsel of Paris decided, that if abbots are spiritual fathers and beget spiritual sons for the Lord, it is with reason that they are called abbots.

According to this decree, if any one deserved this appellation, it belonged most assuredly to St. Benedict, who, in the year 528, founded on Mount Cassino in the kingdom of Naples, that society so eminent for wisdom and discretion, and so grave in their speech and in their style. These are the terms used by Pope St. Gregory, who does not fail to mention the singular privilege which it pleased God to grant to this holy founder—that all Benedictines who die on Mount Cassino are saved. It is not, then, surprising that these monks reckon sixteen thousand canonized saints of their order. The Benedictine sisters even assert, that they are warned of their approaching dissolution by some nocturnal noise, which they call *the knocks of St. Benedict*.

It may well be supposed that this holy abbot did not forget himself when begging the salvation of his disciples. Accordingly, on the 21st of March, 543, the eve of Passion-Sunday, which was the day of his death, two monks, one of them in the monastery, the other at a distance from it, had the same vision. They saw a long road covered with carpets, and lighted by an infinite number of torches, extending eastward from the monastery to heaven. A venerable personage appeared, and asked them for whom this road was made. They said they did not know. It is that, rejoined he, by which Benedict, the well-beloved of God, has ascended into heaven.

An order in which salvation was so well secured, soon extended itself into other states, whose sovereigns allowed themselves to be persuaded that, to be sure of a place in Paradise, it was only necessary to make themselves a friend in it, and that by donations to the churches, they might atone for the most

crying injustices and the most enormous crimes.

Confining ourselves to France, we read in the Exploits of King Dagobert (Gestes du Roi Dagobert) the founder of the abbey of St. Denis, near Paris, that this prince, after his death, was condemned by the judgment of God, and that a hermit named John, who dwelt on the coast of Italy, saw his soul chained in a boat and beaten by devils, who were taking him towards Sicily to throw him into the fiery mouth of Etna; but that, all at once, St. Denis appeared on a luminous globe, preceded by thunder and lightning, and, having put the evil spirits to flight and rescued the poor soul from the clutches of the most cruel, bore it to heaven in triumph.

Charles Martel, on the contrary, was damned, body and soul, for having rewarded his captains by giving them abbeys. These, though laymen, bore the title of *abbot*, as married women have since borne that of *abbess*, and had convents of females. A holy bishop of Lyons, named Eucher, being at prayer, had the following vision: he thought that he was led by an angel into hell, where he saw Charles Martel, who, the angel informed him, had been condemned to everlasting flames by the saints whose churches he had despoiled. St. Eucher wrote an account of this revelation to Boniface, bishop of Mayence, and to Fulrad, grand-chaplain to Pepin-le-bref, praying them to open the tomb of Charles Martel and see if his body were there. The tomb was opened; the interior of it bore marks of fire, but nothing was found in it except a great serpent, which issued forth with a cloud of offensive smoke.

Boniface was so kind as to write to Pepin-le-bref and to Carloman all these particulars relative to the damnation of their father; and when, in 858, Louis of Germany seized some ecclesiastical property, the bishops of the assembly of Créci reminded him, in a letter, of all the particulars of this terrible story, adding that they had them from aged men, on whose word they could rely, and who had been eye-witnesses of the whole.

St. Bernard, first abbot of Clairvaux, in 1115, had likewise had it revealed to him, that all who received the monastic habit from his hand should be saved. Nevertheless, Pope Urban II., having, in a bull dated 1092, given to the abbey of Mount Cassino the title of *chief of all monasteries*, because from that spot the venerable religion of the monastic order had flowed from the bosom of Benedict as from a celestial spring, the emperor Lothario confirmed this prerogative by a charter of the year 1137, which gave to the monastery of Mount Cassino the pre-eminence in power and glory over all the monasteries which were or might be founded throughout the world, and called upon all the abbots and monks in Christendom to honour and reverence it.

Paschal II., in a bull of the year 1113, addressed to the abbot of Mount Cassino, expresses himself thus:—"We decree that you, as likewise all your successors, shall, as being superior to all abbots, be allowed to sit in every assembly of bishops or princes; and that in all judgments you shall give your opinion before any other of your order." The abbot of Cluni having also dared to call himself *the abbot of abbots*, the Pope's chancellor decided, in a council held at Rome in 1112, that this distinction belonged to the abbot of Mount Cassino; he of Cluni contented himself with the title of *cardinal abbot*, which he afterwards obtained from Calixtus II., and which the abbot of *The Trinity* of Vendôme and some others have since assumed.

Pope John XX., in 1326, granted to the abbot of Mount Cassino the title of Bishop, and he continued to discharge the episcopal functions until 1367; but Urban V, having then thought proper to deprive him of that dignity, he now simply entitles himself *Patriarch of the holy religion, Abbot of the holy monastery of Mount Cassino, Chancellor and Grand Chaplain of the Holy Roman Empire. Abbot of Abbots, Chief of the Benedictine*

Hierarchy, Chancellor Collateral of the Kingdom of Sicily, Count and Governor of the Campagna and of the maritime province, Prince of Peace.

He lives, with a part of his officers, at San-Germano, a little town at the foot of Mount Cassino, in a spacious house, where all passengers, from the Pope down to the meanest beggar, are received, lodged, fed, and treated according to their rank. The abbot each day visits all his guests, who sometimes amount to three hundred. In 1538, St. Ignatius shared his hospitality, but he was lodged in a house on Mount Cassino, six hundred paces west of the abbey. There he composed his celebrated Institute: whence a Dominican, in a work entitled, *The Turtle-dove of the Soul*, says, "Ignatius dwelt for twelve months on this mountain of contemplation, and like another Moses, framed those second tables of religious law which are inferior in nothing to the first."

Truly, this founder of the Jesuits was not received by the Benedictines with that complaisance which St. Benedict, on his arrival at Mount Cassino, had found in St. Martin the hermit, who gave up to him the place in his possession, and retired to Mount Marsica, near Carniola. On the contrary, the Benedictine Ambrose Cajeta, in a voluminous work written for the purpose, has endeavoured to trace the origin of the Jesuits to the order of St. Benedict.

The laxity of manners, which has always prevailed in the world, even among the clergy, induced St. Basil, so early as the fourth century to adopt the idea of assembling in one community the solitaries who had fled into deserts to follow the law: but, as will be elsewhere seen, even the *regulars* have not always been regular.

As for the secular clergy, let us see what St. Cyprian says of them, even from the third century—"Many bishops, instead of exhorting and setting an example to others, neglected the affairs of God, busied themselves with temporal concerns, quitted their pulpits, abandoned their flocks, and travelled in other provinces, in order to attend fairs and enrich themselves by traffic; they succoured not their brethren who were dying of hunger; they sought only to amass heaps of money, to gain possession of lands by unjust artifices, and to make immense profits by usury."

Charlemagne, in a digest of what he intended to propose to the parliament of 811, thus expresses himself:—"We wish to know the duties of ecclesiastics, in order that we may not ask of them what they are not permitted to give, and that they may not demand of us what we ought not to grant. We beg of them to explain to us clearly what they call *quitting the world*, and by what those who quit it may be distinguished from those who remain in it;—if it is only by their not bearing arms, and not being married in public;—if that man has quitted the world who continues to add to his possessions by means of every sort, preaching Paradise and threatening with damnation; employing the name of God or of some saint to persuade the simple to strip themselves of their property, thus entailing want upon their lawful heirs, who therefore think themselves justified in committing theft and pillage;—if to quit the world is, to carry the passion of covetousness to such a length as to bribe false witnesses in order to obtain what belongs to another, and to seek out judges who are cruel, interested, and without the fear of God—"

To conclude—we may judge of the morals of the regular clergy from an harangue delivered in 1493, in which the abbé Tritême said to his brethren, "You abbés, who are ignorant and hostile to the knowledge of salvation: who pass your days in shameless pleasures, in drinking and gaming; who fix your affections on the things of this life;—what answer will you make to God and to your founder St. Benedict?"

The same abbé nevertheless asserted, that one-third of all the property of Christians belonged of right to the order

of St. Benedict; and that if they had it not, it was because they had been robbed of it. "They are so poor at present," added he, "that their revenues do not amount to more than a hundred millions of louis-d'ors." Tritême does not tell us to whom the other two-thirds belong; but as in his time there were only fifteen thousand abbeys of Benedictines, besides the small convents of the same order, while in the seventeenth century their number had increased to thirty-seven thousand, it is clear, by the rule of proportion, that this holy order ought now to possess five-sixths of the property in Christendom, but for the fatal progress of heresy during the latter ages.

In addition to all other misfortunes, since the Concordat was signed in 1515, between Leo. X. and Francis I., the King of France nominating to nearly all the abbeys in his kingdom, most of them have been given to seculars with shaven crowns. It was in consequence of this custom being but little known in England, that Dr. Gregory said pleasantly to the abbé Gallois, whom he took for a Benedictine, "The good father imagines that we have returned to those fabulous times when a monk was permitted to say what he pleased."

SECTION II.

Those who fly from the world are wise; those who devote themselves to God are to be respected. Perhaps time has corrupted so holy an institution.

To the Jewish therapeuts succeeded the Egyptian monks—*idiotoi*, *monoi*—*idiot* then signifying only *solitary*. They soon formed themselves into bodies and became the opposite of solitaries. Each society of monks elected its superior; for, in the early ages of the church, everything was done by the plurality of voices. Men sought to regain the primitive liberty of human nature, by escaping through piety from the tumult and slavery inseparably attendant on great empires. Every society of monks chose its *father*—its *abba*—its *abbot*, although it is said in the Gospel, "call no man your father."

Neither abbots nor monks were priests in the early ages; they went in troops to hear mass at the nearest village: their numbers, in time, became considerable: it is said that there were upwards of fifty thousand monks in Egypt.

St. Basil, who was first a monk and afterwards Bishop of Cesarea and Cappadocia, composed a code for all the monks of the fourth century. This rule of St. Basil's was received in the East and in the West: no monks were known but those of St. Basil; they were rich, took part in all public affairs, and contributed to the revolutions of empires.

No order but this was known until, in the sixth century, St. Benedict established a new power on Mount Cassino. St. Gregory the Great assures us, in his Dialogues, that God granted him a special privilege, by which all the Benedictines who should die on Mount Cassino were to be saved. Consequently, Pope Urban II., in a bull of the year 1092, declared the abbot of Mount Cassino chief of all the abbeys in the world. Paschal II. gave him the title of *Abbot of Abbots, Patriarch of the Holy Religion, Chancellor Collateral of the Kingdom of Sicily, Count and Governor of the Campagna, Prince of Peace*,, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. All these titles would avail but little were they not supported by immense riches.

Not long ago I received a letter from one of my German correspondents, which began with these words:—"The abbots, princes of Kempten, Elvengen, Eudestet, Musbach, Berghsgaden, Vissemburg, Prum, Stablo, and Corvey, and the other abbots who are not princes, enjoy together a revenue of about nine hundred thousand florins, or two millions and fifty thousand French livres of the present currency. Whence I conclude, that Jesus Christ's circumstances were not quite so easy as theirs." I replied, "Sir, you must confess that the French are more pious than the Germans, in the proportion of 4 16-41 to unity; for our consis-

torial benefices alone, that is, those which pay annats to the Pope, produce a revenue of nine millions; and two millions fifty thousand livres are to nine millions as 1 is to 4 16-41. Whence I conclude, that your abbots are not sufficiently rich, and that they ought to have ten times more. I have the honour to be, &c." He answered me by the following short letter:—"Dear Sir, I do not understand you. You, doubtless, feel with me, that nine millions of your money are rather too much for those who have made a vow of poverty; yet you wish that they had ninety. I beg you will explain this enigma." I had the honour of immediately replying:—"Dear Sir, there was once a young man to whom it was proposed to marry a woman of sixty, who would leave him all her property; he answered, that she was not old enough." —The German understood my enigma.

The reader must be informed that, in 1575, in was proposed in a council of Henry III. King of France, to erect all the abbeys of monks into secular commendams, and to give them to the officers of his court and his army; but this monarch happening afterwards to be excommunicated and assassinated, the project was of course not carried into effect.

In 1750, Count d'Argenson, minister of war, wished to raise pensions from the benefices for chevaliers of the military order of St. Louis: nothing could be more simple, more just, more useful; but his efforts were fruitless. Yet the princess of Conti had had an abbey under Lewis XIV.; and even before his reign seculars possessed benefices: the Duke de Sulli had an abbey, although he was a Hugonot.

The father of Hugh Capet was rich only by his abbeys, and was called *Hugh the Abbot*. Abbeys were given to queens to furnish them with pin-money. Ogine, mother of Louis d'Outremer, left her son because he had taken from her the abbey of St. Mary of Laon, and given it to his wife Gerberge.

Thus we have examples of everything. Each one strives to make customs, innovations, laws,—whether old or new, abrogated, revived, or mitigated,—charters, whether real or supposed,—the past, the present, and the future, alike subservient to the grand end of obtaining the good things of this world; yet it is always for the greater glory of God.

ABLE—ABILITY.

Able.—An adjective term, which, like almost all others, has different acceptations as it is differently employed.

In general it signifies more than *capable*, more than *well-informed*, whether applied to an artist, a general, a man of learning, or a judge. A man may have read all that has been written on war, and may have seen it, without being *able* to conduct a war: he may be *capable* of commanding, but to acquire the name of an *able* general, he must command more than once with success. A judge may know all the laws, without being *able* to apply them. A learned man may not be *able* either to write or to teach. An *able* man, then, is *he who makes a great use of what he knows*. A *capable* man *can* do a thing; an *able* one *does* it. This word cannot be applied to efforts of pure genius: we do not say, an *able* poet, an *able* orator; or if we sometimes say so of an orator, it is when he has ably, dexterously, treated a thorny subject.

Bossuet, for example, having, in his funeral oration over the Great Condé, to treat of his civil wars, says, that there is a penitence as glorious as innocence itself. He manages this point *ably;* of the rest he speaks with *grandeur*.

We say, an *able* historian; meaning, one who has drawn his materials from good sources, compared different relations, and judged soundly of them;—One, in short, who has taken great pains. If he has, moreover, the gift of narrating with suitable eloquence, he is more than *able*, he is a *great* historian, like Titus Livius, De Thou, &c.

The word *able* is applicable to those arts which exercise at once the mind and the hand, as painting and sculpture.

We say of a painter or sculptor, *he is an able artist*, because these arts require a long novitiate; whereas a man becomes a poet nearly all at once, like Virgil, Ovid, &c. or may even be an orator with very little study, as several preachers have been.

Why do we, nevertheless, say, an *able* preacher? It is because more attention is then paid to art than to eloquence, which is no great eulogium. We do not say of the sublime Bossuet, *he was an able maker of funeral orations* A mere player of an instrument is *able;* a composer must be more than able; he must have genius. The workman executes *cleverly* what the man of taste has designed *ably*.

An *able* man in public affairs is well-informed, prudent and active; if he wants either of these three qualifications, he is not *able*.

The term *an able courtier* implies blame rather than praise, since it too often means *an able flatterer:* it may also be used to designate simply a clever man, who is neither very good nor very wicked. The fox who, when questioned by the lion respecting the odour of his palace, replied, that he had taken cold, was an *able* courtier; the fox who, to revenge himself on the wolf, recommended to the old lion the skin of a wolf newly flayed, to keep His Majesty warm, was something more than *able*.

We shall not here discuss those points of our subject which belong more particularly to morality, as the danger of wishing to be *too able*, the risks which an *able* woman runs when she wishes to govern the affairs of her household without advice, &c. We are afraid of swelling this Dictionary with useless declamations. They, who preside over this great and important work, must treat at length those articles relating to the arts and sciences which interest the public, while those to whom they entrust little articles of literature must have the merit of being brief.

Ability.—This word is to *capacity* what *able* is to *capable*.—*Ability* in a science, in an art, in conduct.

We express an acquired quality by saying, *he has ability*—an action, by saying, *he conducts that affair with ability*.

Ably has the same acceptations;—he works, he plays, he teaches *ably*. He has *ably* surmounted that difficulty.

ABRAHAM.

SECTION I.

We must say nothing of what is divine in Abraham, since the Scriptures have said all. We must not even touch, except with a respectful hand, that which belongs to the profane—that which appertains to geography, the order of time, manners, and customs; for these, being connected with sacred history, are so many streams which preserve something of the divinity of their source.

Abraham, though born near the Euphrates, makes a great epoch with the Western nations, yet makes none with the Orientals, who, nevertheless, respect him as much as we do. The Mahometans have no certain chronology before their Hegira.

The science of time, totally lost in those countries which were the scene of great events, has re-appeared in the regions of the West, where those events were unknown. We dispute about everything that was done on the banks of the Euphrates, the Jordan, and the Nile, while they who are masters of the Nile, the Jordan, and the Euphrates, enjoy without disputing.

Although our great epoch is that of Abraham, we differ sixty years with respect to the time of his birth. The account, according to the registers, is as follows:—

"And Terah lived seventy years, and begat Abraham, Nahor, and Haran.

"And the days of Terah were two hundred and five years, and Terah died in Haran."

"Now the Lord had said unto Abraham, get thee of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show

thee. And I will make of thee a great nation."

It is sufficiently evident from the text, hat Terah, having had Abraham at the age of seventy, died at that of two hundred and five; and Abraham, having quitted Chaldea immediately after the death of his father, was just one hundred and thirty-five years old when he left his country. This is nearly the opinion of St. Stephen, in his discourse to the Jews.

But the Book of Genesis also says. "And Abraham was seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran."

This is the principal cause (for there are several others) of the dispute on the subject of Abraham's age. How could he be at once a hundred and thirty-five years and only seventy-five? St. Jerome and St. Augustine say that this difficulty is inexplicable. Father Calmet, who confesses that these two saints could not resolve the problem, thinks he does it, by saying that Abraham was the youngest of Terah's son's, although the Book of Genesis names him the first, and consequently as the eldest.

According to Genesis, Abraham was born in his father's seventieth year: while, according to Calmet, he was born when his father was a hundred and thirty. Such a reconciliation has only been a new cause of controversy.

Considering the uncertainty in which we are left by both text and commentary, the best we can do is to adore without disputing.

There is no epoch in those ancient times which has not produced a multitude of different opinions. According to Moreri, there were in his day seventy systems of chronology founded on the history dictated by God himself. There have since appeared five new methods of reconciling the various texts of Scripture. Thus there are as many disputes about Abraham as the number of his years (according to the text) when he left Haran. And of these seventy-five systems, there is not one which tells us precisely what this town or village of Haran was, or where it was situated. What thread shall guide us in this labyrinth of conjectures and contradictions from the very first verse to the very last?—Resignation.

The Holy Spirit did not intend to teach us chronology, metaphysics, or logic; but only to inspire us with the fear of God: since we can comprehend nothing, all that we can do is to submit.

It is equally difficult to explain satisfactorily how it was that Sarah, the wife of Abraham, was also his sister. Abraham says positively to Abimelech, king of Gerar, who had taken Sarah to himself on account of her great beauty, at the age of ninety, when she was pregnant of Isaac—"And yet indeed she is my sister; she is the daughter of my father, but not the daughter of my mother; and she became my wife."

The old Testament does not inform us how Sarah was her husband's sister. Calmet, whose judgment and sagacity are known to every one, says that she might be his niece.

With the Chaldeans it was probably no more an incest than with their neighbours the Persians. Manners change with times and with places; it may he supposed that Abraham, the son of Terah an idolater, was still an idolater when he married Sarah, whether Sarah was his sister or his niece.

There are several Fathers of the Church who do not think Abraham quite so excusable, for having said to Sarah in Egypt. "It shall come to pass, when the Egyptians shall see thee, that they shall say, This is his wife; and they will kill me, but they will save thee alive. Say, I pray thee, thou art my sister, that it may be well with me for thy sake." She was then only sixty-five; since she had twenty-five years afterwards, the king of Gerar for a lover, it is not surprising that, when twenty-five years younger she had kindled some passion in Pharaoh of Egypt. Indeed she was taken away by him in the same manner as she was afterwards taken by Abimelech, the king of Gerar, in the desert.

Abraham received presents at the court of Pharaoh, of many "sheep, and oxen, and he-asses, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and she-asses, and camels." These presents, which were considerable, prove that the Pharaohs had already become very great kings; the country of Egypt must therefore have been very populous. But to make the country inhabitable, and to build towns, it must have cost immense labour. It was necessary to construct canals for the purpose of draining the waters of the Nile, which overflowed Egypt during four or five months of each year, and stagnated on the soil. It was also necessary to raise the town at least twenty feet above these canals. Works so considerable seem to have required thousands of ages.

There were only about four hundred years betwixt the Deluge and the period at which we fix Abraham's journey into Egypt. The Egyptians must have been very ingenious and indefatigably laborious, since, in so short a time, they invented all the arts and sciences, set bounds to the Nile, and changed the whole face of the country. Probably they had already built some of the great Pyramids; for we see that the art of embalming the dead was in a short time afterwards brought to perfection; and the pyramids were only the tombs in which the bodies of their princes were deposited with the most august ceremonies.

This opinion of the great antiquity of the pyramids receives additional countenance from the fact, that three hundred years earlier, or but one hundred years after the Hebrew epoch of the Deluge of Noah, the Asiatics had built, in the plain of Sennaar, a tower which was to reach to heaven. St. Jerome, in his commentary or Isaiah, says that this tower was already four thousand paces high, when God came down to stop the progress of the work.

Let us suppose each pace to be two feet and a half; four thousand paces, then, are ten thousand feet; consequently the Tower of Babel was twenty times as high as the pyramids of Egypt, which are only about five hundred feet. But what a prodigious quantity of instruments must have been requisite to raise such an edifice! All the arts must have concurred in forwarding the work. Whence commentators conclude, that men of those times were incomparably larger, stronger, and more industrious than those of modern nations.

So much may be remarked with respect to Abraham, as relating to the arts and sciences.

With regard to his person, it is most likely that he was a man of considerable importance. The Chaldeans and the Persians each claim him as their own. The ancient religion of the Magi has, from time immemorial, been called Kish Ibrahim, Milat Ibrahim; and it is agreed that the word *Ibrahim* is precisely the same with *Abraham*, nothing being more common amongst the Asiatics, who rarely write the vowels, than to change the *i* into *a* or the *a* into *i* in pronunciation.

It has even been asserted that Abraham was the Brama of the Indians, and that their notions were adopted by the people of the countries near the Euphrates, who traded with India from time immemorial.

The Arabs regarded him as the founder of Mecca. Mahommet, in his Koran, always viewed in him the most respectable of his predecessors. In his third *sura* or chapter, he speaks of him thus:—"Abraham was neither Jew nor Christian: he was an orthodox Mussulman; he was not of the number of those who imagine that God has colleagues."

The temerity of the human understanding has even gone so far as to imagine that the Jews did not call themselves the descendants of Abraham until a very late period, when they had at last established themselves in Palestine. They were strangers, hated and despised by their neighbours. They wished, say some, to relieve themselves by passing for descendants of that Abraham who was so much reverenced in a great part of

Asia. The faith which we owe to the sacred books of the Jews removes all these difficulties.

Other critics, no less hardy, start other objections relative to Abraham's immediate communication with the Almighty, his battles, and his victories.

The Lord appeared to him after he went out of Egypt, and said, "Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, northward and southward, and eastward, and westward. For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed for ever."

The Lord, by a second oath, afterwards promised him all "from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates."

The critics ask, how could God promise the Jews this immense country which they have never possessed? and how could God give to them *for ever* that small part of Palestine out of which they have so long been driven?"

Again, the Lord added to these promises, that Abraham's posterity should be as numerous as the dust of the earth—"so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered."

Our critics insist that there are not now on the face of the earth four hundred thousand Jews, though they have always regarded marriage as a sacred duty, and made population their greatest object.

To these difficulties it is replied, that the church, substituted for the synagogue, is the true race of Abraham, who are therefore very numerous.

It must be admitted that they do not possess Palestine; but they may one day possess it, as they have already conquered it once, in the first crusade, in the time of Urban II. In a word, when we view the Old Testament with the eyes of faith, as a type of the New, all either is or will be accomplished, and our weak reason must bow in silence.

Fresh difficulties are raised respecting Abraham's victory near Sodom. It is said to be inconceivable that a stranger who drove his flocks to graze in the neighbourhood of Sodom, should, with three hundred and eighteen keepers of sheep and oxen, beat a *king of Persia, a king of Pontus, the king of Babylon, and the king of nations*, and pursue them to Damascus, which is more than a hundred miles from Sodom. Yet such a victory is not impossible, for we see other similar instances in those heroic times, when the arm of God was not shortened. Think of *Gideon*, who, with three hundred men, armed with three hundred pitchers and three hundred lamps, defeated a whole army! Think of *Sampson*, who slew a thousand Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass!

Even profane history furnishes like examples. Three hundred Spartans stopped, for a moment, the whole army of Xerxes, at the pass of Thermopylæ. It is true that, with the exception of one man who fled, they were all slain, together with their king Leonidas, whom Xerxes had the baseness to gibbet, instead of raising to his memory the monument which it deserved. It is moreover true, that these three hundred Lacedæmonians, who guarded a steep passage which would scarcely admit two men abreast, were supported by an army of ten thousand Greeks, distributed in advantageous posts among the rocks of Pelion and Ossa, four thousand of whom, be it observed, were stationed behind this very passage of Thermopylæ.

These four thousand perished after a long combat. Having been placed in a situation more exposed than that of the three hundred Spartans, they may be said to have acquired more glory in defending it against the Persian army, which cut them all in pieces. Indeed, on the monument afterwards erected on the field of battle, mention was made of these four thousand victims; whereas, none are spoken of now but the *three hundred*.

A still more memorable though much less celebrated action, was that of fifty Swiss, who, in 1315, routed at Morgat

the whole army of the archduke Leopold of Austria, consisting of twenty thousand men. They destroyed the cavalry, by throwing down stones from a high rock: and gave time to fourteen hundred Helvetians to come up and finish the defeat of the army. This achievement at Morgat is more brilliant than that of Thermopylæ, inasmuch as it is a finer thing to conquer than to be conquered. The Greeks amounted to ten thousand, well armed; and it was impossible that, in a mountainous country, they could have to encounter more than a hundred thousand Persians at once; it is more than probable that there were not thirty thousand Persians engaged. But here fourteen hundred Swiss defeat an army of twenty thousand men. The diminished proportion of the less to the greater number, also increases the proportion of glory.—But, how far has Abraham led us?

These digressions amuse him who makes and sometimes him who reads them. Besides, every one is delighted to see a great army beaten by a little one.

SECTION II.

Abraham is one of those names which were famous in Asia Manor and Arabia, as *Thaut* was among the Egyptians, the first *Zoroaster* in Persia, *Hercules* in Greece, *Orpheus* in Thrace, *Odin* among the northern nations, and so many others, known more by their fame than by any authentic history. I speak here of profane history only; as for that of the Jews, our masters and our enemies, whom we at once detest and believe, their history having evidently been written by the Holy Ghost, we feel towards it as we ought to feel. We have to do here only with the Arabs. They boast of having descended from Abraham through Ismaël, believing that this patriarch built Mecca and died there. The fact is, that the race of Ismaël has been infinitely more favoured by God than that of Jacob. Both races, it is true, have produced robbers; but the Arabian robbers have been prodigiously superior to the Jewish ones; the descendants of Jacob conquered only a very small country, which they have lost; whereas the descendants of Ismaël conquered part of Asia, of Europe, and of Africa, established an empire more extensive than that of the Romans, and drove the Jews from their caverns, which they called *The Land of Promise.*

Judging of things only by the examples to be found in our modern histories, it would be difficult to believe that Abraham had been the father of two nations so widely different. We are told that he was born in Chaldea, and that he was the son of a poor potter, who earned his bread by making little earthen idols. It is hardly likely that this son of a potter should have passed through impracticable desarts, and founded the city of Mecca, at the distance of four hundred leagues, under a tropical sun. If he was a conqueror, he doubtless cast his eyes on the fine country of Assyria. If he was no more than a poor man, he did not found kingdoms abroad.

The Book of Genesis relates that he was seventy-five years old when he went out of the land of Haran after the death of his father Terah the potter; but the same book also tells us, that Terah, having begotten Abraham at the age of seventy years, lived to that of two hundred and five; and afterwards, that Abraham went out of Haran; which seems to signify, that it was after the death of his father.

Either the author did not know how to dispose his narration, or it is clear from the Book of Genesis itself, that Abraham was one hundred and thirty-five years old when he quitted Mesopotamia. He went from a country which is called idolatrous, to another idolatrous country named Sichem, in Palestine. Why did he quit the fruitful banks of the Euphrates, for a spot so remote, so barren, and so stony as Sichem? It was not a place of trade, and was distant a hundred leagues from Chaldea, and deserts lay between. But God chose that Abraham should go this journey; he chose to show him the land which his descendants were to occupy

several ages after him. It is with difficulty that the human understanding comprehends the reasons for such a journey.

Scarcely had he arrived in the little mountainous country of Sichem, when famine compelled him to quit it. He went into Egypt with his wife Sarah, to seek a subsistence. The distance from Sichem to Memphis is two hundred leagues. Is it natural that a man should go so far to ask for corn in a country, the language of which he did not understand? Truly these were strange journies, undertaken at the age of nearly a hundred and forty years!

He brought with him to Memphis his wife Sarah, who was extremely young, and almost an infant when compared with himself; for she was only sixty-five. As she was very handsome, he resolved to turn her beauty to account. "Say, I pray thee, that thou art my sister, that it may be well with me for thy sake." He should rather have said to her, "Say, I pray thee, that thou art my *daughter*." The king fell in love with the young Sarah, and gave the pretended brother abundance of sheep, oxen, he-asses, she-asses, camels, men-servants and maid-servants; which proves that Egypt was then a powerful, and well-regulated, and consequently an ancient kingdom, and that those were magnificently rewarded who came and offered their sisters to the kings of Memphis. The youthful Sarah was ninety years old when God promised her that, in the course of a year, she should have a child by Abraham, who was then a hundred and sixty.

Abraham, who was fond of travelling, went into the horrible desert of Kadesh with his pregnant wife, ever young and ever pretty. A king of this desart was, of course, captivated by Sarah, as the king of Egypt had been. The father of the faithful told the same lie as in Egypt, making his wife pass for his sister; which brought him more sheep, oxen, men-servants, and maid-servants. It might be said that this Abraham became rich principally by the means of his wife. Commentators have written a prodigious number of volumes to justify Abraham's conduct, and to explain away the errors in chronology. To these commentaries we must refer the reader; they are all composed by men of nice and acute perceptions, excellent metaphysicians, and by no means pedants.

For the rest, this name of *Bram*, or *Abram*, was famous in Judea and in Persia. Several of the learned even assert, that he was the same legislator whom the Greeks called *Zoroaster*. Others say that he was the *Brama* of the Indians; which is not demonstrated. But it appears very reasonable to many, that this Abraham was a Chaldean or a Persian; from whom the Jews afterwards boasted of having descended, as the Franks did of their descent from Hector, and the Britons from Tubal. It cannot be denied that the Jewish nation were a very modern horde; that they did not establish themselves on the borders of Phœnicia until a very late period; that they were surrounded by ancient states, whose language they adopted, receiving from them even the name of *Israel*, which is Chaldean, from the testimony of the Jew Flavius Josephus himself. We know that they took the names of the Angels from the Babylonians, and that they called God by the names of *Eloi* or *Eloa*, *Adonaï*, *Jehovah* or *Hiao*, after the Phœnicians. It is probable that they knew the name of *Abraham* or *Ibrahim* only through the Babylonians; for the ancient religion of all the countries from the Euphrates to the Oxus was called *Kish Ibrahim* or *Milat Ibrahim*. This is confirmed by all the researches made on the spot by the learned Hyde.

The Jews, then, treat their history and ancient fable as their clothes-men treat their old coats—they turn them and sell them for new at as high a price as possible. It is a singular instance of human stupidity, that we have so long considered the Jews as a nation which taught all others, while their historian Josephus himself confesses the contrary.

It is difficult to penetrate the shades of

antiquity; but it is evident that all the kingdoms of Asia were in a very flourishing state before the wandering horde of Arabs, called *Jews*, had a small spot of earth which they called their own,—when they had neither a town, nor laws, nor even a fixed religion. When, therefore, we see an ancient rite or an ancient opinion established in Egypt or Asia, and also amongst the Jews, it is very natural to suppose that this small, newly-formed, ignorant, stupid people, copied, as well as they were able, the ancient, flourishing, and industrious nation.

It is on this principle that we must judge of Judea, Biscay, Cornwall, &c. Most certainly triumphant Rome did not in any thing imitate Biscay or Cornwall; and he must be either very ignorant or a great knave, who would say that the Jews taught anything to the Greeks.

SECTION III.

It must not be thought that Abraham was known only to the Jews: on the contrary, he is renowned throughout Asia. This name, which signifies *father of a people* in more Oriental languages than one, was given to some inhabitant of Chaldea, from whom several nations have boasted of descending. The pains which the Arabs and the Jews took to establish their descent from this patriarch, render it impossible for even the greatest Pyrrhoneans to doubt of there having been an Abraham.

The Hebrew Scriptures make him the son of Terah, while the Arabs say that Terah was his grand-father, and Azar his father, in which they have been followed by several Christians. The interpreters are of forty-two different opinions with respect to the year in which Abraham was brought into the world, and I shall not hazard a forty-third. It also appears, by the dates, that Abraham lived sixty years longer than the text allows him; but mistakes in chronology do not destroy the truth of a fact. Supposing even that the book which speaks of Abraham had not been so sacred as was the law, it is not therefore less certain that Abraham existed. The Jews distinguished books written by inspired men, from books composed by particular inspiration. How, indeed, can it be believed that God dictated false dates?

Philo the Jew of Suidas, relates that Terah, the father or grand-father of Abraham, who dwelt at Ur in Chaldea, was a poor man who gained a livelihood by making little idols, and that he was himself an idolater. If so, that ancient religion of the Sabeans, who had no idols, but worshipped the heavens, had not then, perhaps, been established in Chaldea; or, if it prevailed in one part of the country, it is very probable that idolatry was predominant in the rest. It seems, that in those times each little horde had its religion, as each family had its own peculiar customs; all were tolerated, and all were peaceably confounded. Laban, the father-in-law of Jacob, had idols. Each clan was perfectly willing that the neighbouring clan should have its gods, and contented itself with believing that its own were the mightiest.

The Scripture says that the God of the Jews, who intended to give them the land of Canaan, commanded Abraham to leave the fertile country of Chaldea, and go towards Palestine, promising him that in his seed all the nations of the earth should be blessed. It is for theologians to explain, by allegory and *mystical sense*, how all the nations of the earth were to be blessed in a seed from which they did not descend, since this much-to-be-venerated *mystical sense* cannot be made the object of a research purely critical. A short time after these promises, Abraham's family was afflicted by famine, and went into Egypt for corn. It is singular that the Hebrews never went into Egypt, but when pressed by hunger; for Jacob afterwards sent his children on the same errand.

Abraham, who was then very old, went this journey with his wife Sarah, aged sixty-five: she was very handsome, and Abraham feared that the Egyptians,

smitten by her charms, would kill him in order to enjoy her transcendent beauties: he proposed to her that she should pass for his sister, &c. Human nature must at that time have possessed a vigour which time and luxury have since very much weakened. This was the opinion of all the ancients; it has even been asserted that Helen was seventy when she was carried off by Paris. That which Abraham had foreseen came to pass: the Egyptian youth found his wife charming, notwithstanding her sixty-five years; the king himself fell in love with her, and placed her in his seraglio, though, probably, he had younger females there; but the Lord plagued the king and his seraglio with very great sores. The text does not tell us how the king came to know that this dangerous beauty was Abraham's wife; but it seems that he did come to know it, and restored her.

Sarah's beauty must have been unalterable; for twenty-five years afterwards, when she was ninety years old, pregnant, and travelling with her husband through the dominions of a king of Phœnicia named Abimelech, Abraham, who had not yet corrected himself, made her a second time pass for his sister. The Phœnician king was as sensible to her attractions as the king of Egypt had been; but God appeared to this Abimelech in a dream, and threatened him with death if he touched his new mistress. It must be confessed that Sarah's conduct was as extraordinary as the lasting nature of her charms.

The singularity of these adventures was probably the reason why the Jews had not the same sort of faith in their histories which they had in their Leviticus. There was not a single iota of their *law* in which they did not believe; but the historical part of their Scriptures did not demand the same respect. Their conduct in regard to their ancient books may be compared to that of the English, who received the laws of St. Edward without absolutely believing that St. Edward cured the scrofula; or to that of the Romans, who, while they obeyed their primitive laws, were not obliged to believe in the miracles of the sieve filled with water, the ship drawn to the shore by a vestal's girdle, the stone cut with a razor, and so forth. Therefore the historian Josephus, though strongly attached to his form of worship, leaves his readers at liberty to believe just so much as they choose of the ancient prodigies which he relates. For the same reason the Sadducees were permitted not to believe in the Angels, although the Angels are so often spoken of in the Old Testament; but these same Sadducees were not allowed to neglect the prescribed feasts, fasts, and ceremonies. This part of Abraham's history (the journies into Egypt and Phœnicia) proves that great kingdoms were already established, while the Jewish nation existed in a single family; that there already were laws, since without them a great kingdom cannot exist; and consequently that the law of Moses, which was posterior, was not the first law. It is not necessary for a law to be divine, that it should be the most ancient of all. God is undoubtedly the master of time. It would, it is true, appear more conformable to the faint light of reason, that God, having to give a law, should have given it at the first to all mankind; but if it be proved that he proceeds in a different way, it is not for us to question him.

The remainder of Abraham's history is subject to great difficulties. God, who frequently appeared to and made several treaties with him, one day sent three angels to him in the valley of Mamre. The patriarch gave them bread, veal, butter, and milk, to eat. The three spirits dined, and after dinner they sent for Sarah, who had baked the bread. One of the angels, whom the text calls *the Lord, the Eternal,* promised Sarah that, in the course of a year, she should have a son. Sarah, who was then ninety-four, while her husband was nearly a hundred, laughed at the promise,—a proof that Sarah confessed her decrepitude,—a proof that, according to the Scripture itself,

human nature was not then very different from what it is now. Nevertheless, the following year, as we have already seen, this aged woman, after becoming pregnant, captivated King Abimelech. Certes, to consider these stories as natural, we must either have a species of understanding quite different from that which we have at present, or regard every trait in the life of Abraham as a miracle, or believe that it is only an allegory; but whichever way we turn, we cannot escape embarrassment. For instance, what are we to make of God's promise to Abraham that he would give to him and his posterity all the land of Canaan, which no Chaldean ever possessed? This is one of the difficulties which it is impossible to solve.

It seems astonishing that God, after causing Isaac to be born of a centenary father and a woman of ninety-five, should afterwards have ordered that father to murder the son whom he had given him contrary to every expectation. This strange order from God seems to show that, at the time when this history was written, the sacrifice of human victims was customary amongst the Jews, as it afterwards became in other nations, as witness the vow of Jephtha. But it may be said, that the obedience of Abraham, who was ready to sacrifice his son to the God who had given him, is an *allegory* of the resignation which man owes to the orders of the Supreme Being.

There is one remark which it is particularly important to make on the history of this Patriarch regarded as the father of the Jews and the Arabs. His principal children were *Isaac*, born of his wife by a miraculous favour of Providence, and *Ishmael*, born of his servant. It was in Isaac that the race of the Patriarch was blessed; yet Isaac was father only of an unfortunate and contemptible nation, who were for a long period slaves, and have for a still longer been dispersed. Ishmael, on the contrary, was the father of the Arabs, who, in course of time, established the empire of the Caliphs, one of the most powerful, and most extensive in the world.

The Mussulmans have a great reverence for Abraham, whom they call *Ibrahim*. Those who believe him to have been buried at Hebron, make a pilgrimage thither; while those who think that his tomb is at Mecca, go and pay their homage to him there.

Some of the ancient Persians believed that Abraham was the same with Zoroaster. It has been with him as with most of the founders of the Eastern nations, to whom various names and various adventures have been attributed; but it appears by the Scripture text, that he was one of those wandering Arabs who had no fixed habitation. We see him born at Ur in Chaldea, going first to Haran, then into Palestine, then into Egypt, then into Phœnicia, and lastly forced to buy a grave at Hebron.

One of the most remarkable circumstances of his life was, that at the age of ninety, before he had begotten Isaac, he caused himself, his son Ishmael, and all his servants, to be circumcised. It seems that he had adopted this idea amongst the Egyptians. It is difficult to determine the origin of such an operation; but it appears most likely that it was performed in order to prevent the abuses of puberty. But why should a man undergo this operation at the age of a hundred?

On the other hand it is asserted, that only the priests were anciently distinguished in Egypt by this custom. It was an usage of great antiquity in Africa and part of Asia, for the most holy personages to present their virile member to be kissed by the women whom they met. The organs of generation were looked upon as something noble and sacred—as a symbol of divine power: it was customary to swear by them; and, when taking an oath to another person, to lay the hand on his *testicles*. It was perhaps from this ancient custom that they afterwards received their name, which signifies witnesses, because they were thus made a *testimony* and a pledge. When Abraham sent his

servant to ask Rebecca for his son Isaac, the servant placed his hand on Abraham's *genitals*, which has been translated by the word *thigh*.

By this we see how much the manners of remote antiquity differed from ours. In the eyes of a philosopher, it is no more astonishing that men should formerly have sworn by that part, than by the head; nor is it astonishing that those who wished to distinguish themselves from other men, should have testified by this venerated portion of the human person.

The Book of Genesis tells us, that circumcision was a covenant between God and Abraham; and expressly adds, that whosoever shall not be circumcised in his house, shall be put to death. Yet we are not told that Isaac was circumcised; nor is circumcision again spoken of, until the time of Moses.

We shall conclude this article with one more observation, which is, that Abraham, after having by Sarah and Hagar two sons, who became each the father of a great nation, had six sons by Keturah, who settled in Arabia; but their posterity were not famous.

ABUSE.

A VICE attached to all the customs, to all the laws, to all the institutions of man: the detail is too vast to be contained in any library.

States are governed by abuses. *Maximus ille est qui minimis urgetur*. It might be said to the Chinese, to the Japanese, to the English—Your government swarms with abuses, which you do not correct! The Chinese will reply—We have existed as a people for five thousand years, and at this day are perhaps the most fortunate nation on earth, because we are the most tranquil. The Japanese will say nearly the same. The English will answer—We are powerful at sea, and prosperous on land; perhaps in ten thousand years we shall bring our usages to perfection. The grand secret is, to be in a better condition than others, even with enormous *abuses*.

ABUSE OF WORDS.

BOOKS, like conversation, rarely give us any precise ideas: nothing is so common as to read and converse unprofitably.

We must here repeat what Locke has so strongly urged—*Define your terms*.

A jurisconsult, in his criminal institute, announces that the non-observance of Sundays and holidays is treason against the Divine Majesty. *Treason against the Divine Majesty* gives an idea of the most enormous of crimes, and the most dreadful of chastisements. But what constitutes the offence? To have missed vespers—a thing which may happen to the best man in the world.

In all disputes on *liberty*, one reasoner generally understands one thing, and his adversary another. A third comes in who understands neither the one nor the other, nor is himself understood. In these disputes, one has in his head the power of acting; a second, the power of willing; a third, the desire of executing; each revolves in his own circle, and they never meet.

It is the same with quarrels about *grace*. Who can understand its nature, its operations, the *sufficiency* which is not sufficient, and the *efficacy* which is ineffectual.

The words *substantial form* were pronounced for two thousand years without suggesting the least notion. For these, *plastic natures* have been substituted, but still without any thing being gained.

A traveller, stopped in his way by a torrent, asks a villager on the opposite bank to show him the ford:—"Go to the right," shouts the countryman:—He takes the right and is drowned. The other runs up crying:—"Oh! how unfortunate! I did not tell him to go to *his* right, but to *mine!*"

The world is full of these misunderstandings. How will a Norwegian, when reading this formula, *Servant of the Servants of God*, discover that it is the *Bishop of Bishops, and King of Kings* who speaks?

At the time when the Fragments of Petronius made a great noise in the literary world, Meibomius, a noted learned man of Lubeck, read in the printed letter of another learned man of Bologna:—"We have here an entire Petronius, which I have seen with my own eyes and admired;"—*Habemus hic Petronium integrum, quem vidi meis oculis non sine admiratione.* He immediately set out for Italy, hastened to Bologna, went to the librarian Capponi, and asked him if it were true that they had the entire Petronius at Bologna. Capponi answered that it was a fact which had long been public. "Can I see this Petronius?—Be so good as to show him to me." "Nothing is more easy," said Capponi. He then took him to the church in which the body of St. Petronius was laid. Meibomius ordered horses and fled.

If the Jesuit *Daniel* took a warlike abbot, *abbatem martialem*, for the abbot Martial, a hundred historians have fallen into still greater mistakes. The Jesuit d'Orleans, in his *Revolutions of England*, wrote indifferently *Northampton* or *Southampton*, only mistaking the north for the south, or *vice versa*.

Metaphysical terms, taken in their proper sense, have sometimes determined the opinion of twenty nations. Every one knows the metaphor of Isaiah, *How hast thou fallen from heaven, thou star which rose in the morning?* This discourse was imagined to have been addressed to the Devil; and as the Hebrew word answering to the planet *Venus* was rendered in Latin by the word *Lucifer*, the Devil has ever since been called Lucifer.

Much ridicule has been bestowed on the *Chart of the Tender Passion* by Madlle. Cuderi. The lovers embark on the river *Tendre;* they dine at *Tendre sur Estime,* sup at *Tendre sur Inclination*, sleep at *Tendre sur Désir,* find themselves the next morning at *Tendre sur Passion*, and lastly at *Tendre sur Tendre*. These ideas may be ridiculous, especially when *Clelia, Horatius Cocles*, and other rude and austere Romans, set out on the voyage: but this geographical chart at least shows us that Love has various lodgings: and that the same word does not always signify the same thing. There is a prodigious difference between the love of Tarquin and that of Celadon—between David's love for Jonathan, which was stronger than that of women, and the abbé Desfontaines' love for little chimney-sweepers.

The most singular instance of this abuse of words—these voluntary equivoques—these misunderstandings which have caused so many quarrels,—is the Chinese *King-tien*. The missionaries having violent disputes about the meaning of this word, the Court of Rome sent a Frenchman, named *Maigrot*, whom they made the imaginary bishop of a province in China, to adjust the difference. Maigrot did not know a word of Chinese; but the emperor deigned to grant that he should be told what he understood by *King-tien*. Maigrot would not believe what was told him, but caused the emperor of China to be condemned at Rome!

The abuse of words is an inexhaustible subject. In history, in morality, in jurisprudence, in medicine, but especially in *theology*, beware of ambiguity.

ACADEMY.

Academies are to universities, as maturity is to childhood, oratory to grammar, or politeness to the first lessons in civility. Academies, not being stipendiary, ought to be entirely free: such were the academies of Italy; such is the French Academy; and such, more particularly, is the Royal Society of London.

The French Academy, which formed itself, received, it is true, letters patent from Louis XIII., but without any salary, and consequently without any subjection: hence it was that the first men in the kingdom, and even princes, sought admission into this illustrious body. The Society of London has possessed the same advantage.

The celebrated Colbert, being a member of the French Academy, employed some of his brethren to compose inscriptions and devices for the public buildings. This assembly, to which Boileau

and Racine afterwards belonged, soon became an academy of itself. The establishment of this Academy of Inscriptions, now called that of the *Belles-Lettres*, may, indeed, be dated from the year 1661, and that of the Academy of Sciences from 1666. We are indebted for both establishments to the same minister, who contributed in so many ways to the splendour of the age of Louis XIV.

After the deaths of Jean Baptiste Colbert and the Marquis de Louvois, when Count de Pontchartrain, secretary of state, had the department of Paris, he entrusted the government of the new academies to his nephew, the abbé Bignon. Then were first devised honorary fellowships requiring no learning, and without remuneration; places with salaries disagreeably distinguished from the former; fellowships without salaries; and scholarships, a title still more disagreeable, which has since been suppressed. The Academy of the Belles-lettres was put on the same footing; both submitted to the immediate control of the secretary of state, and to the revolting distinction of *honoraries*, *pensionaries*, and *pupils*.

The abbé Bignon ventured to propose the same regulation to the French Academy, of which he was a member; but he was heard with unanimous indignation. The least opulent in the Academy were the first to reject his offers, and to prefer liberty to pensions and honours. The abbé Bignon, who, in the laudable intention of doing good, had dealt too freely with the noble sentiments of his brethren, never again set his foot in the French Academy.

The word *Academy* became so celebrated, that when Lulli, who was a sort of favorite obtained the establishment of his Opera, in 1692, he had interest enough to get inserted in the patent, *that it was a Royal Academy of Music, in which Ladies and Gentlemen might sing without demeaning themselves*. He did not confer the same honour on the dancers; the public, however, have always continued to go to the *Opera*, but never to the *Academy of Music*.

It is known that the word *Academy*, borrowed from the Greeks, originally signified a society or school of philosophy at Athens, which met in a garden bequeathed to it by *Academus*.

The Italians were the first who instituted such societies after the revival of letters; the academy *Della Crusca* is of the sixteenth century. Academies were afterwards established in every town where the sciences were cultivated.

The Society of London has never taken the title of *Academy*.

The provincial academies have been of signal advantage. They have given birth to emulation, forced youth to labour, introduced them to a course of good reading, dissipated the ignorance and prejudices of some of our towns, fostered a spirit of politeness, and, as far as it is possible, destroyed pedantry.

Scarcely anything has been written against the French Academy, except frivolous and insipid pleasantries. St. Evremond's comedy of *The Academicians* had some reputation in its time; but a proof of the little merit it possessed is, that it is now forgotten; whereas, the good satires of Boileau are immortal.

ADAM.

SECTION I.

So much has been said and so much written concerning Adam, his wife, the Preadamites, &c., and the Rabbis have put forth so many idle stories respecting Adam, and it is so dull to repeat what others have said before, that I shall here hazard an idea entirely new,—one, at least, which is not to be found in any ancient author, father of the church, preacher, theologian, critic, or scholiast, with whom I am acquainted. I mean the profound *secresy* with respect to Adam which was observed throughout the habitable earth, Palestine only excepted, until the time when the Jewish books began to be known in Alexandria, and were translated into Greek under one of the Ptolemies. Still they were very little known; for large books were very rare and very

dear. Besides, the Jews of Jerusalem were so incensed against those of Alexandria, loaded them with so many reproaches for having translated their Bible into a profane tongue, called them so many ill names, and cried so loudly to the Lord, that the Alexandrian Jews concealed their translation as much as possible: it was so secret, that no Greek or Roman author speaks of it before the time of the emperor Aurelian.

The historian Josephus confesses, in his answer to Appian, that the Jews had not long had any intercourse with other nations:—"We inhabit," says he, "a country distant from the sea; we do not apply ourselves to commerce, nor have we any communication with other nations. Is it to be wondered at that our people, dwelling so far from the sea, and affecting never to write, have been so little known?"

Here it will probably be asked, how Josephus could say that his nation affected *never to write anything*, when they had twenty-two canonical books, without reckoning the *Targum* by *Onkelos*. But it must be considered that twenty-two small volumes were very little when compared with the multitude of books preserved in the library of Alexandria, half of which were burned in Cæsar's war.

It is certain that the Jews had written and read very little; that they were profoundly ignorant of astronomy, geometry, geography, and physics; that they knew nothing of the history of other nations; and that in Alexandria they first began to learn. Their language was a barbarous mixture of ancient Phœnician and corrupted Chaldee; it was so poor, that several moods were wanting in the conjugation of their verbs.

Moreover, as they communicated neither their books nor the titles of them to any foreigner, no one on earth except themselves had ever heard of *Adam*, or *Eve*, or *Abel*, or *Cain*, or *Noah*. *Abraham* alone was, in course of time, known to the Oriental nations: but no ancient people allowed that Abraham was the root of the Jewish nation.

Such are the secrets of Providence, that the father and mother of the human race have ever been totally unknown to their descendants; so that the names of Adam and Eve are to be found in no ancient author, either of Greece, of Rome, of Persia, or of Syria, nor even amongst the Arabs, until near the time of Mahomet It was God's pleasure, that the origin of the great family of the world should be concealed from all but the smallest and most unfortunate part of that family.

How is it that Adam and Eve have been unknown to all their children? How could it be, that neither in Egypt nor in Babylon was any trace—any tradition of our first parents to be found? Why were they not mentioned by Orpheus, by Linus, or by Thamyris?—for if they had said but one word of them, it would undoubtedly have been caught by Hesiod, and especially by Homer, who speak of everything except the authors of the human race. Clement of Alexandria, who collected so many ancient testimonies, would not have failed to quote any passage in which mention had been made of Adam and Eve. Eusebius, in his Universal History, has examined even the most doubtful testimonies, and would assuredly have made the most of the smallest allusion, or appearance of an allusion, to our first parents. It is, then, sufficiently clear, that they were always utterly unknown to the nations.

We do, it is true, find among the Brahmins, in the book entitled the Ezourveidam, the names of *Adimo* and of *Procriti* his wife. But though *Adimo* has some little resemblance to our *Adam*, the Indians reply—"We were a great people established on the banks of the Indus and the Ganges many ages before the Hebrew horde moved towards the Jordan. The Egyptians, the Persians, and the Arabs, came to us for wisdom and spices when the Jews were unknown to the rest of mankind. We cannot have taken our *Adimo* from their Adam· our *Procriti* does not in the least resemble *Eve*; besides, their history and ours are entirely different.

"Moreover, the Veidam, on which the Ezourveidam is a commentary, is believed by us to have been composed at a more remote period of antiquity than the Jewish books; and the Veidam itself is a newer law given to the Brahmins, fifteen hundred years after their first law, called *Shasta* or *Shasta-bad*."

Such, or nearly such, are the answers which the Brahmins of the present day have often made to the chaplains of merchant vessels who have talked to them of Adam and Eve, and Cain and Abel, when the traders of Europe have gone, with arms in their hands, to buy their spices and lay waste their country.

The Phœnician Sanchoniathon, who certainly lived before the period at which we place Moses, and who is quoted by Eusebius as an authentic author, gives ten generations to the human race, as does Moses down to the time of Noah; but, in these ten generations, he mentions neither Adam nor Eve, nor any of their descendants, not even Noah himself. The names, according to the Greek translation by Philo of Biblos, are *Æon*, *Genos*, *Phox*, *Liban*, *Usou*, *Halieus*, *Chrisor*, *Tecnites*, *Agrove*, *Amine*; these are the first ten generations.

We do not see the name of *Noah* or of *Adam* in any of the ancient dynastics of Egypt: they are not to be found among the Chaldeans; in a word, the whole earth has been silent respecting them.

It must be owned that such a silence is unparelleled. Every people has attributed to itself some imaginary origin, yet none has approached the true one.

We cannot comprehend how the father of all nations has so long been unknown, while, in the natural course of things, his name should have been carried from mouth to mouth to the farthest corners of the earth.

Let us humble ourselves to the decrees of that Providence which has permitted so astonishing an oblivion. All was mysterious and concealed in the nation guided by God himself, which prepared the way for Christianity, and was the wild olive on which the fruitful one has been grafted. That the names of the authors of mankind should be unknown to mankind, is a mystery of the highest order.

I will venture to affirm, that it has required a miracle thus to shut the eyes and ears of all nations—to destroy every monument, every memorial of their first father. What would Cæsar, Anthony, Crassus, Pompey, Cicero, Marcellus, or Metellus have thought, if a poor Jew, while selling them balm, had said, "We all descend from one father, named Adam." All the Roman senate would have cried, "Show us our genealogical tree." Then the Jew would have displayed his ten generations, down to the time of Noah, and the secret of the universal deluge. The senate would have asked him, how many persons there were in the Ark, to feed all the animals for ten whole months, and during the following year in which no food would be produced? The pedlar would have said, "We were eight—Noah and his wife, their three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and their wives. All this family descended in a right line from Adam.

Cicero, would, doubtless, have enquired for the great monuments, the indisputable testimonies which Noah and his children had left of our common father. After the deluge, he would have said, the whole world would have resounded with the names of Adam and Noah, one the father, the other the restorer of every race. These names would have been in every mouth as soon as men could speak, on every parchment as soon as they could write, on the door of every house as soon as they could build, on every temple, on every statue, and have you known so great a secret, yet concealed it from us! The Jew would have answered—It is because we are pure and you are impure. The Roman senate would have laughed and the Jew would have been whipped: so much are men attached to their prejudices!

SECTION. II.

The pious Madame de Bourignon was sure that Adam was an hermaphrodite, like the first men of the divine Plato. God had revealed a great secret to her; but as I have not had the same revelation, I shall say nothing of the matter.

The Jewish Rabbis have read Adam's books, and know the names of his preceptor and his second wife; but as I have not read our first parent's books, I shall remain silent. Some acute and very learned persons are quite astonished when they read the Veidam of the ancient Brahmins, to find that the first man was created in India, and called *Adimo*, which signifies *the begetter*, and his wife, *Procriti*, signifying *life*. They say that the sect of the Brahmins is incontestably more ancient than that of the Jews; that it was not until a late period that the Jews could write in the Canaanitish language, since it was not until late that they established themselves in the little country of Canaan. They say that the Indians were always inventors, and the Jews always imitators; the Indians always ingenious, and the Jews always rude. They say it is very hard to believe that Adam, who was fair and had hair on their head, was father to the Negroes, who are entirely black, and have black wool. What, indeed, do they *not* say? As for me, I say nothing: I leave these researches to the reverend Father Berruyer, of the Society of Jesus. He is the most perfect *Innocent* I have ever known: the book has been burned, as that of a man who wished to turn the Bible into ridicule; but I am quite sure he had no such wicked end in view.

SECTION III.

The age for enquiring seriously whether or not knowledge was infused into Adam, had passed by; those who so long agitated the question, had no knowledge, either infused or acquired.

It is as difficult to know at what time the book of Genesis, which speaks of Adam, was written, as it is to know the date of the Veidam, of the Shanscrit, or any other of the ancient Asiatic books. It is important to remark, that the Jews were not permitted to read the first chapter of Genesis before they were twenty-five years old. Many rabbis have regarded the formation of Adam and Eve and their adventure as an allegory. Every celebrated nation of antiquity has imagined some similar one; and, by a singular concurrence, which marks the weakness of our nature, all have endeavoured to explain the origin of moral and physical evil, by ideas nearly alike. The Chaldeans, the Indians, the Persians, and the Egyptians, have accounted, in similar ways, for that mixture of good and evil which seems to be a necessary appendage to our globe. The Jews, who went out of Egypt, rude as they were, had yet heard of the allegorical philosophy of the Egyptians. With the little knowledge thus acquired, they afterwards mixed that which they received from the Phœnicians, and from the Babylonians during their long slavery. But as it is natural and very common for a rude nation to imitate rudely the conceptions of a polished people, it is not surprising that the Jews imagined a woman formed from the side of a man, the spirit of life breathed from the mouth of God on the face of Adam—the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Nile, and the Oxus, having all the same source in a garden, and the forbidden fruit, which brought death into the world, as well as physical and moral evil. Full of the idea which prevailed among the ancients, that the serpent was a very cunning animal, they had no great difficulty in endowing it with understanding a speech.

This people, who then inhabited only a small corner of the earth, which they believed to be long, narrow, and flat, could easily believe that all men came from Adam. They did not even know that the Negroes, with a conformation different from their own inhabited immense regions; still less could they have any idea of America.

It is, however, very strange that the Jewish people were permitted to read the books of Exodus, where there are so many miracles which shock reason, yet were not allowed to read before the age of twenty-five, the first chapter of Genesis, in which all is necessarily miracle, since the creation is the subject. Perhaps it was, because God, after creating the man and woman in the first chapter, makes them again in another, and it was thought expedient to keep this appearance of contradiction from the eyes of youth. Perhaps it is, because it is said, that *God made man in his own image*, and this expression gave the Jews too corporeal an idea of God. Perhaps it was because it is said, that God took a rib from Adam's side to form the woman; and the young and inconsiderate, feeling their sides, and finding the right number of ribs, might have suspected the author of some infidelity. Perhaps it was, because God, who always took a walk at noon in the garden of Eden, laughed at Adam after his fall, and this tone of ridicule might tend to give youth too great a taste for pleasantry. In short, every line of this chapter furnishes very plausible reasons for interdicting the reading of it; but such being the case, one cannot very clearly see how it was that the other chapters were permitted. It is, besides, surprising that the Jews were not to read this chapter until they were twenty-five. One would think that it should first have been proposed to childhood, which receives everything without examination, rather than to youth, whose pride is to judge and to laugh. On the other hand, the Jews of twenty-five years old, having their judgments prepared and strengthened, might be more fitted to receive this chapter than inexperienced minds.

We shall say nothing here of Adam's second wife, named Lillah, whom the ancient Rabbis have given him. It must be confessed that we know very few anecdotes of our family.

ADORATION.

Is it not a great fault in some modern languages, that the same word which is used in addressing the Supreme Being, is also used in addressing a mistress? We not unfrequently go from hearing a sermon, in which the preacher has talked of nothing but *adoring* God in spirit and in truth, to the Opera, where nothing is to be heard but *the charming object of my adoration*, &c.

The Greeks and Romans, at least, did not fall into this extravagant profanation. Horace does not say that he *adores* Lalage; Tibullus does not *adore* Delia; nor is even the term *adoration* to be found in Petronius.

If anything can excuse this indecency, it is the frequent mention which is made in our operas and songs of the Gods of ancient fable. Poets have said that their mistresses were more adorable than these false divinities; for which no one could blame them. We have insensibly become familiarised with this mode of expression, until at last, without any perception of the folly, the God of the universe is addressed in the same terms as an opera-singer.

But to return to the important part of our subject.—There is no civilized nation which does not render public adoration to God. It is true, that neither in Asia nor in Africa is any person forced to the mosque or temple of the place: each one goes of his own accord. This custom of assembling together should tend to unite the minds of men, and render them more gentle in society; yet have they been seen raging against each other, even in the consecrated abode of Peace. The Temple of Jerusalem was deluged with blood by zealots who murdered their brethren; and our churches have more than once been defiled by carnage.

In the article *China*, it will be seen that the Emperor is the Chief Pontiff, and that the worship is august and simple. There are other countries in which it is simple without any magnificence, as

among the reformers of Europe and in British America. In others, wax-tapers must be lighted at noon, although in the primitive ages they were held in abomination. A convent of nuns, if deprived of their tapers, would cry out that the light of the faith was extinguished, and the world would shortly be at an end. The Church of England holds a middle course between the pompous ceremonies of the Church of Rome and the plainness of the Calvinists.

Throughout the East, songs, dances, and torches, formed part of the ceremonies essential in all sacred feasts. No sacerdotal institution existed among the Greeks without songs and dances. The Hebrews borrowed this custom from their neighbours; for David *sang and danced before the Ark.*

St. Matthew speaks of a canticle sung by Jesus Christ himself, and by his apostles, after their Passover. This canticle, which is not admitted into the authorised books, is to be found in fragments in the 237th letter of St. Augustine to bishop Chretius; and, whatever disputes there may have been about its authenticity, it is certain that singing was employed in all religious ceremonies. Mahomet found this a settled mode of worship among the Arabs; it is also established in India; but does not appear to be in use among the lettered men of China. The ceremonies of all places have some resemblance and some difference: but God is worshipped throughout the earth. Woe, assuredly, unto them who do not adore him as we do! whether erring in their tenets or in their rites? They sit in the shadow of death; but the greater their misfortune, the more are they to be pitied and supported.

It is indeed a great consolation for us, that the Mahometans, the Indians, the Chinese, the Tartars, all adore one only God; for so far they are our kindred. Their fatal ignorance of our sacred mysteries can only inspire us with tender compassion for our wandering brethren. Far from us be all spirit of persecution which would only serve to render them irreconcilable.

One only God being adored throughout the known world, shall those who acknowledge him as their father never cease to present to him the revolting spectacle of his children detesting, anathematising, persecuting, and massacreing one another by way of argument?

It is hard to determine precisely what the Greeks and Romans understood by *adoring*, or whether they adored Fauns, Sylvans, Dryads, and Naiads, as they adored the twelve superior Gods. It is not likely that Adrian's minion, Antinous, was adored by the Egyptians of later times with the same worship which they paid to Serapis; and it is sufficiently proved that the ancient Egyptians did not adore onions and crocodiles as they did Isis and Osiris. Ambiguity abounds everywhere and confounds everything; we are obliged, at every word, to exclaim, *What do you mean?* we must constantly repeat—*Define your terms.*

Is it quite true that Simon, called the *Magician*, was adored among the Romans? It is not more true that he was utterly unknown to them.

St. Justin, in his *Apology*, which was as little known at Rome as Simon was, tells us that this God had a statue erected on the Tyber, or rather near the Tyber, between the two bridges, with this inscription—*Simoni deo sancto.* St. Irenæus and Tertullian attest the same thing; but to whom do they attest it? To people who had never seen Rome—to Africans, to Allobroges, to Syrians, and to some of the inhabitants of Sichem. *They* had certainly not seen this statue, the real inscription on which was *Semo sancho deo fidio*, and not *Simoni sancto deo.* They should at least have consulted Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who gives this inscription in his fourth book. *Semo sunco* was an old Sabine word, signifying *half God and half man:* we find in Livy, *Bona Semoni sanco censuerunt consecranda.* This god was one of the most ancient in Roman worship, having been consecrated

by Tarquin the Proud; and was considered as the God of alliances and good faith. It was the custom to sacrifice an ox to him, and to write any treaty made with a neighbouring people upon the skin. He had a temple near that of Quirinus; offerings were sometimes presented to him under the name of *Semo the father*, and sometimes under that of *Sancus fidius*; whence Ovid says in his Fasti—

Quærebam nonas Sanco, Fidove referrem,
An tibi, Semo pater.

Such was the Roman divinity, which, for so many ages was taken for *Simon the Magician*. St. Cyril of Jerusalem had no doubts on the subject; and St. Augustin, in his first book of *Heresies*, tells us that Simon the Magician himself procured the erection of this statue, together with that of his *Helena*, by order of the emperor and senate.

This strange fable, the falsehood of which might so easily have been discovered, was constantly connected with another fable, which relates that Simon and St. Peter both appeared before Nero, and challenged each other which of them should soonest bring to life the corpse of a near relative of Nero's, and also raise himself highest in the air; that Simon caused himself to be carried up by devils in a fiery chariot; that St. Peter and St. Paul brought him down by their prayers; that he broke his legs, and in consequence died; and that Nero, being enraged, put both St. Peter and St. Paul to death.

Abdias, Marcellinus, and Hegisippus, have each related this story, with a little difference in the details. Arnobius, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Sulpicius Severus, Philaster, St. Epiphanius, Isidorus of Damietta, Maximus of Turin, and several other authors, successively gave currency to this error, and it was generally adopted; until, at length, there was found at Rome a statue of *Semo sancus deus fidius*, and the learned father Mabillon dug up an ancient monument with the inscription *Semoni sanco deo fidio*.

It is nevertheless certain, that there was a Simon, whom the Jews believed to be a magician, as it is certain, that there was an Apollonius of Tyana. It it is also true that this Simon who was born in the little country of Samaria, gathered together some vagabonds, whom he persuaded that he was one sent by God; he baptized, indeed, as well as the Apostles, and raised altar against altar.

The Jews of Samaria, always hostile to those of Jerusalem, ventured to oppose this Simon to Jesus Christ, acknowledged by the Apostles and Disciples, all of whom were of the tribe of Benjamin or that of Judah, He baptized like them; but to the baptism of water he added fire, saying, that he had been foretold by John the Baptist in these words —"He that cometh after me is mightier than I; *he* shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

Simon lighted a lambent flame over the baptismal font with naptha, from the Asphaltic lake. His party was very strong: but it is very doubtful whether his disciples adored him; St. Justin is the only one who believes it.

Menander, like Simon, said he was sent by God to be the saviour of men. All the false Messiahs, Barcochebas especially, called themselves *sent by God*; but not even Barcochebas demanded to be adored. Men are not often erected into divinities while they live; unless, indeed, they be Alexanders, or Roman emperors, who expressly order their slaves so to do. But this is not, strictly speaking, adoration; it is an extraordinary homage, an anticipated apotheosis, a flattery as ridiculous as those which are lavished on Octavius by Virgil and Horace.

ADULTERY.

We are not indebted for this expression to the Greeks; they called adultery *moicheia*, from which came the latin *mæchus*, which we have not adopted. We owe it neither to the Syriac tongue nor to the Hebrew, a jargon of the Syriac, in which adultery is called *niuph*. In Latin, *adulteratio* signified *alteration—adulter-*

ation, one thing put for another—a counterfeit, as *false keys, false bargains, false signatures*; thus he, who took posession of another's bed, was called *adulter*.

In a similar way, by antiphrasis, the name of *coccyx*, a cuckoo, was given to the poor husband into whose nest a stranger intruded. Pliny, the naturalist, says, "*Coccyx ova subdit in nidis aliensis; ita plerique alienas uxores faciunt matres*"—"the cuckoo deposits its eggs in the nest of other birds; so the Romans not unfrequently made mothers of the wives of their friends." The comparison is not over just. *Coccyx* signifying a cuckoo, we have made of it *cuckold*. What a number of things do we owe to the Romans! But as the sense of all words is subject to change, the term applied to *cuckold*, which, according to good grammar, should be the gallant, is appropriated to the *husband*. Some of the learned assert, that it is to the Greeks we owe the emblem of the *horns*, and that they bestowed the appellation of *goat* upon a husband, the disposition of whose wife resembled that of a female of the same species. Indeed, they used the epithet *son of a goat* in the same way as the modern vulgar do an appellation which is much more literal.

These vile terms are no longer made use of in good company. Even the word *adultery* is never pronounced. We do not now say, *Madame la Duchesse* lives in adultery with *Monsieur le Chevalier—Madame la Marquise* has a criminal intimacy with *Monsieur l'Abbé*;" but we say, "*Monsieur l'Abbé* is this week the lover of *Madame la Marquise*." When ladies talk of their adulteries to their female friends, they say, "I confess I have some inclination for *him*." They used formerly to confess that they felt some *esteem*; but since the time when a certain citizen's wife accused herself to her confessor of having *esteem* for a counsellor, and the confessor enquired as to the number of proofs of esteem afforded, ladies of quality have *esteemed* no one, and gone but little to confession.

The women of Lacedæmon, we are told, knew neither confession nor adultery. It is true that Menelaüs had experienced the intractability of Helen; but Lycurgus set all right by making the women common, when the husbands were willing to lend them, and the wives consented. Every one might dispose of his own. In this case a husband had not to apprehend that he should foster in his house the offspring of a stranger; all children belonged to the republic, and not to any particular family, so that no one was injured. Adultery is an evil only in as much as it is a theft; but we do not steal that which is given to us. The Lacedæmonians, therefore, had good reason for saying that adultery was impossible among them.

It is otherwise in our modern nations, where every law is founded on the principle of *meum* and *tuum*.

It is the greatest wrong, the greatest injury, to give a poor fellow children which do not belong to him and lay upon him a burden which he ought not to bear. Races of heroes have thus been utterly bastardised. The wives of the Astolphos and the Jocondas, through a depraved appetite, a momentary weakness, have become pregnant by some deformed dwarf—some little page, devoid alike of heart and mind: and both the bodies and souls of the offspring have borne testimony to the fact. In some countries of Europe, the heirs to the greatest names are little insignificant apes, who have in their halls the portraits of their pretended fathers, six feet high, handsome, well-made, and carrying a broad-sword which their successors of the present day would scarcely be able to lift. Important offices are thus held by men who have no right to them, and whose hearts, heads, and arms, are unqual to the burden.

In some provinces of Europe, the girls make love, without their afterwards becoming less prudent wives. In France, it is quite the contrary; the girls are shut up in convents, where, hitherto, they have

received a most ridiculous education. Their mothers, in order to console them, teach them to look for liberty in marriage. Scarcely have they lived a year with their husbands when they become impatient to ascertain the force of their attractions. A young wife neither sits, nor eats, nor walks, nor goes to the play, but in company with women who have each their regular intrigue. If she has not her lover like the rest, she is to be *unpaired;* and ashamed of being so, she is afraid to show herself.

The Orientals proceed quite in another way. Girls are brought to them and warranted virgins on the words of a Circassian. They marry them, and shut them up as a measure of precaution, as we shut up our maids. No jokes there upon ladies and their husbands! no songs!—nothing resembling our quodlibets about horns and cuckoldom! We *pity* the great ladies of Turkey, Persia, and India; but they are a thousand times happier in their seraglios than our young women in their convents.

It sometimes happens amongst us, that a dissatisfied husband, not choosing to institute a criminal process against his wife for adultery, which would subject him to the imputation of *barbarity*, contents himself with obtaining a separation of person and property.

And here we must insert an abstract of a memorial, drawn up by a good man who finds himself in this situation. These are his complaints; are they just or not?—

A Memorial, written by a Magistrate, about the year 1764.

A principal magistrate of a town in France is so unfortunate as to have a wife who was debauched by a priest before her marriage, and has since brought herself to public shame; he has, however, contented himself with a private separation. This man, who is forty years old, healthy, and of a pleasing figure, has need of female society. He is too scrupulous to seek to seduce the wife of another; he even fears to contract an illicit intimacy with a maid or a widow. In this state of sorrow and perplexity, he addresses the following complaints to the Church, of which he is a member:—

"My wife is criminal; and I suffer the punishment. A female is necessary to the comfort of my life—nay, even to the preservation of my virtue; yet she is refused me by the Church, which forbids me to marry an honest woman. The civil law of the present day, which is, unhappily, founded on the canon law, deprives me of the rights of humanity. The Church compels me to seek either pleasures which she reprobates, or shameful consolations which she condemns; she forces me to be criminal.

"If I look round among the nations of the earth, I see no religion except the Roman Catholic, which does not recognise divorce and second marriage as a natural right. What inversion of order, then, has made it a virtue in Catholics to suffer adultery, and a duty to live without wives when their wives have thus shamefully injured them? Why is a cankered tie indissoluble, notwithstanding the great maxim adopted by the Code, *Quicquid ligatur dissolubile est?* A separation of person and property is granted me, but not a divorce. The law takes from me my wife, and leaves me the word *sacrament!* I no longer enjoy matrimony, but still I am married! What contradiction! What slavery!

"Nor is it less strange that this law of the Church is directly contrary to the words which she believes to have been pronounced by Jesus Christ: 'Whosoever shall put away his wife, *except it be for fornication*, and shall marry another, committeth adultery.'

"I have no wish here to inquire whether the pontiffs of Rome have a right to violate at pleasure the law of him whom they regard as their master: whether when a kingdom wants an heir, it is allowable to repudiate the woman who is incapable of giving one; nor whether a turbulent wife, one attacked by lunacy, or

one guilty of murder, should not be divorced as well as an adultress: I confine myself to what concerns my own sad situation. God permits me to marry again; but the bishop of Rome forbids me?

"Divorce was customary among Catholics under all the Emperors, as well as in all the disjointed members of the Roman Empire. Almost all those kings of France who are called *of the first race,* repudiated their wives and took fresh ones. At length came one Gregory IX. an enemy to emperors and kings, who, by a decree, made the bonds of marriage indissoluble; and his *decretal* became the law of Europe. Hence, when a king wished to repudiate an adulterous wife, according to the law of Jesus Christ, he could not do so without seeking some ridiculous pretext. Saint Louis was obliged, in order to effect his unfortunate divorce from Eleanora of Guienne, to allege a relationship which did not exist; and Henry IV., to repudiate Margaret of Valois brought forward a still more unfounded pretence—a want of consent. Thus a lawful divorce was to be obtained by falsehood.

"What! may a sovereign abdicate his crown, and shall he not without the Pope's permission, abdicate his faithless wife? And is it possible that men, enlightened in other things, have so long submitted to this absurd and abject slavery?

"Let our priests and our monks abstain from women, if it must be so; they have my consent. It is detrimental to the progress of population, and a misfortune for them; but they deserve that misfortune which they have contrived for themselves. They are the victims of the Popes, who in them wish to possess slaves—soldiers without family or country, living for *the Church;* but I, a magistrate, who serve the state the whole day long, have occasion for a woman at night; and the Church has no right to deprive me of a possession allowed me by the Deity. The Apostles were married; Joseph was married; and I wish to be married. If I, an Alsatian, am dependent on a priest who lives at Rome, and has the barbarous power to deprive me of a wife,—he may as well make me an eunuch to sing *Miserere* in his chapel."

A plea for Wives.

Equity requires that, after giving this memorial in favour of husbands we should also lay before the public the plea on behalf of wives presented to the junta of Portugal, by one Countess *D'Arcira.* It is in substance as follows:—

"The Gospel has forbidden adultery to my husband as well as to me; we shall be damned alike; nothing is more certain. Although he has been guilty of fifty infidelities—though he has given my necklace to one of my rivals, and my ear-rings to another, I have not called upon the judges to order his head to be shaved, himself to be shut up with monks, and his property to be given to me: yet I, for having but once imitated him—for having done that with the handsomest young man in Lisbon, which he is allowed to do every day with the homeliest and most stupid creatures of the court and the city, must be placed on a stool to answer the questions of a set of licentiates, every one of whom would be at my feet were he alone with me in my closet; must have the finest hair in the world cut from my head; be confined with nuns who have not common sense; be deprived of my portion and marriage settlement, and see my property given to my fool of a husband, to assist him in seducing other women, and committing fresh adulteries. I ask if the thing is just? if it is not evident that the cuckolds are the lawmakers?

"The answer to my complaint is, that I am but too fortunate in not being stoned at the city gate by the canons and the people, as was the custom with the first nation of the earth—the cherished nation—the chosen people—the only one which was right when all others were wrong.

"To these barbarians I reply, that

when the poor woman, taken in adultery, was presented to her accusers by the Master of the Old and of the New Law, he did not order her to be stoned; on the contrary, he reproached their injustice, tracing on the sand, with his finger, the old Hebrew proverb, 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.' All then retired; the oldest being the first to depart, since, the greater their age, the more adulteries they had committed.

"The doctors of the canon law tell me, that this story of the woman taken in adultery is related only in the gospel of St. John, and that there it is nothing more than an interpolation; that Leontius and Maldonat affirm that it is but to be found in one ancient Greek copy; that not one of the twenty-three first commentators has spoken of it; that neither Origen, nor St. Jerome, nor St. John Chrysostom, nor Theophylact, nor Nonnus, knew anything of it; and that it is not in the Syriac Bible, nor in the version of Ulphilas.

"Such are the arguments advanced by my husband's advocates, who would not only shave my head, but stone me also.

"However, those who plead for me say, that Ammonius, a writer of the third century, acknowledges the truth of this story; and that St. Jerome, while he rejects it in some passages, adopts it in others; in short, that it is now authenticated. Here I hold, and say to my husband —'If you are without sin, shave my head, confine me, take my property; but if you have committed more sins than I have, it is I who must shave you, have you confined, and seize your possessions. In both cases the justice is the same.'

"My husband replies, that he is my superior and my head; that he is taller than me by more than an inch; that he is as rough as a bear; and that, consequently, I owe him everything, and he owes me nothing.

"But, I ask if Queen Anne of England is not the *head* of her husband? if the Prince of Denmark, who is her High Admiral, does not owe her an entire obedience? and if she would not have him condemned by the House of Peers, should the little man prove unfaithful? It is clear that, if women have not their husbands punished, it is when they are not the strongest."

CONCLUSION OF THE CHAPTER ON ADULTERY.

In order to obtain an equitable verdict in an action for adultery, the jury should be composed of twelve men and twelve women, with an hermaphrodite to give the casting vote in the event of necessity.

But singular cases may exist wherein raillery is inapplicable, and of which it is not for us to judge. Such is the adventure related by St. Augustine in his sermon on Christ's preaching on the Mount.

Septimius Acyndicus, proconsul of Syria, caused a Christian of Antioch, who was unable to pay the treasury a pound of gold (the amount to which he was taxed), to be thrown into prison, and threatened with death. A wealthy man promised the unfortunate prisoner's wife to furnish her with the pound, if she would consent to his desires. The wife hastened to inform her husband, who begged that she would save his life at the expense of his rights, which he was willing to give up. She obeyed; but the man who owed her the gold deceived her by giving her a sackful of earth. The husband, being still unable to pay the tax, was about to be led to the scaffold; but this infamous transaction having come to the ears of the proconsul, he paid the pound of gold from his own coffers, and gave to the Christian couple the estate from which the sackful of earth had been taken.

It is certain that, far from injuring her husband, the wife, in this instance, acted conformably to his will; not only obeying him, but also saving his life. St. Augustin does not venture to decide on the guilt or virtue of this action; he is afraid to condemn it.

It is, in my opinion, very singular that Bayle should pretend to be more severe than St. Augustin. He boldly condemns the poor woman. This would be incon-

ceivable, did we not know how much almost every writer has suffered his pen to belie his heart—with what facility his own feelings have been sacrificed to the fear of enraging some evil-disposed pedant—in a word, how inconsistent he has been with himself.

A Father's Reflection.

A word on the contradictory education which we bestow upon our daughters. We inculcate an immoderate desire of pleasing; we dictate when nature does enough without us, and add to her lessons every refinement of art. When they are perfectly trained, we punish them if they put in practice the very arts which we have been so anxious to teach! What should we think of a dancing-master who, having taught a pupil for ten years, would break his leg because he had found him dancing with other people?

Might not this paragraph be added to the chapter of contradictions?

AFFIRMATION ON OATH.

We shall not say anything of the affirmations so frequently made use of by the learned. To affirm, to decide, is allowable only in geometry. In everything else let us imitate the Doctor *Metaphrastes* of Molière—*it may be so; the thing is feasible; it is not impossible; we shall see.* Let us adopt Rabelais' *perhaps*, Montaigne's *what know I?* the Roman *non liquet*, or the *doubt* of the Athenian academy: but only in profane matters, be it understood, for in *sacred* things, we are well aware that doubting is not permitted.

The primitives, in England called *Quakers*, are allowed to give testimony in a court of justice on their simple affirmation, without taking an oath. The peers of the realm have the same privilege—the lay peers affirming *on their honour*, and the bishops laying their hands *on their hearts*. The Quakers obtained it in the reign of Charles II., and are the only sect in Europe so honoured.

The Lord Chancellor Cowper wished to compel the Quakers to swear like other citizens. He who was then at their head said to him gravely—"Friend Chancellor, thou oughtest to know that our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ hath forbidden us to affirm otherwise than by *yea* or *nay*: he hath expressly said:—*I forbid thee to swear by heaven, because it is the throne of God: by the earth, because it is his footstool; by Jerusalem, because it is the city of the king of kings; or by thy head, because thou canst not change the colour of a single hair*. This, friend, is positive; and we will not disobey God to please thee and thy parliament." "It is impossible to argue better," replied the Chancellor; "but be it known to thee, that Jupiter one day ordered all beasts of burden to get shod; horses, mules, and even camels, instantly obeyed; the asses alone resisted; they made so many representations, and brayed so long, that Jupiter, who was good-natured, at last said to them, 'Asses, I grant your prayer: you shall not be shod; but the first slip you make, you shall have a most sound cudgelling.'"

It must be allowed that, hitherto, the Quakers have made no *slips*.

AGAR, OR HAGAR.

When a man puts away his mistress—his friend—the partner of his bed—he must either make her condition tolerably comfortable, or be regarded, amongst us, as a man of a bad heart.

We are told that Abraham was very rich in the desert of Gerar, although he did not possess an inch of land. However, we know with the greatest certainty, that he defeated the armies of four great kings with three hundred and eighteen shepherds.

He should, then, at least have given a small flock to his mistress Agar, when he sent her away in the desert. I speak always according to worldly notions, always reverencing those incomprehensible ways which are not *our* ways.

I would have given my old companion Agar a few sheep, a few goats, a few suits of clothes for herself and our son Ismael,

a good she-ass for the mother and a pretty foal for the child, a camel to carry their luggage, and at least two men to attend them and prevent them from being devoured by wolves.

But when the *Father of the Faithful* exposed his poor mistress and her child in the desert, he gave them only a loaf and a pitcher of water.

Some impious persons have asserted that Abraham was not a very tender father—that he wished to make his bastard son die of hunger, and to cut his legitimate son's throat! But again let it be remembered, that these ways were not *our* ways.

It is said that poor Agar went away into the desert of Beer-sheba. There was no desert of *Beer-sheba;* this name was not known until long after: but this is a mere trifle; the foundation of the story is not the less authentic.

It is true that the posterity of Agar's son Ismael took ample revenge on the posterity of Sarah's son Isaac, in favour of whom he had been cast out. The Saracens, descending in a right line from Ismael, made themselves masters of Jerusalem, which belonged by right of conquest to the posterity of Isaac. I would have made the *Saracens* descend from *Sarah;* the etymology would then have been neater.

It has been asserted that the word *Saracen* comes from *sarac*, a robber. I do not believe that any people have ever called themselves *robbers;* nearly all have been robbers, but it is not usual for them to take the *title*. *Saracen* descending from *Sarah*, appears to me to sound better.

ALCHYMY.

The emphatic *al* places the alchymist as much above the ordinary chymist, as the gold which he obtains is superior to other metals. Germany still swarms with people who seek the *philosopher's stone*, as the *water* of *immortality* has been sought in China, and the *fountain of youth* in Europe. In France, some have been known to ruin themselves in this pursuit.

The number of those who have believed in transmutations is prodigious, and the number of cheats has been in proportion to that of the credulous. At Paris we have seen Signor Dammi, Marquis of Conventiglio, obtain some hundred louis from several of the nobility that he might make them gold to the amount of two or three crowns.

The best trick that has ever been performed in alchymy was that of a Rosicrucian, who, in 1620, went to Henry, Duke of Bouillon, of the house of Turenne, Sovereign Prince of Sedan, and addressed him as follows:

"You have not a sovereignty proportioned to your great courage, but I will make you richer than the emperor. I cannot remain for more than two days in your states, having to go to Venice to hold the grand assembly of the brethren; I only charge you to keep the secret. Send to the first apothecary of your town for some litharge; throw into it one grain of the red powder which I will give you; put the whole into a crucible; and in a quarter of an hour you will have gold."

The prince performed the operation, and repeated it three times, in presence of the virtuoso. This man had previously bought up all the litharge from the apothecaries of Sedan, and got it resold after mixing it with a few ounces of gold. The adept, on taking leave, made the Duke of Bouillon a present of all his transmuting powder.

The prince, having made three ounces of gold with three grains, doubted not that with three hundred thousand grains he should make three hundred thousand ounces, and that he should in a week possess eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds of gold, besides what he should afterwards make. It took at least three months to make this powder. The philosopher was in haste to depart; he was without anything, having given all to the prince, and wanted some ready money in order to hold the states-general of her-

metic philosophy. He was a man very moderate in his desires, and asked only twenty thousand crowns for the expenses of his journey. The duke, ashamed to give so small a sum, presented him with forty thousand. When he had consumed all the litharge in Sedan, he made no more gold, nor ever more saw his philosopher or his forty thousand crowns.

All pretended alchymic transmutations have been performed nearly in the same manner. To change one natural production into another, for example, iron into silver, is a rather difficult operation, since it requires two things a little above our power—the *annihilation* of the iron and *creation* of the silver.

We must not, however, reject all discoveries of secrets and all new inventions. It is with them as with theatrical pieces, there may be one good out of a thousand.

ALCORAN.

OR, MORE PROPERLY, THE KORAN.

SECTION I.

This book governs with despotic sway the whole of northern Africa, from Mount Atlas to the desert of Barca, the whole of Egypt, the coasts of the Ethiopian Sea to the extent of six hundred leagues, Syria, Asia Minor, all the countries round the Black and the Caspian Seas (excepting the kingdom of Astracan) the whole empire of Hindostan, all Persia, a great part of Tartary; and in Europe, Thrace, Macedonia, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, Greece, Epirus, and nearly all the islands as far as the little strait of Otranto, which terminates these immense possessions.

In this prodigious extent of country there is not a single Mahometan who has the happiness of reading our sacred books; and very few of our literati are acquainted with the Koran, of which we almost always form a ridiculous idea, notwithstanding the researches of our really learned men.

The first lines of this book are as follow:—"Praise to God, the sovereign of all worlds—to the God of mercy, the sovereign of the day of justice? Thee we adore! to thee only do we look for protection. Lead us in the right way—in the way of those whom thou hast loaded with thy graces, and not in the way of the objects of thy wrath—of them who have gone astray."

Such is the introduction. Then come three letters, *A*, *L*, *M*, which, according to the learned Sale, are not understood, for each commentator explains them in his own way; but the most common opinion is, that they signify *Ali*, *Latif*, *Magid*—God. Grace, Glory.

God himself then speaks to Mahomet, in these words:

"This book admitteth not of doubt. It is for the direction of the just, who believe in the depths of the faith, who observe the times of prayer, who distribute in alms what it has pleased me to give them, who believe in the revelation which hath descended to thee, and was delivered to the prophets before thee. Let the faithful have a firm assurance in the life to come; let them be directed by their Lord; and they shall be happy.

"As for unbelievers, it mattereth not whether thou callest them or no: they do not believe; the seal of unbelief is on their hearts and on their ears; a terrible punishment awaiteth them.

"There are some who say, 'We believe in God and in the Last Day,' but in their hearts they are unbelievers. They think to deceive the Eternal; they deceive themselves without knowing it. Infirmity is in their hearts, and God himself increaseth this infirmity," &c.

These words are said to have incomparably more energy in Arabic. Indeed, the Koran still passes for the most elegant and most sublime book which has been written in that language.

We have imputed to the Koran a great number of foolish things which it never contained. It was chiefly against the Turks, who had become Mahometans, that our monks wrote so many books, at a time when no other opposition was of much service against the conquerors of

Constantinople. Our authors, much more numerous than the Janissaries, had no great difficulty in ranging our women on their side; they persuaded them that Mahomet looked upon them merely as intelligent animals; that, by the laws of the Koran, they were all slaves, having no property in this world, nor any share in the Paradise of the next. The falsehood of all this is evident; yet it has all been firmly believed.

It was, however, only necessary, in order to discover the deception, to have read the fourth *sura* or chapter of the Koran, in which would have been found the following laws, translated in the same manner by Du Ryer, who resided for a long time at Constantinople; by Maracci, who never went there; and by Sale, who lived twenty-five years among the Arabs.

Mahomet's Regulations with respect to Wives.

1.

Never marry idolatrous women, unless they will become believers. A Mussulman servant is better than an idolatrous woman, though of the highest rank.

2.

They who, having wives, wish to make a vow of chastity, shall wait four months before they decide.

Wives shall conduct themselves towards their husbands as their husbands conduct themselves towards them.

3.

You may separate yourself from your wife twice; but if you divorce her a third time, it must be for ever; you must either keep her humanely or put her away kindly. You are not permitted to keep anything from her which you have given to her.

4.

Good wives are obedient and attentive, even in the absence of their husbands. If your wife is prudent, be careful not to have any quarrel with her; but if one should happen, let an arbiter be chosen from your own family, and one from hers.

5.

Take one wife or two, or three, or four, but never more. But if you doubt your ability to act equitably towards several, take only one. Give them a suitable dowry, take care of them, and speak to them always like a friend.

6.

You are not permitted to inherit from your wife against her will; nor to prevent her from marrying another after her divorce, in order to possess yourself of her dower, unless she has been declared guilty of some crime.

When you choose to separate yourself from your wife and take another, you must not, though you have even given her a talent at your marriage, take any thing from her.

7.

You are permitted to marry a slave, but it is better that you should not do so.

8.

A repudiated wife is obliged to suckle her child until it is two years old, during which time the father is obliged to maintain them, according to his condition. If the infant is weaned at an earlier period, it must be with the consent of both father and mother. If you are obliged to entrust it to a strange nurse, you shall make her a reasonable allowance.

Here, then, is sufficient to reconcile the women to Mahomet, who has not used them so hardly as he is said to have done. We do not pretend to justify either his ignorance or his imposture; but we cannot condemn his doctrine of *one only God*. These words of his 122nd *sura*, "God is one, eternal, neither begetting nor begotten; no one is like to him;" these words had more effect than even his sword in subjugating the East.

Still his Koran is a collection of ridiculous revelations and vague and inco-

herent predictions, combined with laws which were very good for the country in which he lived, and all which continue to be followed, without having been changed or weakened, either by Mahometan interpreters or by new decrees. The poets of Mecca were hostile to Mahomet, but above all the doctors. These raised the magistracy against him; and a warrant was issued for his apprehension as one duly accused and convicted of having said that God must be adored, and not the stars. This, it is known, was the source of his greatness. When it was seen that he could not be put down, and that his writings were becoming popular, it was given out in the city that he was not the author of them, or that at least he was assisted in their composition by a learned Jew, and sometimes by a learned Christian,—supposing that there were at that time learned Jews and learned Christians.

So, in our days, more than one prelate has been reproached with having set monks to compose his sermons and funeral orations. There was one Father Hercules (*Père Hercule*) who made sermons for a certain bishop, and when people went to hear him preach, they used to say, "Let us go and hear the *labours of Hercules*."

To this charge Mahomet gives an answer in his 16th chapter, occasioned by a gross blunder he had made in the pulpit, about which a great deal had been said. He gets out of the scrape thus:—

"When thou readest the Koran, address thyself to God, that he may preserve thee from the machinations of Satan. He has power only over those who have chosen him for their master, and who give associates unto God.

"When I substitute one verse for another in the Koran (the reason for which changes is known to God) some unbelievers cry out, *Thou hast forged those verses*; but they know not how to distinguish truth from falsehood. Say rather that the Holy Spirit brought those verses of truth to me from God. Others say, still more malignantly, *there is a certain man who labours with him composing the Koran*. But how can this man, to whom they attribute my works, have taught me, speaking, as he does, a foreign language, while the Koran is written in the purest Arabic?"

He who, it was pretended, assisted Mahomet, was a Jew named *Bensulen* or *Bensulon*. It is not very likely that a Jew should have lent his assistance to Mahomet in writing against the Jews; yet the thing is not impossible. The monk, who was said to have contributed to the Koran, was by some called *Bohaira*, by others *Sergius*. There is something pleasant in this monk's having had both a Latin and an Arabic name.

As for the fine theological disputes which have arisen amongst the Mussulmans, I have no concern with them, I leave them to the decision of the mufti.

In *The Triumph of the Cross* (*Le Triomphe de la Croix*) the Koran is said to be Arian, Sabellian, Carpocratian, Cardonician, Manichean, Donatistic, Origenian, Macedonian, and Ebionitish. Mahomet, however, was nothing of all this; he was rather a *Jansenist*, for the foundation of his doctrine is the absolute degree of gratuitous predestination.

SECTION II.

This Mahomet, son of Abdallah, was a bold and sublime charlatan. He says, in his tenth chapter, "Who but God can have composed the Koran? Mahomet, you say, has forged this book. Well; try then to write one chapter resembling it, and call to your aid whomsoever you please." In the seventeenth he exclaims, "Praise be to Him who, in one night, transported his servant from the sacred temple of Mecca to that of Jerusalem!"

This was a very fine journey, but nothing like that which he took the very same night from planet to planet. He pretended that it was five hundred years' journey from one to another, and that he cleft the moon in twain. His disciples who, after his death, collected, in a solemn manner, the verses of this Koran,

suppressed this celestial journey, for they dreaded raillery and philosophy. After all, they had too much delicacy; they might have trusted to the commentators, who would have found no difficulty whatever in explaining the itinerary. Mahomet's friends should have known by experience that the marvellous is the reason of the multitude: the wise contradict in silence, which the multitude prevent them from breaking. But while the itinerary of the planets was suppressed, a few words were retained about the adventure of the moon: one cannot be always on one's guard.

The Koran is a rhapsody, without connection, without order, and without art. This tedious book is, nevertheless, said to be a very fine production, at least, by the Arabs, who assert that it is written with an elegance and purity which no later work has equalled. It is a poem, or sort of rhymed prose, consisting of three thousand verses. No poem ever advanced the fortune of its author so much as the Koran. It was disputed among the Mussulmen whether it was eternal, or God had created it in order to dictate it to Mahomet. The doctors decided that it was eternal; and they were right; this eternity is a much finer opinion than the other, for with the vulgar we must always adopt that which is the most incredible.

The monks who have attacked Mahomet, and said so many silly things about him, have asserted that he could not write. But how can we imagine that a man who had been a merchant, a poet, a legislator, and a sovereign, did not know how to sign his name? If his book is bad for our times and for us, it was very good for his contemporaries, and his religion was still better. It must be acknowledged that he reclaimed nearly the whole of Asia from idolatry. He taught the unity of God, and forcibly declaimed against all those who gave him associates. He forbade usury with foreigners, and commanded the giving of alms. With him prayer was a thing of absolute necessity, and resignation to the eternal decrees the *primum mobile* of all. A religion so simple and so wise, taught by one who was constantly victorious, could hardly fail to subjugate a portion of the earth. Indeed the Mussulmen have made as many proselytes by their creed as by their swords; they have converted the Indians and the negroes to their religion; even the Turks, who conquered them, submitted to Ismalism.

Mahomet allowed many things to remain in his law which he had found established among the Arabs—as circumcision; fasting; the pilgrimage to Mecca, which was instituted four thousand years before his time; ablutions, so necessary to health and cleanliness in a burning country, where linen was unknown; and the idea of a last judgment, which the Magi had always inculcated, and which had reached the inhabitants of Arabia. It is said, that on his announcing that we should rise again quite naked, his wife *Aishca* expressed her opinion that the thing would be immodest and dangerous: "Do not be alarmed, my dear," said he, "no one will then feel any inclination to *laugh*." According to the Koran, an angel will weigh both men and women in a great balance: this idea, too, is taken from the Magi. He also stole from them their narrow bridge which must be passed over after death, and their elysium, where the Mussulmen Elect will find baths, well-furnished apartments, good beds, and houris with great black eyes. He does, it is true, say that all these pleasures of the senses, so necessary to those that are to rise again with senses, will be nothing in comparison with the pleasure of contemplating the Supreme Being. He has the humility to confess that he himself will not enter paradise through his own merits, but purely by the *will* of God. Through this same *pure Divine will*, he orders that a fifth part of the spoil shall always be reserved for the prophet.

It is not true that he excludes women from paradise. It is hardly likely that

so able a man should have chosen to embroil himself with that half of the human race by which the other half is led. Abulfeda relates, that an old lady one day importuned him to tell her what she must do to get into paradise. "My good lady," said he, "paradise is not for old women." The good woman began to weep; but the prophet consoled her by saying, "There will be no old women, because they will become young again." This consolatory doctrine is confirmed in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Koran.

He forbade wine because some of his followers once went intoxicated to prayers. He allowed a plurality of wives, conforming in this point to the immemorial usage of the Orientals.

In short, his civil laws are good; his doctrine is admirable in all which it has in common with ours; but his means are shocking—villainy and murder!

He is excused by some, on the first of these charges, because, say they, the Arabs had a hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets before him, and there could be no great harm in the appearance of one more: men, it is added, require to be deceived. But how are we to justify a man who says, "*Believe that I have conversed with the angel Gabriel, or pay me tribute?*"

How superior is *Confucius*—the first of mortals who have not been favoured with revelations! He employs neither falsehood nor the sword, but only reason. The viceroy of a great province, he causes the laws to be observed, and morality to flourish; disgraced and poor, he teaches them. He practises them alike in greatness and in humiliation; he renders virtue amiable; and has for his disciples the most ancient and wisest people on the earth.

In vain does Count de Boulainvilliers, who had some respect for Mahomet, extol the Arabs. Notwithstanding all his boastings, they were a nation of banditti, They robbed before Mahomet, when they adored the stars: they robbed under Mahomet in the name of God. They had, say you, the simplicity of the heroic ages; but what were these heroic ages?—times when men cut one another's throats for a well or a cistern, as they now do for a province?

The first Mussulmen were animated by Mahomet with the rage of enthusiasm. Nothing is more terrible than a people who, having nothing to lose, fight in the united spirit of rapine and of religion.

It is true that there was not much art in their proceedings. The contract of marriage between Mahomet and his first wife expresses, that while *Cadisha* loves him, and he in like manner loves *Cadisha*, it is thought meet to join them. But is there the same simplicity in having composed a genealogy which makes him descend in a right line from Adam, as several Spanish and Scotch families have likewise been made to descend?

The great prophet experienced the disgrace common to so many husbands, after which no one ought to complain. The name of him who received the favours of his second wife, was *Assam*. The behaviour of Mahomet, on this occasion, was even more lofty than that of Cæsar, who put away his wife, saying, "The wife of Cæsar ought not to be suspected." The prophet *would not* suspect his. He sent to heaven for a chapter of the Koran, affirming that his wife was faithful. This chapter, like all the others, had been written *from all eternity*.

He is admired for having raised himself, from being a camel-driver, to be a pontiff, a legislator, and a monarch; for having subdued Arabia, which had never before been subjugated: for having given the first shock to the Roman empire in the East, and to that of the Persians; and *I* admire him still more for having kept peace in his house amongst his wives. He changed the face of part of Europe, one half of Asia, and nearly all Africa; nor was his religion unlikely, at one time, to subjugate the whole earth. On how trivial a circumstance will revolutions sometimes depend! A blow from a stone, a little harder than that which he received

in his first battle, might have changed the destiny of the world!

His son-in-law Ali asserted, that when the prophet was about to be inhumed, he was found in a situation not very common to the dead. The words of the Roman sovereign might be well applied in this case—"*Decet imperatorem stantem mori.*"

Never was the life of a man written more in detail than his; the most minute particulars were regarded as sacred. We have the name and the numbers of all that belonged to him—nine swords, three lances, three bows, seven cuirasses, three bucklers, twelve wives, one white cock, seven horses, two mules, and four camels, besides the mare *Borac*, on which he went to heaven. But this last he had only borrowed; it was the property of the angel Gabriel.

All his sayings have been preserved. One was, that *the enjoyment of women made him more fervent in prayer*. Besides all his other knowledge, he is said to have been a great *physician;* so that he wanted none of the qualifications for deceiving mankind.

ALEXANDER.

It is no longer allowable to speak of Alexander, except in order to say something new of him, or to destroy the fables, historical, physical, and moral, which have disfigured the history of the only great man to be found among the conquerors of Asia.

After reflecting a little on the life of Alexander, who, amid the intoxications of pleasure and conquest, built more towns than all the other conquerors of Asia destroyed,—after calling to mind that, young as he was, he turned the commerce of the world into a new channel, it appears very strange that Boileau should have spoken of him as a robber and a madman. Alexander, having been elected at Corinth Captain-general of Greece, and commissioned as such to avenge the invasions of the Persians, did no more than his duty in destroying their empire; and, having always united the greatest magnanimity with the greatest courage—having respected the wife and daughters of Darius when in his power, he did not in any way deserve either to be confined as a madman or hanged as a robber.

Rollin asserts, that Alexander took the famous city of Tyre only to oblige the Jews, who hated the Tyrians: it is, however, quite as likely that Alexander had other reasons; for a naval commander would not leave Tyre mistress of the sea, when he was going to attack Egypt. Alexander's friendship and respect for Jerusalem were undoubtedly great; but it should hardly be said that *the Jews set a rare example of fidelity—an example worthy of the only people who at that time had the knowledge of the true God, in refusing to furnish Alexander with provisions, because they had sworn fidelity to Darius*. It is well known that the Jews took every opportunity of revolting against their sovereigns; for a Jew was not to serve a profane king. If they imprudently refused contributions to the conqueror, it was not with a view to prove themselves the faithful slaves of Darius, since their law expressly ordered them to hold all idolatrous nations in abhorrence: their books are full of execrations pronounced against them; and of reiterated attempts to throw off their yoke. If, therefore, they at first refused the contributions, it was because their rivals, the Samaritans, had paid them without hesitation, and they believed that Darius, though vanquished, was still powerful enough to support Jerusalem against Samaria.

It is wholly false that the Jews were then the only people who had the knowledge of the true God, as Rollin tells us. The Samaritans worshipped the same God, though in another temple; they had the same Pentateuch as the Jews, and they had it in Tyrian characters, which the Jews had lost. The schism between Samaria and Jerusalem was, on a small scale, what the schism between the Greek and Latin churches is on a large one.

The hatred was equal on both sides, having the same foundation—Religion.

Alexander, having possessed himself of Tyre by means of that famous causeway which is still the admiration of all generals, went to punish Jerusalem, which lay not far out of his way. The Jews, headed by their high priest, came and humbled themselves before him, offering him money—for angry conquerors are not to be appeased without money. Alexander was appeased, and they remained subject to Alexander and to his successors. Such is the true as well as the only probable history of the affair.

Rollin repeats a story told about four hundred years after Alexander's expedition, by that romancing, exaggerating historian, Flavius Josephus, who may be pardoned for having taken every opportunity of setting off his wretched country to the best advantage. Rollin repeats, after Josephus, that Jaddus the high-priest, having prostrated himself before Alexander, the prince, seeing the name of Jehovah engraved on a plate of gold attached to Jaddus's cap, and understanding Hebrew perfectly, fell prostrate in his turn, and paid homage to Jaddus. This excess of civility having astonished Parmenio, Alexander told him, that he had known Jaddus a long time; that he had appeared to him, in the same habit and the same cap, ten years before, when he was meditating the conquest of Asia (a conquest which he had not then even thought of); that this same Jaddus had exhorted him to cross the Hellespont, assuring him that God would march at the head of the Greeks, and that the God of the Jews would give him the victory over the Persians. This old woman's tale makes but a sorry figure in the history of such a man as Alexander.

An *Ancient History* well digested was an undertaking calculated to be of great service to youth; it is to be wished that it had not been in some degree marred by the adoption of some absurdities. The story of Jaddus would be entitled to our respect—it would be beyond the reach of animadversion, were even any shadow of it to be found in the sacred writings; but as they do not make the slightest mention of it, we are quite at liberty to see that it is ridiculous.

There can be no doubt that Alexander subdued that part of India which lies on this side the Ganges, and was tributary to the Persians. Mr. Holwell, who lived for thirty years among the Brahmins of Benares, and the neighbouring countries, and who learned not only their modern language but also their ancient sacred tongue, assures us, that their annals attest the invasion by Alexander, whom they call *Mahadukoit Kounha*—great robber, great murderer. These peaceful people could not call him otherwise; indeed, it is hardly to be supposed that they gave any other name to the kings of Persia. The same annals say, that Alexander entered by the province now called Candahar, and it is probable that there were always some fortresses on that frontier.

Alexander afterwards descended the river Zombodipo, which the Greeks called *Sind*. In the history of Alexander there is not a single Indian name to be found. The Greeks never called an Asiatic town or province by their own name. They dealt in the same manner with the Egyptians. They would have thought it a dishonour to the Greek tongue, had they introduced into it a pronunciation which they thought barbarous—if, for instance, they had not called the city of *Moph* Memphis.

Mr. Holwell says, that the Indians never knew either Porus or Taxiles; indeed these are not Indian words. Nevertheless, if we may believe our missionaries, there are still some Indian lords who pretend to have descended from Porus. Perhaps the missionaries have flattered them with this origin until they have adopted it, There is, at least, no country in Europe, in which servility has not invented and vanity received genealogies yet more chimerical.

If Flavius Josephus has related a ri-

diculous fable about Alexander and a Jewish pontiff, Plutarch, who wrote long after Josephus, in his turn seems not to have been sparing in fables concerning this hero. He has even out done Quintus Curtius. Both assert that Alexander, when marching towards India, wished to have himself adored, not only by the Persians but also by the Greeks. The question is, what did Alexander, the Persians, the Greeks, Quintus Curtius, and Plutarch, understand by *adoring?* We must never lose sight of the great rule—*Define your terms.*

If by *adoring* be meant invoking a man as a divinity—offering to him incense and sacrifices—raising to him altars and temples, it is clear that Alexander required nothing of all this. If, being the conqueror and master of the Persians, he chose that they should salute him after the Persian manner; prostrating themselves on certain occasions; treating him, in short, like what he was, a sovereign of Persia, there is nothing in this but what is very reasonable and very common. The members of the French parliament, in their *beds of justice*, address the king kneeling; the third estate address the states-general kneeling, a cup of wine is presented kneeling, to the king of England; several European sovereigns are served kneeling at their consecration. The Great Mogul, the Emperor of China, and the Emperor of Japan, are always addressed kneeling. The Chinese Colaos of an inferior order bend the knee before the Colaos of a superior order. We *adore* the Pope, and kiss the toe of his right foot. None of these ceremonies have ever been regarded as adoration in the strict sense of the word, or as a worship like that due to the Divinity.

Thus, all that has been said of the pretended adoration exacted by Alexander, is founded on ambiguity.

Octavius, surnamed *Augustus*, really caused himself to be *adored* in the strictest sense of the word. Temples and altars were raised to him. There were *priests of Augustus*. Horace positively tells him—

Jurandisque tuum par nomen ponimus aras.

Here was truly a sacrilegious adoration; yet we are not told that it excited discontent.

The contradictions in the character of Alexander would be more difficult to reconcile, did we not know that men, especially men called *heroes*, are often very inconsistent with themselves, and that the life or death of the best citizens, or the fate of a province, has more than once depended on the good or bad digestion of a well or ill advised sovereign.

But how are we to reconcile improbable facts related in a contradictory manner? Some say that Callisthenes was crucified by order of Alexander for not having acknowledged him to be the son of Jupiter. But the cross was not a mode of execution among the Greeks. Others say that he died long afterwards, of too great corpulency. Athenæus assures us, that he was carried, like a bird, in an iron cage, until he was devoured by vermin. Amongst all these different stories, distinguish the true one if you can. Some adventures are supposed by Quintus Curtius to have happened in one town, and by Plutarch in another, the two places being five hundred leagues apart. Alexander, armed and alone, leaped from the top of a wall into a town which he was besieging: according to Quintus Curtius, it was on the borders of Candahar; according to Plutarch near the mouth of the Indus. When he arrived on the Malabar coast, or near the Ganges,—no matter which, it is only nine hundred miles from the one to the other,—he gave orders to seize ten of the Indian philosophers, called by the Greeks *gymnosophists*, who went about as naked as apes; to those he proposed ridiculous questions, promising them very seriously that he who gave the worst answers should be hanged the first, and the rest in due order. This reminds us of Nebuchadonosor, who would abso-

lutely put his Magi to death, if they did not divine one of his dreams which he had forgotten; and of the Caliph of the Thousand and One Nights, who was to strangle his wife as soon as she had finished her story. But it is Plutarch who relates this nonsense; therefore it must be respected, for he was *a Greek*.

This latter story is entitled to the same credit with that of the poisoning of Alexander by Aristotle; for Plutarch tells us, that somebody had heard one *Agnotemis* say, that he had heard Antigonus say, that Aristotle sent a bottle of water from Nonacris, a town in Arcadia, which water was so extremely cold, that they who drank it instantly died; that Antipater sent this water in a horn; that it arrived at Babylon quite fresh; that Alexander drank of it; and that, at the end of six days, he died of a continued fever.

Plutarch has, it is true, some doubts respecting this anecdote. All that we can be quite certain of is, that Alexander, at the age of twenty-four, had conquered Persia by three battles; that his genius was as great as his valour; that he changed the face of Asia, Greece, and Egypt, and gave a new direction to the commerce of the world; and that Boileau should have been more sparing of his ridicule, since it is not very likely that Boileau would have done more in as short a time.

ALEXANDRIA.

More than twenty towns have borne the name of Alexandria, all built by Alexander and his captains, who became so many kings. These towns are so many monuments of glory, far superior to the statues which servility afterwards erected to power; but the only one of them which attracted the attention of the world by its greatness and its wealth, was that which became the capital of Egypt. This is now but a heap of ruins; for it is well known that one half of the city has been re-built on another site, near the sea. The light-house, formerly one of the wonders of the world, has also ceased to exist.

The city was always very flourishing under the Ptolemies and the Romans. It did not decline under the Arabs, nor did the Mamelukes or the Turks, who successively conquered it, together with the rest of Egypt, suffer it to go to decay. It preserved some portion of its greatness until the passage of the Cape of Good Hope opened a new route to the Indies, and once more gave a new direction to the commerce of the world, which Alexander had previously changed, and which had been changed several times before Alexander.

The Alexandrians were remarkable, under all their successive denominations, for industry united with levity; for love of novelty, accompanied by a close application to commerce, and to all the arts that make commerce flourish; and for a contentious and quarrelsome spirit, joined to cowardice, superstition, and debauchery—all which never changed.

The city was peopled with Egyptians, Jews, and Turks, all of whom, though poor at first, enriched themselves by traffic. Opulence introduced the cultivation of the fine arts, with a taste for literature, and consequently for disputation.

The Jews built a magnificent temple, and translated their books into Greek, which had become the language of the country. So great were the animosities among the native Egyptians, the Greeks, the Jews, and the Christians, that they were continually accusing one another to the governor, to the no small advantage of his revenue. There were even frequent and bloody seditions, in one of which, in the reign of Caligula, the Jews, who exaggerate every thing, assert that religious and commercial jealousy united, cost them fifty thousand men, whom the Alexandrians murdered.

Christianity, which the Origens, Clements and others had established and rendered admirable by their lives, degenerated into a mere spirit of party. The

Christians adopted the manners of the Egyptians; religion yielded to the desire of gain; and all the inhabitants, divided in every thing else, were unanimous only in the love of money. This it was which produced that famous letter from the emperor Adrian to the consul Servianus, which Vopiscus gives us as follows:—

ADRIANI EPISTOLA, EX LIBRIS PHLEGONTIS LIBERTI EJUS PRODITA.

Adrianus Augustus Serviano Cos. V.

Ægyptum, quam mihi laudabas, Serviane carissime, totam didici, levem, pendulam, et ad omnia famæ monumenta volitantem. Illi qui Serapin colunt Christiani sunt, et devoti sunt Serapi qui se CHRISTI episcopus dicunt. Nemo illic Archisynagogus Judæorum, nemo Samarites, nemo Christianorum presbyter, non mathematicus, non aruspex, non aliptes. Ipse ille Patriarcha, quùm Ægyptum venerit, ab aliis Serapidem adorare, ab aliis cogitur CHRISTUM. Genus hominis seditiosissimum, injuriosissimum. Civitas opulenta, dives, fecunda, in quà nemo vivat otiosus. Alii vitrum constant, ab aliis charta conficitur; omnes certè lymphiones cujuscunque artis et videntur et habentur. Podagrosi quod agant habent, cœci quod faciant; ne chiragri quidem apud cos otiosi vivunt. Unus illis deus est; hunc Christiani, hunc Judæi, hunc homnes venerantur et gentes.

Which may be rendered thus—

"My dear Servian, I have seen that Egypt of which you have spoken so highly; I know it thoroughly. It is a light, uncertain, fickle nation. The worshippers of Serapis turn Christians, and they who are at the head of the religion of CHRIST devote themselves to Serapis. There is no chief of the Rabbis, no Samaritan, no Christian priest, who is not an astrologer, a diviner, a pander. When the Greek Patriarch comes into Egypt, some press him to worship Serapis, others to adore CHRIST. They are very seditious, very vain, and very quarrelsome. The city is commercial, opulent, and populous. No one is idle. Some make glass; others manufacture paper; they seem to be, and indeed are of all trades: not even the gout in their feet and hands can reduce them to entire inactivity; the very blind work. Money is a God which the Christians, Jews, and all men, adore alike."

This letter of an emperor, whose discernment was as great as his valour, sufficiently proves that the Christians, as well as others, had become corrupted in this abode of luxury and controversy: but the manners of the primitive Christians had not degenerated every where; and although they had the misfortune to be for a long time divided into different sects, which detested and accused one another, the most violent enemies of Christianity were obliged to acknowledge that the purest and the greatest souls were to be found among its proselytes. Such is the case even at the present day, in cities wherein the degree of folly and frenzy exceeds that of ancient Alexandria.

ALGIERS.

THE principal object of this Dictionary is philosophy. It is not, therefore, as geographers that we speak of Algiers, but for the purpose of remarking, that the first design of Louis XIV. when he took the reins of government, was to deliver Christian Europe from the continual depredations of the Barbary corsairs. This project was an indication of a great mind. He wished to pursue every road to glory. It is somewhat astonishing that, with the spirit of order which he showed in his court, in his finances, and in the conduct of state affairs, he had a sort of relish for ancient chivalry, which led him to the performance of generous and brilliant actions, even approaching to the romantic. It is certain that Louis inherited from his mother a deal of that Spanish gallantry, at once noble and delicate, with much of that greatness of soul—that passion for glory—that lofty pride, so conspicuous in old romances. He talked of fighting the emperor Leopold, like a knight seeking adventures. The erection of the pyramid

at Rome, the assertion of his right of precedence, and the idea of having a port near Algiers to curb the pirates, were likewise of this class. To this latter attempt he was moreover excited by Pope Alexander VII. and by Cardinal Mazarin before his death. He had for some time debated with himself whether he should go on this expedition in person, like Charles the Fifth; but he had not vessels to execute so great an enterprise, whether in person or by his generals. The attempt was therefore fruitless: and it could not be otherwise.

It was, however, of service in exercising the French marine, and prepared the world to expect some of those noble and heroic actions which are out of the ordinary line of policy, such as the disinterested aid lent to the Venetians besieged in Candia, and to the Germans pressed by the Ottoman arms at St. Gothard.

The details of the African expedition are lost in the number of successful or unsuccessful wars, waged justly or unjustly, with god or bad policy. We shall merely give the following letter, which was written some years ago on the subject of the Algerine piracies:—

"It is to be lamented, Sire, that the proposals of the order of Malta were not acceded to, when they offered, on consideration of a moderate subsidy from each Christian power, to free the seas from the pirates of Algiers, Morocco, and Tunis. The knights of Malta would then have been truly the defenders of Christianity. The actual force of the Algerines is but two fifty-gun ships, five of about forty, and four of thirty guns; the rest are not worth mentioning.

"It is shameful to see their little barks seizing our merchant vessels every day throughout the Mediterranean. They even cruise as far as the Canaries and the Azores.

"Their soldiery, composed of a variety of nations—ancient Mauritanians, ancient Numidians, Arabs, Turks, and even Negroes, set sail, almost without provisions, in tight vessels carrying from eighteen to twenty guns, and infest all our seas like vultures seeking their prey. When they see a man-of-war, they fly; when they see a merchant vessel they seize it. Our friends and our relatives, men and women, are made slaves; and we must humbly supplicate the barbarians to deign to receive our money for restoring to us their captives.

"Some Christian states have had the shameful prudence to treat with them, and send them arms wherewith to attack others, bargaining with them as *merchants*, while they negociate as *warriors*.

"Nothing would be more easy than to put down these marauders; yet it is not done. But how many other useful and easy things are entirely neglected! The necessity of reducing these pirates is acknowledged in every prince's cabinet; yet no one undertakes their reduction. When the ministers of different courts accidentally talk the matter over, they do but illustrate the fable of *tying the bell round the cat's neck*.

"The order of the Redemption of Captives is the finest of all monastic institutions, but it is a sad reproach to us. The kingdoms of Fez, Algiers, and Tunis, have no *marabous* of the Redemption of Captives; because, though they take many Christians from us, we take scarcely any Mussulmen from them.

"Nevertheless, they are more attached to their religion than we are to ours; for no Turk or Arab ever turns Christian, while they have hundreds of renegadoes amongst them, who even serve in their expeditions. An Italian, named *Pelegini*, was, in 1712, captain-general of the Algerine galleys. The miramolin, the bey, the dey, all have Christian females in their seraglios, but there are only two Turkish girls who have found lovers in Paris.

"The Algerine land force consists of twelve thousand regular soldiers only; but all the rest of the men are trained to arms; and it is this that renders the conquest of the country so difficult. The Vandals, however, easily subdued it; yet we dare not attack it."

ALLEGORIES.

Jupiter, Neptune, and Mercury, travelling one day in Thrace, called on a certain king named Hyreus, who entertained them very handsomely. After eating a good dinner, they asked him if they could render him any service. The good man, who was past the age at which it is usual for men to have children, told them he should be very much obliged to them if they would make him a boy. The three gods then urined on the skin of a new flayed ox; and from these sprang Orion, who became one of the constellations known to the most remote antiquity. This constellation was named Orion by the ancient Chaldeans; it is spoken of in the Book of Job. It would be hard to discover a rational allegory in this pretty story, unless we are to infer from it that nothing was impossible to the gods

There were in Greece two young rakes, who were told by the oracle to be beware of the *melampygos* or *sable posteriors*. One day Hercules took them, and tied them by the feet to the end of his club, so that they hung down his back with their heads downwards like a couple of rabbits, having a full view of his person. Ah! said they, the oracle is accomplished; this is the *melampygos*. Hercules fell a laughing, and let them go. Here again it would be rather difficult to divine the moral sense.

Among the fathers of mythology, there were some who had only imagination; but the greater part of them possessed understandings of no mean order. Not all our academies, not all our makers of devices, not even they who compose the legends for the counters of the royal treasury, will ever invent allegories more true, more pleasing, or more ingenious, than those of the Nine Muses, of Venus, the Graces, the God of Love, and so many others, which will be the delight and instruction of all ages.

The ancients, it must be confessed, almost always spoke in allegories. The earlier fathers of the church, the greater part of whom were Platonists, imitated this method of Plato's. They have, indeed, been reproached with having carried this taste for allegories and allusions a little too far.

St. Justin, in his Apology, says, that the sign of the cross is marked in the limbs and features of man;—that, when he extends his arms there is a perfect cross; and that his nose and eyes form a cross upon his face.

According to Origen's explanation of Leviticus, the *fat* of the victims signifies *the Church*, and the *tail* is a symbol of *perseverance*.

St. Augustin, in his sermon on the difference and agreement of the two genealogies of Christ, explains to his auditors why St. Matthew, although he reckons forty-two generations, enumerates only forty-one. It is, says he, because *Jechonias* must be reckoned twice, Jechonias having gone from Jerusalem to Babylon. This journey is to be considered as the corner-stone: and if the corner-stone is the first of one side of a building, it is also the first of the other side; consequently this stone must be reckoned twice; and therefore Jechonias must be reckoned twice. He adds that, in the forty-two generations, we must dwell on the number *forty*, because that number signifies *life*. The number *ten* denotes *blessedness*, and *ten* multiplied by *four*, which represents the four elements and the four seasons, produces *forty*.

In his fifty-third sermon, the dimensions of matter have astonishing properties. Breadth *is the dilation of the heart*, length is *long-suffering*, height is *hope*, and depth is *faith*. So that, besides the allegory, we have four dimensions of matter instead of three.

It is clear and indubitable (says he in his sermon on the 6th psalm) that the number *four* denotes the human body, because of the four elements, and the four qualities of *hot*, *cold*, *moist*, and *dry*; and as *four* relates to the body, so *three* relates to the soul; for we must love God with a triple love—with all our *hearts*, with all our *souls*, and with all our *minds*.

Four also relates to the Old Testament, and *three* to the New. *Four* and *three* make up the number of *seven* days, and the *eight* is the *day of judgment*.

One cannot but feel that there is in these allegories an affectation but little compatible with true eloquence. The Fathers, who sometimes made use of these figures, wrote in times and countries in which nearly all the arts were degenerating. Their learning and fine genius were warped by the imperfections of the age in which they lived. St. Augustin is not to be respected the less for having paid this tribute to the bad taste of Africa and the fourth century.

The discourses of our modern preachers are not disfigured by similar faults. Not that we dare prefer them to the Fathers; but the present age is to be preferred to the ages in which they wrote. Eloquence which became more and more corrupted, and was not revived until later times, fell, after them, into still greater extravagances; and the languages of all barbarous nations were alike ridiculous until the age of Louis XIV. Look at all the old collections of sermons; they are far below the dramatic pieces on the Passion, which used to be played at the Hôtel de Bourgogne. But the spirit of allegory, which has never been lost, may be traced throughout these barbarous discourses. The celebrated *Ménot*, who lived in the reign of Francis I. did more honour, perhaps, than any other to the allegorical style. "The worthy administrators of justice," said he, "are like a cat set to take care of a cheese, lest it should be gnawed by the mice. One bite of the cat does more damage to the cheese than twenty mice can do."

Here is another very curious passage—"The woodmen, in a forest, cut large and small branches, and bind them in faggots; just so do our ecclesiastics, with dispensations from Rome, heap together great and small benefices. The cardinal's hat is garnished with bishoprics, the bishoprics are garnished with abbeys and priories, and the whole is garnished with devils. All these church possessions must pass through the three links of the *Ave Maria*; for *benedicta tu* stands for fat abbeys of Benedictines, *in mulieribus* for *monsieur* and *madame*, and *fructus ventris* for banquets and gormandisers."

The sermons of Barlet and Maillard are all framed after this model, and were delivered half in bad Latin, and half in bad French. The Italian sermons were in the same taste; and the German were still worse. This monstrous medley gave birth to the *macaroni* style, the very climax of barbarism. The species of oratory, worthy only of the Indians on the banks of the Missouri, prevailed even so lately as the reign of Louis XIII. The jesuit Garasse, one of the most distinguished enemies of common sense, never preached in any other style. He likened the celebrated *Theophile* to a calf, because Theophile's family name was *Viaud*, something resembling *veau* (a calf). "But," said he, "the flesh of a calf is good to roast and to boil, whereas thine is good for nothing but to *burn*."

All these allegories, used by our barbarians, fall infinitely short of those employed by Homer, Virgil, and Ovid, which proves, that if there be still some Goths and Vandals who despise ancient fable, they are not altogether in the right.

ALMANACK.

It is of little moment to know whether we have the word *almanack* from the ancient Saxons, who could not write, or from the Arabs, who are known to have been astronomers, and to have had some acquaintance with the courses of the planets, while the western nations were still wrapped in an ignorance as great as their barbarism. I shall here confine myself to one short observation.

Let an Indian philosopher, who has embarked at Meliapour, come to Bayonne. I shall suppose this philosopher to be a man of sense; which, you will say, is rare among the learned of India; to be divested of all scholastic prejudices—a thing which was rare everywhere not

long ago; and I shall suppose him to meet with a blockhead in our part of the world—which is not quite so great a rarity.

Our blockhead, in order to make him conversant with our arts and sciences, presents him with a Liege almanack, composed by *Matthew Lansberg*, and the Lame Messenger (*Messager boiteux*) by *Anthony Souci*, *astrologer and historian*, printed every year at Basle, and sold to the number of 20,000 copies in eight days. There you behold the fine figure of a man, surrounded by the signs of the Zodiac, with certain indications most clearly demonstrating that the *scales* preside over the *posteriors*, the *ram* over the *head*, the *fishes* over the *feet*, &c.

Each day of the moon informs you when you must take *Le Lievre's* balm of life, or *Keiser's* pills; when you must be bled, have your nails cut, wean your children, plant, sow, go a journey, or put on a pair of new shoes. The Indian, when he hears these lessons, will do well to say to his guide, that he will have none of his almanacks.

So soon as our simpleton shall have shown the philosopher a few of our ceremonies, which every wise man disapproves, but which are tolerated in order to amuse the populace, through pure contempt for that populace, the traveller, seeing these mummeries, followed by a tamborine dance, will not fail to pity us and take us for madmen, who are, nevertheless, very amusing and not absolutely cruel He will write home to the President of the Grand College of Benares, that we have not common sense; but that if *His Paternity* will send enlightened and discreet persons among us, something may, *with the blessing of God*, be made of us.

It was precisely in this way that our first missionaries, especially St. Francis Xavier, spoke of the people inhabiting the peninsula of India. They even fell into still grosser mistakes respecting the customs of the Indians, their sciences, their opinions, their manners, and their worship. The accounts which they sent to Europe were extremely curious. Every statue was a devil; every assembly, a sabbath; every symbolical figure, a talisman; every Brahmin a sorcerer; and these are made the subject of never-ending lamentations. They hope that *the harvest will be abundant*; and add, by a rather incongruous metaphor, that *they will labour effectually in the vineyard of the Lord*, in a country where wine has always been unknown. Thus, or nearly thus, have every people judged, not only of distant nations, but of their neighbours.

The Chinese are said to be the most ancient almanack-makers. The finest of their emperor's privileges is that of sending his Calendar to his vassals and neighbours; their refusal of which would be considered as a bravado, and war would forthwith be made upon them, as it used to be made in Europe on feudal lords who refused their homage.

If we have only *twelve* constellations, the Chinese have *twenty-eight*, the names of which have not the least affinity with ours—a sufficient proof that they have taken nothing from the Chaldean Zodiac, which we have adopted. But though they have had a complete system of astrology for more than four thousand years, they resemble *Matthew Lansberg* and *Anthony Souci* in the fine predictions and secrets of health, with which they stuff their *Imperial Almanack*. They divide the day into ten thousand minutes, and know, with the greatest precision, what minute is favourable or otherwise. When the emperor Kam-hi wished to employ the Jesuit missionaries in making the almanack, they are said to have excused themselves, at first, on account of the extravagant superstitions with which it must be filled. "I have much less faith than you in the superstitions," replied the Emperor; "only make me a good calendar, and leave it for my learned men to fill up the book with their foolery."

The ingenious author of the Plurality of Worlds ridicules the Chinese, because, says he, they see a thousand stars fall at

once into the sea. It is very likely that the emperor Kain-hi ridiculed this notion as well as Fontenelle. Some Chinese almanack-maker had, it should seem, been good-natured enough to speak of these meteors after the manner of the people, and to take them for stars. Every country has its foolish notions. All the nations of antiquity made the sun lie down in the sea, where for a long time we sent the stars. We have believed that the clouds touched the firmament, that the firmament was a hard substance, and that it supported a reservoir of water. It has not long been known in our towns that the Virgin-thread (*fil de la vierge*) so often found in the country, is nothing more than the thread spun by a spider. Let us not laugh at any people. Let us reflect that the Chinese had astrolabes and spheres before we could read, and that if they have made no great progress in astronomy, it is through that same respect for the ancients which we have had for Aristotle.

It is consoling to know that the Roman people, *populus latè rex*, were, in this particular, far behind Matthew Lansberg, and the Lame Messenger, and the astrologers of China, until the period when Julius Cæsar reformed the Roman year, which we have received from him, and still call by his name—the *Julian Calendar*, although we have no *calends*, and he was obliged to reform it himself.

The primitive Romans had, at first, a year of ten months, making three hundred and four days; this was neither *solar* nor *lunar*, nor anything except barbarous. The Roman year was afterwards composed of three hundred and fifty-five days—another mistake, which was corrected so imperfectly that, in Cæsar's time, the summer festivals were held in winter. The Roman generals always triumphed, but never knew *on what day* they triumphed.

Cæsar reformed everything: he seemed to rule both heaven and earth. I know not through what complaisance for the Roman customs it was that he began the year at a time when it does not begin, that is, eight days after the winter solstice. All the nations composing the Roman empire submitted to this innovation; even the Egyptians, who had until then given the law in all that related to almanacks, received it; but none of these different nations altered anything in the distribution of their feasts. The Jews, like the rest, celebrated their *new moons;* their *phase* or *pascha*, the fourteenth day of the moon of March, called *the red-haired moon*, which day often fell in April; their *Penticost*, fifty days after the *pascha*; the *feast of horns* or *trumpets*, the first day of July; that of *tabernacles* on the fifteenth of the same month, and that of *the great sabbath*, seven days afterwards.

The first Christians followed the computation of the Empire, and reckoned by *calends*, *nones*, and *ides*, like their masters; they likewise received the Bissextile, which we have still, although it was found necessary to correct it in the fifteenth century, and it must some day be corrected again; but they conformed to the Jewish methods in the celebration of their great feasts. They fixed their *Easter* for the fourteenth day of the *red moon*, until the council of Nice determined that it should be the Sunday following. Those who celebrated it on the fourteenth were declared heretics; and both were mistaken in their calculation.

The feasts of the Blessed Virgin were, as far as possible, substituted for the new moons. The author of the Roman Calendar (*le Calendrier Romain*) says, that the reason of this is drawn from the verse of the Canticle, *pulchra ut luna*, "fair as the moon;" but, by the same rule, these feasts should be held on a Sunday, for in the same verse we find *electa ut sol*, "chosen like the sun." The Christians also kept the feast of Pentecost; it was fixed, like that of the Jews, precisely fifty days after Easter. The same author asserts that *saint-days* took the place of the feasts of *tabernacles*. He adds, that St. John's day was fixed for the 24th of June,

only because the days then begin to shorten, and St. John had said, when speaking of Jesus Christ, "He must grow, and I must become less"—*Oportet illum crescere, me autem minui.* There is something very singular in the ancient ceremony of lighting a great fire on St. John's day, in the hottest period of the year. It has been said to be a very old custom, originally designed to commemorate the ancient burning of the world, which awaited a second conflagration. The same writer assures us, that the feast of the Assumption is kept on the 15th of August, because the sun is then in the sign of the Virgin. He also certifies that St. Mathias' day is in the month of February, because he was, as it were, *intercalated* among the twelve Apostles, as a day is added to February every leap-year. There would, perhaps, be something in these astronomical imaginings to make our Indian philosopher smile; nevertheless, the author of them was mathematical master to the Dauphin, son of Louis XIV., and moreover, an engineer and a very worthy officer.

ALTARS, TEMPLES, RITES, SACRIFICES, &c.

It is universally acknowledged that the first Christians had neither temples, nor altars, nor tapers, nor incense, nor holy water, nor any of those rites which the prudence of pastors afterwards instituted, in conformity with times and places, but more especially with the various *wants of the faithful.*

We have ample testimony in Origen, Athenagoras, Theophilus, Justin, and Tertullian, that the primitive Christians held temples and altars in abomination; and that, not merely because they could not in the beginning obtain permission from the government to build temples, but because they had a real aversion for every thing which seemed to apply any affinity with other religions. This abhorrence existed among them for two hundred and fifty years, as is proved by the following passage of Minutius Felix, who lived in the third century. Addressing the Romans, he says—

"Putatis autem nos occultare quod colimus, si delubra et aras non habemus. Quod enim simulacrum Deo fingam, quùm, si rectè existimes, sit Dei homo ipse simulacrum? quod templum ei ex struam, quùm totus hic mundus, ejus opere fabricatus, eum capere non possit? et quùm homo latiùs maneam, intrà unam ædiculum vim tantæ majestatis includam? nonnè meliùs in nostra dedicandus est mente, in nostro imo consecrandus est pectore?"

"You think that we conceal what we adore, because we have neither temples nor altars. But what shall we erect like to God, since man himself is God's image? What temple shall we build for him, when the whole world, which is the work of his hands, cannot contain him? How shall we inclose the power of such majesty in one dwelling-place? Is it not better to consecrate a temple to him in our minds and in our hearts!"

The Christians, then, had no temples until about the commencement of the reign of Dioclesian. The Church had then become very numerous; and it was found necessary to introduce those decorations and rites which, at an earlier period, would have been useless and even dangerous to a slender flock, long despised, and considered as nothing more than a small sect of dissenting Jews.

It is manifest that, while they were confounded with the Jews, they could not obtain permission to erect temples. The Jews, who paid very dear for their synagogues, would themselves have opposed it; for they were mortal enemies to the Christians, and they were rich. We must not say, with Toland, that the Christians, who at that time made a show of despising temples and altars, were like the fox that said the grapes were sour. This comparison appears as unjust as it is impious, since all the primitive Christians, in so many different countries, agreed in maintaining that there was no need of raising temples or altars to the true God.

Providence, acting by second causes, willed that they should erect a splendid temple at Nicomedia, the residence of the Emperor Dioclesian, as soon as they had obtained that sovereign's protection. They built others in other cities; but still they had a horror of tapers, lustral water, pontifical habits, &c.; all this pomp and circumstance was in their eyes no other than a distinctive mark of Paganism. These customs were adopted under Constantine and his successors, and have frequently changed.

Our good women of the present day, who every Sunday hear a Latin mass, at which a little boy attends, imagine that this rite has been observed from the earliest ages—that there never was any other, and that the custom in other countries of assembling to offer up prayers to God in common, is diabolical and quite of recent origin. There is, undeniably, something very respectable in a mass, since it has been authorised by the Church; it is not at all an ancient usage, but is not the less entitled to our veneration.

There is not, perhaps, a single ceremony of this day which was in use in the time of the Apostles. The Holy Spirit has always conformed himself to the times. He inspired the first disciples in a mean apartment; he now communicates his inspirations in St. Peter's at Rome, which cost several millions—equally divine, however, in the wretched room, and in the superb edifice of Julius II., Leo X., Paul III., and Sixtus V.

AMAZONS.

Bold and vigorous women have been often seen to fight like men. History makes mention of such; for, without reckoning Semiramis, Thomyris, or Penthesilea—who, perhaps, existed only in fable—it is certain that there were many women in the armies of the first caliphs.

In the tribe of the Homerites, especially, it was a sort of law, dictated by love and courage, that in battle wives should succour and avenge their husbands, and mothers their children.

When the famous chief Debar was fighting in Syria against the generals of the Emperor Heraclius, in the time of the Caliph Abubeker, successor to Mahomet, Peter, who commanded at Damascus, took thither several women, whom he had captured, together with some booty, in one of his excursions; among the prisoners was the sister of Derar. Alvakedi's Arabian History, translated by Ockley, says that she was a perfect beauty, and that Peter became enamoured of her, paid great attention to her on the way, and indulged her and her fellow-prisoners with short marches. They encamped in an extensive plain, under tents, guarded by troops posted at a short distance. *Caulah* (so this sister of Derar's was named), proposed to one of her companions, called *Oserra*, that they should endeavour to escape from captivity, and persuaded her rather to die than be a victim to the lewd desires of the Christians. The same Mahometan enthusiasm seized all the women; they armed themselves with the iron-pointed staves that supported their tents, and with a sort of dagger, which they wore in their girdles; they then formed a circle, as the cows do when they present their horns to attacking wolves. Peter only laughed at first; he advanced towards the women, who gave him hard blows with the staves; after hesitating for some time, he at length resolved to use force; the sabres of his men were already drawn, when Derar arrived, put the Greeks to flight, and delivered his sister and the other captives.

Nothing can more strongly resemble those times called *heroic*, sung by Homer. Here are the same single combats at the head of armies, the combatants frequently holding a long conversation before they commence fighting: and this, no doubt, justifies Homer.

Thomas, governor of Syria, Heraclius's son-in-law, made a sally from Damascus, and attacked Sergiabil, having first prayed to Jesus Christ. "Unjust aggressor," said he to Sergiabil, "thou canst not resist Jesus, my God, who will fight for the

champions of his religion." "Thou tellest an impious lie," answered Sergiabil; "Jesus is not greater before God than Adam. God raised him from the dust; he gave life to him as to another man, and, after leaving him for some time on the earth, took him up into heaven." After some more verbal skirmishing, the fight began. Thomas discharged an arrow, which wounded young Aban, the son of Saib, by the side of the valiant Sergiabil; Aban fell and expired; the news of his death reached his young wife, to whom he had been united but a few days before; she neither wept nor complained, but ran to the field of battle, with a quiver at her back, and a couple of arrows in her hand; with the first of these she killed the Christian standard-bearer; and the Arabs seized the trophy, crying, *Allah achar!* with the other she shot Thomas in the eye, and he retired, bleeding into the town.

Arabian history is full of similar examples, but they do not tell us that these warlike women burned their right breast, that they might draw the bow better, nor that they lived without men; on the contrary, they exposed themselves in battle for their husbands or their lovers; from which very circumstance we must conclude that, so far from reproaching Ariosto and Tasso for having introduced so many enamoured warriors into their poems, we ought to praise them for having delineated real and interesting manners.

When the crusading mania was at its height, there were some Christian women who shared the fatigues and dangers of their husbands. To such a pitch, indeed, was this enthusiasm carried, that the Genoese women undertook a crusade of their own, and were on the point of setting out for Palestine to form petticoat battalions; they had made a vow so to do, but were absolved from it by a pope, who was a little wiser than themselves.

Margaret of Anjou, wife to the unfortunate Henry VI. of England, evinced, in a juster war, a valour truly heroic; she fought in ten battles to deliver her husband. History affords no authenticated example of greater or more persevering courage in a woman.

She had been preceded by the celebrated Countess De Montfort, in Brittany. "This princess," says D'Argentré, "was virtuous beyond the nature of her sex, and valiant beyond all men; she mounted her horse, and managed him better than any esquire; she fought hand to hand, or charged a troop of armed men like the most valiant captain; she fought on sea and land with equal bravery," &c. She went, sword in hand, through her states, which were invaded by her competitor, Charles de Blois. She not only sustained two assaults, armed cap-à-pie, in the breach of Hennebon, but she made a sortie with five hundred men, attacked the enemy's camp, set fire to it, and reduced it to ashes.

The exploits of Joan of Arc, better known as the *Maid of Orleans*, are less astonishing than those of Margaret of Anjou and the Countess De Montfort. These two princesses having been brought up in the luxury of courts, and Joan of Arc in the rude exercises of country life, it was more singular, as well as more noble, to quit a *palace* for the field, than a *cottage*.

The heroine who defended Beauvais was, perhaps, superior to her who raised the siege of Orleans; for she fought quite as well, and neither boasted of being *a maid*, nor of being *inspired*. It was in 1472, when the Burgundian army was besieging Beauvais, that Jeanne Hachette, at the head of a number of women, sustained an assault for a considerable time, wrested the standard from one of the enemy who was about to plant it on the breach, threw the bearer into the trench, and gave time for the king's troops to arrive and relieve the town. Her descendants have been exempted from the *taille*, (poll tax)—a mean and shameful recompense! The women and girls of Beauvais are more flattered by their walking before the men in the procession on the anniversary-day. Every public mark of honour is an encouragement of merit; but

the exemption from the *taille* is but a proof that the individuals so exempted were subjected to this servitude by the misfortune of their birth.

There is hardly any nation which does not boast of having produced such heroines: the number of these, however, is not great; nature seems to have designed women for other purposes. Women have been known but rarely to exhibit themselves as soldiers. In short, every people have had their female warriors; but the kingdom of the *Amazons*, on the banks of the Thermodon, is, like most other ancient stories, nothing more than a poetic fiction.

AMBIGUITY—EQUIVOCATION.

For want of defining terms, and especially for want of a clear understanding, almost all laws, which ought to be as plain as arithmetic and geometry, are as obscure as logogriphes. The melancholy proof of this is, that nearly all processes are founded on the sense of the laws, always differently understood by the pleaders, the advocates, and the judges.

The whole public law of Europe had its origin in equivocal expressions, beginning with the Salique law. *She shall not inherit Salique land.* But what is *Salique land?* And shall not a girl inherit money, or a necklace, left to her, which may be worth more than the land?

The citizens of Rome saluted Karl, son of the Austrasian Pepin le Bref, by the name of *imperator*. Did they understand thereby, *We confer on you all the prerogatives of Octavius, Tiberius, Caligula, and Claudius? We give you all the country which they possessed?* However, they could not give it; for so far were they from being masters of it, that they were scarcely masters of their own city. There never was a more equivocal expression; and such as it was then it still is.

Did Leo III., the Bishop of Rome who is said to have saluted Charlemagne emperor, comprehend the meaning of the words which he pronounced? The Germans assert, that he understood by them that Charles should be his master The Datary has asserted, that he meant he should be master over Charlemagne.

Have not things the most venerable—the most sacred—the most divine, been obscured by the ambiguities of language?

Ask two Christians of what religion they are. Each will answer, *I am a Catholic.* You think they are both of the same communion; yet one is of the Greek, the other of the Latin church; and they are irreconcileable. If you seek to be further informed, you will find that by the word *Catholic*, each of them understands *universal*, in which case *universal* signifies *a part*.

The soul of St. Francis is in *heaven*—is in *paradise*. One of these words signifies *the air;* the other means *a garden*.

The word *spirit* is used alike to express *extract, thought, distilled liquor, apparition*.

Ambiguity has been so necessary a vice in all languages, formed by what is called *chance* and by custom, that the author of all clearness and truth, himself condescended to speak after the manner of his people; whence it is that *Elohim* signifies in some places *judges*, at other times *gods*, and at others *angels*.

"Tu es *Petrus*, et super hunc *petrum* ædificabo ecclesiam meam," would be equivocal in a profane tongue, and on a profane subject; but these words receive a divine sense from the mouth which utters them, and the subject to which they are applied.

"I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob; now God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." In the ordinary sense, these words might signify, *I am the same God that was worshipped by Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; as the earth, which bore Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, likewise bears their descendants; the sun which shines to-day is the sun that shone on Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; the law of their children was their law.* This does not, however, signify that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are still living. But when the Messiah speaks, there is no longer any

ambiguity; the sense is as clear as it is divine. It is evident that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, are not among the dead, but live in glory, since this oracle is pronounced by the Messiah: but it was necessary that he and no one else should utter it.

The discourses of the Jewish prophets might seem equivocal to men of gross intellects, who could not perceive their meaning; but they were not so to minds illumined by the light of faith.

All the oracles of antiquity were equivocal. It was foretold to Crœsus that a powerful empire was to fall; but was it to be his own? or that of Cyrus? It was also foretold to Pyrrhus that the Romans might conquer him, and that he might conquer the Romans. It was impossible that this oracle should lie.

When Septimius Severus, Pescennius Niger, and Clodius Albinus, were contending for the empire, the oracle of Delphos, being consulted (notwithstanding the assertion of the Jesuit Baltus, that oracles had ceased) answered, that *the brown was very good, the white good for nothing, and the African tolerable.* It is plain that there are more ways than one of explaining such an oracle.

When Aurelian consulted the God of Palmyra, (still in spite of Baltus), the God said that *the doves fear the falcon.* Whatever might happen, the God would not be embarrassed: the *falcon* would be the *conqueror*, and *the doves* the *conquered.*

Sovereigns, as well as Gods, have sometimes made use of equivocation. Some tyrant, whose name I forget, having sworn to one of his captives, that he would not kill him, ordered that he should have nothing to eat, saying that he had promised not to put him to death, but he had not promised to keep him alive.

AMERICA.

Since framers of systems are continually conjecturing on the manner in which America can have been peopled, we will be equally constant in saying that He who caused flies to exist in those regions, caused men to exist there also. However pleasant it may be to dispute, it cannot be denied that the Supreme Being who lives in all nature, has created, about the forty-eighth degree, two-legged animals without feathers, the colour of whose skin is a mixture of white and carnation, with long beards approaching to red; about the line, in Africa and its islands, negroes without beards; and in the same latitude, other negroes with beards, some of them having wool, and some hair on their heads; and among them other animals quite white, having neither hair nor wool, but a kind of white silk. It does not very clearly appear what should have prevented God from placing on another continent animals of the same species, of a copper colour, in the same latitude in which, in Africa and Asia, they are found black; or even from making them without beards in the very same latitude in which others possess them.

To what lengths are we carried by the rage for systems joined with the tyranny of prejudice! We see these animals; it is agreed that God has had the power to place them where they are; yet it is not agreed that he *has* so placed them. The same persons who readily admit that the *beavers* of Canada are of Canadian origin, assert that the *men* must have come there in boats, and that Mexico must have been peopled by some of the descendants of *Magog.* As well might it be said, that if there be men in the moon, they must have been taken thither by Astolpho on his hippogriff, when he went to fetch Roland's senses, which were corked up in a bottle. If America had been discovered in his time, and there had then been men in Europe *systematic* enough to have advanced, with the Jesuit Lafitau, that the Caribbees descended from the inhabitants of Caria, and the Hurons from the Jews, he would have done well to have brought back the bottle containing the wits of these reasoners, which he would doubtless have found in the moon, along with those of Angelica's lover.

The first thing done when an inhabited island is discovered in the Indian Ocean, or in the South Seas, is to enquire *whence came these people?* but as for the trees and the tortoises, *they* are, without any hesitation, pronounced to be indigenous; as if it was more difficult for Nature to make men than to make tortoises. One thing, however, which tends to countenance this system is, that there is scarcely an island in the Eastern or in the Western Ocean, which does not contain jugglers, quacks, knaves, and fools. This, it is probable, gave rise to the opinion, that these animals are of the same race with ourselves.

AMPLIFICATION.

It is pretended that *amplification* is a fine figure of rhetoric; perhaps, however, it would be more reasonable to call it a *defect*. In saying all that we ought to say, we do not amplify; and if after saying this we amplify, we say too much. To place a good or bad action in every light, is not to amplify; but to go further than this, is to exaggerate and become wearisome.

Prizes were formerly given in colleges for *amplification*. This was indeed teaching the art of being diffuse. It would, perhaps, have been better to have given the fewest words, and thus teach the art of speaking with greater force and energy. But while we avoid *amplification*, let us beware of *dryness*.

I have heard professors teach that certain passages in Virgil are amplifications, as for instance the following:—

> Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
> Corpora per terras, silvæque et sæva quièrunt
> Æquora; quùm medio volvuntur sidera lapsu;
> Quùm tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres;
> Quæque lacus latè liquidos, quæque aspera dumis
> Rura tenent, somno positæ sub nocte silenti
> Lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum:
> At non infelix animi Phœnissa.

> 'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
> Their eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose:
> The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
> Nor murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods;
> The stars in silent order moved around,
> And peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the ground.
> The flocks and herds, and parti-coloured fowl,
> Which haunt the woods, and swim the weedy pool,
> Stretched on the quiet earth securely lay,
> Forgetting the past labours of the day.
> All else of Nature's common gift partake;
> Unhappy Dido was alone awake.—*Dryden*.

If the long description of the reign of Sleep throughout all nature did not form an admirable contrast with the cruel inquietude of Dido, these lines would be no other than a puerile amplification; it is the words *At non infelix animi Phœnissa*—"Unhappy Dido," &c.—which give them their charm.

That beautiful ode of Sappho's which paints all the symptoms of love, and which has been happily translated into every cultivated language, would, doubtless, have been less touching had Sappho been speaking of any other than herself; it might then have been considered as an amplification.

The description of the tempest, in the first book of the Æneid, is not an amplification; it is a true picture of all that happens in a tempest; there is no idea repeated, and *repetition* is the vice of all which is merely amplification.

The finest part on the stage in any language is that of *Phèdre* (Phædra.) Nearly all that she says would be tiresome amplification, if any other was speaking of Phædra's passion.

> Athènes me montra mon superbe ennemi;
> Je le vis, je rougis, je pâlis, a sa vue;
> Un trouble s'éleva dans mon ame éperdue;
> Mes yeux ne voyaient plus, je ne pouvais parler.
> Je sentis tout mon corps et transir et brûler;
> Je reconnus Venus et ses traits rédoubtables,
> D'un sang qu'elle poursuit tourmens inévitables.

> Yes;—Athens showed me my proud enemy;
> I saw him—blushed—turned pale;—
> A sudden trouble came upon my soul,—
> My eyes grew dim—my tongue refused its office,—
> I burned—and shivered;—through my trembling frame
> Venus in all her dreadful power I felt,
> Shooting through every vein a separate pang.

It is quite clear that, since Athens showed her her proud enemy Hippolytus, she *saw* Hippolytus; if she blushed and turned pale, she was doubtless *troubled*. It would have been a pleonasm—a redundancy, if a stranger had been made to relate the loves of Phædra; but it is Phædra, enamoured and ashamed of her passion—her heart is full—everything escapes her;—

> *Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error.*
> Je le vis, je rougis, je pâlis, à sa vue.
> I saw him—blushed—turned pale.—

What can be a better imitation of Virgil?

Mes yeux ne voyaient plus, je ne pouvais parler ;
Je sentis tout mon corps et transir et brûler;

My eyes grew dim—my tongue refused its office ;
I burned—and shivered ;—

What can be a finer imitation of Sappho?

These lines, though imitated, flow as from their first source ; each word moves and penetrates the feeling heart: this is not amplification, it is the perfection of nature and of art.

The following is, in my opinion, an instance of amplification, in a modern tragedy, which nevertheless has great beauties. Tydeus is at the court of Argos; he is in love with a sister of Electra; he laments the fall of his friend Orestes and of his father; he is divided betwixt his passion for Electra and his desire of vengeance: while in this state of care and perplexity, he gives one of his followers a long description of a tempest, in which he had been shipwrecked some time before.

Tu sais ce qu'en ces lieux nous venions entreprendre;
Tu sais que Palamède, avant que de s'y rendre,
Ne voulut point tenter son retour dans Argos,
Qu'il n'eût interrogé l'oracle de Délos.
A de si justes soins on souscrivit sans peine:
Nous partimes, comblés des bienfaits de Thyrrène;
Tout nous favorisait; nous voyaguâmes long-tems
Au gré de nos désirs, bien plus qu'au gré des vents;
Mais, signalant bientot toute son inconstance,
La mer en un moment se mutine et s'élance;
L'air mugit, le jour fuit, une épaisse vapeur
Couvre d'un voile affreux les vagues en fureur;
La foudre, éclairante seule une nuit si profonde,
A sillons redoublés ouvre le ciel et l'onde,
Et comme un tourbillon, embrassant nos vaisseaux,
Semble en sources de feu bouillouner sur les eaux;
Les vagues quelquefois, nous portant sur leurs cimes,
Nous font rouler aprés sous de vastes abimes,
Ou les éclairs pressés, pénétrans avec nous,
Dans des gouffres de feu semblaient nous plonger tous;
Le pilote effrayé, que la flamme environne,
Aux rochers qu'il fuyait lui-même s'abandonne;
A travers les écueils notre vaisseau poussé,
Se brise, et nage enfin sur les eaux dispersé.

Thou know'st what purpose brought us to these shores;
Thou know'st that Palamed would not attempt
Again to set his foot within these walls
Until he'd questioned Delos' oracle.
To his just care we readily subscribed;
We sailed, and favouring gales at first appeared
To announce a prosperous voyage;
Long time we held our course, and held it rather
As our desires than as the winds impelled;
But the inconstant ocean heaved at last
Its treacherous bosom: howling blasts arose:
The heavens were darkened; vapours black and dense
Spread o'er the furious waves a frightful veil,
Pierced only by the thunderbolts, which clove
The waters and the firmament at once,
And whirling round our ship, in horrid sport
Chased one another o'er the boiling surge;
Now rose we on some watery mountain's summit,
Now with the lightening plunged into a gulph
That seemed to swallow all. Our pilot, struck
Powerless by terror, ceased to steer, and left us
Abandoned to those rocks we dreaded most;
Soon did our vessel dash upon their points,
And swim in scattered fragments on the billows.

In this description we see the poet wishing to surprise his readers with the relation of a shipwreck, rather than the man who seeks to avenge his father and his friend—to kill the tyrant of Argos, but who is at the same time divided between love and vengeance.

Several men of taste, and among others the author of *Telemachus*, have considered the relation of the death of Hippolytus, in Racine, as an amplification: long recitals were the fashion at that time. The vanity of actors makes them wish to be listened to, and it was then the custom to indulge them in this way. The archbishop of Cambray says, that Theramenes should not, after Hippolytus' catastrophe, have strength to speak so long; that he gives too ample a description of the monster's *threatening horns*, his *saffron scales*, &c. That he ought to say in broken accents, *Hippolytus is dead—a monster has destroyed him—I beheld it.*

I shall not enter on a defence of the *threatening horns*, &c.; yet this piece of criticism, which has been so often repeated, appears to me to be unjust. You would have Theramenes say nothing more than, *Hippolytus is killed—I saw him die—all is over.* This is precisely what he does say;—*Hippolyte n'est plus!* (Hippolytus is no more!) His father exclaims aloud; and Theramenes, on recovering his senses, says,

J'ai vu des mortels périr le plus aimable.
I have seen the most amiable of mortals perish.

and adds this line, so necessary and so affecting yet so agonizing for Theseus—

Et j'ose dire encore, Seigneur, le moins coupable.
And, Sire, I may truly add, the most innocent.

The gradations are fully observed; each shade is accurately distinguished. The wretched father asks what God—what sudden thunder-stroke has deprived him of his son? He has not courage to proceed; he is mute with grief; he awaits the dreadful recital, and the audience await it also. Theramenes *must* answer: he is asked for particulars; he must give them.

Was it for him who had made Mentor and all the rest of his personages discourse at such length, sometimes even tediously,—was it for him to shut the mouth of Theramenes! Who among the spectators would not listen to him? Who would not enjoy the melancholy pleasure of hearing the circumstance of Hippolytus' death? Who would have so much as three lines struck out? This is no vain description of a storm unconnected with the piece—no ill-written amplification; it is the purest diction—the most affecting language; in short, it is *Racine*.

Amplification, declamation, and exaggeration, were at all times the faults of the Greeks, excepting Demosthenes and Aristotle.

There have been absurd pieces of poetry on which time has set the stamp of almost universal approbation, because they were mixed with brilliant flashes which threw a glare over their imperfections, or because the poets who came afterwards did nothing better. The rude beginnings of every art acquire a greater celebrity than the art in perfection; he who first played the fiddle was looked upon as a demi-god, while Rameau had only enemies. In fine, men, generally going with the stream, seldom judge for themselves, and purity of taste is almost as rare as talent.

At the present day, most of our sermons, funeral orations, set discourses, and harangues in certain ceremonies, are tedious amplifications—strings of commonplace expressions repeated again and again a thousand times. These discourses are only supportable when rarely heard. Why speak when you have nothing new to say? It is high time to put a stop to this excessive waste of words, and therefore we conclude our article.

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS

The great cause of the Ancients *versus* the Moderns is not yet disposed of; it has been at issue ever since the silver age, which succeeded the golden one. Men have always pretended, that the *good old times* were much better than the present. Nestor, in the Iliad, wishing to insinuate himself, like a wise mediator, into the good opinion of Achilles and Agamemnon, begins with saying, *I have lived with better men than you; never have I seen, nor shall I ever see again, such great personages as Dryas, Cæneus, Exadius, Polyphemus equal to the gods*, &c. Posterity has made ample amends to Achilles for Nestor's bad compliment, so vainly admired by those who admire nothing but what is ancient. Who knows anything about *Dryas?* We have scarcely heard of *Exadius* or of *Cæneus;* and as for *Polyphemus equal to the gods*, he has no very high reputation, unless, indeed, there was something divine in his having a great eye in the middle of his forehead, and eating the raw carcases of mankind.

Lucretius does not hesitate to say that nature has degenerated—

> Ipsa dedit dulces foetus et pabula loeta,
> Quae nunc vix nostro grandescunt aucta labore;
> Conterimusque boves, et vires agricolarum, &c.

Antiquity is full of the praises of an other antiquity still more remote—

> Les hommes, en tout tems, ont pensé qu' autrefois
> De longs ruisseaux de lait serpentaient dans nos bois;
> La lune était plus grande, et la nuit moins obscure;
> L'hiver se couronnait de fleurs et de verdure;
> L'homme, ce roi du monde, et roi très-fainéant,
> Se contemplait à l'aise, admirait son néant,
> Et, formé pour agir, se plaisait à rien faire, &c.

> Men have, in every age, believed that once
> Long streams of milk ran winding through the woods;
> The moon was larger, and the night less dark;
> Winter was crowned with flowers and trod on verdure;
> Man, the world's king, had nothing else to do
> Than contemplate his utter worthlessness,
> And, formed for action, took delight in sloth, &c.

Horace combats this prejudice with equal force and address, in his fine epistle to Augustus. "Must our poems, then," says he, "be like our wines, of which the oldest are always preferred?" He afterwards says—

> Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
> Compositum illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper;
> Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et praemia posci.
> * * * * *
> Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
> Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.

> I feel my honest indignation rise,
> When, with affected air, a coxcomb cries
> "The work, I own, has elegance and ease,
> But sure no modern should presume to please."
> Thus for his favourite ancients dares to claim,
> Not pardon only, but rewards and fame.
> * * * * *
> Not to the illustrious dead his homage pays,
> But envious robs the living of their praise.—*Francis.*

On this subject, the learned and ingenious Fontenelle expresses himself thus:

"The whole of the question of preeminence between the ancients and moderns, being once well understood, reduces itself to this:—Were the trees which formerly grew in the country larger than those of the present day? If they were, Homer, Plato, and Demosthenes cannot be equalled in these latter ages; but, if our trees are as large as those of former times, then can we equal Homer, Plato, and Demosthenes.

"But to clear up the paradox:—If the ancients had stronger minds than ourselves, it must have been that the brains of those times were better disposed, were formed of firmer or more delicate fibres, or contained a larger portion of animal spirits. But how should the brains of those times have been better disposed? Had such been the case, the leaves would likewise have been larger and more beautiful; for if Nature was then more youthful and vigorous, the trees, as well as the brains of men, would have borne testimony to that youth and vigour."

With our illustrious academician's leave, this is by no means the state of the question. It is not asked whether Nature can at the present day produce as great geniuses, and as good works, as those of Greek and Latin antiquity, but whether we really have such. It is doubtless possible, that there are oaks in the forest of Chantilly as large as those of Dodona; but supposing that the oaks of Dodona could talk, it is quite clear that they had a great advantage over ours, which, it is probable, will never talk.

La Motte, a man of wit and talent, who has merited applause in more than one kind of writing, has, in an ode full of happy lines, taken the part of the moderns. We give one of his stanzas:—

> Et pourquoi veut-on que j'encense
> Ces prétendus Dieux dont je sors?
> En moi la même intelligence
> Fait mouvoir les mêmes ressorts.
> Croit-on la nature bizarre,
> Pour nous aujourd'hui plus avare
> Que pour les Grecs et les Romains?
> De nos aînés mère idolâtre,
> N'est-elle plus que la marâtre
> Dur este grossier des humains?

> And pray, why must I bend the knee
> To these pretended Gods of ours?
> The same intelligence in me
> Gives vigour to the self-same powers.
> Think ye that nature is capricious,
> Or towards us more avaricious
> Than to our Greek and Roman sires—
> To them an idolizing mother,
> While in their children she would smother
> The sparks of intellectual fires?

He might be answered thus:—*Esteem* your ancestors, without *adoring* them. You have intelligence and powers of invention, as Virgil and Horace had; but perhaps it is not absolutely the same intelligence. Perhaps their talents were superior to yours; they exercised them, too, in a language richer and more harmonious than our modern tongues, which are a mixture of corrupted Latin, with the horrible jargon of the Celts.

Nature is not capricious; but it is possible that she had given the Athenians a soil and sky better adapted than Westphalia and the Limousin to the formation of geniuses of a certain order. It is also likely that the government of Athens, seconding the favourable climate, put ideas into the head of Demosthenes which the air of Clamar and La Grenouillére, combined with the government of Cardinal De Richelieu, did *not* put into the heads of Omer Talon and Jerome Bignon.

Some one answered La Motte's lines by the following:—

> Cher la Motte, imite et revere
> Ces Dieux dont tu ne descends pas;
> Si tu crois qu' Horace est ton père,
> Il a fait des enfans ingrats.
> La nature n'est point bizarre;
> Pour Danchet elle est fort avare,
> Mais Racine en fut bien traité;
> Tibulle était guidé par elle,
> Mais pour notre ami La Chapelle,
> Hélas! qu'elle a peu de bonté!

> Revere and imitate, La Motte,
> Those Gods from whom thou'rt *not* descended;
> If thou by Horace *wert* begot,
> His children's manners might be mended.
> Nature is not at all capricious;
> To Danchet she is avaricious,
> But she was liberal to Racine;
> She used Tibullus very well,
> Though to our good friend La Chapelle,
> Alas! she is extremely mean!

This dispute, then, resolves itself into a question of fact. Was antiquity more fertile in great monuments of genius of every kind, down to the time of Plutarch, than modern ages have been, from that of

the house of Medicis to that of Louis XIV. inclusively?

The Chinese, more than two hundred years before our Christian era, built their great wall, which could not save them from invasion by the Tartars. The Egyptians had, four thousand years before, burthened the earth with their astonishing pyramids, the bases of which covered ninety thousand square feet. No one doubts that, if it were thought advisable to undertake such useless works at the present day, they might be accomplished by lavishing plenty of money. The great wall of China is a monument of fear; the pyramids of Egypt are monuments of vanity and superstitions: both testify the great patience of the two people, but no superior genius. Neither the Chinese nor the Egyptians could have made a single statue like those formed by our living sculptors.

Sir William Temple, who made a point of degrading the moderns, asserts, that they have nothing in architecture which can be compared to the temples of Greece and Rome; but, Englishman as he was, he should have allowed that St. Peter's at Rome is incomparably more beautiful than the Capitol.

There is something curious in the assurance with which he asserts that there is nothing new in our astronomy, nor in our knowledge of the human body, *except*, says he, *it be the circulation of the blood*. The love of his opinion, founded on his extreme self-love, makes him forget the discovery of Jupiter's satellites, of Saturn's five moons and ring, of the Sun's rotation on his axis, the calculation of the positions of three thousand stars, the developement by Kepler and Newton of the law by which the motions of the heavenly bodies are governed, and the knowledge of a thousand other things of which the ancients did not even suspect the possibility. The discoveries in anatomy have been no less numerous. A new universe in miniature, discovered by the microscope, went as nothing with Sir William Temple; he closed his eyes to the wonders of his contemporaries, and opened them only to admire ancient ignorance.

He even goes so far as to regret that we have nothing left of the magic of the Indians, Chaldeans, and Egyptians. By this magic, he understands a profound knowledge of nature, which enabled them to work miracles—of which, however, he does not mention one, because the truth is, that they never worked any. "What," says he, "has become of the charms of that music which so often enchanted men and beasts, fishes, birds, and serpents, and even changed their nature?" This enemy to his own times believed implicitly in the fable of *Orpheus*, and, it should seem, had never heard of the fine music of Italy, nor even of that of France, which *do not* charm serpents, it is true, but which *do* charm the ears of the connoisseur.

It is still more strange that, having all his life cultivated the belles-lettres, he reasons no better on our good authors than on our philosophers. He considers Rabelais a great man, and speaks of *Les Amours des Gaules* (The Loves of the Gauls), as one of our best works. He was, nevertheless, a learned man, a courtier, a man of considerable wit, and an ambassador, who had made profound reflections on all that he had seen; he possessed great knowledge; one prejudice sufficed to render all this merit unavailing

Boileau and Racine, when writing in favour of the Ancients against Perrault, showed more address than Sir William Temple. They knew better than to touch on astronomy and physical science. Boileau seeks only to vindicate Homer against Perrault, at the same time gliding adroitly over the faults of the Greek poet, and the slumber with which Horace reproaches him. He strove to turn Perrault, the enemy of Homer, into ridicule. Wherever Perrault misunderstands a passage, or renders inaccurately a passage which he understands, Boileau, seizing this little advantage, falls upon him like a redoubtable enemy, and beats him as an ignoramus—a dull writer. But it is not at all

improbable that Perrault, though often mistaken, was frequently right in his remarks on the contradictions, the repetitions, the uniformity of the combats, the long harangues in the midst of them, the indecent and inconsistent conduct of the gods in the poem—in short, on all the errors into which this great poet is asserted to have fallen. In a word, Boileau ridicules Perrault much more than he justifies Homer.

Racine used the same artifice, for he was at least as malignant as Boileau. Although he did not, like the latter, make his fortune by satire, he enjoyed the pleasure of confounding his enemies on the occasion of a small and very pardonable mistake into which they had fallen respecting Euripides, and, at the same time, of feeling much superior to Euripides himself. He rallies the same Perrault and his partisans upon their critique on the Alceste of Euripides, because these gentlemen had unfortunately been deceived by a faulty edition of Euripides, and had taken some replies of Admetus for those of Alceste; but Euripides does not the less appear in all countries to have done very wrong in making Admetus use such extraordinary language to his father, whom he violently reproaches for not having died for him:—

"How!" replies the king his father; "whom, pray, are you addressing so haughtily? Some Lydian or Phrygian slave? Know you not that I am free, and a Thessalian? (Fine language, truly, for a king and a father!) You insult me as if I were the meanest of men. Where is the law which says, fathers must die for their children? Each for himself here below. I have fulfilled all my obligations towards you. In what, then, do I wrong you? Do I ask you to die for me? The light is dear to you: is it less so to me? You accuse me of cowardice! Coward that you yourself are! You were not ashamed to urge your wife to save you, by dying for you. After this, does it become you to treat as cowards those who refuse to do for you what you have not the courage to do yourself? Believe me, you ought rather to be silent. You love life; others love it no less. Be assured that, if you continue to abuse me, you shall have reproaches, and not false ones, in return."

Here he is interrupted by the chorus, with—"Enough! too much on both sides! Old man, cease this ill language towards your son."

One would think that the chorus should rather give the son a severe reprimand for speaking in so brutal a manner to his father.

All the rest of the scene is in the same style:—

Pheres (*to his son*).—Thou speakest against thy father, without his having injured thee.

Admetus.—Oh! I am well aware that you wish to live as long as possible.

Pheres.—And art thou not carrying to the tomb her who has died for thee?

Admetus.—Ah! most infamous of men! 'tis the proof of thy cowardice!

Pheres.—At least, thou canst not say she died for me.

Admetus.—Would to heaven that thou wert in a situation to need my assistance!

Pheres.—Thou wouldst do better to think of marrying several wives, who may die that thy life may be lengthened.

After this scene, a domestic comes and talks to himself about the arrival of Hercules.

"A stranger," says he, "opens the door of his own accord; places himself without more ado at table; is angry because he is not served quick enough; fills his cup every moment with wine, and drinks long draughts of red and of white; constantly singing or rather *howling* bad songs, without giving himself any concern about the king and his wife, for whom we are mourning. He is, doubtless, some cunning rogue, some vagabond, or assassin."

It seems somewhat strange that Hercules should be taken for a *cunning rogue*, and no less so that Hercules, the friend of Admetus, should be unknown to the

household. It is still more extraordinary that Hercules should be ignorant of Alceste's death, at the very time when they were carrying her to her tomb.

Tastes must not be disputed, but such scenes as these would, assuredly, not be tolerated at one of our country fairs.

Brumoy, who has given us the *Théâtre des Grecs* (Greek Theatre), but has not translated Euripides with scrupulous fidelity, does all he can to justify the scene of Admetus and his father: the argument he makes use of is rather singular.

First, he says, that "there was nothing offensive to the Greeks in these things which we regard as horrible and indecent; therefore it must be allowed that they were not exactly what we take them to have been; in short, ideas have changed." To this it may be answered, that the ideas of polished nations on the respect due from children to their fathers have never changed.

He adds, "Who can doubt that in different ages ideas have changed, relative to points of morality of still greater importance?" We answer, that there are scarcely any points of greater importance.

"A Frenchman," continues he, "is insulted; the pretended good sense of the French obliges him to run the risk of a duel, and to kill or be killed, in order to recover his honour." We answer, that it is not the pretended good sense of the French alone, but of all the nations of Europe without exception. He proceeds—

"The world in general cannot be fully sensible how ridiculous this maxim will appear two thousand years hence, nor how it would have been scoffed at in the time of Euripides." This maxim is cruel and fatal, but it is not *ridiculous;* nor would it have been in any way scoffed at in the time of Euripides. There were many instances of duels among the Asiatics. In the very commencement of the first book of the Iliad, we see Achilles half-unsheathing his sword, and ready to fight Agamemnon, had not Minerva taken him by the hair, and made him desist.

Plutarch relates that Hephæstion and Craterus were fighting a duel, but were separated by Alexander. Quintus Curtius tells us, that two other of Alexander's officers fought a duel in the presence of Alexander, one of them armed at all points, the other, who was a wrestler, supplied only with a staff, and that the latter overcame his adversary. Besides, what has duelling to do with Admetus and his father Pheres reproaching each other by turns with having too great a love for life, and with being cowards?

I shall give only this one instance of the blindness of translators and commentators; for if Brumoy, the most impartial of all, has fallen into such errors, what are we to expect from others? I would, however, ask the Brumoys and the Daciers, if they find much *salt* in the language which Euripides puts into the mouth of Polyphemus?—"I fear not the thunder of Jupiter; I know not that Jupiter is a prouder or a stronger god than myself; I care very little about him. If he sends down rain, I shut myself up in my cavern; there I eat a roasted calf or some wild animal; after which, I lie down all my length, drink off a great potful of milk, and send forth a certain noise, which is as good as his thunder."

The schoolmen cannot have very fine noses, if they are not disgusted with the noise which Polyphemus makes when he has eaten heartily.

They say that the Athenian pit laughed at this pleasantry, and that the Athenians never laughed at anything stupid. So the whole populace of Athens had more wit than the court of Louis XIV.! and the populace are not the same everywhere!

Nevertheless, Euripides has beauties, and Sophocles still more; but they have much greater defects. We may venture to say, that the fine scenes of Corneille, and the affecting tragedies of Racine, are as much superior to the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, as these two Greeks were to Thespis. Racine was quite sensible of his great superiority over Euri-

pides, but he praised the Greek poet for the sake of humbling Perrault.

Moliére, in his best pieces, is as superior to the pure but cold Terence, and to the buffoon Aristophanes, as to the merry-andrew Dancourt.

Thus there are things in which the moderns are superior to the ancients; and others, though very few, in which we are their inferiors. The whole of the dispute reduces itself to this fact.

Certain Comparisons between Celebrated Works.

Both taste and reason seem to require that we should, in an ancient as well as in a modern, discriminate between the good and the bad, which are often to be found in contact with each other.

The warmest admiration must be excited by that line of Corneille's, unequalled by any in Homer, in Sophocles, or in Euripides:—

Que vouliez-vous qu'il fit contre trois.—Qu'il mourut.
What could he do against three weapons.—Die.

And, with equal justice, the line which follows will be condemned.

The man of taste, while he admires the sublime picture, the striking contrasts of character, and strong colouring in the last scene of Rodogyne, will perceive how many faults, how many improbabilities, have prepared the way for this terrible situation—how much Rodogyne has belied her character, and by what crooked ways it is necessary to pass to this great and tragical catastrophe.

The same equitable judge will not fail to do justice to the fine and artful contexture of Racine's tragedies, the only ones, perhaps, which have been well wrought from the time of Æschylus down to the age of Louis XIV. He will be touched by that continued elegance, that purity of language, that truth of character, to be found in him alone; by that grandeur without bombast, that fidelity to nature which never wanders in vain declamations, sophistical disputes, false and far-fetched images, often expressed in solecisms or rhetorical pleadings, fitter for provincial schools than for a tragedy. The same person will discover weakness and uniformity in some of Racine's characters; and in others, gallantry and sometimes even coquetry; he will find declarations of love breathing more of the idyl and the elegy, than of a great dramatic passion; and will complain that more than one well-written piece has elegance to please, but not eloquence to move him. Just so will he judge of the ancients; not by their names—not by the age in which they lived—but by their works themselves.

Suppose Timanthes the painter were at this day to come and present to us, by the side of the paintings in the *Palais Royal*, his picture in four colours of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, telling us that men of judgment in Greece had assured him that it was an admirable artifice to veil the face of Agamemnon, lest his grief should appear to equal that of Clytemnestra, and the tears of the father dishonour the majesty of the monarch. He would find connoisseurs who would reply—it is a stroke of ingenuity, but not of painting; a veil on the head of your principal personage has a frightful effect; your art has failed you. Behold the master-piece of Rubens, who has succeeded in expressing, in the countenance of Mary of Medicis, the pain attendant on child-birth—the joy, the smile, the tenderness—not with four colours, but with every tint of nature. If you wished that Agamemnon should partly conceal his face, you should have made him hide a portion of it by placing his hands over his eyes and forehead; and not with a veil, which is as disagreeable to the eye, and as unpicturesque, as it is contrary to all costume. You should then have shown some falling tears which the hero would conceal, and have expressed in his muscles the convulsions of a grief which he struggles to suppress: you should have painted in this attitude majesty and despair. You are a Greek, and Rubens is a Belgian; but the Belgian bears away the palm.

On a Passage in Homer.

A Florentine, a man of letters, of clear understanding and cultivated taste, was one day in Lord Chesterfield's library, together with an Oxford professor, and a Scotsman, who was boasting of the poem of Fingal, composed, said he, in the Gaëlic tongue, which is still partly that of Lower Brittany. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "how fine is antiquity!" the poem of Fingal has passed from mouth to mouth for nearly two thousand years, down to us, without any alteration. Such power has real beauty over the minds of men! He then read to the company the commencement of Fingal:—

"Cuthullin sat by Tara's wall: by the tree of the rustling sound. His spear leaned against a rock. His shield lay on the grass, by his side. Amid his thoughts of mighty Carbar, a hero slain by the chief in war, the scout of ocean comes, Moran, the son of Fithil!

"Arise," says the youth, "Cuthullin, arise! I see the ships of the north! many, chief of men, are the foe; many the heroes of the sea-born Swaran!" "Moran," replied the blue-eyed chief, "thou ever tremblest, son of Fithil! thy fears have increased the foe. It is Fingal, king of desarts, with aid to green Erin of streams." "I beheld their chief," says Moran, "tall as a glittering rock. His spear is a blasted pine. His shield the rising moon! He sat on the shore, like a cloud of mist on the silent hill!" &c.

"That," said the Oxford professor, "is the true style of Homer; but what pleases me still more is, that I find in it the sublime eloquence of the Hebrews. I could fancy myself to be reading passages such as these from those fine canticles—

"Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel."

"Thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly."

"Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundation also of the hills moved and were shaken, because he was wroth. The Lord also thundered in the heavens; and the Highest gave his voice, hailstones and coals of fire."

"In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun. Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber."

"Break their teeth in their mouth, O God; break the great teeth of the young lions, O Lord. Let them pass away, as waters that run continually: when he bendeth his bow to shoot his arrows, let them be as cut in pieces. As a snail which melteth, let every one of them pass away; like the untimely birth of a woman, that they may not see the sun. Before your pots can feel the thorns, he shall take them away as in a whirlwind, both living, and in his wrath."

"They return at evening; they make a noise like a dog. But thou, O Lord, shalt laugh at them; thou shalt have all the heathen derision. Consume them in wrath; consume them that they may not be."

"The hill of God is as the hill of Bashan, a high hill as the hill of Bashan. Why leap ye, ye high hills? The Lord said, I will bring again from Bashan I will bring up my people again from the depths of the sea: That thy feet may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongue of thy dogs in the same."

"Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it."

"O my God, make them like a wheel; as the stubble before the wind. As the fire burneth the wood, and as the flame setteth the mountains on fire; so persecute them with thy tempest, and make them afraid with thy storm."

"He shall judge among the heathen; he shall fill the places with dead bodies; he shall wound the heads over many countries."

"Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones," &c. &c. &c.

The Florentine, having listened with great attention to the verses of the canticles recited by the doctor, as well as to the first lines of Fingal bellowed forth by the Scotsman, confessed that he was not

greatly moved by all these Eastern figures, and that he liked the noble simplicity of Virgil's style much better.

At these words the Scotsman turned pale with wrath, the Oxonian shrugged his shoulders with pity, but Lord Chesterfield encouraged the Florentine by a smile of approbation.

The Florentine becoming warm, and finding himself supported, said to them, "Gentlemen, nothing is more easy than to do violence to nature; nothing more difficult than to imitate her. I know something of those whom we in Italy call *improvisatori*; and I could speak in this Oriental style for eight hours together, without the least effort; for it requires none to be bombastic in negligent verse, overloaded with epithets almost continually repeated, to heap combat upon combat, and to describe chimeras."

"What!" said the Professor, "*you* make an epic poem *impromptu!*" "Not a rational epic poem in correct verse, like Virgil," replied the Italian, "but a poem in which I would abandon myself to the current of my ideas, and not take the trouble to arrange them."

"I defy you to do it," said the Scotsman and the Oxford graduate at once. "Well," returned the Florentine, "give me a subject." Lord Chesterfield gave him as a subject the Black Prince, the conqueror of Poictiers, granting peace after the victory.

The Italian collected himself, and thus began—

"Muse of Albion, Genius that presidest over heroes, come sing with me—not the idle rage of men implacable alike to friends and foes—not the deeds of heroes whom the Gods have favoured in turn, without any reason for so favouring them—not the siege of a town which is not taken—not the extravagant exploits of the fabulous Fingal, but the real victories of a hero modest as brave, who led kings captive, and respected his vanquished enemies.

"George, the Mars of England, had descended from on high, on that immortal charger before which the proudest coursers of Limousin flee, as the bleating sheep and the tender lambs crowd into the fold at the sight of a terrible wolf issuing from the forest with fiery eyes, with hair erect, and foaming mouth, theatening the flock and the shepherd with the fury of his murderous jaws.

"Martin, the famed protector of them who dwell in fruitful Touraine, Genevieve, the mild divinity of them who drink the waters of the Seine and the Marne, Denis, who bore his head under his arm in the sight of man and of immortals, trembled as they saw George proudly traversing the vast fields of air. On his head was a golden helmet, glittering with diamonds that once paved the squares of the heavenly Jerusalem, when it appeared to mortals during forty diurnal revolutions of the great Luminary and his inconstant sister, who with her mild radiance enlightens the darkness of night.

"In his hand is the terrible and sacred lance with which, in the first days ot the world, the demi-god Michael, who executes the vengeance of the Most High, overthrew the eternal enemy of the world and the Creator. The most beautiful of the plumage of the angels that stand about the throne, plucked from their immortal backs, waved over his casque; and around it hovered Terror, destroying War, unpitying Revenge, and Death the terminator of man's calamities. He came like a comet in its rapid course, darting through the orbits of the wondering planets, and leaving far behind its rays, pale and terrible, announcing to weak mortals the fall of kings and nations.

"He alighted on the banks of the Charente, and the sound of his immortal arms was echoed from the spheres of Jupiter and Saturn. Two strides brought him to the spot where the son of the magnanimous Edward waited for the son of the intrepid de Valois," &c.

The Florentine continued in this strain for more than a quarter of an hour. The words fell from his lips, as Homer says, more thickly and abundantly than the

snows descend in winter: but his words were not cold; they were rather like the rapid sparks escaping from the furnace, when the Cyclops forge the bolts of Jove on resounding anvil.

His two antagonists were at last obliged to silence him, by acknowledging that it was easier than they had thought it was to string together gigantic images, and call in the aid of heaven, earth, and hell; but they maintained that to unite the tender and moving with the sublime, was the perfection of the art.

"For example," said the Oxonian, "can anything be more moral, and at the same time more voluptuous, than to see Jupiter reposing with his wife on Mount Ida?"

His lordship then spoke—"Gentlemen," said he, "I ask your pardon for meddling in the dispute. Perhaps to the Greeks there was something very interesting in a God's lying with his wife upon a mountain; for my own part, I see nothing in it very refined or very attractive. I will agree with you that the handkerchief, which commentators and imitators have been pleased to call *the girdle of Venus*, is a charming figure; but I never understood that it was a soporific, nor how Juno could receive the caresses of the Master of the Gods for the purpose of putting him to sleep. A queer God, truly, to fall asleep so soon! I can swear that, when I was young, I was not so drowsy. It may, for aught I know, be noble, pleasing, interesting, witty, and decorous, to make Juno say to Jupiter, 'If you are determined to embrace me, let us go to your apartment in heaven, which is the work of Vulcan, and the door of which closes so well that none of the gods can enter.'

'I am equally at a loss to understand how the God of Sleep, whom Juno prays to close the eyes of Jupiter, can be so brisk a divinity. He arrives in a moment from the isles of Lemnos and Imbros;—there is something fine in coming from two islands at once He then mounts a pine, and is instantly among the Greek ships; he seeks Neptune, finds him, conjures him to give the victory to the Greeks, and returns with a rapid flight to Lemnos. I know of nothing so nimble as this God of Sleep.

"In short, if in an epic poem there must be amorous matters, I own that I incomparably prefer the assignations of Alcina with Rogero, and of Armida with Rinaldo.

"Come, my dear Florentine, read me those two admirable cantos of Ariosto and Tasso."

The Florentine readily obeyed, and his lordship was enchanted; during which time the Scotsman re-perused Fingal, the Oxford professor re-perused Homer; and every one was content.

It was at last agreed, that happy is he who is sensible to the merits of the Ancients and the Moderns, appreciates their beauties, knows their faults, and pardons them.

ANECDOTES.

If Suetonius could be confronted with the valets-de-chambre of the twelve Cæsars, think you that they would in every instance corroborate his testimony? And in case of dispute, who would not back the valets-de-chambre against the historian?

In our own times, how many books are founded on nothing more than the talk of the town!—just as the science of physics was founded on chimeras which have been repeated from age to age to the present time.

Those who take the trouble of noting down at night what they have heard in the day, should, like St. Augustin, write a book of retractations at the end of the year.

Some one related to the *grand-audiencier* L'Etoile, that Henry IV. hunting near Creteil, went alone into an inn, where some Parisian lawyers were dining in an upper room. The king, without making himself known, sent the hostess to ask them if they would admit him at their table, or sell him a part of their

dinner. They sent him for answer that they had private business to talk of, and had but a short dinner; they therefore begged that the stranger would excuse them.

Henry called his guards, and had the guests outrageously beaten, to teach them, says L'Etoile, to show more courtesy to gentlemen.

Some authors of the present day, who have taken upon them to write the life of Henry VI., copy this anecdote from L'Etoile without examination, and, which is worse, fail not to praise it as a fine action in Henry.

The thing is, however, neither true nor likely; and were it true, Henry would have been guilty of an act at once the most ridiculous, the most cowardly, the most tyrannical, and the most imprudent.

First, it is not likely that, in 1502, Henry IV. whose physiognomy was so remarkable, and who showed himself to every body with so much affability, was unknown at Creteil near Paris.

Secondly, L'Etoile, far from verifying his impertinent story, says he had it from a man who had it from M. de Vitri; so that it is nothing more than an idle rumour.

Thirdly, it would have been very cowardly, and very hateful, to inflict a shameful punishment on citizens, assembled together on business, who certainly committed no crime in refusing to share their dinner with a stranger (and, it must be allowed, with an indiscreet one) who could easily find something to eat in the same house.

Fourthly, this action, so tyrannical, so unworthy not only of a king, but of a man, so liable to punishment by the laws of every country, would have been as imprudent as ridiculous and criminal; it would have drawn upon Henry IV. the execrations of the whole commonality of Paris, whose good opinion was then of so much importance to him.

History, then, should not have been disfigured by so stupid a story, nor should the character of Henry IV. have been dishonoured by so impertinent an anecdote.

In a book, entitled *Anecdotes Littéraires*, printed by Durand in 1752, *avec privilège*, there appears the following passage, (vol. 3, page 183.) "The Amours of Louis XIV. having been dramatised in England, that prince wished to have those of King William performed in France. The Abbé Brueys was directed by M. de Torcy to compose the piece; but though applauded, it was never played, for the subject of it died in the mean time."

There are almost as many absurd lies as there are words in these few lines. The Amours of Louis XIV. were never played on the London stage. Louis XIV. never lowered himself so far as to order a farce to be written on the amours of King William. King William never had a mistress; no one accused him of weakness of that sort. The Marquis de Torcy never spoke to the Abbé Brueys; he was incapable of making to the Abbé, or any one else, so indiscreet and childish a proposal. The Abbé Brueys never wrote the piece in question. So much for the faith to be placed in anecdotes.

The same book says, that "Louis XIV. was so much pleased with the opera of *Isis*, that he ordered a decree to be passed in council, by which men of rank were permitted to sing at the opera, and receive a salary for so doing, without demeaning themselves. This decree was registered in the Parliament of Paris."

No such declaration was ever registered in the Parliament of Paris. It is true that Lulli obtained in 1672, long before the opera of *Isis* was performed, letters permitting him to establish his opera, in which letters he got it inserted that, "ladies and gentlemen might sing in this theatre without degradation." But no declaration was ever registered.

Of all the *anas*, that which deserves to stand foremost in the ranks of printed falsehood is the *Segraisiana*: it was compiled by the amanuensis of Segrais, one

of his domestics, and was printed long after the master's death.

The *Menogiana*, revised by La Monnoye, is the only one that contains anything instructive.

Nothing is more common than to find in our new miscellanies old bon-mots attributed to our contemporaries, or inscriptions and epigrams, written on certain princes, applied to others.

We are told in the *Histoire Philosophique et Politique du Commerce dans les deux Indes* (the Philosophical and Political History of the Commerce of the two Indies,) that the Dutch having driven the Portuguese from Malacca, the Dutch captain asked the Portuguese commander when he should return; to which he replied, *when your sins are greater than ours.* This answer had before been attributed to an Englishman in the time of Charles VII. of France, and before them to a Saracen emir in Sicily; after all, it is the answer rather of a Capuchin than of a politician; it was not because the French were greater sinners than the English, that the latter deprived them of Canada.

The author of this same history relates, in a serious manner, a little story invented by Steele, and inserted in the Spectator; and would make it pass for one of the real causes of war between the English and the savages. The tale which Steele opposes to the much pleasanter story of the Widow of Ephesus, is as follows. It is designed to prove that men are not more constant than women: but, in Petronius, the Ephesian matron exhibits only an amusing and pardonable weakness; while the merchant Inkle, in the Spectator, is guilty of the most frightful ingratitude.

This yong traveller Inkle is on the point of being taken by the Caribbees on the continent of America, without it being said at what place, or on what occasion. Yarico, a pretty Caribbee, saves his life, and at length flies with him to Barbadoes. As soon as they arrive, Inkle goes and sells his benefactress in the slave-market. Ungrateful and barbarous man! says Yarico, wilt thou sell me, when I am with child by thee? With child! replied the English merchant; so much the better, I shall get more for thee!

And this is given us as a true story, and as the origin of a long war. The speech of a woman of Boston to her judges, who condemned her to the house of correction, for the fifth time, for having brought to bed a fifth child, was a pleasantry of the illustrious Franklin; yet it is related in the same work as an authentic occurrence. How many tales have embellished and disfigured every history?

An author, who has thought more correctly than he has quoted, asserts that the following epitaph was made for Cromwell:

Ci gît le destructeur d'un pouvoir légitime,
Jusqu'à son dernier jour favorisé des cieux,
Dont les vertus méritaient mieux
Que le sceptre acquis par un crime.
Par quel destin faut-il, par quel étrange loi
Qu'à tous ceux qui sont nés pour porter la couronne
Ce soit l'Usurpateur qui donne
L'exemple des vertus que doit avoir un Roi?

Here lies the man who trod on rightful power,
Favoured by Heaven to his latest hour;
Whose virtues merited a nobler fate
Than that of ruling criminally great.

What wondrous destiny can so ordain,
That among all whose fortune is to reign,
The *usurper* only to his sceptre brings
The virtues vainly sought in *lawful kings*.

These verses were never made for Cromwell, but for King William. They are not an epitaph; but were written under a portrait of that monarch. Instead of Ci gît (Here lies), it was,

Tel fut le destructeur d'un pouvoir légitime.

Such was the man who trod on rightful power.

No one in France was ever so stupid as to say, that Cromwell had ever set an example of virtue. It is granted that he had valour and genius; but the title of virtuous was not his due.

A thousand stories—a thousand facetiæ, have been travelling about the world for the last thirty centuries. Our books are stuffed with maxims which come forth as new, but are to be found in Plutarch, in Athenæus, in Seneca, in Plautus, in all the ancients.

These are only mistakes, as innocent as

they are common: but wilful falsehoods—historical lies, which attack the glory of princes and the reputation of private individuals, are serious offences.

Of all the books that are swelled with false anecdotes, that in which the most absurd and impudent lies are crowded together, is the pretended *Mémoires de Madame de Maintenon*. The foundation of it was true: the author had several of that lady's letters, which had been communicated to him by a person of consequence at St. Cyr; but this small quantity of truth is lost in a romance of seven volumes.

In this work, the author shows us Louis XIV. supplanted by one of his valets-de-chambre. It supposes letters from Mdlle. Mancini (afterwards Madame Colonne) to Louis XIV., in one of which he makes this niece of Cardinal Mazarin say to the king—"You obey a priest—you are unworthy of me if you submit to serve another.—I love you as I love the light of heaven, but I love your glory still better." Most certainly the author had not the original of this letter.

"Mdlle. de la Vallière," he says, in another place, "had thrown herself on a sofa, in a light dishabille her thoughts employed on her lover. Often did the dawn of day find her still seated in a chair, her arm resting on a table, her eye fixed, her soul constantly attached to the same object, in the extacy of love. The king alone occupied her mind; perhaps at that moment she was inwardly complaining of the vigilance of the spies of Henriette, or the severity of the queen-mother. A slight noise aroused her from her reverie—she shrunk back with surprise and dread;—Louis was at her feet—she would have fled—he stopped her; she threatened—he pacified; she wept—he wiped away her tears." Such a description would not now be tolerated in one of our most insipid novels.

Du Haillan asserts, in one of his small works, that Charles VIII. was not the son of Louis XI. This would account for Louis having neglected his education, and always kept him at a distance. Charles VIII. did not resemble Louis XI., either in body or in mind; but dissimilarity between fathers and their children is still less a proof of illegitimacy than resemblance is a proof of the contrary. That Louis XI. hated Charles VIII. brings us to no conclusion; so bad a son might well be a bad father. Though ten Du Haillans should tell me that Charles VIII. sprung from some other than Louis XI., I ought not to believe him implicitly. I think a prudent reader should pronounce as the judges do—*Pater est is quem nuptiæ demonstrant.*

Did Charles V. intrigue with his sister Margaret, who governed the Low Countries? Was it by her that he had Don John of Austria, the intrepid brother of the prudent Philip II.? We have no more proof of this than we have of the secrets of Charlemagne's bed, who is said to have made free with all his daughters. If the Holy Scriptures did not assure me that Lot's daughters had children by their own father, and Tamar by her father-in-law, I should hesitate to accuse them of it: one cannot be too discreet.

It has been written that the Duchess De Montpensier bestowed her favours on the monk Jacques Clement, in order to encourage him to assassinate his sovereign. It would have been more politic to have *promised* them than to have *given* them. But a fanatical or parricide priest is not incited in this way; *heaven* is held out to him, and not a woman. His prior Bourgoing had much greater power in determining him to any act, than the greatest beauty upon earth. When he killed the king, he had in his pocket no love-letters, but the stories of Judith and Ehud, quite dog-eared and worn out with thumbing.

Jean Châtel and Ravaillac had no accomplices; their crime was that of the age; their only accomplice was the cry of *religion*. It has been repeatedly asserted, that Ravaillac had taken a journey to Naples, and that the jesuit Alagona had, in Naples, predicted the death of the king. The jesuits never were prophets:

had they been so, they would have foretold their own destination; but, on the contrary, they, poor men! always positively declared, that they should endure to the end of time. We should never be too sure of anything.

It is in vain that the jesuit Daniel tells me, in his very dry and very defective History of France, that Henry IV. was a Catholic long before his abjuration. I will rather believe Henry IV. himself than the jesuit Daniel. His letter to *La Belle Gabrielle*—"*C'est demain que je fais le saut perilleux*," (To-morrow I take the fatal leap,) proves, at least, that something different from Catholicism was still in his heart. Had his great soul been long penetrated by the efficacy of grace, he would perhaps have said to his mistress, "These bishops *edify* me;" but he says, *Ces gens la m'ennuient*, (These people *weary* me.) Are these the words of a good catechumen?

This great man's letters to Corisande d'Andouin, Countess of Grammont, are not a matter of doubt; they still exist in the originals. The author of the *Essai sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations*, (Essay on the Manners and Spirit of Nations,) gives several of these interesting letters, in which there are the following curious passages. *Tous ces empoisonneurs sont tous Papistes.—J'ai decouvert un tueur pour moi.—Les prêcheurs Romains prêchent tout-haut qu'il n'y a plus qu'une mort à voir; ils admonestent tout bon Catholique de prendre exemple.—Et vous êtes de cette religion! Si je n'étais Huguenot, je me ferais Turc.* (These poisoners are all Papists.—I have discovered an executioner for myself.—The Roman preachers exclaim aloud, that there is only one more death to be looked for; they admonish all good Catholics to profit by the example (of the poisoning of the Prince of Condé.)—And you are of this religion! If I were not a Hugonot, I would turn Turk.) It is difficult, after seeing these testimonials in Henry IV.'s own hand, to become firmly persuaded that he was a Catholic in his heart.

Another modern historian accuses the Duke of Lerma of the murder of Henry IV. "This," says he, "is the best established opinion." This opinion is evidently the worst established. It has never been heard of in Spain; and in France, the continuator of De Thou is the only one who has given any credit to these vague and ridiculous suspicions. If the Duke of Lerma, prime minister, employed Ravaillac, he payed him very ill; for when the unfortunate man was seized, he was almost without money. If the Duke of Lerma either prompted him or caused him to be prompted to the commission of the act, by the promise of a reward proportioned to the attempt, Ravaillac would assuredly have named both him and his emissaries, if only to revenge himself. He named the jesuit D'Aubigny, to whom he had only shown a knife—why, then, should he spare the Duke of Lerma? It is very strange obstinacy not to believe what Ravaillac himself declared when put to the torture. Is a great Spanish family to be insulted without the least shadow of proof?

Et voilà justement comme on écrit l'histoire.

(Yet thus is history written.) The Spanish nation is not accustomed to resort to shameful crimes; and the Spanish grandees have always possessed a generous pride, which has prevented them from acting so basely. If Philip II. set a price on the head of the Prince of Orange, he had, at least, the pretext of punishing a rebellious subject, as the parliament of Paris had when they set fifty thousand crowns on the head of Admiral Coligni, and afterwards on that of Cardinal Mazarin. These political proscriptions partook of the horror of the civil wars; but how can it be supposed that the Duke of Lerma had secret communications with a poor wretch like Ravaillac?

The same author says, that Marshal D'Ancre and his wife were struck, as it were, by a thunderbolt. The truth is, that the one was struck by pistol-balls, and the other burned as a witch. An assassination and a sentence of death

passed on the wife of a marshal of France, an attendant on the queen, as a reputed sorceress, do very little honour either to the chivalry or to the jurisprudence of that day. But I know not why the historian makes use of these words:—"If these two wretches were not accomplices in the king's death, they at least deserved the most rigorous chastisement: it is certain that, even during the king's life, Concini and his wife had connections with Spain in opposition to the king's designs."

This is not at all certain, nor is it even likely. They were Florentines; the Grand Duke of Florence was the first to acknowledge Henry IV., and feared nothing so much as the power of Spain in Italy. Concini and his wife had no influence in the time of Henry IV.; if they intrigued with the court of Madrid, it could only be through the queen, who must, therefore, have betrayed her husband. Besides, let it once more be observed, that we are not at liberty to bring forward such accusations without proofs. What! shall a writer pronounce a defamation from his garret, which the most enlightened judges in the kingdom would tremble to hear in a court of justice?—Why are a marshal of France and his wife, one of the queen's attendants, to be called two *wretches?* Does Marshal D'Ancre, who raised an army against the rebels at his own expense, merit an epithet suitable only to Ravaillac or Cartouche—to public robbers, or public calumniators?

It is but too true, that one fanatic is sufficient for the commission of a parricide, without any accomplice. Damiens had none; he repeated four times, in the course of his interrogatory, that he committed his crime solely through *a principle of religion*. Having been in the way of knowing the *convulsionaries*, I may say that I have seen twenty of them capable of any act equally horrid, so excessive has been their infatuation Religion, ill-understood, is a fever, which the smallest occurrence raises to frenzy. It is the property of fanaticism to heat the imagination. When a few sparks from the fire that keeps their superstitious heads a-boiling, fall on some violent and wicked spirit—when some ignorant and furious man thinks he is imitating Phineas, Ehud, Judith, and other such personages, he has more accomplices than he is aware of. Many incite to murder without knowing it. Some individuals drop a few indiscreet and violent words; a servant repeats them, with additions and embellishments; a Châtel, a Ravaillac, or a Damiens listens to them, while they who pronounced them little think what mischief they have done; they are involuntary accomplices, without there having been either plot or instigation. In short, he knows little of the human mind, who does not know that fanaticism renders the populace capable of anything.

The author of the *Siècle de Louis XIV.* (Age of Louis the Fourteenth), is the first who has spoken of the MAN IN THE IRON MASK, in any authentic history. He was well acquainted with this circumstance, which is the astonishment of the present age, and will be that of posterity, but which is only too true. He had been deceived respecting the time of the death of this unknown and singularly unfortunate person, who was interred, at the church of St. Paul, 3rd of March, 1703, and not in 1704.

He was first confined at Pignerol, before he was sent to the Isles of Ste. Marguerite, and afterwards to the Bastille, always under the care of the same man, that St. Marc, who saw him die. Father Griffet, a jesuit, has communicated to the public the journal of the Bastille, which certifies the dates. He had no difficulty in obtaining this journal, since he exercised the delicate office of confessor to the prisoners confined in the Bastille.

The Man in the Iron Mask is an enigma, which each one attempts to solve.—Some have said that he was the Duke of Beaufort; but the Duke of Beaufort was killed by the Turks in the defence of Candia, in 1669, and the Man in the

Iron Mask was at Pignerol in 1662. Besides, how should the Duke of Beaufort have been arrested in the midst of his army? how could he have been transferred to France without some one's knowing something about it? and why should he have been imprisoned? and why masked?

Others have imagined that he was Count Vermandois, natural son to Louis XIV., who, it is well known, died of the small-pox when with the army in 1683, and was buried in the town of Arras.

It has since been supposed that the Duke of Monmouth, who was publicly beheaded by order of King James in 1685, was the Man in the Iron Mask. But either the duke must have come to life again, and afterwards have changed the order of time, putting the year 1662 for the year 1685; or King James, who never pardoned any one, and therefore merited all his misfortunes, must have pardoned the Duke of Monmouth, and put to death in his stead some one who perfectly resembled him. In the latter case, a person must have been found kind enough to have his head publicly cut off to save the Duke of Monmouth; all England must have been deceived in the person; then King James must have begged of Louis XIV. that he would be so good as to become his gaoler. Louis XIV. having granted King James this small favour, could not have refused to show the same regard for King William and Queen Anne, with whom he was at war; but would have been careful to maintain the dignity of gaoler, with which King James had honoured him, to the end of the chapter.

All these illusions being dissipated, it remains to be known who this constantly-masked prisoner was, at what age he died, and under what name he was buried. It is clear that, if he was not allowed to walk in the court of the Bastille, nor to see his physician, except in a mask, it was for fear that some very striking resemblance would be discovered in his features. He was permitted to show his tongue, but never his face. As for his age, he himself told the apothecary of the Bastille, a little before his death, that he believed he was about sixty: the apothecary's son-in-law, Marsolam, surgeon to Marshal De Richelieu, and afterwards to the Duke of Orleans the regent, has repeated this to me several times. To conclude; why was an Italian name given to him? he was always called *Marchiali*. The writer of this article, perhaps, knows more on the subject than Father Griffet, though he will not say more.

It is true that Nicholas Fouquet, superintendant of the finances, had many friends in his disgrace, and that they persevered even until judgment was passed on him. It is true that the chancellor, who presided at that judgment, treated the illustrious captive with too much rigour. But it was not Michel le Tellier, as stated in some editions of the *Siècle de Louis XIV.*; it was Pierre Seguier.—This inadvertency, of having placed one for the other, is a fault which must be corrected.

It is very remarkable that no one knows where this celebrated minister died; not that it is of any importance to know it, for his death, not having led to any event whatever, is like all other indifferent occurrences; but this serves to prove how completely he was forgotten towards the close of life—how worthless that worldly consideration is which is so anxiously sought for—and how happy they are who have no higher ambition than to live and die unknown. This knowledge is far more useful than that of dates.

Father Griffet does his utmost to persuade us that Cardinal Richelieu wrote a bad book. Well! many statesmen have done the same. But it is very fine to see him strive so hard to prove that, according to Cardinal Richelieu, "our allies, the Spaniards," so happily governed by a Bourbon, "are tributary to hell, and make the Indies tributary to hell!"—Cardinal Richelieu's POLITICAL TESTAMENT is not that of a polite man.

That "France had more good ports on the Mediterranean than the whole Spanish monarchy."—This Testament exaggerates.

That "to keep up an army of fifty thousand men, it is best to raise a hundred thousand." — This Testament throws money away.

That "when a new tax is imposed, the pay of the soldiers is increased."—Which has never been done either in France or elsewhere.

That "the parliaments and the other superior cours should be made to pay the *taille*."—An infallible means of gaining their hearts, and making the magistracy respectable.

That "the Noblesse should be forced to serve and to enrol themselves in the cavalry."—The better to preserve their privileges.

That "Genoa was the richest city in Italy." - Which I wish it were.

That "we must be very *chaste*."—The *testator* might add, like certain preachers, *Do what I say, not what I do.*

Than "an abbey should be given to the holy Chapel at Paris."—A thing of great importance at the crisis in which Europe then stood.

That "Pope Benedict XI. gave a deal of trouble to the Cordeliers, who were piqued on the subject of poverty, that is to say, of the revenues of the order of St. Francis. They were exasperated against him to such a degree, that they made war upon him by their writings."—More important still; and more learned!—especially when John XXII. is taken for Benedict XI.; and when, in a *Political Testament*, nothing is said of the manner in which the war against Spain and the Empire was to be conducted, nor of the means of making peace, nor of present dangers, nor of resources, nor of alliances, nor of the generals and ministers who were to be employed, nor even of the Dauphin, whose education was of so much importance to the State, nor, in short, of any one object of the ministry.

I consent with all my heart, since it must be so, that Cardinal Richelieu's memory shall be reproached with this unfortunate work, full of anachronisms, ignorance, ridiculous calculations, and acknowledged falsities. Let people strive as hard as they please to persuade themselves that the greatest minister was the most ignorant and tedious as well as the most extravagant of writers; it may afford some gratification to those who detest his tyranny. It is also a fact worth preserving in the history of the human mind, that this despicable work was praised for more than thirty years, while it was believed to be that great minister's; and quite as true, that the pretended Testament made no noise in the world until thirty years after the Cardinal's death; that it was not printed until forty-two years after that event; that the orinal signed by him has never been seen; that the book is very bad; and that it scarcely deserves to be mentioned.

Did Count de Moret, son of Henry IV., who was wounded in the little skirmish at Castelnaudari, live until the year 1693 under the name of *the hermit Jean Baptiste?* What proof have we that this hermit was the son of Henry IV?—None.

Did Jeanne d'Albret de Navarre, mother of Henry IV. after the death of Antoine, marry a gentleman named Guyon, who was killed in the massacre of St. Bartholomew? Had she a son by him, who preached at Bourdeaux? These facts are detailed at great length in the Remarks on Bayle's Answers to the Questions of a Provincial, folio, page 689.

Was Margaret of Valois, wife to Henry IV., brought to bed of two children secretly after her marriage?

We might fill volumes with inquiries like these. But how much pains should we be taking to discover things of no use to mankind! Let us rather seek cures for the scrofula, the gout, the stone, the gravel, and a thousand other chronic or acute diseases. Let us seek remedies for the distempers of the mind, no less terrible and no less mortal; let us labour to

bring the arts to perfection, and to lessen the miseries of the human race; and let us not waste our time over the *anas*, the *anecdotes*, and *curious stories* of our day, the collections of pretended bon-mots, &c. the *Letters to a friend*, the *Anonymous letters*, the *Reflections on the new tragedy*, &c. &c. &c.

I read in a book lately published, that Louis XIV. exempted all new-married men from the *taille* for five years. I have not found this fact in any collection of edicts, nor in any memoir of that time.

I read in the same book that the King of Prussia has fifty livres given to every girl with child. There is, in truth, no better way of laying out money, nor of encouraging propagation: but I do not believe that this royal munificence is true; at least I have never witnessed it.

An anecdote of greater antiquity has just fallen under my eye, and appears to me to be a very strange one. It is said in a Chronological History of Italy, that the great Arian, Theodoric, he who is represented to have been so wise, had, amongst his ministers, a Catholic, for whom he had a great liking, and who proved worthy of all his confidence. This minister thought he should rise still higher in his master's favour by embracing Arianism; but Theodoric had him immediately beheaded, saying, *If a man is not faithful to God, how can he be faithful to me, who am but a man?* The compiler remarks, that *this trait does great honour to Theodoric's manner of thinking with respect to religion!*

I pique myself on thinking, in matters of religion, better than Ostrogoth, Theodoric, the assassin of Symmachus and Boëtius; because I am a good Catholic, and he was an Arian. But I declare this king worthy of being confined as a madman, if he were so atrociously besotted. What! he immediately cut off his minister's head, because that minister had at last come over to his own way of thinking. How was a worshipper of God, who passed from the opinion of Athanasius to that of Arius and Eusebius, unfaithful to God? He was at most unfaithful only to Athanasius and his party, at a time when the world was divided between the Athanasians and the Eusebians. But Theodoric could not regard him as a man unfaithful to God, because he had rejected the term *consubstantial*, after admitting it at first. To cut off his favourite's head for such a reason could certainly be the act of none but the wickedest fool and most barbarous blockhead that ever existed. What would you say of Louis XIV. if he had beheaded the Duke de la Force because the Duke de la Force had quitted Calvinism for the religion of Louis XIV?

I have just opened a History of Holland, in which I find that, in 1672, Marshal De Luxembourg harangued his troops in the following manner—"Go, my children, plunder, rob, kill, ravish; and if there be anything more abominable, fail not to do it, that I may find I have not been mistaken in selecting you as the bravest of men."

This is certainly a very pretty harangue. It is as true as those given us by Livy, but it is not in his style. To complete the dishonour of typography, this fine piece is inserted in several new dictionaries, which are no other than impostures in alphabetical order.

It is a trifling error in the *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France* (Chronological Abridgment of the History of France) to suppose that Louis XIV., after the peace of Utrecht, for which he was indebted to the English, after nine years of misfortune, and after the many great victories which the English had gained, said to the English ambassador, "I have always been master at home, and sometimes abroad; do not remind me of it." This speech would have been very ill-timed, very false as it regarded the English, and would have exposed the king to a most galling reply.

The author himself confessed to me, that the Marquis de Torcy, who was present at all the Earl of Stair's audiences, had always given the lie to this anecdote.

It is, assuredly, neither true nor likely, and has remained in the later editions of this book only because it was put in the first. This error, however, does not at all disparage this very useful work, in which all the great events, arranged in the most convenient order, are perfectly authenticated.

All these little tales, designed to embellish history, do but dishonour it; and unfortunately, almost all ancient histories are little else than tales. Mallebranche was right, when, speaking on this subject, he said, "I think no more of History than I do of the news of my parish."

In 1723, Father Fouquet, a Jesuit, returned to France from China, where he had passed twenty-five years Religious disputes had embroiled him with his brethren; he had carried with him to China a gospel different from theirs, and now brought back to France memorials against them. Two Chinese literati made the voyage along with him; one of them died on the way, the other came with Father Fouquet to Paris. This Jesuit was to take the Chinese to Rome secretly, as a witness of the conduct of the good fathers in China, and in the mean time Fouquet and his companion lodged at the house of *the Professed*, Rue St. Antoine.

The reverend fathers received advice of their reverend brother's intentions. Fouquet was no less quickly informed of the designs of the reverend fathers; he lost not a moment, but set off post the same night for Rome. The reverend fathers had interest enough to get him pursued; but the Chinese only was taken. This poor fellow did not understand a word of French. The good fathers went to Cardinal Dubois, who at that time needed their support; and told him that they had amongst them a young man who had gone mad, and whom it was necessary to confine. The Cardinal immediately granted a *lettre-de-cachet*, than which there is sometimes nothing which a minister is more ready to grant. The lieutenant of police went to take this madman, who was pointed out to him. He found a man making reverences in a way different from the French, speaking in singing tone, and looking quite astonished. He expressed great pity for his derangement, ordered his hands to be tied behind him, and sent him to Charenton, where, like the Abbé Desfontaines, he was flogged twice a-week. The Chinese did not at all understand this method of receiving strangers; he had passed only two or three days in Paris, and had found the manners of the French very odd. He lived two years on bread and water, amongst madmen and keepers; and believed that the French nation consisted of these two species, the one part dancing while the other flogged them.

At length, when two years had elapsed, the ministry changed, and a new lieutenant of police was appointed. This magistrate commenced his administration by visiting the prisons. He also saw the lunatics at Charenton. After conversing with them, he asked if there were no other persons for him to see? He was told that there was one more unfortunate man, but that he spoke a language which nobody understood. A Jesuit, who accompanied the magistrate, said it was the peculiarity of this man's madness, that he never gave an answer in French; nothing would be got from him, and he thought it would be better not to take the trouble of calling him. The minister insisted. The unfortunate man was brought, and threw himself at his feet. The lieutenant sent for the king's interpreters, who spoke to him in Spanish, Latin, Greek, and English; but he constantly said *Kanton*, *Kanton*, and nothing else. The Jesuit assured them he was possessed. The magistrate, having at some time heard it said that there was a province in China called *Kanton*, thought this man might perhaps have come from thence. An interpreter to the foreign missions was sent for, who could murder Chinese. All was discovered. The magistrate knew not what to do, nor the Jesuit what to say. The Duke de

Bourbon was then prime minister; the circumstance having been related to him, he ordered money and clothes to be given to the Chinese, and sent him back to his own country, whence it is not thought that many literati will come and see us in future. It would have been more politic to have kept this man and treated him well, than to have sent him to give his countrymen the very worst opinion of the French.

About thirty years ago, the French Jesuits sent secret missionaries to China, who enticed a child from his parents in Canton, and brought him to Paris, where they educated him in their convent of La Rue St. Antoine. This boy became a Jesuit at the age of fifteen; after which he remained ten years in France. He knows both French and Chinese perfectly, and is very learned. M. Bertin, comptroller-general, and afterwards secretary of state, sent him back to China in 1763, after the abolition of the Jesuits. He calls himself Ko, and signs himself, *Ko, Jesuit.*

In 1772, there were fourteen Jesuits in Pekin, amongst whom was brother Ko, who still lives in their house. The Emperor Kien-Long has kept these monks of Europe about him in quality of painters, engravers, watch-makers, and mechanics, with an express prohibition from ever disputing on religion, or causing the least trouble in the empire.

The Jesuit Ko has sent manuscripts of his own composition from Pekin to Paris, entitled, *Memoirs relative to the History, Arts, and Sciences of the Chinese, by the Missionaries at Pekin.* This book is printed, and is now selling at Paris by Nyon the bookseller. The author attacks all the philosophers of Europe. He calls a prince of the Tartar race, whom the Jesuits had seduced, and the late Emperor Yong-Chin had banished, an illustrious martyr to Jesus Christ. This Ko boasts of making many neophytes, who are ardent spirits, capable of troubling China even more than the Jesuits formerly troubled Japan. It is said, that a Russian nobleman—indignant at this jesuitical insolence, which reaches the farthest corners of the earth, even after the extinction of the Order—has resolved to find some means of sending, to the President of the Tribunal of Rites at Pekin, an extract in Chinese from these Memoirs, which may serve to make the aforesaid Ko, and the Jesuits who labour with him, better known.

ANGELS.

SECTION I.

Angels of the Indians, Persians, &c.

The author of the article Angel in the Encyclopedia, says that all religions have admitted the existence of angels, although it is not demonstrated by natural reason.

We have no reason but natural reason. What is supernatural is above reason. If I mistake not, it should have been, *several* religions (and not *all*) have acknowledged the existence of angels. That of Numa, that of Sabaism, that of the Druids, that of the Scythians, and that of the Phœnicians and ancient Egyptians, did not admit their existence.

We understand by this word, ministers of God, deputies, beings of a middle order between God and man, sent to make known to us his orders.

At the present time, in 1772, the Brahmins boast of having possessed in writing, for just four thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight years, their first sacred law, entitled the Shastah, fifteen hundred years before their second law, called Veidam, signifying the word of God. The Shastah contains five chapters: the first, of God and his attributes; the second, of the creation of the angels; the third, of the fall of the angels; the fourth, of their punishment; the fifth, of their pardon and the creation of man.

It is good, in the first place, to observe the manner in which this book speaks of God.

First Chapter of the Shastah.

God is one: he has created all: it is a

perfect sphere, without beginning or end. God conducts the whole creation by a general providence, resulting from a determined principle. Thou shalt not seek to discover the nature and essence of the Eternal, nor by what laws he governs: such an undertaking would be vain and criminal. It is enough for thee to contemplate day and night, in his works, his wisdom, his power, and his goodness.

After paying to this opening of the Shastah the tribute of admiration which is due to it, let us pass to the creation of the angels.

Second Chapter of the Shastah.

The Eternal, absorbed in the contemplation of his own existence, resolved, in the fulness of time, to communicate his glory and his essence to beings capable of feeling and partaking his beatitude as well as of contributing to his glory. The Eternal willed it, and they were. He formed them partly of his own essence, capable of perfection or imperfection, according to their will.

The Eternal first created Brahma, Vishna, and Siva, then Mozazor, and all the multitude of the angels. The Eternal gave the pre-eminence to Brahma, Vishna, and Siva. Brahma was the prince of the angelic army; Vishna and Siva were his coadjutors. The Eternal divided the angelic army into several bands, and gave to each a chief. They adored the Eternal, ranged around his throne, each in the degree assigned him. There was harmony in heaven. Mozazor, chief of the first band, led the canticle of praise and adoration to the Creator, and the song of obedience to Brahma, his first creature; and the Eternal rejoiced in his new creation.

Chapter III.—The Fall of a Part of the Angels.

From the creation of the celestial army, joy and harmony surrounded the throne of the Eternal for a thousand years multiplied by a thousand; and would have lasted until the end of time, had not envy seized Mozazor and other princes of the angelic bands, amongst whom was Raabon, the next in dignity to Mozazor. Forgetful of the blessing of their creation, and of their duty, they rejected the power of perfection, and exercised the power of imperfection. They did evil in the sight of the Eternal; they disobeyed him; they refused to submit to God's lieutenant and his coadjutors Vishna and Siva, saying, We will govern! and, without fearing the power and the anger of their Creator, disseminated their seditious principles in the celestial army. They seduced the angels, and persuaded a great multitude of them to rebel; and they forsook the throne of the Eternal; and sorrow came upon the faithful angelic spirits; and, for the first time, grief was known in heaven.

Chapter IV.—Punishment of the Guilty Angels.

The Eternal, whose omniscience, prescience, and influence extend over all things, except the action of the beings whom he has created free, beheld with grief and anger the defection of Mozazor, Raabon, and the other chiefs of the angels.

Merciful in his wrath, he sent Brahma, Vishna, and Siva, to reproach them with their crime, and bring them back to their duty; but, confirmed in their spirit of independence, they persisted in their revolt. The Eternal then commanded Siva to march against them, armed with almighty power, and hurl them down from the high place to the place of *darkness*, into the *Ondera*, there to be punished for a thousand years multiplied by a thousand.

Abstract of the Fifth Chapter.

At the end of a thousand years, Brahma, Vishna, and Siva, implored the clemency of the Eternal in favour of the delinquents. The Eternal vouchsafed to deliver them from the prison of the *Ondera*, and place them in a state of probation during a great number of solar revolutions. There were other rebellions against God, during this time of penitence.

It was at one of these periods that God

created the earth; where the penitent angels underwent several metempsychoses, one of the last of which was their transformation into cows. Hence it was that cows became sacred in India. Lastly, they were metamorphosed into men. So that the Indian system of angels is precisely that of the Jesuit Bougeant, who asserts, that the bodies of beasts are inhabited by sinful angels. What the Brahmins had invented seriously, Bougeant, more than four thousand years after, imagined in jest—if, indeed, this pleasantry of his was not a remnant of superstition, combined with the spirit of system-making, as is often the case.

Such is the history of the angels among the ancient Brahmins, which, after the lapse of about fifty centuries, they still continue to teach. Neither our merchants who have traded to India, nor our missionaries, have ever been informed of it; for the Brahmins, having never been edified by their science or their manners, have not communicated to them their secrets. It was left for an Englishman, named Holwell, to reside for thirty years at Benares, on the Ganges, an ancient school of the Brahmins, to learn the ancient sacred Sanscrit tongue, in order at length to enrich our Europe with this singular knowledge; just as Mr. Sale lived a long time in Arabia, to give us a faithful translation of the Koran, and information relative to ancient Sabaism, which has been succeeded by the Mussulman religion; and as Dr. Hyde continued for twenty years his researches into everything concerning the religion of the Magi.

Angels of the Persians.

The Persians had thirty-one angels.—The first of all, who is served by four other angels, is named *Bahaman;* he has the inspection of all animals except man, over whom God has reserved to himself an immediate jurisdiction.

God presides over the day on which the sun enters the Ram; and this day is a Sabbath, which proves that the feast of the Sabbath was observed among the Persians in the most ancient times.

The second angel presides over the seventh day, and is called *Debudur.*

The third is *Kur*, which probably was afterwards converted into *Cyrus.* He is the angel of the sun.

The fourth is called *Muh*, and presides over the moon.

Thus each angel has his province. It was among the Persians that the doctrine of the guardian angel and the evil angel was first adopted. It is believed that Raphael was the guardian angel of the Persian empire.

Angels of the Hebrews.

The Hebrews knew nothing of the fall of the angels, until the commencement of the Christian era. This secret doctrine of the ancient Brahmins must have reached them at that time; for it was then that the book attributed to Enoch, relative to the sinful angels driven from heaven, was fabricated.

Enoch must have been a very ancient writer; since, according to the Jews, he lived in the seventh generation before the Deluge: but as Seth, still more ancient than he, had left books to the Hebrews, they might boast of having some from Enoch also. According to them, Enoch wrote as follows:—

"It happened, after the sons of men had multiplied in those days, that daughters were born to them, elegant and beautiful.

"And when the angels, the sons of heaven, beheld them, they became enamoured of them, saying to each other, Come, let us select for ourselves wives from the progeny of men, and let us beget children.

"Then their leader Samyaza said to them, I fear that you may perhaps be indisposed to the performance of this enterprise;

"And that I alone shall suffer for so grievous a crime.

"But they answered him and said, We all swear;

"And bind ourselves by mutual exe

crations, that we will not change our intention, but execute our projected undertaking.

"Then they swore all together, and all bound themselves by mutual execrations Their whole number was two hundred, who descended upon Ardis, which is the top of Mount Armon.

"That mountain, therefore, was called Armon, because they had sworn upon it, and bound themselves by mutual execrations.

"These are the names of their chiefs: Samyaza, who was their leader—Urakabarameel, Akabeel, Tamiel, Ramuel, Danel, Azkeel, Sarakuyal, Asael, Armers, Batraal, Anane, Zavebe, Samsaveel, Ertael, Turel, Yomyael, Arazyal. These were the prefects of the two hundred angels, and the remainder were all with them.

"Then they took wives, each choosing for himself; whom they began to approach, and with whom they cohabited; teaching them sorcery, incantations, and the dividing of roots and trees.

"And the women, conceiving, brought forth giants;

"Whose stature was each three hundred cubits," &c.

The author of this fragment writes in the style which seems to belong to the primitive ages. He has the same simplicity. He does not fail to name the persons, nor does he forget the dates; here are no reflections, no maxims. It is the ancient Oriental manner.

It is evident that this story is founded on the sixth chapter of Genesis:—"There were giants in the earth in those days, and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown." Genesis and the book of Enoch perfectly agree respecting the coupling of the angels with the daughters of men, and the race of giants which sprung from this union; but neither this Enoch, nor any book of the Old Testament, speaks of the war of the angels against God, or of their defeat, or of their fall into hell, or of their hatred to mankind.

Nearly all the commentators on the Old Testament unanimously say, that before the Babylonian captivity, the Jews knew not the name of any angel. The one that appeared to Manoah, father of Sampson, would not tell his name.

When the three angels appeared to Abraham, and he had a whole calf dressed to regale them, they did not tell him their names. One of them said, "I will come to see thee next year, if God grant me life; and Sarah thy wife shall have a son."

Calmet discovers a great affinity between this story and the fable which Ovid relates in his *Fasti*, of Jupiter, Neptune, and Mercury, who, having supped with old Hyreus, and finding that he was afflicted with impotence, urined upon the skin of a calf which he had served up to them, and ordered him to bury this hide watered with celestial urine in the ground, and leave it there for nine months. At the end of the nine months, Hyreus uncovered his hide, and found in it a child, which was named *Orion*, and is now in the heavens. Calmet moreover says, that the words which the angels used to Abraham may be rendered thus:—A child shall be born of your calf.

Be this as it may, the angels did not tell Abraham their names; they did not even tell them to Moses; and we find the name of Raphael only in Tobit, at the time of the Captivity. The other names of angels are evidently taken from the Chaldeans and the Persians. *Raphael*, *Gabriel*, *Uriel*, &c., are Persian or Babylonian. The name of *Israel* itself is Chaldean; as the learned Jew Philo expressly says, in the account of his deputation to Caligula.

We shall not here repeat what has been elsewhere said of angels.

Whether the Greeks and the Romans admitted the Existence of Angels.

They had gods and demi-gods enow to dispense with all other subaltern beings.

Mercury executed the commissions of Jupiter, and Iris those of Juno; nevertheless, they admitted genii and demons. The doctrine of guardian angels was versified by Hesiod, who was cotemporary with Homer. In his poem of *The Works and Days*, he thus explains it:—

When Gods alike and mortals rose to birth,
A golden race the immortals formed on earth
Of many-languaged men; they lived of old,
When Saturn reigned in heaven—an age of gold.
Like Gods they lived, with calm untroubled mind,
Free from the toil and anguish of our kind.
Nor sad decrepid age approaching nigh,
Their limbs misshaped with swoln deformity.
Strangers to ill, they Nature's banquet proved,
Rich in earth's fruits, and of the blest beloved:
They sank to death, as opiate slumber stole
Soft o'er the sense, and whelmed the willing soul.
Theirs was each good: the grain-exuberant soil
Poured the full harvest, uncompelled by toil:
The virtuous many dwelt in common, blest,
And all unenvying shared what all in peace possessed.
When on this race the verdant earth had lain,
By Jove's high will they rose a Genii train:
Earth-wandering dæmons, they their charge began,
The ministers of good and guards of man:
Veiled with a mantle of aërial night,
O'er earth's wide space they wing their hovering flight;
Dispense the fertile treasures of the ground,
And bend their all-observant glance around;
To mark the deed unjust, the just approve,
Their kingly office, delegate from Jove.

ELTON'S *Translation.*

The farther we search into antiquity, the more we see how modern nations have by turns explored these now almost abandoned mines. The Greeks, who so long passed for inventors, imitated Egypt, which had copied from the Chaldeans, who owed almost every thing to the Indians. The doctrine of the guardian angels, so well sung by Hesiod, was afterwards sophisticated in the schools: it was all that they were capable of doing. Every man has his good and his evil genius, as each one had his particular star—

Est genius natale comes qui temperat astrum.

Socrates, we know, had his good angel; but his bad angel must have governed him. No angel but an evil one could prompt a philosopher to run from house to house, to tell people, by question and answer, that father and mother, preceptor and pupil, were all ignorant and imbecile. A guardian angel in that event will find it very difficult to save his protégé from the hemlock.

We are acquainted only with the *evil angel* of Marcus Brutus, which appeared to him before the battle of Philippi.

SECTION II.

The doctrine of Angels is one of the oldest in the world. It preceded that of the Immortality of the Soul. This is not surprising: philosophy is necessary to the belief that the soul of mortal man is immortal; but imagination and weakness are sufficient for the invention of beings superior to ourselves, protecting or persecuting us. Yet it does not appear that the ancient Egyptians had any notion of these celestial beings, clothed with an ethereal body, and administering to the orders of a God. The ancient Babylonians were the first who admitted this theology. The Hebrew books employ the angels from the first book of Genesis downwards: but the book of Genesis was not written before the Chaldeans had become a powerful nation: nor was it until the captivity of Babylon that the Jews learned the names of *Gabriel*, *Raphael*, *Michael*, *Uriel*, &c. which were given to the angels. The Jewish and Christian religions being founded on the fall of Adam, and this fall being founded on the temptation by the evil angel, the devil, it is very singular that not a word is said in the Pentateuch of the existence of the bad angels, still less of their punishment and abode in hell.

The reason of this omission is evident: the evil angels were unknown to the Jews until the Babylonian captivity; then it is that Asmodeus begins to be talked of, whom Raphael went to bind in Upper Egypt; there it is that the Jews first hear of Satan. This word *Satan* was Chaldean; and the book of Job, an inhabitant of Chaldea, is the first that makes mention of him.

The ancient Persians said that Satan was an angel or genius who had made war upon the *Dives* and the *Peris*, that is, the Fairest of the East.

Thus, according to the ordinary rules of probability, those who are guided by reason alone might be permitted to think,

that, from this theology, the Jews and Christians at length took the idea that the evil angels had been driven out of heaven, and that their prince had tempted Eve in the form of a serpent.

It has been pretended that Isaiah, in his fourteenth chapter, had this allegory in view when he said: *Quomodò occidisti de cælo, Lucifer, qui manè orieburis?*—"How hast thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning?"

It was this same Latin verse, translated from Isaiah, which procured for the Devil the name of *Lucifer*. It was forgotten that *Lucifer* signifies that which sheds light. The words of Isaiah, too, have received a little attention: he is speaking of the dethroned king of Babylon; and, by a common figure of speech, he says to him: How hast thou fallen from heaven, thou brilliant star?

It does not at all appear that Isaiah sought, by this stroke of rhetoric, to establish the doctrine of the angels precipitated into hell. It was scarcely before the time of the primitive Christian church that the fathers and the rabbis exerted themselves to encourage this doctrine, in order to save the incredibility of the story of a serpent which seduced the mother of men, and which, condemned for this bad action to crawl on its belly, has ever since been an enemy to man, who is always striving to crush it, while it is always endeavouring to bite him. There seemed to be somewhat more of sublimity in celestial substances precipitated into the abyss, and issuing from it to persecute mankind.

It cannot be proved by any reasoning that these celestial and infernal powers exist; neither can it be proved that they do not exist. There is certainly no contradiction in acknowledging the existence of beneficent and malignant substances which are neither of the nature of God nor of the nature of man: but a thing, to be believed, must be more than possible.

The angels who, according to the Babylonians and the Jews, presided over nations, were precisely what the gods of Homer were—celestial beings, subordinate to a supreme being. The imagination which produced the one, probably produced the other. The number of the inferior gods increased with the religion of Homer. Among the Christians, the number of the angels was augmented in the course of time.

The writers known by the names of Dionysius the Areopagite and Gregory I. fixed the number of angels in nine choirs, forming three hierarchies; the first consisting of the Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones; the second of the Denominations, Virtues and Powers; and the third of the Principalities, Archangels, and, lastly, the Angels, who give their denomination to all the rest. It is hardly allowable for any one but a pope, thus to settle the different ranks in heaven.

SECTION III.

Angel, in Greek, *envoy*, The reader will hardly be the wiser for being told that the Persians had their *peris*, the Hebrews their *malakim*, and the Greeks their *demonoi*.

But it is perhaps better worth knowing, that one of the first of man's ideas has always been, to place intermediate beings between the Divinity and himself; such were those demons, those genii, invented in the ages of antiquity. Man always made the Gods after his own image; princes were seen to communicate their orders by messengers; therefore, the Divinity had also his couriers. Mercury, Iris, were couriers or messengers.

The Jews, the only people under the conduct of the Divinity himself, did not at first give names to the angels whom God vouchsafed to send them; they borrowed the names given them by the Chaldeans when the Jewish nation was captive in Babylon; Michael and Gabriel are named for the first time by Daniel, a slave among those people. The Jew Tobit, who lived at Nineveh, knew the angel Raphaël, who travelled with his son to assist him in recovering the money due to him from the Jew Gabaël.

In the laws of the Jews, that is, in Leviticus and Deuteronomy, not the least mention is made of the existence of the angels—much less of the worship of them. Neither did the Sadducees believe in the angels.

But in the histories of the Jews, they are much spoken of. The angels were corporeal; they had wings at their backs, as the Gentiles feigned that Mercury had at his heels; sometimes they concealed their wings under their clothing. How could they be without bodies, since they all ate and drank, and the inhabitants of Sodom wanted to commit the sin of pederasty with the angels who went to Lot's house?

The ancient Jewish tradition, according to Ben Maimon, admits ten degrees, ten orders of angels:—1. The *chaios ecodesh*, pure, holy. 2. The *ofamin*, swift. 3. The *oralim*, strong. 4. The *chasmalim*, flames. 5. The *seraphim*, sparks. 6. The *malakim*, angels, messengers, deputies. 7. The *elohim*, gods or judges. 8. The *ben elohim*, sons of the gods. 9. The *cherubim*, images. 10. The *ychim*, animated.

The story of the Fall of the Angels is not to be found in the books of Moses. The first testimony respecting it is that of Isaiah, who, apostrophising the King of Babylon, exclaims, "Where is now the exactor of tributes? The pines and the cedars rejoice in his fall. How hast thou fallen from heaven, O Hellel, star of the morning?" It has been already observed that the word *Hellel* has been rendered by the Latin word Lucifer; that afterwards, in an allegorical sense, the name of Lucifer was given to the prince of the angels, who made war in heaven; and that, at last, this word, signifying *Phosphorus* and *Aurora*, has become the name of the devil.

The Christian religion is founded on the Fall of the Angels. Those who revolted were precipitated from the spheres which they inhabited into hell, in the centre of the earth, and became devils. A devil, in the form of a serpent, tempted Eve, and damned mankind. Jesus came to redeem mankind, and to triumph over the devil, who tempts us still. Yet this fundamental tradition is to be found nowhere but in the apocryphal book of Enoch; and there it is in a form quite different from that of the received tradition.

St. Augustin, in his 109th letter, does not hesitate to give slender and agile bodies to the good and bad angels. Pope Gregory I. has reduced to nine choirs—to nine hierarchies or orders, the ten choirs of angels acknowledged by the Jews.

The Jews had in their temple two cherubs, each with two heads—the one that of an ox, the other that of an eagle, with six wings. We paint them now in the form of a flying head, with two small wings below the ears. We paint the angels and archangels in the form of young men, with two wings at the back. As for the thrones and dominations, no one has yet thought of painting them.

St. Thomas, at question cviii. article 2, says, that the Thrones are as near to God as the Cherubim and the Seraphim, because it is upon them that God sits. Scot has counted a thousand million of angels. The ancient mythology of the good and bad genii, having passed from the East to Greece and Rome, we consecrated this opinion, for admitting for each individual a good and an evil angel, of whom one assists him and the other torments him, from his birth to his death; but it is not yet known whether these good and bad angels are continually passing from one to another, or are relieved by others. On this point, consult St. Thomas's Dream.

It is not known precisely where the angels dwell—whether in the air, in the void, or in the planets. It has not been God's pleasure that we should be informed of their abode.

ANNALS.

How many nations have long existed, and still exist, without annals. There were none in all America, that is, in one

half of our globe, excepting those of Mexico and Peru, which are not very ancient. Besides, knotted cords are a sort of books which cannot enter into very minute details. Three-fourths of Africa never had annals; and, at the present day, in the most learned nations, — in those which have even used and abused the art of writing the most, ninety-nine out of a hundred individuals may be regarded as not knowing anything that happened there farther back than four generations, and as almost ignorant of the names of their great-grandfathers. Such is the case with nearly all the inhabitants of towns and villages, very few families holding titles of their possessions. When a litigation arises respecting the limits of a field or a meadow, the judges decide according to the testimony of the old men; and possession constitutes the title. Some great events are transmitted from father to son, and are entirely altered in passing from mouth to mouth. They have no other annals.

Look at all the villages of our Europe, so polished, so enlightened, so full of immense libraries, and which now seems to groan under the enormous mass of books. In each village, two men at most, on an average, can read and write. Society loses nothing in consequence. All works are performed—building, planting, sowing, reaping. as they were in the remotest times. The labourer has not even leisure to regret that he has not been taught to consume some hours of the day in reading. This proves that mankind had no need of historical monuments, to cultivate the arts really necessary to life.

It is astonishing, not that so many tribes of people are without annals, but that three or four nations have preserved them for five thousand years or thereabouts, through so many violent revolutions which the earth has undergone. Not a line remains of the ancient Egyptian, Chaldean, or Persian annals, nor of those of the Latins and Etruscans. The only annals than can boast of a little antiquity, are the Indian, the Chinese, and the Hebrew.

We cannot give the name of annals to vague and rude fragments of history without date, order, or connection. They are riddles proposed by antiquity to posterity, who understand nothing at all of them.

We venture to affirm that Sanchoniathon, who is said to have lived before the time of Moses, composed annals. He probably limited his researches to cosmogony, as Hesiod afterwards did in Greece. We advance this latter opinion only as a doubt; for we write only to be informed, and not to teach.

But what deserves the greatest attention is, that Sanchoniathon quotes the books of the Egyptian Thoth, who, he tells us, lived eight hundred years before him. Now Sanchoniathan probably wrote in the age in which we place Joseph's adventure in Egypt.

We commonly place the epoch of the promotion of the Jew Joseph to the prime-ministry of Egypt at the year of the creation 2,300.

If, then, the books of Thoth were written eight hundred years before, they were written in the year 1500 of the creation. Therefore, their date was a hundred and fifty-six years before the Deluge. They must, then, have been engraven on stone, and preserved in the universal inundation.

Another difficulty is, that Sanchoniathon does not speak of the Deluge, and that no Egyptian writer has ever been quoted who does speak of it. But these difficulties vanishes before the Book of Genesis, inspired by the Holy Ghost.

We have no intention here to plunge into the chaos which eighty writers have sought to clear up, by inventing different chronologies: we always keep to the Old Testament.

We only ask, whether in the time of Thoth, they wrote in hieroglyphics, or in alphabetical characters?—

Whether stone and brick had yet been

laid aside for vellum, or any other material?—

Whether Thoth wrote annals, or only a cosmogony?—

Whether there were some pyramids already built in the time of Thoth?—

Whether Lower Egypt was already inhabited?—

Whether canals had been constructed to receive the waters of the Nile?—

Whether the Chaldeans had already taught the arts of the Egyptians, and whether the Chaldeans had received them from the Brahmins?—

There are persons who have resolved all these questions; which once occasioned a man of sense and wit to say of a grave doctor, "That man must be very ignorant, for he answers every question that is asked him."

ANNATS.

The epoch of the establishment of annats is uncertain; which is a proof that the exaction of them is a usurpation—an extortionary custom. Whatever is not founded on an authentic law, is an abuse. Every abuse ought to be reformed, unless the reform is more dangerous than the abuse itself. Usurpation begins by small and successive encroachments; equity and the public interest at length exclaim and protest: then comes policy, which does its best to reconcile usurpation with equity, and the abuse remains.

In several dioceses, the bishops, chapters, and arch-deacons, after the example of the popes, imposed annats upon the cures. In Normandy, this exaction is called *droit de déport*. Policy having no interest in maintaining this pillage, it was abolished in several places; it still exists in others; so true is it that money is the first object of worship!

In 1409, at the council of Pisa, Pope Alexander V. expressly renounced annats; Charles VII. condemned them by an ict of April, 1418; the council of sle declared that they came under the mination of simony; and the Pragmatic Sanction abolished them again.

Francis I. by a private treaty which he made with Leo X. and which was not inserted in the concordat, allowed the pope to raise this tribute, which produced him annually, during that prince's reign, a hundred thousand crowns of that day, according to the calculation then made by Jacques Capelle, advocate-general to the parliament of Paris.

The parliament, the universities, the clergy, the whole nation, protested against this exaction; and Henry II. yielding at length to the cries of his people, renewed the law of Charles VII. by an edict of the 3d of September, 1551.

The paying of annats was again forbidden by Charles IX. at the States of Orleans, in 1560:—"By the advice of our council, and in pursuance of the decrees of the Holy Councils, the ancient ordinances of the kings our predecessors, and the decisions of our courts of parliament, we order that all conveying of gold and silver out of our kingdom, and paying of money under the name of *annats*, vacant or otherwise, shall cease, on pain of a four-fold penalty on the offenders."

This law, promulgated in the general assembly of the nation, must have seemed irrevocable; but, two years afterwards, the same prince, subdued by the court of Rome, at that time powerful, re-established what the whole nation and himself had abrogated.

Henry, IV. who feared no danger, but feared Rome, confirmed the annats by an edict of the 22d of January, 1596.

Three celebrated jurisconsults, Dumoulin, Lannoy, and Duaren, have written strongly against annats, which they call a *real simony*, If, in default of their payment, the pope refuses his bulls. Duaren advises the Gallican church to imitate that of Spain, which, in the twelfth council of Toledo, charged the archbishop of that city, on the pope's refusal, to provide for the prelates appointed by the king.

It is one of the most certain maxims of

French law, consecrated by article fourteen of our liberties, that the bishop of Rome has no power over the temporalities of benefices, but enjoys the revenues of annats only by the king's permission. But ought there not to be a term to this permission? What avails our enlightenment, if we are always to retain our abuses?

The amount of the sums which have been and still are paid to the pope, is truly frightful. The attorney-general, Jean de St. Romain, has remarked that, in the time of Pius II. twenty-two bishopricks having become vacant in France in the space of three years, it was necessary to carry to Rome a hundred and twenty thousand crowns; that sixty-one abbeys having also become vacant, the like sum had been paid to the court of Rome; that, about the same time, there had been paid to this court for provisions for the priorships, deaneries, and other inferior dignities, a thousand crowns; that for each curate there was at least a *grâce expectative*, which was sold for twenty-five crowns; besides an infinite number of dispensations, amounting to two millions of crowns. St. Romain lived in the time of Louis XI. Judge, then, what these sums would now amount to. Judge how much other states have given. Judge whether the Roman commonwealth, in the time of Lucullus, drew more gold and silver from the nations conquered by its sword, than the popes, the fathers of those same nations, have drawn from them by their pens.

Supposing that St. Romain's calculation is too high by half, which is very unlikely, does there not still remain a sum sufficiently considerable to entitle us to call the apostolical chamber to an account, and demand restitution,—seeing that there is nothing at all apostolical in such an amount of money?

ANTHROPOMORPHITES.

They are said to have been a small sect of the fourth century; but they were rather the sect of every people that had painters and sculptors. As soon as they could draw a little or shape a figure, they made an image of the Divinity.

If the Egyptians consecrated cats and gnats, they also sculptured Isis and Osiris. Bel was carved at Babylon, Hercules at Tyre, Brahma at India.

The Mussulmans did not paint God as a man. The Guebres had no image of the Great Being. The Sabean Arabs did not give the human figure to the stars. The Jews did not give it to God in their temple. None of these nations cultivated the art of design; and if Solomon placed figures of animals in his temple, it s likely that he had them carved at Tyre; but all the Jews have spoken of God as of a man.

Although they had no images, they seem to have made God a man on all occasions. He comes down into the garden; he walks there every day at noon; he talks to his creatures; he talks to the serpent; he makes himself heard by Moses, in the bush; he shows him only his back parts on the mountain; he nevertheless talks to him, face to face, like one friend to another.

In the Koran, too, God is always looked up to as a king. In the twelfth chapter, a throne is given him above the waters. He had this Koran written by a secretary, as kings have their orders. He sent this same Koran to Mahomet, by the angel Gabriel, as kings communicate their orders through the great officers of the crown. In short, although God is declared in the Koran to be neither begetting nor begotten, there is, nevertheless a morsel of anthropomorphism.

In the Greek and Latin churches, God has always been painted with a great beard.

ANTI-LUCRETIUS.

The reading of the whole poem of the late Cardinal Polignac has confirmed me in the idea which I formed of it when he read to me the first book. I am moreover astonished that, amidst the dissipations of the world and the troubles in

public life, he should have been able to write a long work in verse, in a foreign language;—he, who could hardly have made four good lines in his own tongue. It seems to me that he often united the strength of Lucretius and the elegance of Virgil. I admire him, above all, for that facility with which he expresses such difficult things.

Perhaps, indeed, his Anti-Lucretius is too diffuse, and too little diversified; but he is here to be examined as a philosopher, not as a poet. It appears to me that so fine a mind as his should have done more justice to the morals of Epicurus, who, though he was a very bad natural philosopher, was, nevertheless, a very worthy man, and always taught mildness, temperance, moderation, and justice, virtues which his example inculcated still more forcibly.

In the Anti-Lucretius, this great man is thus apostrophised—

Si virtutis eras avidus, rectique bonique
Tam sitiens, quid relligio tibi sancta nocebat?
Aspera quippè nimis visa est. Asperrima certè
Gaudenti vitiis, sed non virtutis amanti.
Ergo perfugium culpà, solisque benignus
Perjuris ac fœdifragis, Epicure, parabas.
Solam hominum faecem poteras, devotaque furcis
Corpora, &c.

If virtue, justice, goodness, were thy care,
Why didst thou tremble at Religion's call?—
Whose laws are harsh to vicious minds alone—
Not to the spirit that delights in virtue.
No, no—the worst of men, the worst of crimes
Ha' thy solicitud—thy dearest aim
To find a refuge for the guilty soul, &c.

But Epicurus might reply to the cardinal: "If I had had the happiness of knowing, like you, the true God,—of being born, like you, in a pure and holy religion, I should certainly not have rejected that revealed God, whose tenets were necessarily unknown to my mind, but whose morality was in my heart. I could not admit the existence of such gods as were announced to me by Paganism. I was too rational to adore divinities made to spring from a father and a mother, like mortals, and like them, to make war upon one another. I was too great a friend to virtue, not to hate a religion which now invited to crime by the example of those gods themselves, and now sold for money the remission of the most horrible enormities. I beheld, on one hand, infatuated men, stained with vices, and seeking to purify themselves before impure gods; and on the other, knaves who boasted that they could justify the most perverse by initiating them in mysteries, by dropping bullock's blood on their heads, or by dipping them in the waters of the Ganges. I beheld the most unjust wars undertaken with perfect sanctity, so soon as a ram's liver was found unspotted, or a woman, with hair dishevelled and rolling eyes, uttered words of which neither she nor any one else knew the meaning. In short, I beheld all the countries of the earth stained with the blood of human victims, sacrificed by barbarous pontiffs to barbarous gods. I consider that I did well to detest such religions. Mine is virtue. I exhorted my disciples not to meddle with the affairs of this world, because they were horribly governed. A true Epicurean was mild, moderate, just, amiable—a man of whom no society had to complain—one who did not pay executioners to assassinate in public those who thought differently from himself. From hence to the holy religion in which you have been bred, there is but one step. I destroyed the false gods; and, had I lived in your day, I would have recognised the true ones."

Thus might Epicurus justify himself concerning his error. He might even entitle himself to pardon respecting the dogma of the immortality of the soul, by saying:—"Pity me for having combated a truth which God revealed five hundred years after my birth. I thought like all the first Pagan legislators of the world; and they were all ignorant of this truth."

I wish, then, that Cardinal Polignac had pitied while he condemned Epicurus: it would have been no detriment to fine poetry.

With regard to physics, it appears to me that the author has lost much time and many verses in refuting the declination of atoms and the other absurdities which swarm in the poem of Lucretius. This is

employing artillery to destroy a cottage. Besides, why remove Lucretius' reveries to substitute those of Descartes?

Cardinal Polignac has inserted in his poem some very fine lines on the discoveries of Newton; but in these, unfortunately for himself, he combats demonstrated truths. The philosophy of Newton is not to be discussed in verse; it is scarcely to be approached in prose.—Founded altogether on geometry, the genius of poetry is not fit to assail it. The surface of these truths may be decorated with fine verses; but to fathom them, calculation is requisite, and not verse.

ANTIQUITY.

SECTION I.

Have you not sometimes seen, in a village, Pierre Aoudri and his wife Peronelle striving to go before their neighbours in a procession? "Our grandfathers," say they, "rung the bells, before those who elbow us now had so much as a stable of their own."

The vanity of Pierre Aoudri, his wife, and his neighbours, knows no better.—They grow warm. The quarrel is an important one, for honour is in question. Proofs must now be found. Some learned church-singer discovers an old rusty iron pot, marked with an A, the initial of the brazier's name who made the pot. Pierre Aoudri persuades himself that it was the helmet of one of his ancestors. So Cæsar descended from a hero and from the goddess Venus. Such is the history of nations; such is, very nearly, the knowledge of early antiquity.

The learned of Armenia demonstrate that the terrestrial paradise was in their country. Some profound Swedes demonstrate that it was somewhere about Lake Wenner, which exhibits visible remains of it. Some Spaniards, too, demonstrate that it was in Castile. While the Japanese, the Chinese, the Tartars, the Indians, the Africans, and the Americans, are so unfortunate as not even to know that a terrestrial paradise once existed at the sources of the Pison, the Gihon, the Tigris and the Euphrates, or, which is the same thing, at the sources of the Guadalquivir, the Guadiana, the Douro, and the Ebro. For of Pison we easily make Phæris, and of Phæris we easily make the Bætis, which is the Guadalquivir. The Gihon, it is plain, is the Guadiana, for they both begin with a G. And the Ebro, which is in Catalonia, is unquestionably the Euphrates, both beginning with an E.

But a Scotchman comes, and in his turn demonstrates that the garden of Eden was at Edinburgh, which has retained its name; and it is not unlikely that, in a few centuries, this opinion will prevail.

The whole globe was once burned, says a man conversant with ancient and modern history; for I have read in a journal, that charcoal quite black has been found a hundred feet deep, among mountains covered with wood. And it is also suspected that there were charcoal-burners in this place.

Phaëton's adventure sufficiently shows that everything has been boiled, even to the bottom of the sea. The sulphur of Mount Vesuvius incontrovertibly proves that the banks of the Rhine, the Danube, the Ganges, the Nile, and the Great Yellow River, are nothing but sulphur, nitre, and oil of guiacum, which only wait for the moment of explosion to reduce the earth to ashes, as it has already once been. The sand on which we walk is an evident proof that the universe has vitrified, and that our globe is nothing but a ball of glass—like our ideas.

But if fire has changed our globe, water has produced still more wonderful revolutions. For it is plain that the sea, the tides of which, in our latitudes, rise eight feet, has produced the mountains, which are sixteen to seventeen thousand feet high. This is so true, that some learned men, who never were in Switzerland, found a large vessel there, with all its rigging, petrified, either on Mount St. Gothard or at the bottom of a precipice—it is not positively known which; but it is quite certain that it was there. Therefore, men were originally fishes—Q. E. D

Coming down to antiquity less ancient,

let us speak of the times when most barbarous nations quitted their own countries to seek others which were not much better. It is true, if there be anything true in ancient history, that there were Gaulish robbers, who went to plunder Rome in the time of Camillus. Other robbers from Gaul had, it is said, passed through Illyria to sell their services as murderers to other murderers in the neighbourhood of Thrace: they bartered their blood for bread, and at length settled in Galatia. But who were these Gauls? Were they natives of Berry and Anjou? They were, doubtless, some of those Gauls whom the Romans called Cisalpine, and whom we call Transalpine—famishing mountaineers, inhabiting the Alps and the Appennines. The Gauls of the Seine and the Marne did not then know that Rome existed; and could not resolve to cross Mount Cenis, as was afterwards done by Hannibal, to steal the wardrobes of the Roman senators, whose only moveables were—a gown of bad grey cloth, decorated with a band, the colour of bull's blood; two small knobs of ivory, or rather dog's bone, fixed to the arms of a wooden chair; and a piece of rancid bacon in their kitchens.

The Gauls, who were dying of hunger, finding nothing to eat at home, went to try their fortune further off; as the Romans afterwards did, when they ravaged so many countries; and as the people of the North did at a later period, when they destroyed the Roman empire.

And whence have we received our vague information respecting these emigrations? From some lines written at a venture by the Romans: for, as for the Celts, Welches, or Gauls, whom some would have us believe to have been eloquent, neither they nor their bards could at that time read or write.

But, to infer from these that the Gauls or Celts, afterwards conquered by a few of Cæsar's legions, then by a horde of Goths, then by a horde of Burgundians, and lastly by a horde of Sicambri, under one Clodovic, had before subjugated the whole earth, and given their names and their laws to Asia, seems to me to be inferring a great deal. The thing, however, is not mathematically impossible; and if it be demonstrated, I assent: it would be very uncivil to refuse to the Welches what is granted to the Tartars.

SECTION II.

On the Antiquity of Usages

Who have been the greatest fools, and who the most ancient fools? Ourselves? or the Egyptians? or the Syrians? or some other people? What was signified by our misletoe? Who first consecrated a cat?—It must have been he who was the most troubled with mice. In what nation did they first dance under the boughs of trees in honour of the gods? Who first made processions, and placed fools, with caps and bells, at the head of them? Who first carried a Priapus through the streets, and fixed one like a knocker at the door? What Arab first took it into his head to hang his wife's drawers out at the window, the day after his marriage?

All nations have formerly danced at the time of the new moon. Did they then give one another the word? No: no more than they did to rejoice at the birth of a son, or to mourn, or seem to mourn, at the death of a father. Every one is very glad to see the moon again, after having lost her for several nights. There are a hundred usages so natural to all men, that it cannot be said the Biscayans taught them to the Phrygians, or the Phrygians to the Biscayans.

Fire and water have been used in temples. This custom needed no introduction. A priest did not choose always to have his hands dirty. Fire was necessary to cook the immolated carcases, and to burn slips of resinous wood and spices, in order to combat the odour of the sacerdotal shambles.

But the mysterious ceremonies which it is so difficult to understand, the usages which nature does not teach—in what place, when, where, how, why, were they invented? Who communicated them to other nations? It is not likely that it should, at the same time, have entered the head of an Arab and of an Egyptian, to

cut off one end of his son's prepuce; nor that a Chinese and a Persian should, both at once, have resolved to castrate little boys.

It can never have been that two fathers, in different countries, have, at the same moment, formed the idea of cutting their sons' throats to please God. Some nations must have communicated to others their follies, serious, ridiculous, or barbarous.

In this antiquity men love to search, to discover, if possible, the first madman and the first scoundrel who perverted human nature.

But, how are we to know whether Jehu, in Phœnicia, by immolating his son, was the inventor of sacrifices of human blood?

How can we be assured that Lycaon was the first who ate human flesh, when we do not know who first began to eat fowls?

We seek to know the origin of ancient feasts. The most ancient and the finest is that of the Emperors of China tilling and sowing the ground, together with their first mandarins. The second is, that of the Thesmophoria at Athens. To celebrate at once agriculture and justice, to show men how necessary they both are, to unite the curb of law with the art which is the source of all wealth—nothing is more wise, more pious, or more useful.

There are old allegorical feasts to be found everywhere, as those of the return of the seasons. It was not necessary that one nation should come from afar off, to teach another that marks of joy and friendship for one's neighbours may be given on the first day of the year. This custom has been that of every people. The Saturnalia of the Romans are better known than those of the Allobroges and the Picts; because there are many Roman writings and monuments remaining, but there are none of the other nations of western Europe.

The feast of Saturn was the feast of Time. He had four wings; Time flies quickly. His two faces evidently signifying the concluded and the commencing year. The Greeks said that he had devoured his father, and that he devoured his children. No allegory is more reasonable: Time devours the past and the present, and will devour the future.

Why seek for vain and gloomy explanations of a feast so universal, so gay, and so well known? When I look well into antiquity, I do not find a single annual festival of a melancholy character; or, at least, if they begin with lamentations, they end in dancing and revelry. If tears are shed for Adoni or Adonai, whom we call Adonis, he is soon resuscitated, and rejoicing takes place. It is the same with the feasts of Isis, Osiris, and Horus. The Greeks, too, did as much for Ceres as for Proserpine. The death of the serpent Python was celebrated with gaiety. A feast day and a day of joy were one and the same thing. At the feasts of Bacchus this joy was only carried too far.

I do not find one general commemoration of an unfortunate event. The institutors of the feasts would have shown themselves to be devoid of common sense, if they had established at Athens a celebration of the battle lost at Cheronea, and at Rome another of the battle of Cannæ.

They perpetuated the remembrance of what might encourage men, and not of that which might fill them with cowardice or despair. This is so true, that fables were invented for the purpose of instituting feasts. Castor and Pollux did not fight for the Romans near Lake Regillus; but, at the end of three or four hundred years, some priests said so, and all the people danced. Hercules did not deliver Greece from a hydra with seven heads; but Hercules and his hydra were sung.

SECTION III.

Festivals founded on Chimeras.

I do not know that there was, in all antiquity, a single festival founded on an established fact. It has been elsewhere remarked, how extremely ridiculous those schoolmen appear, who say to you, with a magisterial air:—Here is an ancient hymn in honour of Apollo, who visited Claros; therefore, Apollo went to Claros;

a chapel was erected to Perseus; therefore, he delivered Andromeda. Poor men! you should rather say, therefore, there was no Andromeda.

But what, then, will become of that learned antiquity which preceded the olympiads? It will become what it is—an unknown time, a time lost, a time of allegories and lies, a time regarded with contempt by the wise, and profoundly discussed by blockheads, who like to float in a *void*, like Epicurus' atoms.

There were everywhere days of penance, days of expiation in the temples; but these days were never called by a name answering to that of *feasts*. Every feast-day was sacred to diversion: so true is this, that the Egyptian priests fasted on the eve, in order to eat the more on the morrow—a custom which our monks have preserved. There were, no doubt, mournful ceremonies. It was not customary to dance the Greek brawl while interring or carrying to the funeral pile a son or a daughter; this was a public ceremony, but certainly not a feast

SECTION IV.

On the Antiquity of Feasts, which, it has been asserted, were always mournful.

Men of ingenuity, profound searchers into antiquity, who would know how the earth was made a hundred thousand years ago, if genius could discover it, have asserted, that mankind, reduced to a very small number in both continents, and still terrified at the innumerable revolutions which this sad globe had undergone, perpetuated the remembrance of their calamities by dismal and mournful commemorations.

"Every feast," say they, "was a day of horror, instituted to remind men that their fathers had been destroyed by the fires of the volcanoes, by rocks falling from the mountains, by eruptions of the sea, by the teeth and claws of wild beasts, by war, pestilence and famine."

Then we are not made as men were then. There was never so much rejoicing in London, as after the plague and the burning of the whole city, in the reign of Charles II. We made songs while the massacres of Bartholomew were still going on. Some pasquinades have been preserved, which were made the day after the assassination of Coligni: there was printed in Paris, *Passio Domini nostri Gaspardi Colignii secundum Bartholomæum.*

It has a thousand times happened that the Sultan, who reigns in Constantinople, has made his eunuchs and odalisks dance in apartments stained with the blood of his brothers and his viziers.

What do the people of Paris do, on the very day that they are apprised of the loss of a battle and the death of a hundred brave officers? They run to the play and the opera.

What did they when the wife of Marshal D'Ancre was given up in the Grève to the barbarity of her persecutors?—When Marshal De Marillac was dragged to execution in a waggon, by virtue of a paper signed by robed lackies in Cardinal De Richelieu's anti-chamber?—When a lieutenant-general of the army, a foreigner, who had shed his blood for the state, condemned by the cries of his infuriated enemies, was led to the scaffold in a dung-cart, with a gag in his mouth?—When a young man of nineteen, full of candour, courage, and modesty, but very imprudent, was carried to the most dreadful of punishments? They sang vaudevilles.

Such is man, at least man on the banks of the Seine. Such has he been at all times, for the same reason that rabbits have always had hair, and larks feathers.

SECTION V.

On the Origin of the Arts.

What! we would know the precise theology of Thoth, Zerdusht, or Sanchoniathon, although we know not who invented the shuttle. The first weaver, the first mason, the first smith, were undoubtedly great geniuses; yet no account has been made of them. And why? Because not one of them invented a perfect art. He who first hollowed the trunk of

an oak for the purpose of crossing a river, did not build galleys; nor did they who piled up unhewn stones, and laid pieces of wood across them, dream of the pyramids. Every thing is done by degrees, and the glory belongs to no one.

All was done in the dark, until philosophers, aided by geometry, taught men to proceed with accuracy and safety.

It was left for Pythagoras, on his return from his travels, to show workmen the way to make an exact square. He took three rules, one two, one three, one four, and one five feet long, and with these he made a rightangled triangle. Moreover, it was found that the side 5 furnished a square just equal to the two squares produced by the sides 4 and 3; a method of importance in all regular works.

This is the famous theorem which he had brought from India, and which, we have elsewhere said, was known in China long before, according to the relation of the Emperor Cam-hi. Long before Plato, the Greeks made use of a single geometrical figure to double the square.

Archytas and Erastothenes invented a method of doubling the cube, which was impracticable by ordinary geometry, and which would have done honour to Archimedes.

This Archimedes found the method of calculating exactly the quantity of alloy mixed with gold; for gold had been worked for ages before the fraud of the workers could be discovered. Knavery existed long before mathematics. The pyramids, built with the square, and corresponding exactly with the four cardinal points, sufficiently show that geometry was known in Egypt from time immemorial; and yet it is proved that Egypt is quite a new country.

Without philosophy, we should be little above the animals, that dig or erect their habitations, prepare their food in them, take care of their little ones in their dwellings, and have besides the good fortune, which we have not, of being born ready clothed.

Vitruvius, who had travelled in Gaul and Spain, tells us, that in his time the houses were built of a sort of mortar, covered with thatch or oak shingles, and that the people did not make use of tiles. What was the time of Vitruvius? It was that of Augustus. The arts had scarcely yet reached the Spaniards, who had mines of gold and silver, or the Gauls, who had fought for ten years against Cæsar.

The same Vitruvius informs us, that in the opulent and ingenious town of Marseilles, which traded with so many nations, the roofs were only of a kind of clay mixed with straw.

He says, that the Phrygians dug themselves habitations in the ground: they stuck poles round the hollow, brought them together at top, and laid earth over them. The Hurons and the Algonquins are better lodged. This gives us no very lofty idea of Troy, built by the gods, and the palace of Priam:—

> Apparet domus intùs, et atria longa patescunt;
> Apparent Priami et veterum penetralia regum.
>
> A mighty breach is made; the rooms concealed
> Appear, and all the palace is revealed—
> The halls of audience, and of public state.—*Dryden.*

To be sure, the people are not lodged like kings; huts are to be seen near the Vatican and near Versailles.

Besides, industry rises and falls among nations by a thousand revolutions:—

> Et campos ubi Troja fuit.
> Now waves the sheaf where Troy once stood.

We have our arts; the ancients had theirs. We could not make a galley with three benches of oars; but we can build ships with a hundred pieces of cannon.

We cannot raise obelisks a hundred feet high, in a single piece; but our meridians are more exact.

The byssus is unknown to us; but the stuffs of Lyons are more valuable.

The Capitol was worthy of admiration; the church of St. Peter is larger and more beautiful.

The Louvre is a master-piece when compared with the palace of Persepolis, the situation and ruins of which do but tell of a vast monument of barbaric wealth.

Rameau's music is probably better than

that of Timotheus; and there is not a picture presented at Paris in the Hall of Apollo (salon d'Apollon), which does not excel the paintings dug out of Herculaneum.

APIS.

Was the ox Apis worshipped at Memphis as a God? as a symbol? or as an ox? It is likely that the fanatics regarded him as a god, the wise as merely a symbol, and that the more stupid part of the people worshipped the ox. Did Cambyses do right in killing this ox with his own hand? Why not? He showed to the imbecile that their God might be put on the spit without Nature's arming herself to revenge the sacrilege. The Egyptians have been much extolled. I have not heard of a more miserable people. There must always have been in their character, and in their government, some radical vice which has constantly made vile slaves of them. Let it be granted, that in times almost unknown they conquered the earth; but in historical times they have been subjugated by all who have chosen to take the trouble,—by the Assyrians, by the Greeks, by the Romans, by the Arabs, by the Mamelukes, by the Turks, by all, in short, but our crusaders, who were even more ill-advised than the Egyptians were cowardly. It was the Mameluke militia that beat the French under St. Louis. There are, perhaps, but two things tolerable in this nation; the first is, that those who worshipped an ox, never sought to compel those who adored an ape to change their religion; the second, that they have always hatched chickens in ovens.

We are told of their pyramids; but they are monuments of an enslaved people. The whole nation must have been set to work on them, or those unsightly masses could never have been raised. And for what use were they? To preserve in a small chamber the mummy of some prince, or governor, or intendant, which his soul was to re-animate at the end of a thousand years. But if they looked forward to this resurrection of the body, why did they take out the brains before embalming them? Were the Egyptians to be resuscitated without brains?

APOCALYPSE.

SECTION I.

Justin the Martyr, who wrote about the year 270 of the Christian era, was the first who spoke of the Apocalypse; he attributes it to the apostle John the Evangelist. In his dialogue with Tryphon, that Jew asks him if he does not believe that Jerusalem is one day to be re-established? Justin answers, that he believes it, as all Christians do who think aright. "There was among us," says he, "a certain person named John, one of the twelve apostles of Jesus; he foretold that the faithful shall pass a thousand years in Jerusalem."

The belief in this reign of a thousand years was long prevalent among the Christians. This period was also in great credit among the Gentiles. The souls of the Egyptians returned to their bodies at the end of a thousand years; and, according to Virgil, the souls in purgatory were exercised for the same space of time;—*et mille per annos*. The New Jerusalem of a thousand years was to have twelve gates, in memory of the twelve apostles; its form was to be square; its length, breadth, and height, were each to be a thousand stadii, *i.e.* five hundred leagues; so that the houses were to be five hundred leagues high. It would be rather disagreeable to live in the upper story; but we find all this in the 21st chapter of the Apocalypse.

If Justin was the first who attributed the Apocalypse to St. John, some persons have rejected his testimony; because in this same dialogue with the Jew Tryphon, he says that, according to the relation of the Apostles, Jesus Christ, when he went into the Jordan, made the water boil,—which, however, is not to be found in any writing of the Apostles.

The same St. Justin confidently cites

the oracles of Sibyls; he moreover pretends to have seen the remains of the places in which the seventy-two interpreters were confined in the Egyptian pharos, in Herod's time. The testimony of a man who had had the misfortune to see these places, seems to indicate that he might possibly have been confined there himself.

St. Irenæus, who comes afterwards, and who also believed in the reign of a thousand years, tells us, that he learned from an old man, that St. John wrote the Apocalypse. But St. Irenæus is reproached with having written, that there ought to be but four gospels, because there are but four quarters of the world, and four cardinal points, and Ezekiel saw but four animals. He calls this reasoning a demonstration. It must be confessed, that Irenæus's method of demonstrating is quite worthy of Justin's power of sight.

Clement of Alexandria, in his *Electa*, mentions only an Apocalypse of St. Peter, to which great importance was attached. Tertullian, a great partisan of the thousand years' reign, not only assures us that St. John foretold this resurrection and reign of a thousand years in the city of Jerusalem, but also asserts that this Jerusalem was already beginning to form itself in the air, where it had been seen by all the Christians of Palestine, and even by the Pagans, at the latter end of the night, for forty nights successively; but, unfortunately, the city always disappeared as soon as it was day-light.

Origen, in his preface to St. John's Gospel, and in his homilies, quotes the oracles of the Apocalypse; but he likewise quotes the oracles of Sibyls. And St. Dionysius of Alexandria, who wrote about the middle of the third century, says, in one of his fragments preserved by Eusebius, that nearly all the doctors rejected the Apocalypse as a book devoid of reason; and that this book was composed, not by St. John, but by one Cerinthus, who made use of a great name to give more weight to his reveries.

The council of Laodicea, held in 360, did not reckon the Apocalypse among the canonical books. It is very singular that Laodicea, one of the churches to which the Apocalypse was addressed, should have rejected a treasure designed for itself; and that the bishop of Ephesus, who attended the council, should also have rejected this book of St. John, who was buried at Ephesus.

It was visible to all eyes that St. John was continually turning about in his grave, causing a constant rising and falling of the earth. Yet the same persons who were sure that St. John was not quite dead, were also sure that he had not written the Apocalypse. But those who were for the thousand years' reign, were unshaken in their opinion. Sulpicius Severus, in his Sacred History, book xi., treats as mad and impious those who did not receive the Apocalypse. At length, after numerous oppositions of council to council, the opinion of Sulpicius Severus prevailed. The matter having been thus cleared up, the Church came to the decision, from which there is no appeal, that the Apocalypse is incontestably St. John's.

Every Christian communion has applied to itself the prophesies contained in this book. The English have found in it the revolutions of Great Britain; the Lutherans, the troubles of Germany; the French reformers, the reign of Charles IX. and the regency of Catherine de Medicis: and they are all equally right. Bossuet and Newton have both commented on the Apocalypse; yet, after all, the eloquent declamations of the one, and the sublime discoveries of the other, have done them greater honour than their commentaries.

SECTION II.

Two great men, but very different in their greatness, have commented on the Apocalypse, in the seventeenth century;—Newton, to whom such a study was very ill suited; and Bossuet, who was better fitted for the undertaking. Both gave additional weapons to their enemies by their commentaries; and, as has else-

where been said, the former consoled mankind for his superiority over them, while the latter made his enemies rejoice.

The Catholics and the Protestants have both explained the Apocalypse in their favour, and have each found in it exactly what has accorded with their interests. They have made wonderful commentaries on the great beast with seven heads and ten horns, with the hair of a leopard, the feet of a bear, the throat of a lion, the strength of a dragon; and, to buy and sell, it was necessary to have the character and number of the beast, which number was 666.

Bossuet finds that this beast was evidently the Emperor Dioclesian, by making an acrostic of his name. Grotius believed that it was Trajan. A curate of St. Sulpice, named La Chétardie, known from some strange adventures, proves that the beast was Julian. Jurieu proves that the beast is the Pope. One preacher has demonstrated that it was Louis XIV. A good Catholic has demonstrated that it is William, King of England. It is not easy to make them all agree.

There have been warm disputes concerning the stars which fell from heaven to earth, and the sun and moon, which were struck with darkness in their third parts.

There are several opinions respecting the book that the angel made the author of the Apocalypse eat, which book was sweet to the mouth and bitter to the stomach. Jurieu asserted that the books of his adversary were designated thereby; and his argument was retorted upon himself.

There have been disputes about this verse:—"And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping on their harps."

It is quite clear, that it would have been better to have respected the Apocalypse, than to have commented upon it.

Camus, Bishop of Bellay, printed, in the last century, a large book against the monks, which an unfrocked monk abridged. It was entitled *Apocalypse*, because in it he exposed the dangers and defects of the monastic life; and *Melito's* Apocalypse, (Apocalypse de Méliton), because Melito, Bishop of Sardis, in the second century, had passed for a prophet. This bishop's work has none of the obscurities of St. John's Apocalypse. Nothing was ever clearer. The bishop is like a magistrate saying to an attorney, "You are a forger, and a cheat—do you comprehend me!"

The Bishop of Bellay computes, in his Apocalypse or Revelations, that there were in his time ninety-eight orders of monks endowed or mendicant, living at the expense of the people, without employing themselves in the smallest labour. He reckoned six hundred thousand monks in Europe. The calculation was a little strained; but it is certain that the real number of the monks was rather too large.

He assures us that the monks are enemies to the bishops, curates, and magistrates—

That, among the privileges granted to the Cordeliers, the sixth privilege is, the certainty of being saved, whatever horrible crime you may have committed, provided you belong to the Order of St. Francis—

That the monks are like apes; the higher they climb, the plainer you see their posteriors.

That the name of *monk* has become so infamous and execrable, that it is regarded by the monks themselves as a foul reproach, and the most violent insult that can be offered them.

My dear reader, whoever you are, minister or magistrate, consider attentively the following short extract from our bishop's book:—

"Figure to yourself the Convent of the Escurial or of Mount Cassino, where the cœnobites have everything necessary, useful, delightful, superfluous, and superabundant—since they have their yearly revenue of a hundred and fifty thousand, four hundred thousand, or five hundred thousand crowns; and judge whether Monsieur l'Abbé has wherewithal to allow

himself, and those under him, to sleep after dinner.

"Then imagine an artisan or labourer, with no dependence except on the work of his hands, and burdened with a large family, toiling like a slave, every day, and at all seasons, to feed them with the bread of sorrow and the water of tears; and say, which of the two conditions is pre-eminent in poverty."

This is a passage from the *Episcopal Apocalypse*, which needs no commentary. There only wants an angel to come and fill his cup with the wine of the monks, to slake the thirst of the labourers who plough, sow, and reap, for the monasteries.

But this prelate, instead of writing a useful book, only composed a satire. Consistently with his dignity, he should have stated the good as well as evil. He should have acknowledged that the Benedictines have produced many good works, and that the Jesuits have rendered great services to literature. He might have blessed the brethren of La Charité, and those of the Redemption of the Captives. Our first duty is to be just. Camus gave too much scope to his imagination. St. François de Sales advised him to write moral romances; but he abused the advice.

ANTI-TRINITARIANS.

These are heretics who might pass for other than Christians. However, they acknowledge Jesus as Saviour and Mediator; but they dare to maintain, that nothing is more contrary to right reason than what is taught among Christians concerning the Trinity of persons in one only divine essence, of whom the second is begotten by the first, and the third proceeds from the other two—

That this unintelligible doctrine is not to be found in any part of Scripture—

That no passage can be produced which authorises it; or to which, without in anywise departing from the spirit of the text, a sense cannot be given more clear, more natural, or more conformable to common notions, and to primitive and immutable truths—

That to maintain, as the orthodox do, that in the divine essence there are several distinct persons, and that the Eternal is not the only true God, but that the Son and the Holy Ghost must be joined with him, is to introduce into the church of Christ an error the most gross and dangerous, since it is openly to favour polytheism—

That it implies a contradiction, to say that there is but one God, and that, nevertheless, there are three *persons*, each of which is truly God—

That this distinction, of *one* in *essence*, and *three* in *person*, was never in Scripture—

That it is manifestly false; since it is certain that there are no fewer essences than persons, nor persons than essences—

That the three persons of the Trinity are, either three different substances, or accidents of the divine essence, or that essence itself without distinction—

That, in the first place, you make three Gods—

That, in the second, God is composed of accidents; you adore accidents, and metamorphose accidents into persons—

That, in the third, you, unfoundedly and to no purpose, divide an indivisible subject, and distinguish into *three* that which within itself has no distinction—

That if it be said, that the three personalities are neither different substances in the divine essence, nor accidents of that essence, it will be difficult to persuade ourselves that they are anything at all—

That it must not be believed that the most rigid and decided Trinitarians have themselves any clear idea of the way in which the three *hypostases* subsist in God, without dividing his substance, and consequently without multiplying it—

That St. Augustin himself, after advancing on this subject a thousand reasonings alike dark and false, was forced to confess that nothing intelligible could be said about the matter.

They then repeat the passage in this father, which is, indeed, a very singular one:—"When," says he, "it is asked

what are *the three*, the language of man fails, and terms are wanting to express them." "*Three persons* has, however, been said—not for the purpose of expressing anything, but in order to say something and not remain mute." "*Dictum est tres personæ, non ut aliquid diceretur, sed ne taceretur*."—De Trinit. lib. v. cap. 9—

That modern theologians have cleared up this matter no better.

That, when they are asked what they understand by the word *person*, they explain themselves only by saying, that it is a certain incomprehensible distinction, by which are distinguished in one nature only, a Father, a Son, and a Holy Ghost—

That the explanation which they give of the terms *begetting* and *proceeding*, is no more satisfactory; since it reduces itself to saying, that these terms indicate certain incomprehensible relations existing among the three persons of the Trinity—

That i may be hence gathered that the state of the question between them and the orthodox is, to know whether there are in God three distinctions, of which no one has any definite idea, and among which there are certain relations of which no one has any more idea.

From all this they conclude, that it would be wiser to abide by the testimony of the Apostles, who never spoke of the Trinity, and to banish from religion for ever all terms which are not in the Scriptures—as *Trinity*, *person*, *essence*, *hypostasis*, *hypostatic* and *personal union*, *incarnation*, *generation*, *proceeding*, and many others of the same kind; which being absolutely devoid of meaning, since they are represented by no real existence in nature, can excite in the understanding none but false, vague, obscure, and undefinable notions.

To this article, let us add what Calmet says in his Dissertation on the following passage of the Epistle of John the Evangelist:—"For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one: and there are three that bear witness in earth, the spirit, and the water, and the blood: and these three are one." Calmet acknowledges that these two verses are not in any ancient Bible: indeed, it would be very strange if St. John had spoken of the Trinity in a letter, and said not a word about it in his Gospel. We find no trace of this dogma, either in the canonical or in the apocryphal gospels. All these reasons, and many others, might excuse the Anti-Trinitarians, if the councils had not decided. But, as the heretics pay no regard to councils, we know not what measures to take to confound them. Let us content ourselves with believing, and wishing them to believe.

APOCRYPHA—APOCRYPHAL.

[FROM THE GREEK WORD SIGNIFYING *hidden*.]

It has been very well remarked, that the Divine writings might, at one and the same time, be sacred and apocryphal; sacred, because they had undoubtedly been dictated by God himself; apocryphal, because they were hidden from the nations, and even from the Jewish people.

That they were hidden from the nations before the translation executed at Alexandria, under the Ptolemies, is an acknowledged truth. Josephus declares it in the answer to Appian, which he wrote after Appian's death; and his declaration has not the less strength because he seeks to strengthen it by a fable. He says, in his history, that the Jewish books being all-divine, no foreign historian or poet had ever dared to speak of them. And, immediately after assuring us that no one had ever dared to mention the Jewish laws, he adds, that the historian Theopompus, having only intended to insert something concerning them in his history, God struck him with madness for thirty days; but that, having been informed in a dream that he was mad only because he had wished to know divine things, and make them known to the profane, he asked pardon of God, who restored him to his senses.

Josephus, in the same passage, also relates, that a poet, named Theodectes,

having said a few words about the Jews in his tragedies, became blind, and that God did not restore his sight until he had done penance.

As for the Jewish people, it is certain that there was a time when they could not read the divine writings; for it is said in the second book of Kings, (chap. xxii. ver. 8,) and in the second book of Chronicles, (chap. xxxiv. ver. 14,) that in the reign of Josias they were unknown, and that a single copy was accidentally found in the house of the high-priest Hilkiah.

The twelve tribes which were dispersed by Shalmanezer, have never re-appeared; and their books, if they had any, have been lost with them. The two tribes which were in slavery at Babylon, and allowed to return at the end of seventy years, returned without their books, or at least they were very scarce and very defective, since Esdras was obliged to restore them. But, although during the Babylonian captivity, these books were apocryphal—that is, hidden, or unknown to the people, they were constantly sacred,—they bore the stamp of divinity,—they were, as all the world agrees, the only monument of truth upon earth.

We now give the name of apocrypha to those books which are not worthy of belief; so subject are languages to change! Catholics and Prostestants agree in regarding as apocryphal in this sense, and in rejecting—

The prayer of Manasseh, King of Judah, contained in the second book of Kings.

The third and fourth books of Maccabees.

The fourth book of Esdras; although these books were incontestably written by Jews. But it is denied that the authors were inspired by God, like the Jews.

The other books, rejected by the Protestants only, and consequently considered by them as not inspired by God himself, are—

The book of Wisdom, though it is written in the same style as the Proverbs.

Ecclesiasticus, though the style is still the same.

The two first books of Maccabees, though written by a Jew. But they do not believe this Jew to have been inspired by God.

Tobit, although the story is edifying. The judicious and profound Calmet affirms, that a part of this book was written by Tobit the father, and a part by Tobit the son; and that a third author added the conclusion of the last chapter, which says that Tobit the younger expired at the age of one hundred and twenty-seven years, and that he died rejoicing over the destruction of Nineveh.

The same Calmet, at the end of his preface, has these words: "Neither the story itself, nor the manner in which it is told, bears any fabulous or fictitious character. If all Scripture histories, containing anything of the marvellous or extraordinary, were to be rejected, where is the sacred book which is to be preserved?"

Judith; although Luther himself declares that "this book is beautiful, good, holy, useful, the language of a holy poet and a prophet animated by the Holy Spirit, which had been his instructor," &c.

It is indeed hard to discover at what time Judith's adventure happened, or where the town of Bethulia was. The degree of sanctity in Judith's action has also been disputed; but the book having been declared canonical by the council of Trent, all disputes are at an end.

Baruch, although it is written in the style of all the other prophets.

Esther.—The Protestants reject only some additions after the tenth chapter. They admit all the rest of the book; yet no one knows who King Ahasuerus was, although he is the principal person in the story.

Daniel.—The Protestants retrench Susannah's adventure, and that of the children in the furnace; but they retain Nebuchadnezzar's dream, and his grazing with

On the Life of Moses, an apocryphal book of the highest antiquity.

The ancient book which contains the life and death of Moses, seems to have been written at the time of the Babylonian captivity. It was then that the Jews began to know the names given to the angels by the Chaldeans and Persians.

Here we see the names of Zinguiel, Samael, Tsakon, Lakah, and many others, of which the Jews had made no mention.

The book of the death of Moses seems to have been posterior. It is known that the Jews had several very ancient lives of Moses and other books, independently of the Pentateuch. In them he was called Moni, not Moses; and it is asserted that *mo* signified *water*, and *ni* the particle *of*. He was called by the general name of Melk. He received those of Joakim, Adamosi, Thetmosi; and, especially, it has been thought that he was the same person whom Manethon calls Ozarziph.

Some of these old Hebrew manuscripts were withdrawn from their covering of dust in the cabinets of the Jews, about the year 1517. The learned Gilbert Gaumin, who was a perfect master of their language, translated them into Latin about the year 1535. They were afterwards printed, and dedicated to Cardinal Bérule. The copies have become extremely scarce.

Never were rabbinism, the taste for the marvellous, and the imagination of the Orientals, displayed to greater excess.

Fragment of the Life of Moses.

A hundred and thirty years after the settling of the Jews in Egypt, and sixty years after the death of the patriarch Joseph, Pharaoh, while sleeping, had a dream. He saw an old man holding a balance: in one scale were all the inhabitants of Egypt; in the other was an infant; and this infant weighed more than all the Egyptians together. Pharaoh forthwith called together his *shotim*, or sages. One of the wise men said—"O king, this infant is a Jew, who will one day do great evil to your kingdom. Cause all the children of the Jews to be slain; thus shalt thou save thy empire, if, indeed, the decrees of fate can be opposed."

Pharaoh was pleased with this advice. He sent for the midwives, and ordered them to strangle all the male children of which the Jewesses were delivered. There was in Egypt a man named Abraham, son of Keath, husband to Jocabed, sister to his brother. This Jocabed bore him a daughter named *Mary*, signifying *persecuted*, because the Egyptians, being descended from Ham, persecuted the Israelites, who were evidently descended from Shem. Jocabed afterwards brought forth *Aaron*, signifying *condemned to death*, because Pharaoh had condemned all the Jewish infants to death. Aaron and Mary were preserved by the angels of the Lord, who nursed them in the fields, and restored them to their parents when they had reached the period of adolescence

At length, Jocabed had a third child: this was Moses, who, consequently, was fifteen years younger than his brother. He was exposed on the Nile. Pharaoh's daughter found him while bathing, had him nursed, and adopted him as her son, although she was not married.

Three years after, her father Pharaoh took a fresh wife, on which occasion he held a great feast. His wife was at his right hand, and at his left was his daughter, with little Moses. The child, in sport, took the crown and put it on his head. Balaam the magician, the king's eunuch, then recalled his Majesty's dream. "Behold," said he, "the child who is one day to do you so much mischief! The spirit of God is in him. What he has just now done is a proof that he has already formed the design of dethroning you. He must instantly be put to death." This idea pleased Pharaoh much.

They were about to kill little Moses; when the Lord immediately sent his angel Gabriel, disguised as one of Pharaoh's officers, to say to him, "My lord, we should not put to death an innocent child, which is not yet come to years of discretion; he put on your crown only because he wants judgment. You have only to

let a ruby and a burning coal be presented to him: if he choose the coal, it is clear that he is a blockhead, who will never do any harm; but if he take the ruby, it will be a sign that he has too much sense to burn his fingers: *then*, let him be slain."

A ruby and a coal were immediately brought. Moses did not fail to take the ruby; but the angel Gabriel, by a sort of legerdemain, slipped the coal into the place of the precious stone. Moses put the coal into his mouth, and burned his tongue so horribly, that he stammered ever after; and this was the reason that the Jewish lawgiver could never articulate.

Moses was fifteen years old, and a favourite with Pharaoh. A Hebrew came to complain to him, that an Egyptian had beaten him, after lying with his wife. Moses killed the Egyptian. Pharoah ordered Moses' head to be cut off. The executioner struck him; but God instantly changed Moses' neck into a marble column, and sent the angel Michael, who in three days conducted Moses beyond the frontiers.

The young Hebrew fled to Mecano, King of Ethiopia, who was at war with the Arabs. Mecano made him his general-in-chief; and, after Mecano's death, Moses was chosen king, and married the widow. But Moses, ashamed to have married the wife of his lord, dared not to enjoy her, but placed a sword in the bed, betwixt himself and the queen. He lived with her forty years without touching her. The angry queen at length called together the states of the kingdom of Ethiopia, complained that Moses was of no service to her, and concluded by driving him away, and placing on the throne the son of the late king.

Moses fled into the country of Midian, to the priest Jethro. This priest thought his fortune would be made if he could put Moses into the hands of Pharaoh of Egypt, and began by confining him in a low cell, and allowing him only bread and water. Moses grew fat very fast in his dungeon, at which Jethro was quite astonished. He was not aware that his daughter Sephora had fallen in love with the prisoner, and every day, with her own hands, carried him partridges and quails, with excellent wine. He concluded that Moses was protected by God, and did not give him up to Pharaoh.

However, Jethro the priest wished to have his daughter married. He had in his garden a tree of sapphire, on which was engraven the word *Jaho* or *Jehovah*. He caused it to be published throughout the country, that he would give his daughter to him who could tear up the sapphire tree. Sephora's lovers presented themselves, but none of them could so much as bend the tree. Moses, who was only seventy-seven years old, tore it up at once, without an effort. He married Sephora, by whom he soon had a fine boy, named Gerson.

As he was one day walking in a small wood, he met God (who had formerly called himself Sadaï, and then called himself Jehovah), and God ordered him to go and work miracles at Pharaoh's court. He set out, with his wife and son. On the way, they met an angel (to whom no name is given), who ordered Sephora to circumcise little Gerson with a knife made of stone. God sent Aaron on the same errand: but Aaron thought his brother had done very wrong in marrying a Midianite; he called her a very coarse name, and little Gerson a bastard, and sent them the shortest way back to their own country.

Aaron and Moses then went to Pharaoh's palace by themselves. The gate of the palace was guarded by two lions of an enormous size. Balaam, one of the king's magicians, seeing the two brothers come, set the lions upon them; but Moses touched them with his rod, and the lions humbly prostrating themselves, licked the feet of Aaron and Moses. The king, in astonishment, had the two pilgrims brought into the presence of all his magicians, that they might strive which could work the most miracles.

The author here relates the ten plagues

of Egypt, nearly as they are related in Exodus. He only adds, that Moses covered all Egypt with lice, to the depth of a cubit; and that he sent among all the Egyptians, lions, wolves, bears, and tigers, which ran into all the houses, notwithstanding that the doors were bolted, and devoured all the little children.

According to this writer, it was not the Jews who fled through the Red Sea; it was Pharaoh, who fled that way with his army: the Jews ran after him; the waters separated right and left, to see them fight; and all the Egyptians, except the king, were slain upon the sand. Then the king, finding that his own was the weaker side, asked pardon of God. Michael and Gabriel were sent to him, and conveyed him to the city of Nineveh, where he reigned four hundred years.

The Death of Moses.

God had declared to the people of Israel, that they should not go out of Egypt until they had once more found the tomb of Joseph. Moses found it, and carried it on his shoulders through the Red Sea. God told him that he would bear in mind this good action, and would assist him at the time of his death. When Moses had lived six score years, God came to announce to him that he must die, and had but three hours more to live. The bad angel Samael was present at the conversation. As soon as the first hour had passed, he began to laugh for joy, that he should so soon carry off the soul of Moses; and Michael began to weep. "Be not rejoiced, thou wicked beast," said the good to the bad angel; "Moses is going to die; but we have Joshua in his stead."

When the three hours had elapsed, God commanded Gabriel to take the dying man's soul. Gabriel begged to be excused. Michael did the same. These two angels having refused, God addressed himself to Zinguiel. But this angel was no more willing to obey than the others. "I," said he, "was formerly his preceptor, and I will not kill my disciple." Then God, being angry, said to the bad angel Samael, "Well then, wicked one, thou must take his soul." Samael joyfully drew his sword, and ran up to Moses. The dying man rose up in wrath, his eyes sparkling with fire. "What! thou villain," said Moses; "wouldst thou dare to kill me?—me, who when a child, put on my head the crown of a Pharoah; who have worked miracles at the age of eighty years; who have led sixty millions of men out of Egypt; who have cut the Red Sea in two; who have conquered two kings so tall that at the time of the Flood they were not knee-deep in water? Be gone, you rascal; leave my presence instantly."

This altercation lasted a few moments longer; during which time Gabriel prepared a litter to convey the soul of Moses, Michael a purple mantle, and Zinguiel a cassock. God then laid his hands on Moses' breast, and took away his soul.

It is to this history that St. Jude the Apostle alludes in his Epistle, when he says that the archangel Michael contended with the devil for the body of Moses. As this fact is to be found only in the book which I have just quoted, it is evident that St. Jude had read it, and that he considered it as a canonical book.

The second History of the Death of Moses is likewise a conversation with God. It is no less pleasant and curious than the first. A part of this dialogue is as follows:—

Moses.—I pray thee, O Lord, let me enter the land of promise, at least for two or three years.

God.—No: my decree expressly saith that thou shalt not enter it.

Moses.—Grant, at least, that I may be carried thither after my death.

God.—No; neither dead nor alive.

Moses.—Alas! but, good Lord, thou showest such clemency to thy creatures! thou pardonest them twice or three times; I have sinned but once, and am not to be forgiven!

God.—Thou knowst not what thou sayest; thou hast committed six sins. . . . . . . I remember to have sworn

thy death, or the destruction of Israel; one of the two must be accomplished. If thou wilt live Israel must perish.

Moses.—O Lord, be not so hasty. All is in thy hands. Let Moses perish, rather than one soul in Israel.

After several discourses of this sort, the echo of the mountain says to Moses, "Thou hast but five hours to live." At the end of five hours, God sends for Gabriel, Zinguiel, and Samael. He promises Moses that he shall be buried, and carries away his soul.

When we reflect that nearly the whole earth has been infatuated by similar stories, and that they have formed the education of mankind, the fables of Pilpay, Lokman, or Æsop, appear quite reasonable.

Apocryphal Books of the New Law.

Fifty Gospels, all very different from one another, of which there remain only four entire—that of James, that of Nicodemus, that of the infancy of Jesus, and that of the birth of Mary. Of the rest we have nothing more than fragments and slight notices.

The traveller Tournefort, sent into Asia by Louis XIV. informs us that the Georgians have preserved the gospel of the Infancy, which was probably communicated to them by the Azmenians.

In the beginning, several of these gospels, now regarded as apocryphal, were cited as authentic, and were even the only gospels that were cited. In the Acts of the Apostles we find these words, uttered by St. Paul, (chap. xx., ver. 35,) "And remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give than to receive."

St. Barnabas, in his Catholic Epistle, (No 4 and 7,) makes Jesus Christ speak thus—"Let us resist all iniquity; let us hate it. . . . . Such as would see me enter into my kingdom, must follow me through pain and sorrow."

St. Clement, in his second Epistle to the Corinthians, puts these words into the mouth of Jesus Christ—"If you are assembled in my bosom, and do not follow my commandments, I shall reject you, and say to you,—Depart from me; I know you not; depart from me, ye workers of iniquity.'

He afterwards attributes to Jesus Christ these words;—"Keep your flesh chaste, and the seal unspotted, in order that you may receive eternal life."

In the Apostolical Constitutions, composed in the second century, we find these words—"Jesus Christ has said, *Be ye honest exchange-brokers.*"

We find many similar quotations, not one of which is taken from the four gospels recognised by the Church as the only canonical ones. They are, for the most part, taken from the Gospel according to the Hebrews, a gospel which was translated by St. Jerome, and is now considered as apocryphal.

St. Clement the Roman says, in his second Epistle—"The Lord, being asked when his reign should come, answered—When two shall make one, when that which is without shall be within, when the male shall be female, and when there shall be neither female nor male."

These words are taken from the Gospel according to the Egyptians; and the text is repeated entire by St. Clement of Alexandria. But what could the author of the Egyptian gospels, and what could St. Clement himself be thinking of? The words which he quotes are injurious to Jesus Christ; they give us to understand that he did not believe that his reign would come at all. To say that a thing will take place when two shall make one, when the male shall be female, is to say that it will never take place. A passage like this is rabbinical, much rather than evangelical.

There were also two apocryphal Acts of the Apostles. They are quoted by St. Epiphanius. In these Acts it is related that St. Paul was the son of an idolatrous father and mother, and turned Jew in order to marry the daughter of Gamaliel; and that either being refused, or not finding her a virgin, he took part with the

disciples of Jesus. This is nothing less than blasphemy against St. Paul.

The other Apocryphal Books of the First and Second Centuries.

I.

The Book of Enoch, the seventh man after Adam, which mentions the war of the rebellious angels, under their captain Samasia, against the faithful angels led by Michael. The object of the war was, to enjoy the daughters of men, as has been said in the article ANGEL.

II.

The Acts of St. Thecla and St. Paul, written by a disciple named John, attached to St. Paul. In this history, Thecla escapes from her persecutors to go to St. Paul, disguised as a man. She also baptizes a lion; but this adventure was afterwards suppressed. Here, too, we have the portrait of Paul:—*Staturá brevi, calvastrum, cruribus curvis, surosum, superciliis junctis, naso aquilino, plenum gratiá Dei.*

Although this story was recommended by St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Ambrose, St. John Chrysostom, &c., it had no reputation among the other doctors of the church.

III.

The preaching of Peter. This writing is also called the Gospel or Revelation of Peter. St. Clement of Alexandria speaks of it with great praise; but it is easy to perceive that some impostor had taken that apostle's name.

IV.

The Acts of Peter, a work equally supposititious.

V.

The Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs. It is doubted whether this book is by a Jew or a Christian of the primitive ages; for it is said in the Testament of Levi, that at the end of the seventh week there shall come priests given to idolatry, —*bellatores, avari, scribæ iniqui, impudici, puerorum corruptores et pecorum;* that there shall then be a new priesthood; that the heavens shall be opened; and that the glory of the Most High, and the spirit of intelligence and sanctification, shall descend upon this new priest; which seems to foretel Jesus Christ.

VI.

The Letter of Abgarus, a pretended King of Edessa, to Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ's answer to King Abgarus. It is, indeed, believed that, in the time of Tiberius, there was a toparch of Edessa, who had passed from the service of the Persians into that of the Romans; but his epistolary correspondence has been considered by all good critics as a chimera.

VII.

The Acts of Pilate. Pilate's letters to Tiberius on the Death of Jesus Christ. The Life of Procula, Pilate's wife.

VIII.

The Acts of Peter and Paul, in which is the history of St. Peter's quarrel with Simon the magician. Abdias, Marcellus, and Hegesippus, have all three written this story. St. Peter first disputed with Simon, which should resuscitate one of the Emperor Nero's relatives, who was just dead; Simon half restored him, and St. Peter finished the resurrection. Simon next flew up in the air; but Peter brought him down again, and the magician broke his legs. The Emperor Nero, incensed at the death of his magician, had St. Peter crucified with his head downwards, and St. Paul decapitated, as one of St. Peter's party.

IX.

The Acts of Blessed Paul the Apostle and Teacher of the Nations. In this book, St. Paul is made to live at Rome for two years after St. Peter's death. The author says, that when St. Paul's head was cut off, there issued forth milk instead of blood; and that Lucina, a devout woman, had him buried twenty miles from Rome, on the way to Ostia, at her country house.

X.

The Acts of the Blessed Apostle Andrew. The author relates, that St. Andrew went to the city of the Myrmidons, and that he baptized all the citizens. A young man named Sostratus, of the town

of Amarea, which is at least better known than that of the Myrmidons, came and said to the blessed Andrew, "I am so handsome, that my mother has conceived a passion for me. I abhorred so execrable a crime, and have fled. My mother, in her fury, accuses me, to the proconsul of the province, of having attempted to violate her. I can make no answer, for I would rather die than accuse my mother." While he was yet speaking, the guards of the proconsul came and seized him. St. Andrew accompanied the son before the judge, and pleaded his cause. The mother, not at all disconcerted, accused St. Andrew himself of having instigated her son to the crime. The proconsul immediately ordered St. Andrew to be thrown into the river; but, the apostle having prayed to God, there came a great earthquake, and the mother was struck by a thunderbolt.

After several adventures of the same sort, the author has St. Andrew crucified at Patras.

XI.

The Acts of St. James the Greater. The author has him condemned to death at Jerusalem by the pontiff, and, before his crucifixion, he baptizes the registrar.

XII.

The Acts of St. John the Evangelist. The author relates that, at Ephesus—of which place St. John was bishop—Drusilla, being converted by him, desired no more of her husband Andronicus's company, but retired into a tomb. A young man named Callimachus, in love with her, repeatedly pressed her, even in her tomb, to consent to the gratification of his passion. Drusilla, being urged both by her husband and her lover, wished for death, and obtained it. Callimachus, when informed of her loss, was still more furious with love; he bribed one of Andronicus's domestics, who had the keys of the tomb; he ran to it, stripped his mistress of her shroud, and exclaimed, "What thou wouldst not grant me living, thou shalt grant me dead." A serpent instantly issued from the tomb; the young man fainted; the serpent killed him, as also the domestic who was his accomplice, and coiled itself round his body. St. John arrives with the husband, and, to their astonishment, they find Callimachus alive. St. John orders the serpent to depart, and the serpent obeys. He asks the young man how he has been resuscitated. Callimachus answered, that an angel had appeared to him, saying, "It was necessary that thou shouldst die, in order to revive a Christian." He immediately asked to be baptized, and begged that John would resuscitate Drusilla. The apostle having instantly worked this miracle, Callimachus and Drusilla prayed that he would also be so good as to resuscitate the domestic. The latter, who was an obstinate Pagan, being restored to life, declared that he would rather die than be a Christian, and, accordingly, he incontinently died again; on which St. John said, that a bad tree always bears bad fruit.

Aristodemus, high-priest of Ephesus, though struck by such a prodigy, would not be converted; he said to St. John, "Allow me to poison you; and, if you do not die, I will be converted." The apostle accepted the proposal; but he chose that Aristodemus should first poison two Ephesians condemned to death. Aristodemus immediately presented to them the poison, and they instantly expired. St. John took the same poison, which did him no harm. He resuscitated the two dead men, and the high-priest was converted.

St. John having attained the age of 97 years, Jesus Christ appeared to him, and said, "It is time for thee to come to my table, and feast with thy brethren;" and soon after the apostle slept in peace.

XIII.

The History of the Blessed James the Less, and the brothers Simon and Jude. These apostles went into Persia, and performed things as incredible as those related of St. Andrew.

XIV.

The Acts of St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist. St. Matthew goes into Ethi-

opia, to the great town of Nadaver, where he restores to life the son of Queen Candace, and founds Christian churches.

XV.

The Acts of the Blessed Bartholomew in India. Bartholomew went first to the temple of Astaroth. This goddess delivered oracles, and cured all diseases. Bartholomew silenced her, and made sick all those whom she had cured. King Polimius disputed with him; the devil declared, before the king, that he was conquered; and St. Bartholomew consecrated King Polimius bishop of the Indies.

XVI.

The Acts of the Blessed Thomas, Apostle of India. St. Thomas entered India by another road, and worked more miracles than St. Bartholomew. He at last suffered martyrdom, and appeared to Xiphoro and Susani.

XVII.

The Acts of the Blessed Philip. He went to preach in Scythia. They wished to make him sacrifice to Mars; but he caused a dragon to issue from the altar, and devour the children of the priests. He died at Hierapolis, at the age of eighty-seven. It is not known what town this was, for there were several of the name.

All these histories are supposed to have been written by Abdias, Bishop of Babylon, and were translated by Julius Africanus.

XVIII.

To these abuses of the Holy Scriptures was added one less revolting—one which did not fail in respect for Christianity, like those which have just been laid before the reader, viz. the Liturgies attributed to St. James, St. Peter, and St. Mark, the falsehood of which has been shown by the learned Tillemont.

XIX.

Fabricius places among the apocryphal writings the Homily (attributed to St. Augustine) on the manner in which the Symbol was formed. But he certainly does not mean to insinuate that this Symbol or Creed, which we call the Apostles', is the less true and sacred. It is said in this Homily, in Rufinus and afterwards in Isidorus, that ten days after the Ascension, the apostles being shut up together for fear of the Jews, Peter said, "I believe in God the Father Almighty;" Andrew, "and in Jesus Christ his only son;" James, "who was conceived by the Holy Ghost;" and that thus, each apostle having repeated an article, the Creed was completed.

This story not being in the Acts of the Apostles, our belief in it is dispensed with—but not our belief in the Creed, of which the apostles taught the substance. Truth must not suffer from the false ornaments in which it has been sought to array her.

XX.

The Apostolical Constitutions. The Constitutions of the Holy Apostles, which were formerly supposed to have been digested by St. Clement the Roman, are now ranked among the apocryphal writings. The reading of a few chapters is sufficient to show that the apostles had no share in this work.

In the eleventh chapter, women are ordered not to rise before the ninth hour.

In the first chapter of the second book, it is desired that bishops should be learned: but in the time of the apostles there was no hierarchy—no bishop attached to a single church. They went about teaching from town to town, from village to village; they were called *apostles*, not *bishops;* and, above all things, they did not pride themselves on being learned.

In the second chapter of the second book it is said, that a bishop should have but one wife, to take great care of his household; which only goes to prove that at the close of the first, and the commencement of the second century, when the hierarchy was beginning to be established, the priests were married.

Through almost the whole book, the bishops are regarded as the judges of the faithful; but it is well known that the apostles had no jurisdiction.

It is said, in chapter xxi., that both

parties must be heard; which supposes an established jurisdiction.

In chapter xxvi. it is said, "The bishop is your *prince*, your *king*, your *emperor*, your *God upon earth*." These expressions are somewhat at variance with the humility of the apostles.

In chapter xxviii., "At the feasts of the Agapæ, there must be given to the deacon double of that which is given to an old woman; and to the priest double the gift to the deacon, because the priests are the counsellors of the bishops and the crown of the Church. The reader shall have a portion, in honour of the prophets, as also the chanter and the door-keeper. Such of the laity as wish to receive anything, shall apply to the bishop through the deacon."

The apostles never used any term answering to *laity*, or marking the difference between the profane and the priesthood.

In chapter xxxiv., "You must reverence the bishop as a king, honour him as a master, and give him your fruits, the works of your hands, your first fruits, your tenths, your savings, the presents that are made to you, your corn, your wine, your oil, your wool," &c. This is a strong article.

In chapter lvii., "Let the church be long; let it look towards the East; let it resemble a ship; let the bishop's throne be in the middle; let the reader read the books of Moses, Joshua, Judges, Kings, Chronicles, Job," &c.

In chapter xvii., of the third book—"Baptism is administered for the death of Jesus; oil for the Holy Ghost. When we are plunged into the water, we die; when we come out of it, we revive. The Father is the God of all. Christ is the only son of God, his beloved son, and the lord of glory. The Holy Spirit is the Paraclete, sent by Christ the teacher, preaching Christ Jesus."

This doctrine would now be explained in more canonical terms.

In chapter vii. of the fifth book, are quoted some verses of the Sibyls, on the coming of Jesus, and the Resurrection. This was the first time that the Christians admitted the verses of the Sibyls, which they continued to do for more than three hundred years.

In chapter v. of the eighth book, are these words:—"O God Almighty, give to the bishop, through Christ, the participation of the Holy Spirit."

In chapter iv., "Commend yourself to God alone, through Jesus Christ;" which does not sufficiently express the divinity of our Lord.

In chapter xii., is the Constitution of James the brother of Zebedee.

In chapter xv., the deacon is to say aloud, "Incline yourselves before God through Christ."

At the present day, these expressions are not very correct.

XXI.

The Apostolical Canons. The sixth canon ordains that no bishop or priest shall separate himself from his wife on pretence of religion; if he do so, he is to be excommunicated; and if he persist, he is to be driven away.

The Seventh—that no priest shall ever meddle with secular affairs.

The nineteenth—that he who has married two sisters, shall not be admitted into the clergy.

The twenty-first and twenty-second—that eunuchs shall be admitted into the priesthood, excepting such as have castrated themselves. Yet, Origen was a priest, notwithstanding this law.

The fifty-fifth—that if a bishop, a priest, a deacon, or a clerk, eat flesh which is not clear of blood, he shall be displaced.

It is quite evident that these canons could not be promulgated by the apostles.

XXII.

The Confessions of St. Clement to James, brother of the Lord, in ten books, translated from Greek into Latin, by Rufinus.

This book commences with a doubt respecting the immortality of the soul—*Utrùmne sit mihi aliqua vita post mortem, an nihil omnino posteà sim futurus* St. Clement, disturbed by this doubt,

and wishing to know whether the world was eternal or had been created—whether there were a Tartarus and a Phlegethon, an Ixion and a Tantalus, &c., resolved to go into Egypt to learn necromancy; but having heard of St. Bartholomew, who was preaching Christianity, he went to him in the East, at the time when Barnabas was celebrating a Jewish feast. He afterwards met St. Peter at Cæsarea with Simon the magician and Zachæus. They disputed together, and St. Peter related to them all that had passed since the death of Jesus. Clement turned Christian, but Simon remained a magician.

Simon fell in love with a woman named Luna; and, while waiting to marry her, he proposed to St. Peter, to Zachæus, to Lazarus, to Nicodemus, to Dositheus, and to several others, that they should become his disciples. Dositheus answered him at once with a blow from a stick; but the stick having passed through Simon's body as if it had been smoke, Dositheus worshipped him and became his lieutenant; after which Simon married his mistress, and declared that she was Luna herself, descended from heaven to marry him.

But enough of the Confessions of St. Clement. It must however be remarked, that in the ninth book the Chinese are spoken of under the name of Seres, as the justest and wisest of mankind. After them come the Brahmins, to whom the author does the justice that was rendered them by all antiquity. He cites them as models of soberness, mildness, and justice.

XXIII.

St. Peter's Letter to St. James, and St. Clement's Letter to the same St. James, brother of the Lord, governor of the Holy Church of the Hebrews at Jerusalem, and of all churches.—St. Peter's Letter contains nothing curious, but St. Clement's is very remarkable. He asserts that Peter declared him Bishop of Rome before his death, and his coadjutor; that he laid his hands upon his head, and made him sit in the episcopal chair, in the presence of all the faithful; and that he said to him, "Fail not to write to my brother James as soon as I am dead."

This letter seems to prove, that it was not then believed that St. Peter had suffered martyrdom, since it is probable that this letter, attributed to St. Clement, would have mentioned the circumstance. It also proves, that Cletus and Anacletus were not reckoned among the bishops of Rome.

XXIV.

St. Clement's Homilies, to the number of nineteen. He says in his first homily, what he had already said in his confessions—that he went to St. Peter and St. Barnabas at Cæsarea, to know whether the soul was immortal, and the world eternal.

In the second homily, No. xxxviii. we find a much more extraordinary passage. St. Peter himself, speaking of the Old Testament, expresses himself thus—

"The written law contains certain false things against the law of God, the Creator of heaven and earth: the devil has done this, for good reasons; it has also come to pass through the judgments of God, in order to discover such as would listen with pleasure to what is written against him," &c. &c.

In the sixth homily, St. Clement meets with Appian, the same who had written against the Jews in the time of Tiberius. He tells Appian that he is in love with an Egyptian woman, and begs that he will write a letter in his name to his pretended mistress, to convince her, by the example of all the gods, that love is a duty. Appian writes a letter, and St. Clement answers it in the name of his pretended mistress; after which they dispute on the nature of the gods.

XXV.

Two Epistles of St. Clement to the Corinthians. It hardly seems just to have ranked these epistles among the apocryphal writings. Some of the learned may have declined to recognise them because they speak of "the Phœnix of Arabia, which lives five hundred years,

and burns itself in Egypt in the city of Heliopolis." But there is nothing extraordinary in St. Clement's having believed this fable which so many others believed, nor in his having written letters to the Corinthians.

It is known that there was at that time a great dispute between the church of Corinth and that of Rome. The church of Corinth, which declared itself to have been founded the first, was governed in common: there was scarcely any distinction between the priests and the seculars, still less between the priests and the bishop; all alike had a deliberative voice; so, at least, several of the learned assert. St. Clement says to the Corinthians in his first epistle—"You have laid the first foundations of sedition; be subject to your priests, correct yourselves by penance, bend the knees of your hearts, learn to obey." It is not at all astonishing that a bishop of Rome should use these expressions.

In the second epistle we again find that answer of Jesus Christ, on being asked when his kingdom of heaven should come —"When two shall make one, when that which is without shall be within, when the male shall be female, when there shall be neither male nor female."

XXVI.

Letter from St. Ignatius the martyr to the Virgin Mary, and the Virgin's Answer to St. Ignatius:—

"*To Mary the Mother of Christ her devoted Ignatius.*

"You should console me, a neophite, and a disciple of your John. I have heard several wonderful things of your Jesus, at which I have been much astonished. I desire with all my heart to be informed of them by you, who always lived in familiarity with him, and knew all his secrets. Fare you well. Comfort the neophytes, who are with me from you and through you. Amen."

"*The Holy Virgin's Answer to her dear Disciple Ignatius.*

"The humble servant of Jesus Christ.

"All the things which you have learned from John are true: believe in them; persevere in your belief; keep your vow of Christianity. I will come and see you with John, you and those who are with you. Be firm in the faith; act like a man; let not severity and persecution disturb you; but let your spirit be strengthened and exalted in God your Saviour. Amen."

It is asserted that these letters were written in the year 116 of the Christian era, but they are not therefore the less false and absurd. They would even have been an insult to our holy religion, had they not been written in a spirit of simplicity, which renders everything pardonable.

XXVII.

Fragments of the Apostles.—We find in them this passage—"Paul, a man of short stature, with an aquiline nose and an angelic face, instructed in heaven, said to Plantilla, of Rome, before he died, 'Adieu, Plantilla, thou little plant of eternal salvation; know thy own nobility; thou art whiter than snow; thou art registered among the soldiers of Christ; thou art an heiress to the kingdom of heaven.'" This was not worthy to be refuted.

XXVIII.

Eleven Apocalypses, which are attributed to the patriarchs and prophets, to St. Peter, Cerinthus, St. Thomas, St. Stephen the first martyr, two to St. John, differing from the canonical one, and three to St. Paul. All these Apocalypses have been eclipsed by that of St. John.

XXIX.

The Visions, Precepts, and Similitudes of Hermas. Hermas seems to have lived about the close of the first century. They who regard his book as apocryphal, are nevertheless obliged to do justice to his morality. He begins by saying, that his foster-father had sold a young woman at Rome. Hermas recognised this young woman after the lapse of several years, and loved her, he says, as if she had been

his sister. He one day saw her bathing in the Tiber: he stretched forth his hand, drew her out of the river, and said in his heart, "How happy should I be, if I had wife like her in beauty and in manners." Immediately the heavens opened; and he all at once beheld this same wife, who made him a curtsey from above, and said, "Good morning, Hermas." This wife was the Christian Church; she gave him much good advice.

A year after, the spirit transported him to the same place where he had seen this beauty, who nevertheless was old; but she was fresh in her age, and was old only because she had been created from the beginning of the world, and the world had been made for her.

The Book of Precepts contains fewer allegories; but that of Similitudes contains many.

"One day," says Hermas, "when I was fasting and was seated on a hill, giving thanks to God for all that he had done for me, a shepherd came, sat down beside me, and said, 'Why have you come here so early?' 'Because I am going through the stations,' answered I. 'What is a station?' asked the shepherd. 'It is a fast.' 'And what is this fast?' 'It is my custom.' 'Ah!' replied the shepherd, 'you know not what it is to fast; all this is of no avail before God. I will teach you that which is true fasting and pleasing to the Divinity. Your fasting has nothing to do with justice and virtue. Serve God with a pure heart; keep his commandments: admit into your heart no guilty designs. If you have always the fear of God before your eyes—if you abstain from all evil, that will be true fasting, that will be the great fast which is acceptable to God.'"

This philosophical and sublime piety is one of the most singular monuments of the first century. But it is somewhat strange that, at the end of the Similitudes, the shepherd gives him very good natured maidens—*valdè affabiles*,—to take care of his house, and declares to him that he cannot fulfil God's commandments without these maidens, who it is plain typify the virtues.

This list would become immense if we were to enter into every detail. We will carry it no further, but conclude with the Sibyls.

XXX.

The Sibyls.—What is most apocryphal in the primitive church is, the prodigious number of verses in favour of the Christian religion attributed to the ancient sibyls. Diodorus Siculus knew of only one, who was taken at Thebes by the Epigoni, and placed at Delphos before the Trojan war. Ten sibyls—that is, ten prophetesses, were soon made from this one. She of Cuma had most credit among the Romans, and the sibyl Erythrea among the Greeks.

As all oracles were delivered in verse, none of the sibyls could fail to make verses; and to give them greater authority, they sometimes made them acrostics also. Several Christians, who had not a zeal according to knowledge, not only misinterpreted the ancient verses supposed to have been written by the sibyls, but also made some themselves,—and which is worse, in acrostics, not dreaming that this difficult artifice of acrosticising had no resemblance whatever to the inspiration and enthusiasm of a prophetess. They resolved to support the best of causes by the most awkward fraud. They accordingly made bad Greek verses, the initials of which signified in Greek—Jesus, Christ, Son, Saviour; and these verses said, that with five loaves, and two fishes, he should feed five thousand men in the desert, and that with the fragments that remained he should fill twelve baskets.

The millenium, and the New Jerusalem, which Justin had seen in the air for forty nights, were, of course, foretold by the sibyls.

In the fourth century, Lactantius collected almost all the verses attributed to the sibyls, and considered them as convincing proofs. The opinion was so well authorised and so long held, that we still

sing hymns, in which the testimony of the sibyls is joined with the predictions of David:—

Solvet saeclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum Sibyllâ.

This catalogue of errors and frauds has been carried quite far enough. A hundred might be repeated—so constantly has the world been composed of deceivers, and of people fond of being deceived.

But let us pursue no further so dangerous a research. The elucidation of one great truth is worth more than the discovery of a thousand falsehoods.

Not all these errors—not all the crowd of apocryphal books, have been sufficient to injure the Christian religion, because, as we all know, it is founded upon immutable truths. These truths are supported by a church militant and triumphant, to which God has given the power of teaching and of repressing. In several countries, it unites temporal with spiritual authority. Prudence, strength, wealth, are its attributes; and although it is divided, and its divisions have sometimes stained it with blood, it may be compared to the Roman commonwealth—constantly torn by intestine dissensions, but constantly triumphant.

APOSTATE.

It is still a question among the learned, whether the Emperor Julian was really an apostate, and whether he was ever truly a Christian.

He was not six years old when the Emperor Constantius, still more barbarous than Constantine, had his father, his brother, and seven of his cousins murdered. He and his brother Gallus with difficulty escaped from this carnage; but he was always very harshly treated by Constantius. His life was for a long time threatened; and he soon beheld his only remaining brother assassinated by the tyrant's order. The most barbarous of the Turkish sultans have never, I am sorry to say it, surpassed in cruelty or in villainy the Constantine family. From his tenderest years, study was Julian's only consolation. He communicated in secret with the most illustrious of the philosophers, who were of the ancient religion of Rome. It is very probable that he professed that of his uncle Constantius only to avoid assassination. Julian was obliged to conceal his mental powers, as Brutus had done under Tarquin. He was the less likely to be a Christian, as his uncle had forced him to be a monk, and to perform the office of reader in the church. A man is rarely of the religion of his persecutor, especially when the latter wishes to be ruler of his conscience.

Another circumstance which renders this probable is, that he does not say, in any of his works, that he had been a Christian. He never asks pardon for it of the pontiffs of the ancient religion. He addresses them in his letters, as if he had always been attached to the worship of the senate. It is not even proved that he practised the ceremonies of the Taurobolium, which might be regarded as a sort of expiation, and that he desired to wash out with bull's blood that which he so unfortunately called the stain of his baptism. However, this was a pagan form of devotion, which is no more a proof than the assembling at the mysteries of Ceres. In short, neither his friends nor his enemies relate any fact, any words, which can prove that he ever believed in Christianity, and that he passed from that sincere belief to the worship of the gods of the empire.

If such be the case, they who do not speak of him as an apostate, appear very excusable.

Sound criticism being brought to perfection, all the world now acknowledges that the Emperor Julian was a hero and a wise man—a stoic, equal to Marcus Aurelius. His errors are condemned, but his virtues are admitted. He is now regarded as he was by his contemporary Prudentius, author of the hymn *Salvete flores martyrum.* He says of Julian—

Ductor fortissimus armis,
Conditor et legum celeberrimus; ore manuque
Consultor patriae; sed non consultor habendae
Religionis; amans tercentum millia divûm
Perfidus ille Deo, sed non est perfidus orbi.

Though great in arms, in virtues, and in laws,—
Though ably zealous in his country's cause,
He spurned religion in his lofty plan,
Rejecting God while benefitting man.

His detractors are reduced to the miserable expedient of striving to make him appear ridiculous. One historian, on the authority of St. Gregory Nazianzen, reproaches him with having *worn too large a beard.* But, my friend, if nature gave him a long beard, why should he wear it short? *He used to shake his head.* Carry thy own better. *His step was hurried.* Bear in mind that the Abbé D'Aubignac, the king's preacher, having been hissed at the play, laughs at the air and gait of the great Corneille. Couldst thou hope to turn Marshal De Luxembourg into ridicule, because he walked ill and his figure was singular? He could march very well against the enemy. Let us leave it to the ex-jesuit Patouillet, the ex-jesuit Nonotte, &c., to call the Emperor Julian—*the Apostate.* Poor creatures! His Christian successor, Jovian, called him *Divus* Julianus.

Let us treat this mistaken emperor as he himself treated us. He said, "We should pity and not hate them: they are already sufficiently unfortunate in erring on the most important of questions."

Let us have the same compassion for him, since we are sure that the truth is on our side.

He rendered strict justice to his subjects; let us then render it to his memory. Some Alexandrians were incensed against a bishop, who, it is true, was a wicked man, chosen by a worthless cabal. His name was George Biordos, and he was the son of a mason. His manners were lower than his birth. He united the basest perfidy with the most brutal ferocity, and superstition with every vice. A calumniator, a persecutor, and an impostor—avaricious, sanguinary, and seditious, he was detested by every party, and at last the people cudgelled him to death. The following is the letter which the Emperor Julian wrote to the Alexandrians, on the subject of this popular commotion. Mark, how he addresses them, like a father and a judge.—

"What!" said he, "instead of reserving for me the knowledge of your wrongs, you have suffered yourselves to be transported with anger! You have been guilty of the same excesses with which you reproach your enemies! George deserved to be so treated, but it was not for you to be his executioners. You have laws; you should have demanded justice," &c.

Some have dared to brand Julian with the epithets intolerant and persecuting—the man who sought to extirpate persecution and intolerance! Peruse his fifty-second letter, and respect his memory. Is he not sufficiently unfortunate in not having been a Catholic, and consequently in being burned in hell, together with the innumerable multitude of those who have not been Catholics, without our insulting him so far as to accuse him of intolerance?

On the Globes of Fire said to have issued from the Earth to prevent the re-building of the Temple of Jerusalem under the Emperor Julian.

It is very likely that, when Julian resolved to carry the war into Persia, he wanted money. It is also very likely that the Jews gave him some for permission to rebuild their temple, which Titus had partly destroyed, but of which there still remained the foundations, an entire wall, and the Antonine tower. But is it as likely that globes of fire burst upon the works and the workmen, and caused the undertaking to be relinquished?

Is there not a palpable contradiction in what the historians relate?

1. How could it be that the Jews began by destroying (as they are said to have done) the foundations of the temple, which it was their wish and their duty to rebuild on the same spot? The temple was necessarily to be on Mount Moriah. There it was that Solomon had built it. There it was that Herod had rebuilt it, with greater solidity and magnificence, having previously erected a fine theatre at Jerusalem, and a temple to Augustus at Cæsarea. The foundations of this temple, enlarged by Herod, were, according to Josephus, as much as twenty-five feet broad. Could the Jews, in Julian's time, possibly be mad enough to wish to disarrange these stones, which were so well

prepared to receive the rest of the edifice, and upon which the Mahometans afterwards built their mosque? What man was ever foolish and stupid enough thus to deprive himself, at great cost and excessive labour, of the greatest advantage that could present itself to his hands and eyes? Nothing is more incredible.

2. How could eruptions of flame burst forth from the interior of these stones? There might be an earthquake in the neighbourhood, for they are frequent in Syria: but that great blocks of stone should have vomited clouds of fire! Is not this story entitled to just as much credit as all those of antiquity?

3. If this prodigy, or if an earthquake, which is not a prodigy, had really happened, would not the Emperor Julian have spoken of it in the letter in which he says, that he had intended to rebuild this temple? Would not his testimony have been triumphantly adduced? Is it not infinitely more probable that he changed his mind? Does not this letter contain these words?—

"Quid de templo suo dicent, quod, quùm tertiò sit eversum, nondùm hodiernam usque diem instauratur? Hæc ego, non ut illis exprobarem, in medium adduxi, utpotè qui templum illud tanto intervallo à ruinis excitare voluerim; sed ideò commemoravi, ut ostenderem delirasse prophetas istos, quibus cum stolidis aniculis negotium erat."

"What can the Jews say of their temple, which has been destroyed for the third time, and is not yet restored? I speak of this, not for the purpose of reproaching them, for I myself intended to have raised it once more from its ruins, but to show the extravagance of their prophets, who had none but old women to deal with."

Is it not evident that the Emperor having paid attention to the Jewish prophecies, that the temple should be rebuilt more beautiful than ever, and that all the nations of the earth should come and worship in it, thought fit to revoke the permission to raise the edifice? The historical probability, then, from the Emperor's own words, is, that unfortunately holding the Jewish books, as well as our own, in abhorrence, he at length resolved to make the Jewish prophets lie.

The Abbé de la Blétrie, the historian of the Emperor Julian, does not understand how the temple of Jerusalem was destroyed three times. He says that apparently Julian reckoned as a third destruction the catastrophe which happened during his reign. A curious destruction this!—the non-removal of the stones of an old foundation. What could prevent this writer from seeing that the temple, having been built by Solomon, reconstructed by Zorobabel, entirely destroyed by Herod, rebuilt by Herod himself with so much magnificence, and at last laid in ruins by Titus, manifestly made three destructions of the temple? The reckoning is correct. Julian should surely have escaped calumny on this point.

The Abbé de la Blétrie calumniates him sufficiently by saying, that all his virtues were only seeming, while all his vices were real. But Julian was not hypocritical, nor avaricious, nor fraudulent, nor lying, nor ungrateful, nor cowardly, nor drunken, nor debauched, nor idle, nor vindictive. What then were his vices?

4. Let us now examine the redoubtable argument made use of to persuade us that globes of fire issued from stones. Ammianus Marcellinus, a pagan writer, free from all suspicion, has said it. Be it so: but this Ammianus has also said, that when the Emperor was about to sacrifice ten oxen to his gods for his first victory over the Persians, nine of them fell to the earth before they were presented to the altar. He relates a hundred predictions—a hundred prodigies. Are we to believe in them? Are we to believe in all the ridiculous miracles related by Livy?

Besides, who can say that the text of Ammianus Marcellinus has not been falsified? Would it be the only instance in which this artifice has been employed?

I wonder that no mention is made of

the little fiery crosses which all the workmen found on their bodies when they went to bed. They would have made an admirable figure along with the globes.

The fact is, that the temple of the Jews was not rebuilt, and it may be presumed never will be so. Here let us hold, and not seek useless prodigies. *Globi flammarum*—globes of fire, issue neither from stones nor from earth. Ammianus, and those who have quoted him, were not natural philosophers. Let the Abbé de la Blétrie only look at the fire on St. John's day, and he will see that flame always ascends with a point, or in a cloud, and never in a globe. This alone is sufficient to overturn the nonsense which he comes forward to defend with injudicious criticism and revolting pride.

After all, the thing is of very little importance. There is nothing in it that affects either faith or morals; and historical truth is all that is here sought for.

APOSTLES.

Their Lives, their Wives, their Children.

After the article *Apostle* in the Encyclopedia, which is as learned as it is orthodox, very little remains to be said. But we often hear it asked—Were the apostles married? Had they any children? if they had, what became of those children? Where did the apostles live? Where did they write? Where did they die? Had they any appropriated districts? Did they exercise any civil ministry? Had they any jurisdiction over the faithful? Were they bishops? Had they an hierarchy, rites, or ceremonies?

I.
Were the apostles married?

There is extant a letter attributed to St. Ignatius the Martyr, in which are these decisive words:—

"I call to mind your sanctity as I do that of Elias, Jeremiah, John the Baptist, and the chosen disciples Timothy, Titus, Evadius, and Clement; yet I do not blame such other of the blessed as were bound in the bonds of marriage, but hope to be found worthy of God in following their footsteps in his kingdom, after the example of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Isaiah, and the other prophets—of Peter and Paul, and the apostles who were married."

Some of the learned assert, that the name of St. Paul has been interpolated in this famous letter: however, Turrian and all who have seen the letters of Ignatius in the library of the Vatican, acknowledge that St. Paul's name appears there. And Baronius does not deny that this passage is to be found in some Greek manuscripts: *Non negamus in quibusdam græcis codicibus.* But he asserts that these words have been added by modern Greeks.

In the old Oxford library, there was a manuscript of St. Ignatius's letters in Greek, which contained these words; but it was, I believe, burned with many other books at the taking of Oxford by Cromwell. There is still one in Latin in the same library, in which the words *Pauli et apostolorum* have been effaced, but in such a manner that the old characters may be easily distinguished.

It is however certain, that this passage exists in several editions of these letters. This dispute about St. Paul's marriage is, after all, a very frivolous one. What matters it whether he was married or not, if the other apostles were married? His first Epistle to the Corinthians is quite sufficient to prove that he might be married, as well as the rest:—

"Have we not power to eat and to drink? Have we not power to lead about a sister, a wife, as well as other apostles, and as the brethren of the Lord, and Cephas? Or I only and Barnabas, have not we power to forbear working? Who goeth a warfare any time at his own charges?"

It is clear from this passage, that all the apostles were married, as well as St. Peter. And St. Clement of Alexandria positively declares that St. Paul had a wife.

The Roman discipline has changed, which is no proof that the usage of the primitive ages was not different.

II.

Children of the Apostles.

Very little is known of their families. St. Clement of Alexandria says that Peter had children, that Philip had daughters, and that he gave them in marriage.

The Acts of the Apostles specify St. Philip, whose four daughters prophesied, of whom it is believed that one was married, and that this one was St. Hermione.

Eusebius relates that Nicholas, chosen by the apostles to co-operate in the sacred ministry with St. Stephen, had a very handsome wife, of whom he was jealous. The apostles having reproached him with his jealousy, he corrected himself of it, brought his wife to them, and said, "I am ready to yield her up; let him marry her who will." The apostles, however, did not accept his proposal. He had by his wife a son and several daughters.

Cleophas, according to Eusebius and St. Epiphanius, was brother to St. Joseph, and father of St. James the Less, and of St. Jude, whom he had by Mary, sister to the Blessed Virgin. So that St. Jude the Apostle was first cousin to Jesus Christ.

Hegesippus, quoted by Eusebius, tells us, that two grandsons of St. Jude were informed against to the Emperor Domitian, as being descendants of David, and having an incontestable right to the throne of Jerusalem. Domitian, fearing that they might avail themselves of this right, put questions to them himself, and they acquainted him with their genealogy. The emperor asked them what fortune they had. They answered, that they had thirty-nine acres of land, which paid tribute, and that they worked for their livelihood. He then asked them when Jesus Christ's kingdom was to come, and they told him, "At the end of the world." After which, Domitian allowed them to depart in peace; which goes far to prove that he was not a persecutor.

This, if I mistake not, is all that is known about the children of the apostles.

III.

Where did the Apostles live? Where did they die?

According to Eusebius, James, surnamed *the Just*, brother to Jesus Christ, was in the beginning placed the first *on the episcopal throne* of the city of Jerusalem; these are his own words. So that, according to him, the first bishoprick was that of Jerusalem—supposing that the Jews knew even the name of *bishop*. It does, indeed, appear very likely that the brother of Jesus Christ should have been the first after him, and that the very city in which the miracle of our salvation was worked, should have become the metropolis of the Christian world. As for the *episcopal throne*, that is a term which Eusebius uses by anticipation. We all know that there was then neither throne nor see.

Eusebius adds, after St. Clement, that the other apostles did not contend with St. James for this dignity. They elected him immediately after the Ascension.—"Our Lord" says he, "after his resurrection, had given to James surnamed *the Just*, to John, and to Peter, the gift of knowledge:"—very remarkable words. Eusebius mentions James first, then John, and Peter comes last. It seems but just that the brother and the beloved disciple of Jesus should come before the man who had denied him. Nearly the whole Greek church and all the reformers ask, Where is Peter's primacy? The Catholics answer—If he is not placed first by the Fathers of the Church, he is in the Acts of the Apostles. The Greeks and the rest reply, that he was not the first bishop; and the dispute will endure as long as the churches.

St. James, this first bishop of Jerusalem, always continued to observe the Mosaic law. He was a Rechabite; he walked barefoot, and never shaved; went and prostrated himself in the Jewish temple twice a day, and was surnamed by the Jews *Oblia*, signifying *the just*. They at length applied to him to know who Jesus

Christ was; and, having answered that Jesus was the son of man, who sat on the right hand of God, and that he should come in the clouds, he was beaten to death. This was St. James the Less.

St. James the Greater was his uncle, brother to St. John the Evangelist, and son of Zebedee and Salome. It is asserted that Agrippa, king of the Jews, had him beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. John remained in Asia, and governed the church of Ephesus, where, it is said, he was buried.

St. Andrew, brother to St. Peter, quitted the school of St. John for that of Jesus Christ. It is not agreed whether he preached among the Tartars or in Argos; but, to get rid of the difficulty, we are told that it was in Epirus. No one knows where he suffered martyrdom, nor even whether he suffered it at all. The *Acts* of his martyrdom are more than suspected by the learned. Painters have always represented him on a saltier-cross, to which his name has been given. This custom has prevailed without its origin being known.

St. Peter preached to the Jews dispersed in Pontus, Bithynia, Cappadocia, at Antioch, and at Babylon. The Acts of the Apostles do not speak of his journey to Rome, nor does St. Paul himself make any mention of it in the letters which he wrote from that capital. St. Justin is the first accredited author who speaks of this journey, about which the learned are not agreed. St. Irenæus, after St. Justin, expressly says, that St. Peter and St. Paul came to Rome, and that they entrusted its government to St. Linus. But here is another difficulty: if they made St. Linus inspector of the rising Christian society at Rome, it must be inferred that they themselves did not superintend it, nor remain in that city.

Criticism has cast upon this matter a thousand uncertainties. The opinion that St. Peter came to Rome in Nero's reign, and filled the pontifical chair there for twenty-five years, is untenable, for Nero reigned only thirteen years. The wooden chair, so splendidly inlaid, in the church at Rome, can hardly have belonged to St. Peter: wood does not last so long; nor is it likely that St. Peter delivered his lessons from this chair as in a school thoroughly formed, since it is averred that the Jews of Rome were violent enemies to the disciples of Jesus Christ.

The greatest difficulty perhaps is, that St. Paul, in his epistle written to the Colossians from Rome, positively says that he was assisted only by Aristarchus, Marcus, and another bearing the name of Jesus. This objection has, to men of the greatest learning, appeared to be insurmountable.

In his letter to the Galatians, he says that he obliged James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars, to acknowledge himself and Barnabas as pillars also. If he placed James before Cephas, then Cephas was not the chief. Happily, these disputes affect not the foundation of our holy religion. Whether St. Peter ever was at Rome or not, Jesus Christ is no less the son of God and the Virgin Mary; he did not the less rise again; nor did he the less recommend humility and poverty; which are neglected, it is true, but about which there is no dispute.

Callistus Nicephorus, a writer of the fourteenth century, says, that "Peter was tall, straight, and slender, his face long and pale, his beard and hair short, curly, and neglected—his eyes black, his nose long, and rather flat than pointed." So Calmet translates the passage.

St. Bartholomew, a word corrupted from Bar. Ptolomaios, son of Ptolemy.—The Acts of the Apostles inform us that he was a Galilean. Eusebius asserts that he went to preach in India, Arabia Felix, Persia, and Abyssinia. He is believed to have been the same with Nathanaël. There is a gospel attributed to him: but all that has been said of his life and of his death is very uncertain. It has been asserted that Astyages, brother to Polemon, King of Armenia, had him flayed alive; but all good writers regard this story as fabulous.

St. Philip.—According to the apocryphal legends, he lived eighty-seven years, and died in peace, in the reign of Trajan.

St. Thomas Didymus.—Origen, quoted by Eusebius, says that he went and preached to the Medes, the Persians, the Caramanians, the Baskerians, and the Magi—as if the Magi had been a people. It is added, that he baptized one of the Magi, who had come to Bethlehem. The Manichees assert, that a man who had stricken Thomas was devoured by a lion. Some Portuguese writers assure us that he suffered martyrdom at Meliapour, in the peninsula of India. The Greek church believes that he preached in India, and that from thence his body was carried to Edessa. Some monks are further induced to believe that he went to India, by the circumstance, that, about the end of the fifteenth century, there were found, near the coast of Ormuz, some families of Nestorians, who had been established there by a merchant of Moussoul, named Thomas. The legend sets forth that he built a magnificent palace for an Indian king, named Gondaser: but all these stories are rejected by the learned.

St. Matthias. — No particulars are known of him. His life was not found until the twelfth century, by a monk of the abbey of St. Matthias of Treves. He said, he had it from a Jew, who translated it for him from Hebrew into Latin.

St. Matthew.—According to Rufinus, Socrates, and Abdias, he preached and died in Ethiopia. Heracleon makes him live a long time, and die a natural death. But Abdias says, that Hyrtacus, King of Ethiopia, brother to Eglypus, wishing to marry his niece Iphigenia, and finding that he could not obtain St. Matthew's permission, had his head struck off, and set fire to Iphigenia's house. He, to whom we owe the most circumstantial gospel that we possess, deserved a better historian than Abdias.

St. Simon *the Canaanite*, whose feast is commonly joined with that of St. Jude.—Of his life nothing is known. The modern Greeks say, that he went to preach in Lybia, and thence into England. Others make him suffer martyrdom in Persia.

St. Thaddæu or *Lybeus.*—the same with St. Jude, whom the Jews, in St. Matthew, call brother to Jesus Christ, and who, according to Eusebius, was his first cousin. All these relations, for the most part vague and uncertain, throw no light on the lives of the apostles. But if there is little to gratify our curiosity, there is much from which we may derive instruction.

Two of the four gospels, chosen from among the fifty-four composed by the first Christians, were not written by apostles.

St. Paul was not one of the Twelve Apostles; yet he contributed more than any other to the establishment of Christianity. He was the only man of letters among them. He had studied under Gamaliel. Festus himself, the governor of Judea, reproaches him with being too learned; and, unable to comprehend the sublimities of his doctrine, he says to him, "*Insanis, Paule, multæ te litteræ ad insaniam convertunt*"—Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.

In his first epistle to the Corinthians, he calls himself *sent*:—

"Am I not an apostle? Am I not free? Have I not seen Jesus Christ our Lord? Are ye not my work in the Lord? If I am not an apostle unto others, yet, doubtless, I am unto you," &c.

He might, indeed, have seen Jesus, while he was studying at Jerusalem under Gamaliel. Yet it may be said, that this was not a reason which could authorise his apostleship. He had not been one of the disciples of Jesus; on the contrary, he had persecuted them, and had been an accomplice in the death of St. Stephen. It is astonishing that he does not rather justify his voluntary apostleship by the miracle which Jesus Christ afterwards worked in his favour—by the light from heaven which appeared to him at mid-day and threw him from his horse, and by his being carried up to the third heaven.

St. Epiphanius quotes Acts of the Apostles, believed to have been composed by those Christians called Ebionites, or poor, and which were rejected by the church—acts very ancient, it is true, but full of abuse of St. Paul.

In them it is said that St. Paul was born at Tarsus of idolatrous parents—*utroque parente gentili procreatus*—that, having come to Jerusalem, where he remained some time, he wished to marry the daughter of Gamaliel; that, with this design he became a Jewish proselyte, and got himself circumcised; but that, not obtaining this virgin (or not finding her a virgin) his vexation made him write against circumcision, against the sabbath, and against the whole law.—

"Quùmque Hierosolymam accessisset, et ibidem aliquandiù mansisset, pontificis filiam ducere in animum induxisse, et eam ob rem proselytum factum, atque circumcisum esse; posteà quòd virginem eam non accepisset, succensuisse, et adversùs circumcisionem, ac sabbathum, totamque legem scripsisse."

These injurious words show, that these primitive Christians, under the name of the poor, were still attached to the sabbath and to circumcision, resting this attachment on the circumcision of Jesus Christ and his observance of the sabbath; and that they were enemies to St. Paul, regarding him as an intruder who sought to overturn everything. In short, they were heretics: consequently, they strove to defame their enemies, an excess of which party spirit and superstition are too often guilty.

St. Paul, too, calls them "false apostles, deceitful workers," and loads them with abuse. In his Letter to the Philippians, he calls them *dogs*.

St. Jerome asserts that he was born at Gisceala, a town of Galilee, and not at Tarsus. Others dispute his having been a Roman citizen: because at that time there were no Roman citizens at Tarsus, nor at Galgala, and Tarsus was not a Roman colony until about a hundred years after. But we must believe the Acts of the Apostles, which were inspired by the Holy Ghost, and therefore outweigh the testimony of St. Jerome, learned as he might be.

Every particular relative to St. Peter and St. Paul is interesting. If Nicephorus has given us a portrait of the one, the Acts of St. Thecla, which, though not canonical, are of the first century, have furnished us with a portrait of the other. He was, say these Acts, short in stature, his head was bald, his thighs were crooked, his legs thick, his nose aquiline, his eyebrows joined, and he was full of the grace of God.—*Staturâ brevi*, &c.

These Acts of St. Paul and St. Thecla were, according to Tertullian, composed by an Asiatic, one of Paul's own disciples, who at first put them forth under the Apostle's name; for which he was called to account and displaced,—that is, excluded from the assembly; for the hierarchy, not being then established, no one could, properly speaking, be displaced.

IV.

Under what Discipline did the Apostles and Primitive Disciples live?

It appears that they were all equal. Equality was the great principle of the Essenians, the Rechabites, the Therapeutæ, the disciples of John, and especially those of Jesus Christ, who inculcated it more than once.

St. Barnabas, who was not one of the Twelve Apostles, gave his voice along with theirs. St. Paul, who was still less a chosen apostle during the life of Jesus, not only was equal to them, but had a sort of ascendancy; he rudely rebukes St. Peter.

When they are assembled together, we find among them no superior. There was no presiding, not even in turn. They did not at first call themselves bishops. St. Peter gives the name of *bishop*, or the equivalent epithet, only to Jesus Christ, whom he calls *the inspector of souls*. This name of *inspector* or *bishop* was afterwards given to the ancients, whom we

call *priests*; but with no ceremony, no dignity, no distinctive mark of pre-eminence.

It was the office of the ancients or elders to distribute the alms. The younger of them were chosen by a plurality of voices, to serve the tables, and were seven in number; all which clearly verifies the reports in common.

Of jurisdiction, of power, of command, not the least trace is to be found.

It is true that Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead for not giving all their money to St. Peter, but retaining a small part for their own immediate wants, without confessing it—for corrupting, by a trifling falsehood, the sanctity of their gifts; but it is not St. Peter who condemns them. It is true that he divines Ananias's fault; he reproaches him with it, and tells him that he has lied to the Holy Ghost; after which Ananias falls down dead. Then comes Sapphira; and Peter, instead of warning, interrogates her, which seems to be the action of a judge. He makes her fall into the snare by saying, "Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much." The wife made the same answer as her husband. It is astonishing that she did not, on reaching the place, learn her husband's death—that no one had informed her of it—that she did not observe the terror and tumult which such a death must have occasioned, and, above all, the mortal fear lest the officers of justice should take cognizance of it as of a murder. It is strange that this woman should not have filled the house with her cries, but have been quietly interrogated, as in a court of justice, where silence is rigidly enforced. It is still more extraordinary that Peter should have said to her, "Behold the feet of them which have carried thy husband out at the door, and shall carry thee out,"—on which the sentence was instantly executed. Nothing can more resemble a criminal hearing before a despotic judge.

But it must be considered that St. Peter is here only the organ of Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost; that it is to them that Ananias and his wife have lied, and it is they who punish them with sudden death;—that, indeed, this miracle was worked for the purpose of terrifying all such as, while giving their goods to the Church, and saying that they have given all, keep something back for profane uses. The judicious Calmet shows us how the fathers and the commentators differ about the salvation of these two primitive Christians, whose sin consisted in simple though culpable reticence.

Be this as it may, it is certain that the apostles had no jurisdiction, no power, no authority, but that of persuasion, which is the first of all, and upon which every other is founded.

Besides, it appears from this very story that the Christians lived in common.

When two or three of them were gathered together, Jesus Christ was in the midst of them. They could all alike receive the Spirit. Jesus was their true, their only superior; he had said to them—

"Be not ye called Rabbi: for one is your master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father upon earth; for one is your father, which is in heaven. Neither be ye called masters; for one is your master, even Christ."

In the time of the apostles, there was no ritual, no liturgy, there were no fixed hours for assembling, no ceremonies. The disciples baptised the catechumens, and breathed the Holy Ghost into their mouths, as Jesus Christ had breathed upon the apostles; and as, in many churches, it is still the custom to breathe into the mouth of a child when administering baptism. Such were the beginnings of Christianity. All was done by inspiration—by enthusiasm, as among the Therapeutæ and the Judaïtes, if we may for a moment be permitted to compare Jewish societies, now become reprobate, with societies conducted by Jesus Christ himself from the highest heaven, where he sat at the right hand of his Father.

Time brought necessary changes: the Church being extended, strengthened, and enriched, had occasion for new laws.

APPARITION.

It is not at all uncommon for a person under strong emotion to see that which is not. In 1726, a woman in London, accused of being an accomplice in her husband's murder, denied the fact; the dead man's coat was held up and shaken before her, her terrified imagination presented the husband himself to her view; she fell at his feet, and would have embraced him. She told the jury that she had seen her husband.

It is not wonderful that Theodoric saw in the head of a fish, which was served up to him, that of Symmachus, whom he had assassinated—or unjustly executed; for it is precisely the same thing.

Charles IX., after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, saw dead bodies and blood, not in his dreams, but in the convulsions of a troubled mind seeking for sleep in vain. His physician and his nurse bore witness to it. Fantastic visions are very frequent in hot fevers. This is not seeing in imagination; it is seeing in reality. The phantom exists to him who has the perception of it. If the gift of reason, vouchsafed to the human machine, were not at hand to correct these illusions, all heated imaginations would be in an almost continual transport, and it would be impossible to cure them.

It is especially in that middle state, betwixt sleeping and waking, that an inflamed brain sees imaginary objects, and hears sounds which nobody utters. Fear, love, grief, remorse, are the painters who trace the pictures before unsettled imaginations. The eye which sees sparks in the night, when accidentally pressed in a certain direction, is but a faint image of the disorders of the brain.

No theologian doubts, that with these natural causes the Master of nature has sometimes united his divine influence. To this the Old and the New Testament bear ample testimony. Providence has deigned to employ these apparitions—these visions, in favour of the Jews, who were then its cherished people.

It may be that, in the course of time, some really pious souls, deceived by their enthusiasm, have believed that they had received from an intimate communication with God that which they owed only to their inflamed imaginations. In such cases, there is need of the advice of an honest man, and especially of a good physician.

The stories of apparitions are innumerable. It is said to have been in consequence of an apparition that St. Theodore, in the beginning of the fourth century, went and set fire to the temple of Amasia, and reduced it to ashes. It is very likely that God did not command this action, in itself so criminal, by which several citizens perished, and which exposed all the Christians to a just revenge.

God might permit St. Potamienne to appear to St. Basilides; for there resulted no disturbance to the state. We will not deny that Jesus Christ might appear to St. Victor. But, that St. Benedict saw the soul of St. Germanus of Capua carried up to heaven by angels; and that two monks afterwards saw the soul of St. Benedict walking on a carpet extended from heaven to Mount Cassino;—this is not quite so easy to believe.

It may likewise, without any offence to our august religion, be doubted, whether St. Eucherius was conducted by an angel into hell, where he saw Charles Martel's soul; and whether a holy hermit of Italy saw the soul of Dagobert chained in a boat by devils, who were flogging it without mercy; for, after all, it is rather difficult to explain satisfactorily how a soul can walk upon a carpet, how it can be chained in a boat, or how it can be flogged.

But, it may very well be, that heated brains have had such visions; from age to age we have a thousand instances of them. One must be very enlightened to distinguish, in this prodigious number of visions, those which came from God

himself, from those which were purely the offspring of imagination.

The illustrious Bossuet relates, in his funeral oration over the Princess Palatine, two visions which acted powerfully on that princess, and determined the whole conduct of her latter years. These heavenly visions must be believed, since they are regarded as such by the discreet and learned Bishop of Meaux, who penetrated into all the depths of theology, and even undertook to lift the veil which covers the Apocalypse.

He says, then, that the Princess Palatine, having lent a hundred thousand francs to her sister the Queen of Poland, sold the duchy of Rételois for a million, and married her daughters advantageously. Happy according to the world, but unfortunately doubting the truths of the Christian religion, she was brought back to her conviction, and to the love of these ineffable truths, by two visions. The first was a dream, in which a man born blind, told her that he had no idea of light, and that we must believe the word of others in things of which we cannot ourselves conceive. The second arose from a violent shock of the membranes and fibres of the brain in an access of fever. She saw a hen running after one of her chickens, which a dog held in his mouth. The Princess Palatine snatched the chick from the dog; on which, a voice cried out, "Give him back his chicken; if you deprive him of his food, he will not watch as he ought." But the princess exclaimed, "No, I will never give it back."

The chicken was the soul of Anne of Gonzaga, Princess Palatine; the hen was the Church; and the dog was the Devil. Anne of Gonzaga, who was never to give back the chicken to the dog, was *efficacious grace*.

Bossuet preached this funeral oration to the Carmelite nuns of the faubourg St. Jacques, at Paris, before the whole house of Condé; he used these remarkable words—"Hearken; and be especially careful not to hear with contempt the order of the divine warnings, and the conduct of divine grace."

The reader, then, must peruse this story with the same reverence with which its hearers listened to it. These extraordinary workings of Providence are like the miracles of canonised saints, which must be attested by irreproachable witnesses. And what more lawful deponent can we have, to the apparitions and visions of the Princess Palatine, than the man who employed his life in distinguishing truth from appearance?—who combated vigorously against the nuns of Port-Royal on the formulary—against Paul Ferri on the catechism—against the minister Claude on the variations of the Church—against Doctor Dupin on China—against Father Simon on the understanding of the sacred text—against Cardinal Sfondrate on predestination—against the Pope on the rights of the Gallican church—against the Archbishop of Cambray on pure and disinterested love. He was not to be seduced by the names, nor the titles, nor the reputation, nor the dialectics of his adversaries. He related this fact; therefore he believed it. Let us join him in his belief, in spite of the raillery which it has occasioned. Let us adore the secrets of Providence: but let us distrust the wanderings of the imagination, which Mallebranche called *la folle du logis*. For these two visions, accorded to the Princess Palatine, are not vouchsafed to every one.

Jesus Christ appeared to St. Catharine of Sienna; he espoused her, and gave her a ring. This mystical apparition is to be venerated, for it is attested by Raymond of Capua, general of the Dominicans, who confessed her, as also by Pope Urban VI. But it is rejected by the learned Fleuir, author of the Ecclesiastical History. And a young woman, who should now boast of having contracted such a marriage, might receive as a nuptial present a place in a lunatic asylum.

The appearance of Mother Angelica, abbess of Port-Royal, to Sister Dorothy, is related by a man of very great weight

among the Jansenists, the Sieur Dufossé, author of the *Mémoirs de Pontis*. Mother Angelica, long after her death, came and seated herself in the Church of Port-Royal, in her old place, with her crosier in her hand. She commanded that Sister Dorothy should be sent for, and to her she told terrible secrets. But the testimony of this Dufossé is of less weight than that of Raymond of Capua, and Pope Urban VI., which, however, have not been formally received.

The writer of the above paragraphs has since read the Abbé Langlet's four volumes on Apparitions, and thinks he ought not to take anything from them. He is convinced of all the apparitions verified by the church; but he has some doubts about the others, until they are authentically recognized. The Cordeliers and the Jacobins, the Jansenists and the Molinists, have all had their apparitions and their miracles. "Iliacos inter muros peccatur et extrà."

APPEARANCE.

Are all appearances deceitful? Have our senses been given us only to keep us in continual delusion? Is everything error? Do we live in a dream, surrounded by shadowy chimeras? We see the sun setting, when he is already below the horizon: before he has yet risen, we see him appear. A square tower seems to be round. A straight stick, thrust into the water, seems to be bent.

You see your face in a mirror, and the image appears to be behind the glass: it is, however, neither behind nor before it. This glass, which to the sight and the touch is so smooth and even, is no other than an unequal congregation of projections and cavities. The finest and fairest skin is a kind of bristled net-work, the openings of which are incomparably larger than the threads, and enclose an infinite number of minute hairs. Under this net-work there are liquors incessantly passing, and from it there issue continual exhalations which cover the whole surface. What we call large is to an elephant very small; and what we call small, is to insects a world.

The same motion which would be rapid to a snail, would be very slow in the eye of an eagle. This rock, which is impenetrable by steel, is a sieve consisting of more pores than matter, and containing a thousand avenues of prodigious width leading to its centre, in which are lodged multitudes of animals, which may, for aught we know, think themselves the masters of the universe.

Nothing is either as it appears to be, or in the place where we believe it to be.

Several philosophers, tired of being constantly deceived by bodies, have in their spleen pronounced that bodies do not exist, and that there is nothing real but our minds. As well might they have concluded that, all appearances being false, and the nature of the soul being as little known as that of the matter, there is no reality in either body or soul.

Perhaps it is this despair of knowing anything which has caused some Chinese philosophers to say, that Nothing is the beginning and the end of all things.

This philosophy, so destructive to being, was well known in Molière's time. Doctor Macphurius represents the school; when teaching Sganarelle, he says, "You must not say, 'I am come,' but 'it seems to me that I am come; for it may seem to you, without such being really the case."

But at the present day, a comic scene is not an argument, though it is sometimes better than an argument; and there is often as much pleasure in seeking after truth as in laughing at philosophy.

You do not see the net-work, the cavities, the threads, the inequalities, the exhalations of that white and delicate skin which you idolize. Animals a thousand times less than a mite discern all these objects which escape your vision; they lodge, feed, and travel about in them, as in an extensive country, and those on the right arm are perfectly ignorant that there are creatures of their own species on the left. If you were so un-

fortunate as to see what they see, your charming skin would strike you with horror.

The harmony of a concert, to which you listen with delight, must have on certain classes of minute animals the effect of terrible thunder; and perhaps it kills them. We see, touch, hear, feel things, only in the way in which they ought to be seen, touched, heard, or felt by ourselves.

All is in due proportion. The laws of optics, which show you an object in the water where it is not, and break a right line, are in entire accordance with those which make the sun appear to you with a diameter of two feet, although it is a million times larger than the earth. To see it in its true dimensions, would require an eye collecting his rays at an angle as great as his disk, which is impossible. Our senses, then, assist much more than they deceive us.

Motion, time, hardness, softness, dimensions, distance, approximation, strength, weakness, appearances, of whatever kind,—all is relative. And who has created these relations?

A-PROPOS.

All great successes, of whatever kind, are founded upon things done or said *à-propos*.

Arnold of Brescia, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, did not come quite *à-propos*: the people were not then sufficiently enlighted; the invention of printing had not then laid the abuses complained of before the eyes of every one. But when men began to read—when the populace, who were solicitous to escape purgatory, but at the same time wished not to pay too dear for indulgences, began to open their eyes, the reformers of the sixteenth century came quite *à-propos*, and succeeded.

It has been elsewhere observed, that Cromwell under Elizabeth or Charles the Second, or Cardinal De Retz when Louis XIV. governed by himself, would have been very ordinary persons.

Had Cæsar been born in the time of Scipio Africanus, he would not have subjugated the Roman commonwealth; nor would Mahomet, could he rise again at the present day, be more than sheriff of Mecca. But if Archimedes and Virgil were restored, one would still be the best mathematician, the other the best poet of his country.

ARABS;

AND, OCCASIONALLY, ON THE BOOK OF JOB.

If any one be desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of the antiquities of Arabia, it may be presumed that he will gain no more information than about those of Auvergne and Poitou. It is, however, certain, that the Arabs were of some consequence long before Mahomet. The Jews themselves say that Moses married an Arabian woman; and his father-in-law Jethro seems to have been a man of great good sense.

Mecca is considered, and not without reason, as one of the most ancient cities in the world. It is, indeed, a proof of its antiquity, that nothing but superstition could occasion the building of a town on such a spot; for it is in a sandy desert, where the water is brackish, so that the people die of hunger and thirst. The country a few miles to the east is the most delightful upon earth, the best watered and the most fertile. There the Arabs should have built, and not at Mecca. But it was enough for some charlatan, some false prophet, to give out his reveries, to make of Mecca a sacred spot and the resort of neighbouring nations. Thus it was that the temple of Jupiter Ammon was built in the midst of sands.

Arabia extends from north-east to south-west, from the desert of Jerusalem to Aden or Eden, about the fiftieth degree of north latitude. It is an immense country, about three times as large as Germany. It is very likely that its deserts of sand were brought thither by the waters of the ocean, and that its marine gulphs were once fertile lands.

The belief in this nation's antiquity is favoured by the circumstance that no historian speaks of its having been subjugated. It was not subdued even by Alexander, nor by any king of Syria, nor by the Romans. The Arabs, on the contrary, subjugated a hundred nations, from the Indus to the Garonne; and, having afterwards lost their conquests, they retired into their own country, and did not mix with any other people.

Having never been subject to nor mixed with other nations, it is more than probable that they have preserved their manners and their language. Indeed, Arabic is, in some sense, the mother-tongue of all Asia as far as the Indus; or rather the prevailing tongue, for mother-tongues have never existed. Their genius has never changed. They still compose their Nights' Entertainments, as they did when they imagined one Bac or Bacchus, who passed through the Red Sea with three millions of men, women, and children; who stopped the sun and moon, and made streams of wine issue forth with a blow of his rod, which, when he chose, he changed into a serpent.

A nation so isolated, and whose blood remains unmixed, cannot change its character. The Arabs of the desert have always been given to robbery, and those inhabiting the towns been fond of fables, poetry, and astronomy.

It is said, in the historical preface to the Koran, that when any one of their tribes had a good poet, the other tribes never failed to send deputies to that one on which God had vouchsafed to bestow so great a gift.

The tribes assembled every year, by representatives, in an open place named Ocad, where verses were recited, nearly in the same way as is now done at Rome in the garden of the academy of the Arcadii; and this custom continued until the time of Mahomet. In his time, each one posted his verses on the door of the temple of Mecca.

Labid, son of Rabia, was regarded as the Homer of Mecca; but, having seen the second chapter of the Koran, which Mahomet had posted, he fell on his knees before him, and said, "O Mohammed, son of Abdallah, son of Motalib, son of Achem, thou art a greater poet than I—thou art doubtless the prophet of God."

The Arabs of Maden, Naïd, and Sanaa, were no less generous than those of the desert were addicted to plunder. Among them, one friend was dishonoured if he had refused his assistance to another.

In their collection of verses, entitled Tograïd, it is related that, "one day, in the temple of Mecca, three Arabs were disputing on generosity and friendship, and could not agree as to which, among those who then set the greatest examples of these virtues, deserved the preference. Some were for Abdallah, son of Giafar, uncle to Mahomet; others for Kaïs, son of Saad; and others for Arabad, of the tribe of As. After a long dispute, they agreed to send a friend of Abdallah to him, a friend of Kaïs to Kaïs, and a friend of Arabad to Arabad, to try them all three, and to come and make their report to the assembly.

"Then the friend of Abdallah went and said to him, 'Son of the uncle of Mahomet, I am on a journey, and am destitute of everything.' Abdallah was mounted on his camel loaded with gold and silk; he dismounted with all speed, gave him his camel, and returned home on foot.

"The second went and made application to his friend Kaïs, son of Saad. Kaïs was still asleep, and one of his domestics asked the traveller what he wanted. The traveller answered, that he was the friend of Kaïs, and needed his assistance. The domestic said to him, 'I will not wake my master; but here are seven thousand pieces of gold, which are all that we at present have in the house. Take also a camel from the stable, and a slave; these will, I think, be sufficient for you until you reach your own house.' When Kaïs awoke, he chid the domestic for not having given more.

"The third repaired to his friend Arabad, of the tribe of As. Arabad was blind,

and was coming out of his house, leaning on two slaves, to pray to God in the temple of Mecca. As soon as he heard his friend's voice, he said to him, 'I possess nothing but my two slaves; I beg that you will take and sell them; I will go to the temple, as well as I can, with my stick.'

"The three disputants, having returned to the assembly, faithfully related what had happened. Many praises were bestowed on Abdallah, son of Giafar—on Kaïs, son of Saad—and on Arabad, of the tribe of As: but the preference was given to Arabad."

The Arabs have several tales of this kind; but our western nations have none. Our romances are not in this taste. We have indeed, several which turn upon trick alone, as those of Boccacio, Guzman d'Alfarache, Gil Blas, &c.

On Job, the Arab.

It is clear that the Arabs at least possessed noble and exalted ideas. Those who are most conversant with the oriental languages, think that the book of Job, which is of the highest antiquity, was composed by an Arab of Idumæa. The most clear and indubitable proof is, that the Hebrew translator has left in his translation more than a hundred Arabic words, which, apparently, he did not understand.

Job, the hero of the piece, could not be a Hebrew; for he says, in the forty-second chapter, that having been restored to his former circumstances, he divided his possessions equally among his sons and daughters, which is directly contrary to the Hebrew law.

It is most likely that, if this book had been composed after the period at which we place Moses, the author—who speaks of so many things, and is not sparing of examples—would have mentioned some one of the astonishing prodigies worked by Moses, which were, doubtless, known to all the nations of Asia.

In the very first chapter, Satan appears before God, and asks permission to tempt Job. *Satan* was unknown in the Pentateuch; it was a Chaldean word;—a fresh proof that the Arabian author was in the neighbourhood of Chaldea.

It has been thought that he might be a Jew, because the Hebrew translator has put Jehovah instead of El, or Bel, or Sadaï. But what man of the least information does not know that the word Jehovah was common to the Phœnicians, the Syrians, the Egyptians, and every people of the neighbouring countries?

A yet stronger proof—one to which there is no reply—is the knowledge of astronomy which appears in the book of Job. Mention is here made of the constellations which we call Arcturus, Orion, the Pleiades, and even of those of "the chambers of the south." Now, the Hebrews had no knowledge of the sphere; they had not even a term to express astronomy; but the Arabs, like the Chaldeans, have always been famed for their skill in this science.

It does, then, seem to be thoroughly proved, that the book of Job cannot have been written by a Jew, and that it was anterior to all the Jewish books. Philo and Josephus were too prudent to count it among those of the Hebrew canon. It is incontestibly an Arabian parable or allegory.

This is not all: we derive from it some knowledge of the customs of the ancient world, and especially of Arabia. Here we read of trading with the Indies; a commerce which the Arabs have in all ages carried on, but which the Jews never even heard of.

Here, too, we see that the art of writing was in great cultivation, and that they already made great books.

It cannot be denied that the commentator Calmet, profound as he is, violates all the rules of logic in pretending that Job announces the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body, when he says:—

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth. And though after my skin—worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. But ye should say, Why per-

secute we him?—seeing the root of the matter is found in me. Be ye afraid of the sword: for wrath bringeth the punishment of the sword, that ye may know there is a judgment."

Can anything be understood by those words, other than his hope of being cured? The immortality of the soul, and the resurrection of the body at the last day, are truths so indubitably announced in the New Testament, and so clearly proved by the Fathers and the Councils, that there is no need to attribute the first knowledge of them to an Arab. These great mysteries are not explained in any passage of the Hebrew Pentateuch; how then can they be explained in a single verse of Job, and that in so obscure a manner? Calmet has no better reason for seeing in the words of Job the immortality of the soul, and the general resurrection, than he would have for discovering a disgraceful disease in the malady with which he was afflicted. Neither physics nor logic take the part of this commentator.

As for this allegorical book of Job:—it being manifestly Arabian, we are at liberty to say that it has neither justness, method, nor precision. Yet it is perhaps the most ancient book that has been written, and the most valuable monument that has been found on this side the Euphrates.

ARARAT.

A MOUNTAIN of Armenia, on which the Ark rested. The question has long been agitated, whether the Deluge was universal—whether it inundated the whole earth without exception, or only the portion of the earth which was then known. Those who have thought that it extended only to the tribes then existing, have founded their opinion on the inutility of flooding unpeopled lands, which reason seems very plausible. As for us, we abide by the Scripture text, without pretending to explain it. But we shall take greater liberty with Berosus, an ancient Chaldean writer, of whom there are fragments preserved by Abydenus, quoted by Eusebius, and repeated word for word by George Syncellus. From these fragments we find, that the Orientals of the borders of the Euxine, in ancient times, made Armenia the abode of their Gods. In this they were imitated by the Greeks, who placed their deities on Mount Olympus. Men have always confounded human with divine things. Princes built their citadels upon mountains: therefore they were also made the dwelling place of the Gods, and became sacred. The summit of Mount Ararat is concealed by mists; therefore the Gods hid themselves in those mists, sometimes vouchsafing to appear to mortals in fine weather.

A God of that country, believed to have been Saturn, appeared one day to Xixuter, tenth king of Chaldea,—according to the computation of Africanus, Abydenus, and Apollodorus, and said to him—

"On the fifteenth day of the month Oësi, mankind shall be destroyed by a deluge. Shut up close all your writings in Sipara, the city of the sun, that the memory of things may not be lost. Build a vessel; enter it with your relatives and friends; take with you birds and beasts; stock it with provisions: and, when you are asked, 'Whither are you going in that vessel?' answer, 'To the Gods, to beg their favour for mankind.'"

Xixuter built his vessel, which was two stadii wide, and five long; that is, its width was two hundred and fifty geometrical paces, and its length six hundred and twenty-five. This ship, which was to go upon the Black Sea, was a slow sailer. The flood came. When it had ceased, Xixuter let some of his birds fly out; but, finding nothing to eat, they returned to the vessel. A few days afterwards, he again set some of his birds at liberty, and they returned with mud in their claws. At last they went, and returned no more. Xixuter did likewise: he quitted his ship, which had perched upon a mountain of Armenia, and he was seen no more: the Gods took him away.

There is probably something historic in

this fable. The Euxine overflowed its banks, and inundated some portions of territory; and the King of Chaldea hastened to repair the damage. We have in Rabelais tales no less ridiculous, founded on some small portion of truth. The ancient historians are, for the most part, serious Rabelais.

As for Mount Ararat, it has been asserted, that it was one of the mountains of Phrygia, and that it was called by a name answering that of *ark*, because it was enclosed by three rivers

There are thirty opinions respecting this mountain. How shall we distinguish the true one? That which the monks now call Ararat, was, they say, one of the limits of the terrestrial paradise,—a paradise of which we find but few traces. It is a collection of rocks and precipices, covered with eternal snows. Tournefort went thither by order of Louis XIV. to seek for plants. He says that the whole neighbourhood is horrible, and the mountain itself still more so, that he found snow four feet thick, and quite chrystallised; and that there are perpendicular precipices on every side.

The Dutch traveller, John Struys, pretends that he went thither also. He tells us that he ascended to the very top, to cure a hermit afflicted with a rupture. "His hermitage," says he, "was so distant from the earth, that we did not reach it until the close of the seventh day, though each day we went five leagues." If, in this journey, he was constantly ascending, this Mount Ararat must be thirty-five leagues high. In the time of the Giants' war, a few Ararats piled one upon another would have made the ascent to the moon quite easy. John Struys, moreover, assures us, that the hermit whom he cured, presented him with a cross, made of the wood of Noah's ark. Tournefort had not this advantage.

ARIANISM.

The great theological disputes, for twelve hundred years, were all Greek. What would Homer, Sophocles, Demosthenes, Archimedes, have said, had they witnessed the subtle cavillings which have cost so much blood?

Arius has, even at this day, the honour of being regarded as the inventor of his opinion, as Calvin is considered to have been the founder of Calvinism. The pride in being the head of a sect, is the second of this world's vanities; for that of conquest is said to be the first. However, it is certain that neither Arius nor Calvin is entitled to the melancholy glory of invention. The quarrel about the Trinity existed long before Arius took part in it, in the disputatious town of Alexandria, where it had been beyond the power of Euclid to make men think calmly and justly. There never was a people more frivolous than the Alexandrians; in this respect, they far exceeded even the Parisians.

There must already have been warm disputes about the Trinity; since the patriarch, who composed the Alexandrian Chronicle, preserved at Oxford, assures us, that the party embraced by Arius was supported by two thousand priests.

We will here for the reader's convenience, give what is said of Arius in a small book which every one may not have at hand—

Here is an incomprehensible question, which, for more than sixteen hundred years, has furnished exercise for curiosity —for sophistic subtlety—for animosity—for the spirit of cabal—for the fury of dominion—for the rage of persecution—for blind and sanguinary fanaticism—for barbarous credulity—and which has produced more horrors than the ambition of princes, which ambition has occasioned not a few. Is Jesus the Word? If he be the Word, did he emanate from God in Time or before Time? If he emanated from God, is he co-eternal and consubstantial with him, or is he of a similar substance? Is he distinct from him, or is he not? Is he made or begotten? Can he beget in his turn? Has he paternity? or productive virtue without paternity? Is the Holy Ghost made?

or begotten? or produced? or proceeding from the Father? or proceeding from the Son? or proceeding from both? Can he beget? can he produce? is his hypostasis consubstantial with the hypostasis of the Father and the Son? and how is it that, having the same nature—the same essence as the Father and the Son, he cannot do the same things done by these persons who are himself?

These questions, so far above reason, certainly needed the decision of an infallible church.

The Christians sophisticated, cavilled, hated, and excommunicated one another, for some of these dogmas inaccessible to human intellect, before the time of Arius and Athanasius. The Egyptian Greeks were remarkably clever; they would split a hair into four; but on this occasion they split it only into three. Alexandros, Bishop of Alexandria, thought proper to preach that God, being necessarily individual—single—a monade in the strictest sense of the word, this monade is trine.

The priest Arius, whom we call Arius, was quite scandalised by Alexandros's monade, and explained the thing in quite a different way. He cavilled in part like the priest Sabellius, who had cavilled like the Phrygian Praxeas, who was a great caviller.

Alexandros quickly assembled a small council of those of his own opinion, and excommunicated his priest. Eusebius, bishop of Nicomedia, took the part of Arius. Thus the whole church was in a flame.

The Emperor Constantine was a villain; I confess it:—a parricide, who had smothered his wife in a bath, cut his son's throat, assassinated his father-in-law, his brother-in-law, and his nephew; I cannot deny it:—a man puffed up with pride, and immersed in pleasure; granted:—a detestable tyrant, like his children; *transeat*:—but he was a man of sense. He would not have obtained the empire, and subdued all his rivals, had he not reasoned justly.

When he saw the flames of civil war lighted among the scholastic brains, he sent the celebrated Bishop Osius with dissuasive letters to the two belligerent parties. "You are great fools," he expressly tells them in this letter, "to quarrel about things which you do not understand. It is unworthy the gravity of your ministry to make so much noise about so trifling a matter."

By "so trifling a matter," Constantine meant not what regards the Divinity, but the incomprehensible manner in which they were striving to explain the nature of the Divinity. The Arabian patriarch, who wrote the history of the Church of Alexandria, makes Osius, on presenting the Emperor's letter, speak in nearly the following words—

"My brethren, Christianity is but just beginning to enjoy the blessings of peace, and you would plunge it into eternal discord. The Emperor has but too much reason to tell you, that you quarrel about a very trifling matter. Certainly, had the object of the dispute been essential, Jesus Christ, whom we all acknowledge as our legislator, would have mentioned it. God would not have sent his son on earth, to return without teaching us our catechism. Whatever he has not expressly told us, is the work of men, and error is their portion. Jesus has commanded you to love one another; and you begin by hating one another, and stirring up discord in the empire. Pride alone has given birth to these disputes; and Jesus your master has commanded you to be humble. Not one among you can know whether Jesus is made or begotten. And in what does his nature concern you, provided your own is to be just and reasonable? What has the vain science of words to do with the morality which should guide your actions? You cloud our doctrines with mysteries—you, who were designed to strengthen religion by your virtues. Would you leave the Christian religion a mass of sophistry? Did Christ come for this? Cease to dispute, humble yourselves, edify one another, clothe the naked, feed

the hungry, and pacify the quarrels of families—instead of giving scandal to the whole empire by your dissensions."

But Osius addressed an obstinate auditory. The council of Nice was assembled, and the Roman empire was torn by a spiritual civil war. This war brought on others, and mutual persecution has continued from age to age, unto this day.

The melancholy part of the affair was, that as soon as the council was ended, the persecution began; but Constantine, when he opened it, did not yet know how he should act, nor upon whom the persecution should fall. He was not a Christian, though he was at the head of the Christians. Baptism alone then constituted Christianity, and he had not been baptized; he had even re-built the Temple of Concord at Rome. It was, doubtless, perfectly indifferent to him whether Alexander of Alexandria, or Eusebius of Nicomedia, and the priest Arius, were right or wrong; it is quite evident, from the letter given above, that he had a profound contempt for the dispute.

But there happened that which always happens and always will happen in every court. The enemies of those who were afterwards named Arians, accused Eusebius of Nicomedia of having formerly taken part with Licinius against the Emperor. "I have proofs of it," said Constantine in his letter to the church of Nicomedia, "from the priests and deacons in his train whom I have taken, &c."

Thus, from the time of the first great council, intrigue, cabal, and persecution were established, together with the tenets of the church, without the power to derogate from their sanctity. Constantine gave the chapels of those who did not believe in the consubstantiality, to those who did believe in it; confiscated the property of the dissenters to his own profit, and used his despotic power to exile Arius and his partisans, who were not then the strongest. It has even been said, that of his own private authority, he condemned to death whosoever should not burn the writings of Arius; but this is not true. Constantine, prodigal as he was of human blood, did not carry his cruelty to so mad and absurd an access, as to order his executioners to assassinate the man who should keep an heretical book, while he suffered the heresiarch to live.

At court every thing soon changes. Several non-consubstantial bishops, with some of the eunuchs and the women, spoke in favour of Arius, and obtained the reversal of the *lettre-de cachet*. The same thing has repeatedly happened in our modern courts, on similar occasions.

The celebrated Eusebius, bishop of Cæsarea, known by his writings, which evince no great discernment, strongly accused Eustatius, bishop of Antioch, of being a Sabellian; and Eustatius accused Eusebius of being an Arian. A council was assembled at Antioch; Eusebius gained his cause; Eustatius was displaced; and the See of Antioch was offered to Eusebius, who would not accept it; the two parties armed against each other; and this was the prelude to controversial warfare. Constantine, who had banished Arius for not believing in the consubstantial son, now banished Eustatius for believing in him;—nor are such revolutions uncommon.

St. Athanasius was then bishop of Alexandria: he would not admit Arius, whom the Emperor had sent thither, into the town, saying that "Arius was excommunicated; that an excommunicated man ought no longer to have either home or country; that he could neither eat nor sleep anywhere; and that it was better to obey God than man." A new council was forthwith held at Tyre, and new *lettres-de-cachet* were issued. Athanasius was removed by the Tyrian fathers, and banished to Treves. Thus Arius, and Athanasius his greatest enemy, were condemned in turn by a man who was not yet a Christian.

The two factions alike employed artifice, fraud, and calumny, according to the old and eternal usage. Constantine left them to dispute and cabal, for he had other occupations. It was at that time

that this *good prince* assassinated his son, his wife, and his nephew, the young Licinius, the hope of the empire, who was not yet twelve years old.

Under Constantine, Arius's party was constantly victorious. The opposite party have unblushingly written, that one day St. Macarius, one of the most ardent followers of Athanasius, knowing that Arius was on the way to the cathedral of Constantinople, followed by several of his brethren, prayed so ardently to God to confound this heresiarch, that God could not resist the prayer: and immediately all Arius's bowels passed through his fundament—which is impossible. But at length Arius died.

Constantine followed him a year afterwards; and, it is said, he died of leprosy. Julian, in his Cæsars, says that baptism, which this emperor received a few hours before his death, cured no one of this distemper.

As his children reigned after him, the flattery of the Roman people, who had long been slaves, was carried to such an excess, that those of the old religion made him a god, and those of the new made him a saint. His feast was long kept, together with that of his mother.

After his death, the troubles occasioned by the single word consubstantial, agitated the empire with renewed violence. Constantius, son and successor to Constantine, imitated all his father's cruelties, and like him held councils; which councils anathematized one another. Athanasius went over all Europe and Asia, to support his party; but the Eusebians overwhelmed him. Banishment, imprisonment, tumult, murder, and assassination, signalized the close of the reign of Constantius. Julian, the Church's mortal enemy, did his utmost to restore peace to the Church, but was unsuccessful. Jovian, and after him Valentinian, gave entire liberty of conscience; but the two parties accepted it only as the liberty to exercise their hatred and their fury.

Theodosius declared for the Council of Nice: but the Empress Justina, who reigned in Italy, Illyria, and Africa, as guardian of the young Valentinian, proscribed the great Council of Nice; and soon after, the Goths, Vandals, and Burgundians, who spread themselves over so many provinces, finding Arianism established in them, embraced it in order to govern the conquered nations by the religion of those nations.

But the Nicean faith having been received by the Gauls, their conqueror Clovis followed that communion for the very same reason that the other Barbarians had professed the faith of Arius.

In Italy, the great Theodoric kept peace between the two parties; and, at last, the Nicean formula prevailed in the East and in the West.

Arianism re-appeared about the middle of the sixteenth century, favoured by the religious disputes which then divided Europe; and it re-appeared, armed with new strength and a still greater incredulity. Forty gentlemen of Vicenza formed an academy, in which such tenets only were established as appeared necessary to make men Christians. Jesus was acknowledged as the Word, as Saviour, and as judge; but his divinity, his consubstantiality, and even the Trinity, were denied.

Of these dogmatisers, the principal were Lælius, Socinus, Ochin, Pazuta, and Gentilis, who were joined by Servetus. The unfortunate dispute of the latter with Calvin is well known; they carried on for some time an interchange of abuse by letter, Servetus was so imprudent as to pass through Geneva, on his way to Germany. Calvin was cowardly enough to have him arrested, and barbarous enough to have him condemned to be roasted by a slow fire—the same punishment which Calvin himself had narrowly escaped in France. Nearly all the theologians of that time were by turns persecuting and persecuted, executioners and victims.

The same Calvin solicited the death of Gentilis at Geneva. He found five advocates to subscribe that Gentilis deserved

to perish in the flames. Such horrors were worthy of that abominable age. Gentilis was put in prison, and was on the point of being burnt like Servetus: but he was better advised than the Spaniard; he retracted, bestowed the most ridiculous praises on Calvin, and was saved. But he had afterwards the ill-fortune, through not having made terms with a bailiff of the canton of Berne, to be arrested as an Arian. There were witnesses, who deposed that he had said that the words, *trinity*, *essence*, *hypostasis*, were not to be found in the Scriptures; and, on this deposition, the judges, who were as ignorant of the meaning of *hypostasis* as himself, condemned him, without at all arguing the question, to lose his head.

Faustus Socinus, nephew to Lælius Socinus, and his companions, were more fortunate in Germany; they penetrated into Silesia and Poland, founded churches there, wrote, preached, and were successful: but at length, their religion being divested of almost every mystery, and a philosophical and peaceful rather than a militant sect, they were abandoned; and the jesuits, who had more influence, persecuted and dispersed them.

The remains of this sect in Poland, Germany, and Holland, keep quiet and concealed; but. in England, the sect has re-appeared with greater strength and eclât. The great Newton and Locke embraced it. Samuel Clarke, the celebrated rector of St. James's, and author of an excellent book on the existence of God, openly declared himself an Arian, and his disciples are very numerous. He would never attend his parish church on the day when the Athanasian Creed was recited. In the course of this work will be seen, the subtleties which all these obstinate persons, who were not so much Christians as philosophers, opposed to the purity of the Catholic faith.

Although among the theologians of London there was a large flock of Arians, the public mind there has been more occupied by the great mathematical truths discovered by Newton, and the metaphysical wisdom of Locke. Disputes on consubstantiality appear very dull to philosophers. The same thing happened to Newton in England as to Corneille in France, whose Pertharite, Théodore, and Récueil de Vers, were forgotten, while Cinna was alone thought of. Newton was looked upon as God's interpreter, in the calculation of fluxions, the laws of gravitation, and the nature of light. On his death, his pall was borne by the peers and the chancellor of the realm, and his remains were laid near the tombs of the kings—than whom he is more revered. Servetus, who is said to have discovered the circulation of the blood, was roasted by a slow fire, in a little town of the Allobroges, ruled by a theologian of Picardy.

ARISTEAS

Shall men for ever be deceived in the most indifferent as well as the most serious things? A pretended Aristeas would make us believe that he had the Old Testament translated into Greek for the use of Ptolemy Philadelphus—just as the Duke de Montausier had commentaries written on the best Latin authors for the use of the Dauphin, who made no use of them.

According to this Aristeas, Ptolemy, burning with desire to be acquainted with the Jewish books, and to know those laws which the meanest Jew in Alexandria could have translated for fifty crowns, determined to send a solemn embassy to the high-priest of the Jews of Jerusalem; to deliver a hundred and twenty thousand Jewish slaves, whom his father Ptolemy Soter had made prisoners in Judea; and, in order to assist them in performing the journey agreeably, to give them about forty crowns each of our money—amounting in the whole to fourteen millions, four hundred thousand of our livres, or about 576,000*l*.

Ptolemy did not content himself with this unheard-of liberality: he sent to the temple a large table of massive gold, en-

riched all over with precious stones, and had engraved upon it a chart of the Meander, a river of Phrygia, the course of which river was marked with rubies and emeralds. It is obvious how charming such a chart of the Meander must have been to the Jews. This table was loaded with two immense golden vases, still more richly worked. He also gave thirty other golden and an infinite number of silver vases. Never was a book so dearly paid for; the whole Vatican library might be had for a less amount.

Eleazar, the pretended high-priest of Jerusalem, sent ambassadors in his turn, who presented only a letter written upon fine vellum in characters of gold. It was an act worthy of the Jews, to give a bit of parchment for about thirty millions of livres.

Ptolemy was so much delighted with Eleazar's style, that he shed tears of joy.

The ambassador dined with the king and the chief priests of Egypt. When grace was to be said, the Egyptians yielded the honour to the Jews.

With these ambassadors came seventy-two interpreters, six from each of the twelve tribes, who had all learned Greek perfectly at Jerusalem. It is really a pity that of these twelve tribes ten were entirely lost, and had disappeared from the face of the earth so many ages before; but Eleazar the high-priest, found them again, on purpose to send translators to Ptolemy.

The seventy-two interpreters were shut up in the island of Pharos; each of them completed his translation in seventy-two days, and all the translations were found to be word for word alike. This is called the Septuagint or translation of the Seventy, though it should have been called the translation of the Seventy-two.

As soon as the king had received these books, he worshipped them—he was so good a Jew. Each interpreter received three talents of gold; and there were sent to the high-sacrificer, in return for his parchment, ten couches of silver, a crown of gold, censers and cups of gold, a vase of thirty talents of silver—that is, of the weight of about sixty thousand crowns, with ten purple robes, and a hundred pieces of the finest linen.

Nearly all this fine story is faithfully repeated by the historian Josephus, who never exaggerates anything. St. Justin improves upon Josephus; he says that Ptolemy applied to King Herod, and not to the high-priest Eleazar. He makes Ptolemy send two ambassadors to Herod—which adds much to the marvellousness of the tale; for we know that Herod was not born until long after the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

It is needless to point out the profusion of anachronisms in these and all such romances, or the swarm of contradictions and enormous blunders into which the Jewish author falls in every sentence: yet this fable was regarded for ages as an incontestable truth; and, the better to exercise the credulity of the human mind, every writer who repeated it added or retrenched in his own way—so that, to believe it all, it was necessary to believe it in a hundred different ways. Some smile at these absurdities which whole nations have swallowed, while others sigh over the imposture. The infinite diversity of these falsehoods multiplies the followers of Democritus and Heraclitus.

ARISTOTLE.

It is not to be believed that Alexander's preceptor, chosen by Philip, was wrong-headed and pedantic. Philip was assuredly a judge, being himself well-informed, and the rival of Demosthenes in eloquence.

Aristotle's Logic.

Aristotle's logic— his art of reasoning, is so much the more to be esteemed, as he had to deal with the Greeks, who were continually holding captious arguments; from which fault his master Plato was even less exempt than others.

Take, for example, the article by which, in the Phædon, Plato proves the immortality of the soul:

"Do you not say that death is the opposite of life? Yes. And that they spring from one another? Yes. What then is it that springs from the living? The dead. And what from the dead? The living. It is, then, from the dead that all living things arise. Consequently, souls exist after death in the infernal regions."

Sure and unerring rules were wanted to unravel this extraordinary nonsense, which through Plato's reputation, fascinated the minds of men.

It was necessary to show that Plato gave a loose meaning to all his words.

Death does not spring from life; but the living man ceases to live.

The living springs not from the dead, but from a living man who subsequently dies.

Consequently, the conclusion that all living things spring from dead ones, is ridiculous. From this conclusion you draw another, which is no way included in the premises—that souls are in the infernal regions after death.

It should first have been proved that dead bodies are in the infernal regions, and that the souls accompany them.

There is not a correct word in your argument. You should have said—That which thinks has no parts; that which has no parts is indestructible: therefore, the thinking faculty in us, having no parts, is indestructible.

Or—the body dies because it is divisible; the soul is indivisible; therefore it does not die. Then you would at least have been understood.

It is the same with all the captious reasonings of the Greeks. A master taught rhetoric to his disciple, on condition that he should pay him the first cause that he gained.

The disciple intended never to pay him. He commenced an action against his master, saying—I will never pay you any thing; for, if I lose my cause, I was not to pay you until I had gained it; and if I gain it, my demand is, that I may not pay you.

The master retorted the argument, saying—If you lose, you must pay; if you gain, you must also pay; for our bargain is, that you shall pay me after the first cause that you have gained.

It is evident that all this turns on an ambiguity. Aristotle teaches how to remove it, by putting the necessary terms in the argument—

A sum is not due until the day appointed for its payment:—

The day appointed is that when a cause shall have been gained:—

No cause has yet been gained:—

Therefore the day appointed has not yet arrived:—

Therefore the disciple does not yet owe anything.

But *not yet* does not mean *never*. So that the disciple instituted a ridiculous action.

The master, too, had no right to demand anything, since the day appointed had not arrived. He must wait until the disciple had pleaded some other cause.

Suppose a conquering people were to stipulate that they would restore to the conquered only one half of their ships; then to have them sawed in two, and having thus given back the exact half, were to pretend that they had fulfilled the treaty. It is evident that this would be a very criminal equivocation.

Aristotle did, then, render a great service to mankind, by preventing all ambiguity; for this it is which causes all misunderstandings in philosophy, in theology, and in public affairs.

The pretext for the unfortunate war of 1756 was an equivocation respecting Acadia.

It is true that natural good sense, combined with the habit of reasoning, may dispense with Aristotle's rules. A man who has a good ear and voice may sing well without musical rules; but it is better to know them.

His Physics.

They are but little understood; but it is more than probable that Aristotle un-

derstood himself, and was understood in his own time. We are strangers to the language of the Greeks; we do not attach to the same words the same ideas.

For instance, when he says, in his seventh chapter, that the principles of bodies are matter, privation, and form, he seems to talk egregious nonsense; but such is not the case. Matter, with him, is the first principle of everything—the subject of everything—indifferent to every thing. Form is essential to its becoming any certain thing. Privation is that which distinguishes any being from all those things which are not in it. Matter may, indifferently, become a rose or an apple; but, when it is an apple or a rose, it is deprived of all that would make it silver or lead. Perhaps this truth was not worth the trouble of repeating; but we have nothing here but what is quite intelligible, and nothing at all impertinent.

The "act of that which is in power," also appears a ridiculous phrase, though it is no more so than the one just noticed. Matter may become whatever you will—fire, earth, water, vapour, metal, mineral, animal, tree, flower. This is all that is meant by the expression, *act in power*. So that there was nothing ridiculous to the Greeks, in saying that motion was an act of power, since matter may be moved; and it is very likely that Aristotle understood thereby that motion was not essential to matter.

Aristotle's physics must necessarily have been very bad in detail. This was common to all philosophers, until the time when the Galileos, the Torricellis, the Guerickes, the Drebels, and the Academy del Cimento, began to make experiments. Natural philosophy is a mine which cannot be explored without instruments which were unknown to the ancients.—They remained on the brink of the abyss, and reasoned upon without seeing its contents.

Aristotle's Treatise on Animals.

His researches relative to animals were, on the contrary, the best book of antiquity, because here Aristotle made use of his eyes. Alexander furnished him with all the rare animals of Europe, Asia, and Africa. This was one fruit of his conquests. That hero spent in this way immense sums, which at this day would terrify all the guardians of the royal treasury, and which should immortalise Alexander's glory, of which we have already spoken.

At the present day, a hero, when he has the misfortune to make war, can scarcely give any encouragement to the sciences; he must borrow money of a Jew, and consult other Jews, in order to make the substance of his subjects flow into his coffer of the Danaïdes, whence it escapes through a thousand openings. Alexander sent to Aristotle elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, lions, crocodiles, gazelles, eagles, ostriches, &c.; and we, when by chance a rare animal is brought to our fairs, go and admire it for sixpence, and it dies before we know anything about it.

Of the Eternal World.

Aristotle expressly maintains, in his book on heaven, chap. xi., that the world is eternal: this was the opinion of all antiquity, excepting the Epicureans. He admitted a God—a first mover; and defined him to be "one, eternal, immoveable, indivisible, without qualities."

He must, therefore, have regarded the world as emanating from God, as the light emanates from the sun and is co-existent with it.

About the celestial spheres, he was as ignorant as all the rest of the philosophers Copernicus was not yet come.

His Metaphysics.

God being the first mover, he gives motion to the soul. But what is God, and what is the soul, according to him? The soul is an *entelechia*. It is, says he, a principle and an act—a nourishing, feeling, and reasoning power. This can only mean that we have the faculties of nourishing ourselves, of feeling, and of reasoning. The Greeks no more knew what an *entelechia* was than the South Sea islanders;

nor have our doctors any more knowledge of what a soul is.

His Morals.

Aristotle's morals, like all others, are very good; for there are not two systems of morality. Those of Confucius, of Zoroaster, of Pythagoras, of Aristotle, of Epictetus, of Antoninus, are absolutely the same. God has placed in every breast the knowledge of good, with some inclination for evil.

Aristotle says, that to be virtuous, three things are necessary—nature, reason, and habit; and nothing is more true. Without a good disposition, virtue is too difficult: reason strengthens it; and habit renders good actions as familiar as a daily exercise to which one is accustomed.

He enumerates all the virtues, and does not fail to place friendship among them. He distinguishes friendship between equals, between relatives, between guests, and between lovers. Friendship springing from the rights of hospitality is no longer known amongst us. That which among the ancients was the sacred bond of society, is, with us, nothing but an innkeeper's reckoning; and as for lovers, it is very rarely now-a-days that virtue has anything to do with love. We think we owe nothing to a woman to whom we have a thousand times promised every thing.

It is a melancholy reflection, that our first doctors have never ranked friendship among the virtues—have scarcely ever recommended friendship; but, on the contrary, have often seemed to breathe enmity, like tyrants, who dread all associations.

It is, moreover, with very good reason that Aristotle fixes all the virtues between the two extremes. He was, perhaps, the first who assigned them this place.

He expressly says, that piety is the medium between atheism and superstition.

His Rhetoric.

It was probably, his rules for rhetoric and poetry that Cicero and Quintilian had in view. Cicero, in his Orator, says, that "no one had more science, sagacity, invention, or judgment." Quintilian goes so far as to praise, not only the extent of his knowledge, but also the suavity of his elocution—*suavitatem eloquendi.*

Aristotle would have an orator well-informed respecting laws, finances, treaties, fortresses, garrisons, provisions, and merchandise. The orators in the parliaments of England, the diets of Poland, the states of Sweeden, the *pregadi* of Venice, &c. would not find these lessons of Aristotle unprofitable; to other nations, perhaps, they would be so.

He would have his orator know the passions and manners of men, and the humours of everv condition.

I do not think there is a single nicety of the art which has escaped him. He particularly recommends the citing of instances where public affairs are spoken of; nothing has so great an effect on the minds of men.

What he says on this subject proves that he wrote his Rhetoric long before Alexander was appointed captain-general of the Greeks against the Great King.

If, says he, any one had to prove to the Greeks that it is their interest to oppose the enterprises of the King of Persia, and to prevent him from making himself master of Egypt, he should first remind them, that Darius Ochus would not attack Greece until Egypt was in his power; he should remark that Xerxes had pursued the same course; he should add, that it was not to be doubted that Darius Codomannus would do the same; and that, therefore, they must not suffer him to take possession of Egypt.

He even permits, in speeches delivered to great assemblies, the introduction of parables and fables: they always strike the multitude. He relates some very ingenious ones, which are of the highest antiquity, as the horse that implored the assistance of man to revenge himself on the stag, and became a slave through having sought a protector.

It may be remarked that, in the second

book, where he treats of arguing from the greater to the less, he gives an example which plainly shows what was the opinion of Greece, and probably of Asia, respecting the extent of the power of the gods.

"If," says he, "it be true that the gods themselves, enlightened as they are, cannot know every thing, much less can men." This passage clearly proves, that omniscience was not then attributed to the Divinity. It was conceived that the gods could not know what was not; the future was not; therefore, it seemed impossible that they should know it. This is the opinion of the Socinians at the present day.

But to return to Aristotle's Rhetoric.—What I shall chiefly remark on in his book on Elocution and Diction is, the good sense with which he condemns those who would be poets in prose. He would have pathos; but he banishes bombast, and proscribes useless epithets. Indeed, Demosthenes and Cicero, who followed his precepts, never affected the poetic style in their speeches. The style, says Aristotle, must always be conformable to the subject.

Nothing can be more misplaced than to speak of physics poetically, and lavish figure and ornament where there should be only method, clearness, and truth: it is the quackery of a man who would pass off false systems under cover of an empty noise of words. Weak minds are caught by the bait, and strong minds disdain it.

Amongst us, the funeral oration has taken possession of the poetic style in prose; but this branch of oratory consisting almost entirely of exaggeration, it seems privileged to borrow the ornaments of poetry.

The writers of romances have sometimes taken this licence. La Calprenède was, I think, the first who thus transposed the limits of the arts, and abused this facility. The author of Telemachus was pardoned through consideration for Homer, whom he imitated, though he could not make verses, and still more in consideration of his morality, in which he infinitely surpasses Homer, who has none at all. But he owed his popularity chiefly to the criticism on the pride of Louis XIV. and the harshness of Louvois, which, it was thought, were discoverable in Telemachus.

Be this as it may, nothing can be a better proof of Aristotle's good sense and good taste, than his having assigned to everything its proper place.

Aristotle on Poetry.

Where, in our modern nations, shall we find a natural philosopher, a geometrician, a metaphysician, or even a moralist, who has spoken well on the subject of poetry? They teem with the names of Homer, Virgil, Sophocles, Ariosto, Tasso, and so many others, who have charmed the world by the harmonious productions of their genius, but they feel not their beauties; or if they feel them they would annihilate them.

How ridiculous is it in Pascal, to say—

"As we say poetical beauty, we should likewise say geometrical beauty, and medicinal beauty. Yet we do not say so; and the reason is, that we well know what is the object of geometry, and what is the object of medicine, but we do not know in what the peculiar charm, which is the object of poetry, consists. We know not what that natural model is, which must be imitated; and for want of this knowledge we have invented certain fantastic terms, as age of gold, wonder of the age, fatal wreath, fair star, &c. And this jargon we call poetic beauty."

The pitifulness of this passage is sufficiently obvious. We know that there is nothing beautiful in a medicine nor in the properties of a triangle; and that we apply the term beautiful only to that which raises admiration in our minds and gives pleasure to our senses. Thus reasons Aristotle; and Pascal here reasons very ill. Fatal wreath, fair star, have never been poetic beauties. If he wished

to know what is poetic beauty, he had only to read.

Nicole wrote against the stage, about which he had not a single idea; and was seconded by one Dubois, who was as ignorant of the belles-lettres as himself.

Even Montesquieu, in his amusing Persian Letters, has the petty vanity to think that Homer and Virgil are nothing in comparison with one who imitates with spirit and success Dufréni's *Siamois*, and fills his book with bold assertions, without which it would not have been read. "What," says he, "are epic poems? I know them not. I despise the lyric as much as I esteem the tragic poets." He should not, however, have despised Pindar and Horace quite so much. Aristotle did not despise Pindar.

Descartes did, it is true, write for Queen Christina a little *divertissement* in verse, which was quite worthy of his *matière cannelée*.

Mallebranche could not distinguish Corneille's "Qu'il mourût," from a line of Jodèle's or Garnier's.

What a man, then, was Aristotle, who traced the rules of tragedy with the same hand with which he had laid down those of dialectics, of morals, of politics, and lifted, as far as he found it possible, the great veil of nature!

To his fourth chapter on poetry, Boilean is indebted for these fine lines—

> Il n'est point de serpent, ni de monstre odieux
> Qui, par l'art imité, ne puisse plaire aux yeux.
> D'un pinceau délicat l'artifice agréable
> Du plus affreux object fait un objet aimable;
> Ainsi, pour nous charmer, la tragédie eue pleurs
> D'Œdipe tout-sanglant fit parler les douleurs.

> Each horrid shape, each object of affright,
> Nice imitation teaches to delight:
> So does the skilful painter's pleasing art
> Attractions to the darkest form impart;
> So does the tragic Muse, dissolved in tears,
> With tales of woe and sorrow charm our ears.

Aristotle says—"Imitation and harmony have produced poetry. We see terrible animals, dead or dying men, in a picture, with pleasure—objects, which in nature would inspire us only with fear and sorrow. The better they are imitated, the more complete is our satisfaction."

This fourth chapter of Aristotle's reappears almost entire in Horace and Boileau. The laws which he gives in the following chapters are at this day those of our good writers, excepting only what relates to the choruses and music. His idea that tragedy was instituted to purify the passions, has been warmly combated; but if he meant, as I believe he did, that an incestuous love might be subdued by witnessing the misfortune of Phædra, or anger be repressed by beholding the melancholy example of Ajax, there is no longer any difficulty.

This philosopher expressly commands that there be always the heroic in tragedy, and the ridiculous in comedy. This is a rule from which it is, perhaps, now becoming too customary to depart.

ARMS—ARMIES.

It is worthy of consideration that there have been, and still are upon the earth, societies without armies. The Brahmins, who long governed nearly all the great Indian Chersonesus; the primitives called Quakers, who governed Pennsylvania; some American tribes, some in the centre of Africa, the Samoyeds, the Laplanders, the Kamschadales, have never marched with colours flying to destroy their neighbours.

The Brahmins were the most considerable of all these pacific nations; their caste, which is so ancient, which is still existing, and compared with which all other institutions are quite recent, is a prodigy which cannot be sufficiently admired. Their religion and their policy always concurred in abstaining from the shedding of blood, even of that of the meanest animal. Where such is the regime, subjugation is easy: they have been subjugated, but have not changed.

The Pennsylvanians never had an army; they always held war in abhorrence.

Several of the American tribes did not know what an army was, until the Spaniards came to exterminate them all. The people on the borders of the Icy Sea are

ignorant alike of armies, of the God of armies, of battalions, and of squadrons.

Besides these populations, the priests and monks do not bear arms in any country—at least when they observe the laws of their institution.

It is only among Christians that there have been religious societies established for the purpose of fighting—as the Knights Templars, the Knights of St. John, the Knights of the Teutonic order, the Knights Swordbearers. These religious orders were instituted in imitation of the Levites, who fought like the rest of the Jewish tribes.

Neither armies nor arms were the same in antiquity as at present. The Egyptians hardly ever had cavalry. It would have been of little use in a country intersected by canals, inundated during five months of the year, and miry during five more. The inhabitants of a great part of Asia used chariots of war.

They are mentioned in the Annals of China. Confucius says, that in his time each governor of a province furnished to the Emperor a thousand war chariots, drawn by four horses. The Greeks and Trojans fought in chariots drawn by two horses.

Cavalry and chariots were unknown to the Jews, in a mountainous tract, where their first king, when he was elected, had nothing but she-asses. Thirty sons of Jair, princes of thirty cities, according to the text (Judges, chapter x, v. 4), rode each upon an ass. Saul, afterwards King of Judah, had only she-asses; and the sons of David all fled upon mules, when Absalom had slain his brother Amnon. Absalom was mounted only on a mule, in the battle which he fought against his father's troops; which proves, according to the Jewish historians, either that mares were beginning to be used in Palestine, or that they were already rich enough there to buy mules from the neighbouring country.

The Greeks made but little use of cavalry. It was chiefly with the Macedonian phalanx that Alexander gained the battles which laid Persia at his feet.

It was the Roman infantry that subjugated the greater part of the world. At the battle of Pharsalia, Cæsar had but one thousand horse.

It is not known at what time the Indians and the Africans first began to march elephants at the head of their armies. We cannot read without surprise of Hannibal's elephants crossing the Alps, which were much harder to pass then than they are now.

There have long been disputes about the disposition of the Greek and Roman armies, their arms, and their evolutions.

Each one has given his plan of the battles of Zama and Pharsalia.

The commentator Calmet, a Benedictine, has printed three great volumes of his Dictionary of the Bible, in which, the better to explain God's commandments, are inserted a hundred engravings, where you see plans of battles and sieges in copper-plate. The god of the Jews was the god of armies, but Calmet was not his secretary; he cannot have known, but by revelation, how the armies of the Amalekites, the Moabites, the Syrians, and the Philistines, were arranged on the days of general murder. These plates of carnage, designed at a venture, made his book five or six louis dearer, but made it no better.

It is a great question whether the Franks, whom the Jesuit Daniel calls French by anticipation, used bows and arrows in their armies, and whether they had helmets and cuirasses.

Supposing that they went to combat almost naked, and armed, as they are said to have been, with only a small carpenter's axe, a sword, and a knife, we must infer that the Romans, masters of Gaul, so easily conquered by Clovis, had lost all their ancient valour, and that the Gauls were as willing to be subject to a small number of Franks as to a small number of Romans.

Warlike accoutrements have since changed, as everything else changes.

In the days of knights, squires, and varlets, the armed force of Germany, France, Italy, England, and Spain, consisted almost entirely of horsemen, who, as well as their horses, were covered with steel. The infantry performed the functions rather of pioneers than of soldiers. But the English had always good archers among their foot, which contributed, in a great measure, to their gaining almost every battle.

Who would believe that armies, now-a-days do but make experiments in natural philosophy? A soldier would be much astonished, if some learned man were to say to him—

"My friend, you are a better machinist than Archimedes. Five parts of saltpetre, one of sulphur, and one of *carbo ligneus*, have been separately prepared. Your saltpetre dissolved, well filtered, well evaporated, well crystallized, well turned, well dried, has been incorporated with the yellow purified sulphur. These two ingredients, mixed with powdered charcoal, have, by means of a little vinegar, or solution of sal-ammoniac, or urine, formed large balls, which balls have been reduced *in pulverem pyrium* by a mill. The effect of this mixture is a dilatation, which is nearly as four thousand to unity; and the lead in your barrel exhibits another effect, which is the product of its bulk multiplied by its velocity.

"The first who discovered a part of this mathematical secret, was a Benedictine named Roger Bacon. He who perfected the invention, was another Benedictine, in Germany, in the fourteenth century, named Schwartz. So that you owe to two monks the art of being an excellent murderer, when you aim well, and your powder is good.

"Du Cange has in vain pretended that, in 1338, the registers of the *Chambre des Comptes*, at Paris, mention a bill paid for gunpowder. Do not believe it. It is *artillery* which is there spoken of—a name attached to ancient as well as to modern warlike machines.

"Gunpowder entirely superseded the Greek fire, of which the Moors still made use. In fine, you are the depositary of an art, which not only imitates the thunder, but is also much more terrible."

There is, however, nothing but truth in this speech. Two monks have, in reality, changed the face of the earth.

Before cannon were known, the northern nations had subjugated nearly the whole hemisphere, and could come again, like famishing wolves, to seize upon the lands as their ancestors had done.

In all armies, the victory, and consequently the fate of kingdoms, was decided by bodily strength and agility—a sort of sanguinary fury — a desperate struggle, man to man. Intrepid men took towns by scaling their walls. There was hardly more discipline in the armies of the North, during the decline of the Roman Empire, than among carnivorous beasts rushing on their prey.

Now, a single frontier fortress would suffice to stop the armies of Genghis or Attila.

It is not long since a victorious army of Russians were unavailably consumed before Custrin, which is nothing more than a little fortress in a marsh.

In battle, men the weakest in body may, with well-directed artillery, prevail against the stoutest. At the battle of Fontenoi, a few cannon were sufficient to compel the retreat of the whole English column, though it had been master of the field.

The combatants no longer close. The soldier has no longer that ardour—that impetuosity, which is redoubled in the heat of action, when the fight is hand to hand. Strength, skill, and even the temper of the weapons, are useless. A charge with the bayonet is made scarcely once in the course of a war, though the bayonet is the most terrible of weapons.

In a plain, frequently surrounded by redoubts furnished with heavy artillery, two armies advance in silence, each division taking with it flying artillery. The first lines fire at one another and after one another: they are victims presented in

turn to the bullets. Squadrons at the wings are often exposed to a cannonading while waiting for the general's orders. They who first tire of this manœuvre, which gives no scope for the display of impetuous courage, disperse and quit the field; and are rallied, if possible, a few miles off. The victorious enemies besiege a town, which sometimes costs them more men, money, and time, than they would have lost by several battles. The progress made is rarely rapid; and at the end of five or six years, both sides, being equally exhausted, are obliged to make peace.

Thus, at all events, the invention of artillery and the new mode of warfare have established among the respective powers an equality which secures mankind from devastations like those of former times, and thereby renders war less fatal in its consequences, though it is still prodigiously so.

The Greeks in all ages, the Romans in the time of Sylla, and the other nations of the West and South, had no standing army; every citizen was a soldier, and enrolled himself in time of war. It is, at this day, precisely the same in Switzerland. Go through the whole country, and you will not find a battalion, except at the time of the reviews, If it goes to war, you all at once see eighty thousand men in arms.

Those who usurped the supreme power after Sylla, always had a permanent force, paid with the money of the citizens, to keep the citizens in subjection, much more than to subjugate other nations. The Bishop of Rome himself keeps a small army in his pay. Who, in the time of the apostles, would have said that the servant of the servants of God should have regiments, and have them in Rome?

Nothing is so much feared in England as a great standing army.

The Janissaries have raised the Sultans to greatness, but they have also strangled them. The Sultans would have avoided the rope, if instead of these large bodies of troops, they had established small ones.

AROT AND MAROT.

WITH A SHORT REVIEW OF THE KORAN.

This article may serve to show how much the most learned men may be deceived, and to develope some useful truths. In the *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique*, there is the following passage concerning Arot and Marot:—

"These are the names of two angels, who the imposter Mahomet said had been sent from God to teach man, and to order him to abstain from murder, false judgments, and excesses of every kind. This false prophet adds, that a very beautiful woman having invited these two angels to her table, she made them drink wine, with which being heated, they solicited her as lovers; that she feigned to yield to their passion, provided they would first teach her the words by pronouncing which they said it was easy to ascend to heaven; that having obtained from them what she asked, she would not keep her promise; and that she was then taken up into heaven, where, having related to God what had passed, she was changed into the morning star called Lucifer or Aurora, and the angels were severely punished. Thence it was, according to Mahomet, that God took occasion to forbid wine to men."

It would be in vain to seek in the Koran for a single word of this absurd story and pretended reason for Mahomet's forbidding to his followers the use of wine. He forbids it only in the second and fifth chapters.

"They will question thee about wine and strong liquors: thou shalt answer, that it is a great sin."

"The just, who believe and do good works, must not be reproached with having drunk wine and played at games of chance, before games of chance were forbidden."

It is averred by all the Mahometans, that their prophet forbade wine and liquors solely to preserve their health and prevent quarrels, in the burning climate of Arabia.

The use of any fermented liquor soon affects the head, and may destroy both health and reason.

The fable of Arot and Marot descending from heaven, and wanting to lie with an Arab woman, after drinking wine with her, is not in any Mahometan author. It is to be found only among the impostures which various Christian writers, more indiscreet than enlightened, have printed against the Mussulman religion, through a zeal which is not according to knowledge. The names of Arot and Marot are in no part of the Koran. It is one Sylburgius who says, in an old book which nobody reads, that he anathematises the angels Arot, Marot, Safah, and Merwah.

Observe, kind reader, that Safah and Merwah are two little hills near Mecca; so that our learned Sylburgius has taken two hills for two angels. Thus it was with every writer on Mahometanism amongst us, almost without exception, until the intelligent Reland gave us clear ideas of the Mussulman belief, and the learned Sale, after living twenty-four years in and about Arabia, at length enlightened us by his faithful translation of the Koran, and his most instructive preface.

Gagnier himself, notwithstanding his Arabic professorship at Oxford, has been pleased to put forth a few falsehoods concerning Mahomet, as if we had need of lies to maintain the truth of our religion against a false prophet. He gives us at full length Mahomet's journey through the seven heavens on the mare Alborac, and even ventures to cite the fifty-third sura or chapter; but neither in this fifty-third sura, or in any other, is there so much as an allusion to this pretended journey through the heavens.

This strange story is related by Abulfeda, seven hundred years after Mahomet. It is taken, he says, from ancient manuscripts which were current in Mahomet's time. But it is evident that they were not Mahomet's; for, after his death, Abubeker gathered together all the leaves of the ran, in the presence of all the chiefs of tribes, and nothing was inserted the in collection that did not appear authentic.

Besides, the chapter concerning the journey to heaven, not only is not in the Koran, but is in a very different style, and is at least four times as long as any of the received chapters. Compare all the other chapters of the Koran with this, and you will find a prodigious difference. It begins thus:—

"One night, I fell asleep between the two hills of Safah and Merwah. That night was very dark; but so still, that the dogs were not heard to bark, nor the cocks to crow. All at once, the angel Gabriel appeared before me in the form in which the Most High God created him. His skin was white as snow. His fair hair, admirably disposed, fell in ringlets over his shoulders; his forehead was clear, majestic, and serene, his teeth beautiful and shining, and his legs of a saffron hue; his garments were glittering with pearls, and with thread of pure gold. On his forehead was a plate of gold, on which were written two lines, brilliant and dazzling with light; in the first were these words, 'There is no God but God;' and in the second these, 'Mahomet is God's Apostle.' On beholding this, I remained the most astonished and confused of men. I observed about him seventy thousand little boxes or bags of musk and saffron. He had five hundred pairs of wings; and the distance from one wing to another was five hundred years' journey.

"Thus did Gabriel appear before me. He touched me, and said, 'Arise, thou sleeper!' I was seized with fear and trembling, and, starting up, said to him, 'Who art thou?' He answered, 'God have mercy upon thee! I am thy brother Gabriel.' 'O my dearly-beloved Gabriel,' said I, 'I ask thy pardon; is it a revelation of something new, or is it some afflicting threat that thou bringest me?' 'It is something new,' returned he; 'rise, my dearly-beloved, and tie thy mantle over thy shoulders; thou wilt have need of it, for thou must this night pay a visit to thy lord.' So saying, Gabriel,

taking my hand, raised me from the ground, and having mounted me on the mare Alborac, led her himself by the bridle," &c.

In fine, it is averred by the Mussulmen, that this chapter, which has no authenticity, was imagined by Abu-Horaïrah, who is said to have been cotemporary with the prophet. What should we say of a Turk, who should come and insult our religion by telling us that we reckon among our sacred books, the Letters of St. Paul to Seneca, and Seneca's Letters to St. Paul; the Acts of Pilate; the Life of Pilate's Wife; the Letters of the pretended King Abgarus to Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ's Answer to the same; the Story of St. Peter's Challenge to Simon the Magician; the Predictions of the Sibyls; the Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs; and so many other books of the same kind?

We should answer the Turk by saying, that he was very ill informed, and that not one of these works was regarded as authentic. The Turk will make the same answer to us, when to confound him we reproach him with Mahomet's journey to the seven heavens. He will tell us that this is nothing more than a pious fraud of latter times, and that this journey is not in the Koran. Assuredly I am not here comparing truth with error—Christianity with Mahometanism—the Gospel with the Koran; but false tradition with false tradition—abuse with abuse—absurdity with absurdity.

This absurdity has been carried to such a length, that Grotius charges Mahomet with having said, that God's hands are cold, for he has felt them; that God is carried about in a chair; and that, in Noah's ark, the rat was produced from the elephant's dung, and the cat from the lion's breath.

Grotius reproaches Mahomet with having imagined that Jesus Christ was taken up into heaven instead of suffering execution. He forgets that there were entire heretical communions of primitive Christians who spread this opinion, which was preserved in Syria and Arabia until Mahomet's time.

How many times has it been repeated, that Mahomet had accustomed a pigeon to eat grain out of his ear, and made his followers believe that this pigeon brought him messages from God?

Is it not enough for us, that we are persuaded of the falseness of his sect, and invincibly convinced by faith of the truth of our own, without losing our time in calumniating the Mahometans, who have established themselves from Mount Caucasus to Mount Atlas, and from the confines of Epirus to the extremities of India? We are incessantly writing bad books against them, of which they know nothing. We cry out that their religion has been embraced by so many nations only because it flatters the senses. But where is the sensuality in ordering abstinence from the wine and liquors in which we indulge to such excess; in pronouncing to every one an indispensable command to give to the poor each year two and a half per cent. of his income, to fast with the greatest rigour, to undergo a painful operation in the earliest stage of puberty, to make, over arid sands, a pilgrimage of sometimes five hundred leagues, and to pray to God five times a day, even when in the field?

But, say you, they are allowed four wives in this world, and in the next they will have celestial brides. Grotius expressly says—"It must have required a great share of stupidity to admit reveries so gross and disgusting."

We agree with Grotius, that the Mahometans have been prodigal of reveries. The man who was constantly receiving the chapters of his Koran from the angel Gabriel, was worse than a visionary; he was an impostor, who supported his seductions by his courage: but certainly there was nothing either stupid or sensual in reducing to four the unlimited number of wives whom the princes, the satraps, the nabobs, and the omrahs of the East kept in their seraglios. It is said that Solomon had three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines. The Arabs, like the

Jews, were at liberty to marry two sisters; Mahomet was the first who forbade these marriages. Where, then, is the grossness?

And with regard to the celestial brides, where is the impurity? Certes, there is nothing impure in marriage, which is acknowledged to have been ordained on earth, and blessed by God himself. The incomprehensible mystery of generation is the seal of the Eternal Being. It is the clearest mark of his power, that he has created pleasure, and through that very pleasure perpetuated all sensible beings.

If we consult our reason alone, it will tell us that it is very likely that the Eternal Being, who does nothing in vain, will not cause us to rise again with our organs to no purpose. It will not be unworthy of the Divine Majesty to feed us with delicious fruits, if he cause us to rise again with stomachs to receive them. The Holy Scriptures inform us that, in the beginning, God placed the first man and the first woman in a paradise of delights.—They were then in a state of innocence and glory, incapable of experiencing disease or death. This is nearly the state in which the just will be when, after their resurrection, they shall be for all eternity what our first parents were for a few days. Those, then, must be pardoned, who have thought that, having a body, that body will be constantly satisfied. Our Fathers of the Church had no other idea of the heavenly Jerusalem. St. Irenæus says, "that there each vine shall bear ten thousand branches, each branch ten thousand clusters, and each cluster ten thousand grapes," &c.

Several Fathers of the Church have, indeed, thought that the blessed in heaven would enjoy all their senses. St. Thomas says, that the sense of seeing will be infinitely perfect; that the elements will be so too; that the surface of the earth will be transparent as glass, the water like crystal, the air like the heavens, and the fire like the stars.

St. Augustin, in his Christian Doctrine, says, that the sense of hearing will enjoy the pleasures of singing and of speech.

One of our great Italian theologians, named Piazza, in his Dissertation on Paradise, informs us that the elect will for ever sing and play the guitar: they will have, says he, three nobilities—three advantages, viz.—desire without excitement, caresses without wantonness, and voluptuousness without excess:—"tres nobilitates; illecebra sine titillatione, blanditia sine mollitudine, et voluptas sine exuberantià."

St. Thomas assures us that the smell of the glorified bodies will be perfect, and will not be diminished by perspiration.—"Corporibus gloriosi serit odor ultima perfectione, nullo modo per humîdum repressus." This question has been profoundly treated by a great many other doctors.

Suarez, in his Wisdom, thus expresses himself concerning taste:—"It is not difficult for God purposely to make some sapid humour act on the organ of taste." —"Non est Deo difficile facere ut sapidus humor sit intrá organum gustus, qui sensum illum intentionaliter afficere."

And, to conclude, St. Prosper, recapitulating the whole, pronounces that the blessed shall find gratification without satiety, and enjoy health without disease:" —"Saturitas sine fastidio, et tota sanitas sine morbo."

It is not then so much to be wondered at, that the Mahometans have admitted the use of the five senses in their paradise. They say that the first beatitude will be the union with God; but this does not exclude the rest.

Mahomet's paradise is a fable; but once more be it observed, there is in it neither contradiction nor impurity.

Philosophy requires clear and precise ideas, which Grotius had not. He quotes a great deal, and makes a show of reasoning, which will not bear a close examination.

The unjust imputations cast on the Mahometans would suffice to make a very large book. They have subjugated one

of the largest and most beautiful countries upon earth; to drive them from it would have been a finer exploit than to abuse them.

The Empress of Russia supplies a great example. She takes from them Azoph and Tangarok, Moldavia, Wallachia, and Georgia; she pushes her conquests to the ramparts of Erzerum; she sends against them fleets from the remotest parts of the Baltic, and others covering the Euxine: but she does not say in her manifestos, that a pigeon whispered in Mahomet's ear.

ART OF POETRY.

A MAN of almost universal learning—a man even of genius, who joins philosophy with imagination, uses, in his excellent article ENCYCLOPEDIA, these remarkable words:—"If we except this Perrault, and some others, whose merits the versifier Boileau was not capable of appreciating," &c.

This philosopher is right in doing justice to Claude Perrault, the learned translator of Vitruvius, a man useful in more arts than one, and to whom we are indebted for the fine front of the Louvre and for other great monuments; but justice should also be rendered to Boileau. Had he been only a versifier, he would scarcely have been known; he would not have been one of the few great men who will hand down the age of Louis XIV. to posterity. His tart Satires, his fine Epistles, and, above all, his Art of Poetry, are masterpieces of reasoning as well as poetry:—"sapere est principium et fons." The art of versifying is, indeed, prodigiously difficult, especially in our language, where alexandrines follow one another two by two; where it is rare to avoid monotony; where it is absolutely necessary to rhyme; where noble and pleasing rhymes are too limited in number; and where a word out of its place, or a harsh syllable, is sufficient to spoil a happy thought. It is like dancing on a rope in fetters; the greatest success is of itself nothing.

Boileau's Art of Poetry is to be admired, because he always says true and useful things in a pleasing manner, because he always gives both precept and example, and because he is varied, passing with perfect ease, and without ever failing in purity of language,

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

His reputation among men of taste is proved by the fact, that his verses are known by heart; and to philosophers it must be pleasing to find that he is almost always in the right.

As we have spoken of the preference which may sometimes be given to the moderns over the ancients, we will here venture to presume that Boileau's Art of Poetry is superior to that of Horace. Method is certainly a beauty in a didactic poem; and Horace has no method. We do not mention this as a reproach; for his poem is a familiar epistle to the Pisos, and not a regular work like the Georgics: but there is this additional merit in Boileau, a merit for which philosophers should give him credit.

The Latin Art of Poetry does not seem near so finely laboured as the French. Horace expresses himself, almost throughout, in the free and familiar tone of his other epistles. He displays an extreme clearness of understanding and a refined taste, in verses which are happy and spirited, but often without connection, and sometimes destitute of harmony; he has not the elegance and correctness of Virgil. His work is very good, but Boileau's appears to be still better: and, if we except the tragedies of Racine, which have the superior merit of treating the passions and surmounting all the difficulties of the stage, Despréaux's Art of Poetry is, indisputably, the poem which does most honour to the French language.

It is lamentable when philosophers are enemies to poetry. Literature should be like the house of Mæcenas—"est locus unicuique suus."

The author of the Persian Letters—so easy to write, and among which some are very pretty, others very bold, others indifferent, and others frivolous—this au-

thor, I say, though otherwise much to be recommended, yet having never been able to make verses, although he possesses imagination and often superiority of style, makes himself amends, by saying that "contempt is heaped upon poetry," that "lyric poetry is harmonious extravagance," &c. Thus do men often seek to depreciate the talents which they cannot attain.

"We cannot reach it," says Montaigne; "let us revenge ourselves by speaking ill of it." But Montaigne, Montesquieu's predecessor and master in imagination and philosophy, thought very differently of poetry.

Had Montesquieu been as just as he was witty, he could not but have felt that several of our fine odes and good operas are worth infinitely more than the pleasantries of Rica to Usbeck, imitated from Dufréni's Siamois, and the details of what passed in Usbeck's seraglio at Ispahan.

We shall speak more fully of this too frequent injustice, in the article CRITICISM

ARTS—FINE ARTS.

[ARTICLE DEDICATED TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.]

SIRE,—The small society of amateurs, a part of whom are labouring at these rhapsodies at Mount Krapak, will say nothing to your majesty on the art of war. It is an heroic, or—it may be—an abominable art. If there were anything fine in it, we would tell your majesty, without fear of contradiction, that you are the finest man in Europe.

You know, Sire, the four ages of the arts. Almost everything sprung up and was brought to perfection under Louis XIV.; after which many of these arts, banished from France, went to embellish and enrich the rest of Europe, at the fatal period of the destruction of the celebrated edict of Henry IV.—pronounced *irrevocable*, yet so easily revoked. Thus, the greatest injury which Louis XIV. could do to himself, did good to other princes against his will: this is proved by what you have said in your history of Brandenburgh.

If that monarch were known only from his banishment of six or seven hundred thousand useful citizens—from his irruption into Holland, whence he was soon obliged to retreat—from his greatness, which stayed him at the bank, while his troops were swimming across the Rhine; if there were no other monuments of his glory than the prologues to his operas, followed by the battle of Hochstet, his person and his reign would go down to posterity with but little eclat. But the encouragement of all the fine arts by his taste and munificence; the conferring of so many benefits on the literary men of other countries; the rise of his kingdom's commerce at his voice; the establishment of so many manufactories; the building of so many fine citadels; the construction of so many admirable ports; the union of the two seas by immense labour, &c., still oblige Europe to regard Louis XIV. and his age with respect.

And, above all, those great men, unique in every branch of art and science, whom nature then produced at one time, will render his reign eternally memorable. The age was greater than Louis XIV., but it shed its glory upon him.

Emulation in art has changed the face of the continent, from the Pyrenees to the Icy Sea. There is hardly a prince in Germany who has not made useful and glorious establishments.

What have the Turks done for glory? Nothing. They have ravaged three empires and twenty kingdoms; but any one city of ancient Greece will always have a greater reputation than all the Ottoman together.

See what has been done in the course of a few years at Petersburgh, which was a bog at the beginning of the seventeenth century. All the arts are there assembled, while in the country of Orpheus, Linus, and Homer, they are annihilated.

That the Recent Birth of the Arts proves not the Recent Formation of the Globe.

All philosophers have thought matter eternal; but the arts appear to be new. Even the art of making bread is of recent origin. The first Romans ate boiled grain; those conquerors of so many nations had neither wind-mills nor water-mills. This truth seems, at first sight, to controvert the doctrine of the antiquity of the globe as it now is, or to suppose terrible revolutions in it. Irruptions of barbarians can hardly annihilate arts which have become necessary. Suppose that an army of Negroes were to come upon us, like locusts, from the mountains of southern Africa, through Monomotapa, Monoëmugi, &c., traversing Abyssinia, Nubia, Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, and all Europe, ravaging and overturning everything in its way: there would still be a few bakers, tailors, shoemakers, and carpenters left; the necessary arts would revive; luxury alone would be annihilated. Such was the case at the fall of the Roman empire; even the art of writing became very rare; nearly all those which contribute to render life agreeable were for a long time extinct. Now, we are every day inventing new ones.

From all this, no well-grounded inference can be drawn against the antiquity of the globe. For, supposing that a flood of barbarians had entirely swept away the arts of writing and making bread supposing even that we had had bread, or pens, ink, and paper, only for ten years—the country which could exist for ten years without eating bread or writing down its thoughts, could exist for an age, or a hundred thousand ages, without these helps.

It is quite clear that man and the other animals can very well subsist without bakers, without romance-writers, and without divines, as witness America, and as witness also three-fourths of our own continent. The recent birth of the arts amongst us, does not prove the recent formation of the globe, as was pretended by Epicurus, one of our predecessors in reverie, who supposed that, by chance, the declination of atoms one day formed our earth. Pomponatius used to say—"Se il mondo non é eterno, per tutti santi é molto vecchio."—"If this world be not eternal—by all the saints, it is very old."

Slight Inconveniences attached to the Arts.

They who handle lead and quicksilver are subject to dangerous colics, and very serious affections of the nerves. They who use pen and ink are attacked by vermin, which they have continually to shake off; these vermin are some ex-jesuits, who employ themselves in manufacturing libels. You, Sire, do not know this race of animals; they are driven from your states, as well as from those of the Empress of Russia, the King of Sweden, and the King of Denmark, my other protectors. The ex-jesuits Polian and Nonotte, who like me cultivate the fine arts, persecute me even unto Mount Krapak, crushing me under the weight of their reputation, and that of their genius, the specific gravity of which is still greater. Unless your majesty vouchsafe to assist me against these great men, I am undone.

ASMODEUS.

No one at all versed in antiquity is ignorant that the Jews knew nothing of the angels but from the Persians and Chaldeans, during the Captivity. It was they, who, according to Calmet, taught them that there are seven principal angels before the throne of the Lord. They also taught them the names of the devils. He whom we call Asmodeus, was named Hashmodaï or Chammadaï. "We know," says Calmet, "that there are various sorts of devils, some of them princes and master-demons, the rest subalterns."

How was it that this Hashmodaï was sufficiently powerful to twist the necks of seven young men who successively espoused the beautiful Sarah, a native of Rages, fifteen leagues from Ecbatana? The Medes must have been seven times as great Manichees as the Persians. The good principle gives a husband to this maiden; and behold! the bad principle

this king of demons, Hashmodaï, destroys the work of the beneficent principle seven times in succession.

But Sarah was a Jewess, daughter of the Jew Raguel, and a captive in the country of Ecbatana. How could a Median demon have such power over Jewish bodies? It has been thought that Asmodeus or Chanmadaï was a Jew likewise; that he was the old serpent which had seduced Eve; and that he was passionately fond of women, sometimes seducing them, and sometimes killing their husbands through an excess of love and jealousy.

Indeed the Greek version of the Book of Tobit gives us to understand, that Asmodeus was in love with Sarah—"oti daimonion philei autein." It was the opinion of all the learned of antiquity, that the genii, whether good or evil, had a great inclination for our virgins, and the fairies for our youths. Even the Scriptures, accommodating themselves to our weakness, and condescending to speak in the language of the vulgar, say figuratively, that "the sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose."

But the angel Raphael, the conductor of young Tobit, gives him a reason more worthy of his ministry, and better calculated to enlighten the person whom he is guiding. He tells him that Sarah's seven husbands were given up to the cruelty of Asmodeus, only because, like horses or mules, they had married her for their pleasure alone. "Her husband," says the angel, "must observe continence with her for three days, during which time they must pray to God together."

This instruction would seem to have been quite sufficient to keep off Asmodeus; but Raphael adds, that it is also necessary to have the heart of a fish grilled over burning coals. Why, then, was not this infallible secret afterwards resorted to in order to drive the Devil from the bodies of women? Why did the apostles, who were sent on purpose to cast out devils, never lay a fish's heart upon the gridiron? Why was not this expedient made use of in the affair of Martha Brossier; that of the nuns of Loudun; that of the mistresses of Urban Gandier: that of La Cadiére; that of Father Girard; and those of a thousand other demoniacs in the times when there were demoniacs?

The Greeks and Romans, who had so many philters wherewith to make themselves beloved, had others to cure love; they employed herbs and roots. The agnus castus had great reputation. The moderns have administered it to young nuns, on whom it has had but little effect. Apollo, long ago, complained to Daphne, that, physician as he was, he had never yet met with a simple that would cure love—

> Heu mihi! quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.
> What balm can heal the wounds that love has made!

The smoke of sulphur was tried; but Ovid, who was a great master, declares that this recipe was useless.—

> Nec fugiat viro sulphure victus amor.
> Sulphur—believe me—drives not love away.

The smoke from the heart or liver of a fish was more efficacious against Asmodeus. The reverend father Calmet is consequently in great trouble, being unable to comprehend how this fumigation could act upon a pure spirit. But he might have taken courage from the recollection, that all the ancients gave bodies to the angels and demons. They were very slender bodies; as light as the small particles that rise from a broiled fish; they were like smoke; and the smoke from a fried fish acted upon them by sympathy.

Not only did Asmodeus flee, but Gabriel went and chained him in Upper Egypt, where he still is. He dwells in a grotto near the city of Saata or Taata. Paul Lucas saw and spoke to him. They cut this serpent in pieces, and the pieces immediately joined again. To this fact Calmet cites the testimony of Paul Lucas, which testimony I must also cite. It is

thought that Paul Lucas's theory may be joined with that of the vampires, in the next compilation of the Abbé Guyon.

ASPHALTUS.

ASPHALTIC LAKE.—SODOM.

A Chaldee word, signifying a species of bitumen. There is a great deal of it in the countries watered by the Euphrates: it is also to be found in Europe, but of a bad quality. An experiment was made by covering the tops of the watch-houses on each side of one of the gates of Geneva: the covering did not last a year, and the mine has been abandoned. However, when mixed with rosin, it may be used for lining cisterns: perhaps it will some day be applied to a more useful purpose.

The real asphaltus is that which was obtained in the vicinity of Babylon, and with which it is said that the Greek fire was composed.

Several lakes are full of asphaltus, or a bitumen resembling it, as others are strongly impregnated with nitre. There is a great lake of nitre in the desart of Egypt, which extends from lake Mœris to the entrance of the Delta; and it has no other name than the Nitre Lake.

The Lake Asphaltites, known by the name of Sodom, was long famed for its bitumen; but the Turks now make no use of it, either because the mine under the water is diminished, or because its quality is altered, or because there is too much difficulty in drawing it from under the water. Oily particles of it, and sometimes large masses separate, and float on the surface; these are gathered together, mixed up, and sold for balm of Mecca.

Flavius Josephus, who was of that country, says that, in his time, there were no fish in the lake of Sodom, and the water was so light that the heaviest bodies would not go to the bottom. It seems that he meant to say so heavy instead of so light. It would appear that he had not made the experiment. After all, a stagnant water, impregnated with salts and compact matter, its specific matter being then greater than that of the body of a man or a beast, might force it to float. Josephus's error consists in assigning a false cause to a phenomenon which may be perfectly true.

As for the want of fish, it is not incredible. It is, however likely, that this lake, which is fifty or sixty miles long, is not all asphaltic, and that while receiving the waters of the Jordan it also receives the fishes of that river: but perhaps the Jordan too is without fish, and they are to be found only in the upper lake of Tiberias.

Josephus adds, that the trees which grow on the borders of the Dead Sea, bear fruits of the most beautiful appearance, but which fall into dust if you attempt to taste them. This is less probable; and disposes one to believe that Josephus either had not been on the spot, or has exaggerated according to his own and his countrymen's custom. No soil seems more calculated to produce good as well as beautiful fruits than a salt and sulphureous one, like that of Naples, of Catania, and of Sodom.

The Holy Scriptures speak of five cities being destroyed by fire from heaven. On this occasion, natural philosophy bears testimony in favour of the Old Testament—although the latter has no need of it, and they are sometimes at variance. We have instances of earthquakes, accompanied by thunder and lightning, which have destroyed much more considerable towns than Sodom and Gomorrah.

But the river Jordan necessarily discharging itself into this lake without an outlet, this Dead Sea, in the same manner as the Caspian, must have existed as long as there has been a river Jordan; therefore, these towns could never stand on the spot now occupied by the lake of Sodom. The Scripture, too, says nothing at all about this ground being changed into a lake; it says quite the contrary;—"Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire, from the Lord out of heaven. And Abraham got up early in the morning, and he looked

toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld; and lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

These five towns, Sodom, Gomorrah, Zeboin, Adamah, and Segor, must then have been situated on the borders of the Dead Sea. How, it will be asked, in a desart so uninhabitable as it now is, where there are to be found only a few hordes of plundering Arabs, could there be five cities, so opulent as to be immersed in luxury, and even in those shameful pleasures which are the last effect of the refinement of the debauchery attached to wealth? It may be answered, that the country was then much better.

Other critics will say—how could five towns exist at the extremities of a lake, the water of which, before their destruction, was not potable? The Scripture itself informs us, that all this land was asphaltic before the burning of Sodom; "And the vale of Sodom was full of slime-pits; and the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled, and fell there."

Another objection is also started. Isaiah and Jeremiah say, that Sodom and Gomorrah shall never be rebuilt: but Stephen, the geographer, speaks of Sodom and Gomorrah on the coast of the Dead Sea; and the History of the Councils mentions bishops of Sodom and Segor.

To this it may be answered, that God filled these towns, when rebuilt, with less guilty inhabitants; for at that time there was no bishop *in partibus*.

But, it will be said, with what water could these new inhabitants quench their thirst? all the wells are brackish; you find asphaltus and corrosive salt on first striking a spade into the ground.

It will be answered that some Arabs still subsist there, and may be habituated to drinking very bad water; that the Sodom and Gomorrah of the Eastern Empire were wretched hamlets; and that at that time there were many bishops whose whole diocese consisted in a poor village. It may also be said, that the people who colonised these villages prepared the asphaltus, and carried on a useful trade in it.

The arid and burning desart, extending from Segor to the territory of Jerusalem, produces balm and aromatic herbs, for the same reason that it supplies naptha, cor rosive salt and sulphur.

It is said that petrifaction takes place in this desart with astonishing rapidity; and this, according to some natural philosophers, makes the petrifaction of Lot's wife Edith a very plausible story.

But it is said that this woman, "having looked back, became a pillar of salt." This, then, was not a natural petrifaction, operated by asphaltus and salt, but an evident miracle. Flavius Josephus says, that he saw this pillar. St. Justin and St. Irenæus speak of it as a prodigy, which in their time was still existing.

These testimonies have been looked upon as ridiculous fables. It would, however, be very natural for some Jews to amuse themselves with cutting a heap of asphaltus into a rude figure, and calling it Lot's wife. I have seen cisterns of asphaltus, very well made, which may last a long time. But it must be owned that St. Irenæus goes a little too far when he says, that Lot's wife remained in the country of Sodom no longer in corruptible flesh, but as a permanent statue of salt, her feminine nature still producing the ordinary effects:—"Uxor remansit in Sodomis, jam non caro corruptibilis sed statua salis semper manens, et per naturalia ea quæ sunt consuetudinis hominis ostendens."

St. Irenæus does not seem to express himself with all the precision of a good naturalist, when he says, Lot's wife is no longer of corruptible flesh, but still retains her feminine nature.

In the poem of Sodom, attributed to Tertullian, this is expressed with still greater energy—

> Dicitur et vivens alio sub corpore sexûs,
> Mirificè solito dispungere sanguine menses.

This was translated by a poet of Henry II.'s time, in his Gaulish style—

> La femme à Loth, quoique sel devenue,
> Est femme encor ; car elle a sa menstrue.

The land of aromatics was also the land of fables. Into the desarts of Arabia Petræa the ancient mythologists pretend that Myrrha, the grand-daughter of a statue, fled after committing incest with her father, as Lot's daughters did with theirs, and that she was metamorphosed into the tree which bears myrrh. Other profound mythologists assure us, that she fled into Arabia Felix; and this opinion is as well supported as the other.

Be this as it may, not one of our travellers has yet thought fit to examine the soil of Sodom, with its asphaltus, its salt, its trees and their fruits, to weigh the water of the lake, to analyse it, to ascertain whether bodies of greater specific gravity than common water float upon its surface, and to give us a faithful account of the natural history of the country. Our pilgrims to Jerusalem do not care to go and make these researches: this desart has become infested by wandering Arabs, who range as far as Damascus, and retire into the caverns of the mountains—the authority of the pacha of Damascus having hitherto been inadequate to repress them. Thus the curious have very little information about anything concerning the Asphaltic Lake.

As to Sodom, it is a melancholy reflection for the learned that, among so many who may be deemed natives, not one has furnished us with any notion whatever of this capital city.

ASS.

We will add a little to the article *Ass* in the Encyclopedia, concerning Lucian's Ass, which became golden in the hands of Apuleius. The pleasantest part of the adventure, however, is in Lucian;—that a lady fell in love with this gentleman while he was an ass, but would have nothing more to say to him when he was but a man. These metamorphoses was very common throughout antiquity. Silenus' Ass had spoken; and the learned have thought that he explained himself in Arabic; for he was probably a man turned into an ass by the power of Bacchus, and Bacchus, we know, was an Arab.

Virgil speaks of the transformation of Mœris into a wolf, as a thing of very ordinary occurrence—

> Saepe lupum fieri Moerim, et se condere silvis.
> Oft changed to wolf, he seeks the forest shade.

Was this doctrine of metamorphoses derived from the old fables of Egypt, which gave out that the gods had changed themselves into animals, in the war against the giants?

The Greeks, great imitators and improvers of the Oriental fables, metamorphosed almost all the gods into men or into beasts, to make them succeed the better in their amorous designs.

If the gods changed themselves into bulls, horses, swans, doves, &c.; why should not men have undergone the same operation?

Several commentators, forgetting the respect due to the Holy Scriptures, have cited the example of Nebuchadnezzar changed into an ox; but this was a miracle—a divine vengeance—a thing quite out of the course of nature, which ought not to be examined with profane eyes, and cannot become an object of our researches.

Others of the learned, perhaps with equal indiscretion, avail themselves of what is related in the Gospel of the Infancy. An Egyptian maiden having entered the chamber of some women, saw there a mule with a silken cloth over his back, and an ebony pendant at his neck. These women were in tears, kissing him and giving him to eat. The mule was their own brother. Some sorceresses had deprived him of the human figure: but the Master of Nature soon restored it.

Although this gospel is apocryphal, the very name which it bears prevents us from examining this adventure in detail; only it may serve to show how much metamorphoses were in vogue almost throughout the earth. The Christians, who composed this gospel, were un-

doubtedly honest men. They did not seek to fabricate a romance, they related with simplicity what they had heard. The church, which afterwards rejected this gospel, together with forty-nine others, did not accuse its authors of impiety and prevarication: those obscure individuals addressed the populace in language conformable with the prejudices of the age in which they lived. China was perhaps the only country exempt from these superstitions.

The adventure of the companions of Ulysses, changed into beasts by Circe, was much more ancient than the dogma of the metempsychosis, broached in Greece and Italy by Pythagoras.

On what can the assertion be founded, that there is no universal error which is not the abuse of some truth; that there have been quacks only because there have been true physicians; and that false prodigies have been believed, only because there have been true ones?

Were there any certain testimonies that men had become wolves, oxen, horses, or asses? This universal error had for its principle only the love of the marvellous and the natural inclination to superstition.

One erroneous opinion is enough to fill the whole world with fables. An Indian doctor sees that animals have feeling and memory. He concludes that they have a soul. Men have one likewise. What becomes of the soul of man after death? What becomes of that of the beast? They must go somewhere. They go into the nearest body that is beginning to be formed. The soul of a Brahmin takes up its abode in the body of an elephant, the soul of an ass in that of a little Brahmin. Such is the dogma of the metempsychosis, which was built upon simple deduction.

But it is a wide step from this dogma to that of metamorphosis. We have no longer a soul without a tenement, seeking a lodging; but one body changed into another, the soul remaining as before.

Now, we certainly have not in nature any example of such legerdemain.

Let us then enquire into the origin of so extravagant yet so general an opinion. If some father said to his son, sunk in ignorance and filthy debauchery, you are a hog, a horse, or an ass, and afterwards made him do penance with an ass's cap on his head, and some servant-girl of the neighbourhood gave it out that this young man had been turned into an ass as a punishment for his faults, her neighbours would repeat it to other neighbours, and from mouth to mouth this story, with a thousand embellishments, would make the tour of the world. An ambiguous expression would suffice to deceive the whole earth.

Here then let us confess, with Boileau, that ambiguity has been the parent of most of our ridiculous follies.

Add to this the power of magic, which has been acknowledged as indisputable in all nations, and you will no longer be astonished at anything.

One word more on asses. It is said, that in Mesopotamia they are warlike, and that Mervan, the twenty-first caliph, was surnamed *the Ass*, for his valour.

The patriarch Photius relates, in the extract from the Life of Isidorus, that Ammonius had an ass which had a great taste for poetry, and would leave his manger to go and hear verses.

The fable of Midas is better than the tale of Photius.

Machiavel's Golden Ass.

Machiavel's Ass is but little known. The dictionaries which speak of it say, that it was a production of his youth: it would seem, however, that he was of mature age; for he speaks in it of the misfortunes which he had formerly and for a long time experienced. The work is a satire on his contemporaries. The author sees a number of Florentines, of whom one is changed into a cat, another into a dragon, a third into a dog that bays the moon, a fourth into a fox who does not suffer himself to be caught: each character is drawn under the name of an animal. The factions of the house of Medicis and their enemies, are doubt-

less figured therein; and the key to this comic apocalypse would admit us to the secrets of Pope Leo and the troubles of Florence. This poem is full of morality and philosophy. It ends with the very rational reflections of a large hog, which addresses man in nearly the following terms: —

> Ye naked bipeds, without beaks or claws,
> Hairless, and featherless, and tender-hided,
> Weeping ye come into the world—because
> Ye feel your evil destiny decided:
> Nature has given you industrious paws;
> You, like the parrots, are with speech provided:
> But have ye honest hearts?—Alas! alas!
> In this we swine your bipedships surpass!
>
> Man is far worse than we—more fierce, more wild—
> Coward or madman, sinning every minute;
> By frenzy and by fear in turn beguiled,
> He dreads the grave, yet plunges headlong in it:
> If pigs fall out, they soon are reconciled;
> Their quarrel's ended ere they well begin it.
> If crime with manhood always must combine,
> Good Lord! let me for ever be a swine.

This is the original of Boileau's Satire on Man, and La Fontaine's fable of the Companions of Ulysses; but it is very likely that neither La Fontaine nor Boileau had ever heard of Machiavel's Ass.

The Ass of Verona.

I must speak the truth, and not deceive my readers. I do not very clearly know whether the Ass of Verona still exists in all his splendour; but the travellers who saw him forty or fifty years ago agree in saying, that the relics were inclosed in the body of an artificial ass made on purpose, which was in the keeping of forty monks of Our Lady of the Organ, at Verona, and was carried in procession twice a year. This was one of the most ancient relics of the town. According to the tradition, this ass, having carried our Lord in his entry into Jerusalem, did not choose to abide any longer in that city, but trotted over the sea—which for that purpose became as hard as his hoof—by way of Cyprus, Rhodes, Candia, Malta, and Sicily. There he went to sojourn at Aquilea; and at last he settled at Verona, where he lived a long while.

This fable originated in the circumstance, that most asses have a sort of black cross on their backs. There possibly might be an old ass in the neighbourhood of Verona, on whose back the populace remarked a finer cross than his brethren could boast of: some good old woman would be at hand to say, that this was the ass on which Christ rode into Jerusalem: and the ass would be honoured with a magnificent funeral. The feast established at Verona passed into other countries, and was especially celebrated in France. In the mass was sung—

> Orientis partibus
> Adventabit asinus,
> Pulcher et fortissimus

There was a long procession, headed by a young woman with a child in her arms mounted on an ass, representing the Virgin Mary going into Egypt. At the end of the mass the priest, instead of saying *Ite missa est*, brayed three times with all his might, and the people answered in chorus.

We have books on the feast of the Ass, and the feast of Fools: they furnish materials towards a universal history of the human mind,

ASSASSIN—ASSASSINATION.

SECTION I.

A NAME corrupted from the word Ehissessin. Nothing is more common to those who go into a distant country than to write, repeat, and understand incorrectly in their own language what they have misunderstood in a language entirely foreign to them, and afterwards to deceive their countrymen as well as themselves. Error flies from mouth to mouth, from pen to pen, and to destroy it requires ages.

In the time of the crusades, there was a wretched little people of mountaineers inhabiting the caverns near the road to Damascus. These brigands elected a chief, whom they named Cheik Elchassissin. It is said that this honorific title of *cheik* originally signified *old*, as with us the title of *seigneur* comes from *senior*, elder, and the word *graf*, a count, signifies *old* among the Germans; for, in

ancient times, almost every people conferred the civil command upon the old men. Afterwards, the command having become hereditary, the title of *cheik*, *graf*, *seigneur*, or *count*, has been given to children; and the Germans call a little master of four years old, *the Count*—that is, the *old gentleman*.

The crusaders named the old man of the Arabian mountains, the Old Man of the Hill, and imagined him to be a great prince, because he had caused a Count of Montserrat and some other crusading nobles to be robbed and murdered on the highway. These people were called *the assassins*, and their cheik the king of the vast country of *the assassins*. This vast territory is five or six leagues long by two or three broad, being part of Anti-Libanus, a horrible country, full of rocks, like almost all Palestine, but intersected by pleasant meadow-lands, which feed numerous flocks, as it is attested by all who have made the journey from Aleppo to Damascus.

The cheik or senior of these *assassins* could be nothing more than a chief of banditti; for there was at that time a soldan of Damascus who was very powerful.

Our romance-writers of that day, as fond of chimeras as the crusaders, thought proper to relate that, in 1236, this great prince of the assassins, fearing that Louis IX. of whom he had never heard, would put himself at the head of a crusade, and come and take from him his territory, sent two great men of his court from the caverns of Anti-Libanus to Paris, to assassinate that king; but that having the next day heard how generous and amiable a prince Louis was, he immediately sent out to sea two more great men to countermand the assassination:—I say, out to sea: for neither the two emissaries sent to kill Louis, nor the two others sent to save him, could make the voyage without embarking at Joppa, which was then in the power of the crusaders, which renders the enterprise doubly marvellous. The two first must have found a crusaders' vessel ready to convey them in an amicable manner, and the two last must have found another.

However, a hundred authors, one after another, have related this adventure, though Joinville, a contemporary, who was on the spot, says nothing about it.—

Et voilà justement comme on écrit l'histoire.

The Jesuit Maimbourg, the Jesuit Daniel, twenty other Jesuits, and Mézerai—though he was not a Jesuit—have repeated this absurdity. The Abbé Véli, in his History of France, tells it over again with perfect complaisance, without any discussion, without any examination, and on the word of one William of Nangis, who wrote about sixty years after this fine affair is said to have happened, at a time when history was composed from nothing but town talk.

If none but true and useful things were recorded, our immense historical libraries would be reduced to a very narrow compass; but we should know more, and know it better.

For six hundred years the story has been told over and over again, of the Old Man of the Hill (*le vieux de la montagne*) who, in his delightful gardens, intoxicated his young elect with voluptuous pleasures, made them believe that they were in paradise, and sent them to the ends of the earth to assassinate kings in order to merit an eternal paradise.

Near the Levantine shores there dwelt of old
An aged ruler, feared in every land:
Not that he owned enormous heaps of gold,
Not that vast armies marched at his command,—
But on his people's minds he things impressed,
Which filled with desperate courage every breast.
  The boldest of his subjects first he took,
Of paradise to give them a foretaste—
The paradise his lawgiver had painted:
With every joy the lying prophet's book
Within his falsely-pictured heaven had placed,
They thought their senses had become acquainted.
  And how was this effected? 'Twas by wine;—
  Of this they drank till every sense gave way,
And, while in drunken lethargy they lay,
Were borne, according to their chief's design,
To sports of pleasantness—to sunshine glades,
Delightful gardens and inviting shades.
Young tender beauties were abundant there,
In earliest bloom, and exquisitely fair;
These gaily thronged around the sleeping men,
Who, when at length they were awake again,
Wondering to see the beauteous objects round,
Beli ved that some way they'd already found
Those fields of bliss, in every beauty decked,
The false Mahomet promised his elect.

Acquaintance quickly made, the Turks advance;
The maidens join them in a sprightly dance;
Sweet music charms them as they trip along;
And every feathered warbler adds his song.
The joys that could for every sense suffice.
Were found within this earthly paradise.
Wine, too, was there—and its effects the same:
These people drank, till they could drink no more,
But sinking down as senseless as before,
Were carried to the place from whence they came.
And what resulted from this trickery?
These men believed that they should surely be
Again transported to that place of pleasure,
If, without fear of suffering or of death,
They showed devotion to Mahomet's faith,
And to their prince obedience without measure.
Thus might their sovereign with reason say,
His subjects were determined to obey,
And that, now his device had made them so,
His was the mightiest empire here below, &c.

All this might be very well in one of La Fontaine's tales—setting apart the weakness of the verse; and there are a hundred historical anecdotes which could be tolerated only there.

SECTION II.

Assassination being, next to poisoning. the crime most cowardly and most deserving of punishment, it is not astonishing that it has found an apologist in a man whose singular reasoning is, in some things, at variance with the reason of the rest of mankind.

In a romance entitled Emilius, he imagines that he is the guardian of a young man, to whom he is very careful to give an education such as is received in the military school—teaching him languages, geometry, tactics, fortification, and the history of his country. He does not seek to inspire him with love for his king and his country, but contents himself with making him a joiner. He would have this gentleman-joiner, when he has received a blow or a challenge, instead of returning it and fighting, "prudently assassinate the man." Moliére does, it is true, say jestingly, in L'Amour Peintre, "assassination is the safest;" but the author of this romance asserts that it is the most just and reasonable. He says this very seriously; and, in the immensity of his paradoxes, this is one of the three or four things which he says the first. The same spirit of wisdom and decency which makes him declare that a preceptor should often accompany his pupil to a place of prostitution, makes him decide that this disciple should be an assassin. So that the education which Jean Jacques would give to a young man, consists in teaching him how to handle the plane, and in fitting him for salivation and the rope.

We doubt whether fathers of families will be eager to give such preceptors to their children. It seems to us, that the romance of Emilius departs rather too much from the maxims of Mentor in Telemachus; but it also must be acknowledged that our age has in all things very much varied from the great age of Louis XIV.

Happily, none of these horrible infatuations are to be found in the Encyclopedia. It often displays a philosophy seemingly bold, but never that atrocious and extravagant babbling, which two or three fools have called philosophy, and two or three ladies, eloquence.

ASTROLOGY.

Astrology might rest on a better foundation than magic. For if no one has seen farfadets, or lemures, or dives, or peris, or demons, or cacodemons, the predictions of astrologers have often been found true. Let two astrologers be consulted on the life of an infant, and on the weather; if one of them say that the child shall live to the age of man, the other that he shall not; if one foretel rain, and the other fair weather, it is quite clear that there will be a prophet.

The great misfortune of astrologers is, that the heavens have changed since the rules of the art were laid down. The sun, which at the equinox was in the Ram in the time of the Argonauts, is now in the Bull; and astrologers, most unfortunately for their art, now attribute to one house of the sun that which visibly belongs to another. Still, this is not a demonstrative argument against astrology. The masters of the art are mistaken; but it is not proved that the art cannot exist.

There would be no absurdity in saying, "Such a child was born during the moon's increase, in a stormy season, at the rising

of a certain star: its constitution was bad, and its life short and miserable, which is the ordinary lot of weak temperaments; another, on the contrary, was born when the moon was at the full, and the sun in all his power, in calm weather, at the rising of another particular star; his constitution was good, and his life long and happy." If such observations had been frequently repeated, and found just, experience might, at the end of a few thousand centuries, have formed an art which it would have been difficult to call in question: it would have been thought, not without some appearance of truth, that men are like trees and vegetables, which must be planted only in certain seasons. It would have been of no service against the astrologers, to say, "My son was born in fine weather, yet he died in his cradle." The astrologer would have answered, "It often happens that trees planted in the proper season perish prematurely: I will answer for the stars, but not for the particular conformation which you communicated to your child: astrology operates only when there is no cause opposed to the good which they have power to work."

Nor would astrology have suffered any more discredit from its being said:—"Of two children who were born in the same minute, one became a king, the other nothing more than churchwarden of his parish;" for a defence would easily have been made, by showing that the peasant made his fortune in becoming churchwarden, just as much as the prince did in becoming king.

And if it were alleged that a bandit, hung up by order of Sixtus the Fifth, was born at the same time with Sixtus, who, from being a swineherd, became Pope; the astrologers would say that there was a mistake of a few seconds, and that, according to the rules, the same star could not bestow the tiara and the gallows. It was, then, only because long-accumulated experience gave the lie to the predictions, that men at length perceived that the art was illusory; but their credulity was of very long duration.

One of the most famous mathematicians of Europe, named Stofler, who flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, foretold a universal deluge for the year 1524. This deluge was to happen in the month of February; and nothing can be more plausible; for Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, were then in conjunction in the sign of the Fishes. Every people, in Europe, Asia, and Africa, that heard of the prediction, were in consternation. The whole world expected the deluge, in spite of the rainbow. Several cotemporary authors relate, that the inhabitants of the maritime provinces of Germany hastened to sell their lands, at any price, to such as had more money and less credulity than themselves. Each one provided himself with a boat, to serve as an ark. A doctor of Toulouse, in particular, named Auriol, had an ark built for himself, his family, and friends; and the same precautions were taken in a great part of Italy. At last, the month of February arrived, and not a drop of rain fell: never was a month more dry; never were the astrologers more embarrassed. However, we neither discouraged nor neglected them; almost all our princes continued to consult them.

I have not the honour to be a prince; nevertheless, the celebrated Count de Boulainvilliers, and an Italian, named Colonna, who had great reputation at Paris, both foretold to me that I should infallibly die at the age of thirty-two. I have already been so malicious as to deceive them thirty years in their calculation,—for which I most humbly ask their pardon.

ASTRONOMY,

WITH A FEW MORE REFLECTIONS ON ASTROLOGY.

M. Duval, who, if I mistake not, was librarian to the Emperor Francis I. gives us an account of the manner in which, in his childhood, pure instinct gave him the first ideas of astronomy. He was contemplating the moon, which, as it declined towards the west, seemed to

touch the trees of a wood. He doubted not that he should find it behind the trees; and, on running thither, was astonished to see it at the extremity of the horizon.

The following days his curiosity prompted him to watch the course of this luminary; and he was still more surprised to find that it rose and set at various hours.

The different forms which it took from week to week, and its total disappearance for some nights, also contributed to fix his attention. All that a child could do was, to observe and to admire: and this was doing much; not one in ten thousand has this curiosity and perseverance.

He studied, as he could, for three years, with no other book than the heavens, no other master than his eyes. He observed that the stars did not change their relative position; but the brilliancy of the planet Venus having caught his attention, it seemed to him to have a particular course, like that of the moon. He watched it every night: it disappeared for a long time; and at length he saw it become the morning instead of the evening star.

The course of the sun, which from month to month rose and set in different parts of the heavens, did not escape him. He marked the solstices with two staves, without knowing what the solstices were.

It appears to me that some profit might be derived from this example, in teaching astronomy to a child of ten or twelve years old, and with much greater facility than this extraordinary child, of whom I have spoken, taught himself its first elements.

It is a very attractive spectacle for a mind disposed to the contemplation of nature, to see that the different phases of the moon are precisely the same as those of a globe round which a lighted candle is moved, showing here a quarter, here the half of its surface, and becoming invisible when an opaque body is interposed between it and the candle. In this manner it was that Galileo explained the true principles of astronomy before the Doge and Senators of Venice on St. Mark's tower; he demonstrated every thing to the eyes.

Indeed, not only a child, but even a man of mature age, who has seen the constellations only on maps or globes, finds it difficult to recognise them in the heavens. In a little time, the child will very well comprehend the causes of the sun's apparent course, and the daily revolutions of the fixed stars.

He will, in particular, discover the constellations, with the aid of these four Latin lines, made by an astronomer about fifty years ago, and which are not sufficiently known:—

Delta Aries, Perseum Taurus, Geminique Capellam;
Nil Cancer, Plaustrum Leo, Virgo Comam, atque Bootem,
Libra Auguem, Anguiferum fert Scorpios: Antinoum Arcus;
Delphinum Caper, Amphora Equos, Cepheida Pisces.

Nothing should be said to him about the systems of Ptolemy and Tycho Brahe, because they are false; they can never be of any other service than to explain some passages in ancient authors, relating to the errors of antiquity. For instance, in the second book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, the Sun says to Phaëton,—

Adde, quod assiduâ rapitur vertigine coelum;
Nitor in adversum: nec me, qui caetera, vincit
Impetus: et rapido contrarius evehor orbi.

A rapid motion carries round the heavens;
But I—and I alone—resist its force,
Marching secure in my opposing path.

This idea of a first mover turning the heavens round in twenty-four hours with an impossible motion, and of the sun, though acted upon by this first motion, yet imperceptibly advancing from west to east by a motion peculiar to itself, and without a cause, would but embarrass a young beginner.

It is sufficient for him to know that, whether the earth revolves on its own axis and round the sun, or the sun completes his revolution in a year, appearances are nearly the same; and that, in astronomy, we are obliged to judge of things by our eyes, before we examine them as natural philosophers.

He will soon know the cause of the

eclipses of the sun and the moon, and why they do not occur every night. It will at first appear to him that the moon, being every month in opposition to and in conjunction with the sun, we should have an eclipse of the sun and one of the moon every month. But when he finds that these two luminaries are not in the same plane, and are seldom in the same line with the earth, he will no longer be surprised.

He will easily be made to understand how it is that eclipses have been foretold, by knowing the exact circle in which the apparent motion of the sun and the real motion of the moon are accomplished. He will be told that observers found by experience and calculation the number of times that these two bodies are precisely in the same line with the earth in the space of nineteen years and a few hours, after which they seem to recommence the same course; so that, making the necessary allowances for the little inequalities that occurred during those nineteen years, the exact day, hour, and minute, of an eclipse of the sun or moon were foretold. These first elements are soon acquired by a child of clear conceptions.

Not even the precession of the equinoxes will terrify him. It will be enough to tell him, that the sun has constantly appeared to advance in his annual course, one degree in seventy-two years, towards the east; and this is what Ovid meant to express in the lines just now quoted—

——— Contrarius evehor orbi.

Marching secure in my opposing path.

Thus the Ram, which the sun formerly entered at the beginning of spring, is now in the place where the Bull was then. This change which has taken place in the heavens, and the entrance of the sun into other constellations than those which he formerly occupied, were the strongest arguments against the pretended rules of judicial astrology. It does not, however, appear, that this proof was employed before the present century to destroy this universal extravagance, which so long infected all mankind, and is still in great vogue in Persia.

A man born, according to the almanack, when the sun was in the sign of the Lion, was necessarily to be courageous: but, unfortunately, he was in reality born under the sign of the Virgin. So that Gauric and Michael Morin should have changed all the rules of their art.

It is very odd, that all the laws of astrology were contrary to those of astronomy. The wretched charlatans of antiquity and their stupid disciples, who have been so well received and so well paid by all the princes of Europe, talked of nothing but Mars and Venus, stationary and retrograde. Such as had Mars stationary, were always to conquer. Venus stationary, made all lovers happy. Nothing was worse than to be born under Venus retrograde. But the fact is, that these planets have never been either retrograde or stationary, which a very slight knowledge of optics would have sufficed to show.

How then can it have been, that in spite of physics and geometry, the ridiculous chimera of astrology is entertained even to this day, so that we have seen men distinguished for their general knowledge, and especially profound in history, who have all their lives been infatuated by so despicable an error? But the error was ancient, and that was enough.

The Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Jews, foretold the future; therefore, it may be foretold now. Serpents were charmed and spirits were raised in those days;—therefore spirits may be raised and serpents charmed now. It is only necessary to know the precise formula made use of for the purpose. If predictions are at an end, it is the fault, not of the art, but of the artist. Michael Morin and his secret died together. It is thus that the alchymists speak of the philosopher's stone: if, say they, we do not now find it, it is because we do not yet know precisely how to seek it; but it is certainly in Solomon's collar-bone. And,

with this glorious certainty, more than two hundred families in France and Germany have ruined themselves.

It is not then to be wondered at, that the whole world has been duped by astrology. The wretched argument—"there are false prodigies, therefore there are true ones," is neither that of a philosopher, nor of a man acquainted with the world.

"That is false and absurd, therefore it will be believed by the multitude," is a much truer maxim.

It is still less astonishing that so many men, raised in other things so far above the vulgar; so many princes; so many popes, whom it would have been impossible to mislead in the smallest affair of interest, have been so ridiculously seduced by this astrological nonsense. They were very proud and very ignorant. The stars were for them alone; the rest of the world were a rabble, with whom the stars had nothing to do. They were like the prince who trembled at the sight of a comet, and said gravely to those who did not fear it—"You may behold it without concern; you are not princes."

The famous German leader Wallenstein was one of those infatuated by this chimera; he called himself a prince, and consequently thought that the zodiac had been made on purpose for him. He never besieged a town, nor fought a battle, until he had held a council with the heavens; but, as this great man was very ignorant, he placed at the head of this council a rogue of an Italian, named Seni, keeping him a coach and six, and giving him a pension of twenty thousand livres. Seni, however, never foresaw that Wallenstein would be assassinated by order of his most gracious sovereign, and that he himself would return to Italy on foot.

It is quite evident that nothing can be known of the future, otherwise than by conjectures. These conjectures may be so well-founded as to approach certainty. You see a shark swallow a little boy; you may wager a ten thousand to one that he will be devoured; but you cannot be absolutely sure of it, after the adventures of Hercules, Jonas, and Orlando Furioso, who each lived so long in a fish's belly.

It cannot be too often repeated, that Albertus Magnus and Cardinal d'Ailli both made the horoscope of Jesus Christ. It would appear that they read in the stars how many devils he would cast out of the bodies of the possessed, and what sort of death he was to die. But it was unfortunate that these learned astrologers *fore*told all these things so long *after* they happened.

We shall elsewhere see that in a sect which passes for Christian, it is believed to be impossible for the Supreme Intelligence to see the future otherwise than by supreme conjecture; for, as the future does not exist, it is, say they, a contradiction in terms to talk of seeing at the present time that which is not.

ATHEISM.

SECTION I.

On the Comparison so often made between Atheism and Idolatry.

It seems to me that, in the Dictionnaire Encyclopédique, a more powerful refutation might have been brought against the Jesuit Richeome's opinion concerning atheists and idolaters—an opinion formerly maintained by St. Thomas, St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Cyprian, and Tertullian—an opinion which Arnobius placed in a strong light when he said to the pagans, "Do you not blush to reproach us with contempt for your gods? Is it not better to believe in no god, than to impute to them infamous actions?"—an opinion long before established by Plutarch, who said, he would rather have it said that there was no Plutarch, than that there was a Plutarch, inconstant, choleric, and vindictive—an opinion, too, fortified by all the dialectical efforts of Bayle.

Such is the ground of dispute, placed in a very striking point of view by the

Jesuit Richeome, and made still more specious by the way in which Bayle sets it off:—

"There are two porters at the door of a house. You ask to speak to the master. He is not at home, answers one. He is at home, answers the other, but is busied in making false money, false contracts, daggers, and poisons, to destroy those who have only accomplished his designs. The atheist resembles the former of these porters, the pagan the latter. It is then evident that the pagan offends the Divinity more grievously than the atheist."

With the permission of Father Richeome, and that of Bayle himself, this is not at all the state of the question. For he first porter to be like the atheist, he must say, not "My master is not here," out "I have no master; he who you pretend is my master, does not exist. My comrade is a blockhead to tell you that the gentleman is engaged in mixing poisons, and wetting poniards, to assassinate those who have executed his will. There is no such being in the world."

Richeome, therefore, has reasoned very ill; and Bayle, in his rather diffuse discourses, has so far forgotten himself as to do Richeome the honour of making a very lame comment upon him.

Plutarch seems to express himself much better, in declaring that he prefers those who say there is no Plutarch, to those who assert that Plutarch is unfit for society. Indeed, of what consequence to him was its being said that he was not in the world? But it was of great consequence that his reputation should not be injured. With the Supreme Being it is otherwise.

Still Plutarch does not come to the real point in discussion. It is only asked, who most offends the Supreme Being—the man who denies him, or he who disfigures him? It is impossible to know, otherwise than by revelation, whether God is offended at the vain discourses which men hold about him.

Philosophers almost always fall unconsciously into the ideas of the vulgar, in supposing that God is jealous of his glory, wrathful, and given to revenge, and in taking rhetorical figures for real ideas. That which interests the whole world is, to know whether it is not better to admit a rewarding and avenging God, recompensing hidden good actions, and punishing secret crimes, than to admit no God at all.

Bayle exhausts himself in repeating all the infamous things imputed to the gods of antiquity. His adversaries answer him by unmeaning common-places. The partisans and the enemies of Bayle have almost always fought without coming to close quarters. They all agree that Jupiter was an adulterer, Venus a wanton, Mercury a rogue. But this, I conceive, ought not to be considered: the religion of the ancient Romans should be distinguished from Ovid's Metamorphoses. It is quite certain that neither they, nor even the Greeks ever had a temple dedicated to Mercury the Rogue, Venus the Wanton, or Jupiter the Adulterer.

The god whom the Romans called "Deus optimus maximus"—most good, most great, was not believed to have encouraged Clodius to lie with Cæsar's wife, nor Cæsar to become the minion of King Nicomedes.

Cicero does not say that Mercury incited Verres to rob Sicily, though, in the fable, Mercury had stolen Apollo's cows. The real religion of the ancients was, that Jupiter, most good and just, with the secondary divinities, punished perjury in the infernal regions. Thus the Romans were long the most religious observers of their oaths. It was in no wise ordained that they should believe in Leda's two eggs, in the transformation of Inachus's daughter into a cow, or in Apollo's love for Hyacinthus.

Therefore it must not be said that the religion of Numa was dishonouring to the Divinity. So that, as but too often happens, there has been a long dispute about a chimera.

Then it is asked, can a people of athe-

ists exist? I consider that a distinction must be made between the people, properly so called, and a society of philosophers above the people. It is true that, in every country, the populace require the strongest curb; and that if Bayle had had but five or six hundred peasants to govern, he would not have failed to announce to them a rewarding and avenging God. But Bayle would have said nothing about him to the Epicureans, who were people of wealth, fond of quiet, cultivating all the social virtues, and friendship in particular, shunning the dangers and embarrassments of public affairs—leading, in short, a life of ease and innocence. The dispute, so far as it regards policy and society, seems to me to end here.

As for people entirely savage, they can be counted neither among the theists nor among the atheists. To ask them what is their creed, would be like asking them if they are for Aristotle or Democritus. They know nothing; they are no more atheists than they are peripatetics.

But it may be insisted that they live in society, though they have no God; and that therefore society may subsist without religion.

In this case I shall reply, that wolves live so; and that an assemblage of barbarous cannibals, as you suppose them to be, is not a society. And further, I will ask you if, when you have lent your money to any one of your society, you would have neither your debtor, nor your attorney, nor your notary, nor your judge, believe in a God?

SECTION II.

Modern Atheists.—Arguments of the Worshippers of God.

We are intelligent beings; and intelligent beings cannot have been formed by a blind, brute, insensible being; there is certainly some difference between a clod and the ideas of Newton. Newton's intelligence, then, came from some other intelligence.

When we see a fine machine, we say there is a good machinist, and that he has an excellent understanding. The world is assuredly an admirable machine; therefore there is in the world, somewhere or other, an admirable intelligence. This argument is old, but is not therefore the worse.

All animated bodies are composed of levers and pullies, which act according to the laws of mechanics; of liquors, which are kept in perpetual circulation by the laws of hydrostatics; and the reflection that all these beings have sentiment which has no relation to their organisation, fills us with wonder.

The motions of the stars, that of our little earth round the sun—all is operated according to the laws of the profoundest mathematics. How could it be that Plato, who knew not one of these laws—the eloquent but chimerical Plato, who said that the foundation of the earth was an equilateral triangle, and that of water a right-angled triangle—the strange Plato, who said there could be but five worlds, because there were but five regular bodies—how, I say, was it that Plato, who was not even acquainted with spherical trigonometry, had nevertheless so fine a genius, so happy an instinct, as to call God the Eternal Geometrician—to feel that there exists a forming Intelligence? Spinosa himself confesses it. It is impossible to controvert this truth, which surrounds us and presses us on all sides.

Argument of the Atheists.

I have, however, known refractory individuals, who have said that there is no forming intelligence, and that motion alone has formed all that we see and all that we are. They say boldly—the combination of this universe was possible because it exists; therefore it was possible for motion of itself to arrange it. Take four planets only—Mars, Venus, Mercury, and the Earth: let us consider them only in the situations in which they now are; and let us see how many probabilities

we have that motion will bring them again to those respective places. There are but twenty-four chances in this combination: that is, it is only twenty-four to one, that these planets will not be found in the same situations with respect to each other. To these four globes add that of Jupiter; and it is then only a hundred and twenty to one that Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury, and our globe, will not be placed in the same positions in which we now see them.

Lastly, add Saturn; and there will then be only seven hundred and twenty chances to one against putting these planets in their present arrangement, according to their given distances. It is, then, demonstrated, that once at least, in seven hundred and twenty casts, chance might place these planets in their present order.

Then take all the secondary planets, all their motions, all the beings that vegetate, live, feel, think, act, on all these globes; you have only to increase the number of chances: multiply this number to all eternity—to what our weakness calls *infinity*—there will still be an unit in favour of the formation of the world, such as it is, by motion alone: therefore it is possible that, in all eternity, the motion of matter alone has produced the universe as it exists. Nay, this combination must, in eternity, of necessity happen. Thus, say they, not only it is possible that the world is as it is by motion alone, but it was impossible that it should not be so after infinite combinations.

Answer.

All this supposition seems to me to be prodigiously chimerical, for two reasons: the first is, that in this universe there are intelligent beings, and you cannot prove it possible for motion alone to produce understanding. The second is, that by your own confession the chances are infinity to unity, that an intelligent forming cause produced the universe. Standing alone against infinity, an unit makes but a poor figure.

Again, Spinosa himself admits this intelligence; it is the basis of his system. You have not read him; but you must read him. Why would you go further than he, and, through a foolish pride, plunge into the abyss where Spinosa dared not to descend? Are you not aware of the extreme folly of saying, that it is owing to a blind cause that the square of the revolution of one planet is always to the squares of the others, as the cube of its distance is to the cubes of the distances of the others, from the common centre? Either the planets are great geometricians, or the Eternal Geometrician has arranged the planets.

But where is the Eternal Geometrician? Is he in one place, or in all places, without occupying space? I know not. Has he arranged all things of his own substance? I know not. Is he immense, without quantity and without quality? I know not. All I know is, that we must adore him and be just.

New Objection of a Modern Atheist.

Can it be said that the conformation of animals is according to their necessities? What are those necessities? self-preservation and propagation. Now, is it astonishing that, of the infinite combinations produced by chance, those only have subsisted which had organs adapted for their nourishment and the continuation of their species? Must not all others necessarily have perished?

Answer.

This argument, taken from Lucretius, is sufficiently refuted by the sensation given to animals and the intelligence given to man. How, as has just been said in the preceding paragraph, should combinations produced by chance produce this sensation and this intelligence? Yes, doubtless, the members of animals are made for all their necessities with an incomprehensible art; and you have not the boldness to deny it. You mention it not. You feel that you can say nothing in answer to this great argument which Nature brings against you. The disposition

of the wing of a fly, or of the feelers of a snail, is sufficient to confound you.

An Objection of Maupertuis.

The natural philosophers of modern times have done nothing more than extend these pretended arguments; this they have sometimes done even to minuteness and indecency They have found God in the folds of a rhinoceros' hide; they might, with equal reason, have denied his existence on account of the tortoise's shell.

Answer.

What reasoning! The tortoise and the rhinoceros, and all the different species, prove alike in their infinite varieties the same cause, the same design, the same end, which are preservation, generation, and death. Unity is found in this immense variety; the hide and the shell bear equal testimony. What! deny God, because a shell is not like a skin! And journalists have lavished upon this coxcombry praises which they have withheld from Newton and Locke, both worshippers of the Divinity from thorough examination and conviction!

Another of Maupertuis's Objections.

Of what service are beauty and fitness in the construction of a serpent? Perhaps, you say, it has uses of which we are ignorant. Let us then at least be silent, and not admire an animal which we know only by the mischief it does.

Answer.

Be you silent also, since you know no more of its utility than myself; or acknowledge that, in reptiles, everything is admirably proportioned. Some of them are venomous; you have been so too. The only subject at present under consideration is, the prodigious art which has formed serpents, quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and bipeds. This art is evident enough. You ask, Why is not the serpent harmless? And why have you not been harmless? Why have you been a persecutor? which, in a philosopher, is the greatest of crimes. This is quite another question: it is that of physical and moral evil. It has long been asked, Why are there so many serpents, and so many wicked men worse than serpents? If flies could reason, they would complain to God of the existence of spiders; but they would, at the same time, acknowledge what Minerva confessed to Arachne in the fable, that they arrange their webs in a wonderful manner.

We cannot, then, do otherwise than acknowledge an ineffable Intelligence, which Spinosa himself admitted. We must own that it is displayed as much in the meanest insect as in the planets. And with regard to moral and physical evil, what can be done or said? Let us console ourselves by the enjoyment of physical and moral good, and adore the Eternal Being, who has ordained the one and permitted the other.

One word more on this topic. Atheism is the vice of some intelligent men, and superstition is the vice of fools. And what is the vice of knaves?—Hypocrisy.

SECTION III.

Unjust Accusation.—Justification of Vanini.

Formerly, whoever was possessed of a secret in any art, was in danger of passing for a sorcerer; every new sect was charged with murdering infants in its mysteries; and every philosopher who departed from the jargon of the schools, was accused of atheism by knaves and fanatics, and condemned by blockheads.

Anaxagorus dares to assert, that the sun is not conducted by Apollo, mounted in a chariot and four: he is condemned as an atheist, and compelled to fly.

Aristotle is accused of atheism by a priest; and not being powerful enough to punish his accuser, he retires to Chalcis. But the death of Socrates is the greatest blot on the page of Grecian history.

Aristophanes—he whom commentators admire because he was a Greek, forgetting that Socrates was also a Greek—

Aristophanes was the first who accustomed the Athenians to regard Socrates as an atheist.

This comic poet, who is neither comic nor poetical, would not amongst us have been permitted to exhibit his farces at the fair of St. Lawrence. He appears to me to be much lower and more despicable than Plutarch represents him. Let us see what the wise Plutarch says of this buffoon: — "The language of Aristophanes bespeaks his miserable quackery; it is made up of the lowest and most disgusting puns; he is not even pleasing to the people; and to men of judgment and honour he is insupportable: his arrogance is intolerable; and all good men detest his malignity."

This, then, is the jack-pudding whom Madame Dacier, an admirer of Socrates, ventures to admire! Such was the man who indirectly prepared the poison by which infamous judges put to death the most virtuous man in Greece.

The tanners, coblers, and sempstresses of Athens applauded a farce in which Socrates was represented lifted in the air in a hamper, announcing that there was no God, and boasting of having stolen a cloak while he was teaching philosophy. A whole people, whose government sanctioned such infamous licences, well deserved what has happened to them, to become slaves to the Romans, and subsequently to the Turks. The Russians whom the Greeks of old would have called barbarians, would neither have poisoned Socrates, nor have condemned Alcibiades to death.

We pass over the ages between the Roman commonwealth and our own times. The Romans, much more wise than the Greeks, never persecuted a philosopher for his opinions. Not so the barbarous nations which succeeded the Roman empire. No sooner did the Emperor Frederick II. begin to quarrel with the Popes, than he was accused of being an atheist, and being the author of the book of the Three Impostors conjointly with his chancellor De Vincis.

Does our high-chancellor, De L'Hôpital declare against persecution? He is immediately charged with atheism— "Homo doctus, sed vetus atheus." There was a Jesuït, as much beneath Aristophanes as Aristophanes is beneath Homer —a wretch, whose name has become ridiculous even among fanatics—the Jesuit Garasse, who found atheists everywhere. He bestows the name upon all who are the objects of his virulence. He calls Theodore Beza an atheist. It was he too that led the public into error concerning Vanini.

The unfortunate end of Vanini does not excite our pity and indignation like that of Socrates, because Vanini was only a foreign pedant, without merit: however, Vanini was not, as was pretended, an atheist; he was quite the contrary.

He was a poor Neapolitan priest, a theologian and preacher by trade, an outrageous disputer on quiddities and universals, and "utrùm chimæra bombinans in vacuo possit comedere secundas intentiones." But there was nothing in him tending to atheism. His notion of God is that of the soundest and most approved theology.—"God is the beginning and the end, the father of both without need of either, eternal without time, in no one place, yet present everywhere. To him there is neither past nor future; he is within and without everything; he has created all, and governs all; he is immutable, infinite without parts; his power is his will," &c. This is not very philosophical, but it is the most approved theology.

Vanini prided himself on reviving Plato's fine idea, adopted by Averroës, that God had created a chain of beings from the smallest to the greatest, the last link of which was attached to his eternal throne; an idea more sublime than true, but as distant from atheism as being from nothing.

He travelled to seek his fortune and to dispute; but, unfortunately, disputation leads not to fortune: a man makes him-

self as many irreconcilable enemies as he finds men of learning or of pedantry to argue against. Vanini's ill fortune had no other source. His heat and rudeness in disputation procured him the hatred of some theologians; and having quarrelled with one Franconi, this Franconi, the friend of his enemies, charged him with being an atheist and teaching atheism.

Franconi, aided by some witnesses, had the barbarity, when confronted with the accused, to maintain what he had advanced. Vanini, on the stool, being asked what he thought of the existence of a God, answered that he, with the Church, adored a God in three persons. Taking a straw from the ground, "This," said he, "is sufficient to prove that there is a creator." He then delivered a very fine discourse on vegetation and motion, and the necessity of a Supreme Being, without whom there could be neither motion nor vegetation.

The president Grammont, who was then at Toulouse, repeats this discourse in his history of France, now so little known; and the same Grammont, through some unaccountable prejudice, asserts that Vanini said all this "through vanity, or through fear, rather than from inward conviction."

On what could this atrocious rash judgment of the president be founded? It is evident, from Vanini's answer, that he could not but be acquitted on the charge of atheism. But what followed? This unfortunate foreign priest also dabbled in medicine: there was found in his house a large live toad, which he kept in a vessel of water; he was forthwith accused of being a sorcerer. It was maintained that this toad was the god which he adored. An impious meaning was attributed to several passages of his books, a thing which is very common and very easy, by taking objections for answers, giving some bad sense to a loose phrase, and perverting an innocent expression. At last, the faction which oppressed him forced from his judges the sentence which condemned him to die.

In order to justify this execution, it was necessary to charge the unfortunate man with the most enormous of crimes. The grey friar—the *very* grey friar Marsenne, was so besotted as to publish that "Vanini set out from Naples, with twelve of his apostles, to convert the whole world to atheism." What a pitiful tale! How should a poor priest have twelve men in his pay? How should he persuade twelve Neapolitans to travel at great expence, in order to spread this revolting doctrine at the peril of their lives? Would a king himself have it in his power to pay twelve preachers of atheism? No one before Father Marsenne had advanced so enormous an absurdity. But after him it was repeated; the journals and historical dictionaries caught it, and the world, which loves the extraordinary, has believed the fable without examination.

Even Bayle, in his Miscellaneous Thoughts (*Pensées Diverses*), speaks of Vanini as of an atheist. He cites his example in support of his paradox, that "a society of atheists might exist:" he assures us, that Vanini was a man of very regular morals, and that he was a martyr to his philosophical opinions. On both these points he is equally mistaken. Vanini informs us, in his Dialogues, written in imitation of Erasmus, that he had a mistress named Isabel. He was as free in his writings as in his conduct; but he was not an atheist.

A century after his death, the learned La Croze, and he who took the name of Philaletes, endeavoured to justify him. But as no one cares anything about the memory of an unfortunate Neapolitan, scarcely any one has read these apologies.

The Jesuit Hardouin, more learned and no less rash than Garasse, in his book entitled *Athei Detecti*, charges the Descartes, the Arnaulds, the Pascals, the Mallebranches, with atheism. Happily, Vanini's fate was not theirs.

SECTION IV.

A word on the question in morals, agitated by Bayle, "Whether a society of

atheists can subsist." Here let us first observe the enormous self-contradictions of men in disputation. Those who have been most violent in opposing the opinion of Bayle—those who have denied with the greatest virulence the possibility of a society of atheists, are the very men who have since maintained with equal ardour that atheism is the religion of the Chinese government.

They have most assuredly been mistaken concerning the government of China: they had only to read the edicts of the emperors of that vast country, and they would have seen that those edicts are sermons, in which a Supreme Being—governing, avenging, and rewarding—is continually spoken of.

But, at the same time, they are no less deceived respecting the impossibility of a society of atheists; nor can I conceive how Bayle could forget a striking instance which might have rendered his cause victorious.

In what does the apparent impossibility of a society of atheists consist? In this: it is judged that men without some restraint could not live together; that laws have no power against secret crimes; and that it is necessary to have an avenging God—punishing, in this world or in the next, such as escape human justice.

The laws of Moses, it is true, did not teach the doctrine of a life to come, did not threaten with chastisements after death, nor even teach the primitive Jews the immortality of the soul; but the Jews, far from being atheists, far from believing that they could elude the divine vengeance, were the most religious of men. They believed not only in the existence of an eternal God, but that he was always present among them; they trembled lest they should be punished in themselves, their wives, their children, their posterity to the fourth generation. This was a very powerful check.

But among the Gentiles, various sects had no restraint: the Sceptics doubted of everything; the Academics suspended their judgment on everything; the Epicureans were persuaded that the Divinity could not meddle in human affairs, and in their hearts admitted no Divinity. They were convinced that the soul is not a substance, but a faculty which is born and perishes with the body; consequently, they had no restraint but that of morality and honour. The Roman senators and knights were in reality atheists; for to men who neither feared nor hoped any thing from them, the gods could not exist. The Roman senate, then, in the time of Cæsar and Cicero, was in fact an assembly of atheists.

That great orator, in his oration for Cluentius, says to the whole assembled senate:—"What does he lose by death? We reject all the silly fables about the infernal regions. What, then, can death take from him? Nothing, but the susceptibility of sorrow."

Does not Cæsar, wishing to save the life of his friend Catiline, threatened by the same Cicero, object, that to put a criminal to death is not to punish him—that death is nothing—that it is but the termination of our ills—a moment rather fortunate than calamitous? Did not Cicero and the whole senate yield to this reasoning? The conquerors and legislators of all the known world, then, evidently formed a society of men who feared nothing from the gods, but were real atheists.

Bayle next examines whether idolatry is more dangerous than atheism—whether it is a greater crime not to believe in the Divinity, than to have unworthy notions of it: in this he thinks with Plutarch—that it is better to have no opinion than a bad opinion; but, without offence to Plutarch, it was infinitely better that the Greeks should fear Ceres, Neptune, and Jupiter, than that they should fear nothing at all. It is clear that the sanctity of oaths is necessary; and that those are more to be trusted who think a false oath will be punished, than those who think they may take a false oath with impunity.

It cannot be doubted that, in an organised society, it is better to have even a bad religion than no religion at all.

It appears then that Bayle should rather have examined whether atheism or fanaticism is the most dangerous. Fanaticism is certainly a thousand times the most to be dreaded; for atheism inspires no sanguinary passion, but fanaticism does; atheism does not oppose crime, but fanaticism prompts to its commission. Let us suppose, with the author of the Commentarium Rerum Gallicarum, that the high-chancellor De l'Hôpital was an atheist: he made none but wise laws; he recommended only moderation and concord. The massacres of St. Bartholomew were committed by fanatics. Hobbes passed for an atheist; yet he led a life of innocence and quiet, while the fanatics of his time deluged England, Scotland, and Ireland, with blood. Spinosa was not only an atheist—he taught atheism; but assuredly he had no part in the juridical assassination of Barneveldt; nor was it he who tore in pieces the two brothers De Witt, and ate them off the gridiron.

Atheists are for the most part men of learning, bold but bewildered, who reason ill, and, unable to comprehend the creation, the origin of evil, and other difficulties, have recourse to the hypothesis of the eternity of things and of necessity.

The ambitious and the voluptuous have but little time to reason; they have other occupations than that of comparing Lucretius with Socrates. Such is the case with us and our time.

It was otherwise with the Roman senate, which was composed almost entirely of theoretical and practical atheists; that is, believing neither in Providence nor in a future state; this senate was an assembly of philosophers, men of pleasure, and ambitious men, who were all very dangerous, and who ruined the commonwealth. Under the emperors, Epicureanism prevailed. The atheists of the senate had been factious in the times of Sylla and of Cæsar; in those of Augustus and Tiberius, they were atheistical slaves.

I should not wish to come in the way of an atheistical prince, whose interest it should be to have me pounded in a mortar: I am quite sure that I should be so pounded. Were I a sovereign, I would not have to do with atheistical courtiers, whose interest it was to poison me: I should be under the necessity of taking an antidote every day. It is then absolutely necessary for princes and people, that the idea of a Supreme Being—creating, governing, rewarding, and punishing—be profoundly engraven on their minds.

There are nations of atheists, says Bayle in his Thoughts on Comets. The Caffres, the Hottentots, and many other small populations, have no god: they neither affirm nor deny that there is one; they have never heard of him: tell them that there is one, and they will easily believe it; tell them that all is done by the nature of things, and they will believe you just the same. To pretend that they are atheists, would be like saying they are Anti-Cartesians. They are neither for Descartes nor against him; they are no more than children: a child is neither atheist nor deist; he is nothing.

From all this, what conclusion is to be drawn? That atheism is a most pernicious monster in those who govern; that it is the same in the men of their cabinet, since it may extend itself from the cabinet to those in office; that, although less to be dreaded than fanaticism, it is almost always fatal to virtue. And especially, let it be added, that there are fewer atheists now than ever—since philosophers have become persuaded that there is no vegetative being without a germ, no germ without a design, &c., and that the corn in our fields does not spring from rottenness.

Unphilosophical geometricians have rejected final causes, but true philosophers admit them; and, as it is elsewhere observed, a catechist announces God to children, and Newton demonstrates them to the wise.

If there be atheists, who are to blame? who but the mercenary tyrants of our

souls, who, while disgusting us with their knavery, urge some weak spirits to deny the God whom such monsters dishonour? How often have the people's bloodsuckers forced overburdened citizens to revolt against the king!

Men who have fattened on our substance, cry out to us:—Be persuaded that an ass spoke; believe that a fish swallowed a man, and threw him up three days after, safe and sound, on the shore: doubt not that the God of the universe ordered one Jewish prophet to eat excrement; and another to buy two prostitutes, and have bastards by them:—such are the words put into the mouth of the God of purity and truth! Believe a hundred things either visibly abominable or mathematically impossible: otherwise the God of Mercy will burn you in hell-fire, not only for millions of millions of ages, but for all eternity, whether you have a body or have not a body.

These brutal absurdities are revolting to rash and weak minds, as well as to firm and wise ones. They say—Our teachers represent God to us as the most insensate and barbarous of all beings; therefore, there is no God. But they ought to say, Our teachers represent God as furious and ridiculous, therefore God is the reverse of what they describe him; he is as wise and good as they say he is foolish and wicked. Thus do the wise decide. But, if a fanatic hears them, he denounces them to a magistrate—a sort of priest's officer, which officer has them burned alive, thinking that he is therein imitating and avenging the Divine Majesty which he insults.

ATHEIST.

SECTION I.

There were once many atheists among the Christians; they are now much fewer. It at first appears to be a paradox, but examination proves it to be a truth, that theology often threw men's minds into atheism, until philosophy at length drew them out of it. It must indeed have been pardonable to doubt of the Divinity, when his only announcers disputed on his nature. Nearly all the first Fathers of the Church made God corporeal; and others, after them, giving him no extent, lodged him in a part of heaven. According to some, he had created the world in Time; while, according to others, he had created Time itself. Some gave him a son like to himself; others would not grant that the son was like to the father. It was also disputed in what way a third person proceeded from the other two.

It was agitated whether the son had been, while on earth, composed of two persons. So that the question undesignedly became, whether there were five persons in the Divinity—three in heaven, and two for Jesus Christ upon earth; or four persons, reckoning Christ upon earth as only one; or three persons, considering Christ only as God. There were disputes about his mother, his descent into hell and into limbo; the manner in which the body of the God-man was eaten, and the blood of the God-man was drunk; on grace; on the saints, and a thousand other matters. When the confidants of the Divinity were seen so much at variance among themselves, anathematising one another from age to age, but all agreeing in an immoderate thirst for riches and grandeur—while on the other hand were beheld the prodigious number of crimes and miseries which afflicted the earth, and of which many were caused by the very disputes of these teachers of souls—it must be confessed that it was allowable for rational men to doubt the existence of a being so strangely announced, and for men of sense to imagine that a God, who could of his own free will make so many beings miserable, did not exist.

Suppose, for example, a natural philosopher of the fifteenth century, reading these words in St. Thomas's Dream:—"Virtus cœli, loco spermatis, sufficit cum elementis et putrefactione ad generationem animalium imperfectorum:"—"The virtue of heaven instead of seed, is sufficient, with the elements and putrefaction, for

the generation of imperfect animals." Our philosopher would reason thus :—if corruption suffices with the elements to produce unformed animals, it would appear that a little more corruption, with a little more heat, would also produce animals more complete. The virtue of heaven is here no other than the virtue of nature. I shall then think with Epicurus and St. Thomas, that men may have sprung from the slime of the earth and the rays of the sun;—a noble origin, too, for beings so wretched and so wicked. Why should I admit a creating God, presented to me under so many contradictory and revolting aspects? But at length physics arose, and with them philosophy. Then it was clearly discovered that the mud of the Nile produced not a single insect, nor a single ear of corn, and men were found to acknowledge throughout, germs, relations, means, and an astonishing correspondence among all beings. The particles of light have been followed, which, go from the sun to enlighten the globe and the ring of Saturn, at the distance of three hundred millions of leagues; then, coming to the earth, form two opposite angles in the eye of the minutest insect, and paint all nature on its retina. A philosopher was given to the world, who discovered the simple and sublime laws by which the celestial globes move in the immensity of space. Thus the work of the universe, now that it is better known, bespeaks a workman; and so many never-varying laws, announce a lawgiver. Sound philosophy, therefore, has destroyed atheism, to which obscure theology furnished weapons of defence.

But one resource was left for the small number of difficult minds, which, being more forcibly struck by the pretended injustices of a Supreme Being than by his wisdom, were obstinate in denying this first mover. Nature has existed from all eternity; everything in nature is in motion, therefore every thing in it continually changes. And if everything is for ever changing, all possible combinations must take place; therefore the present combinations of all things may have been the effect of this eternal motion and change alone. Take six dice, and it is 46,655 to one that you do not throw six times six; but still there is that one chance in 46,656. So, in the infinity of ages, any one of the infinite number of combinations, as that of the present arrangement of the universe, is not impossible.

Minds, otherwise rational, have been misled by these arguments; but they have not considered that there is infinity against them, and that there certainly is not infinity against the existence of God. They should moreover consider, that if everything were changing, the smallest things could not remain unchanged, as they have so long done. They have at least no reason to advance, why new species are not formed every day. On the contrary, it is very probable that a powerful hand, superior to these continual changes, keeps all species within the bounds it has prescribed them. Thus the philosopher, who acknowledges a God, has a number of probabilities on his side, while the atheist has only doubts.

It is evident that in morals it is much better to acknowledge a God than not to admit one. It is certainly the interest of all men that there should be a Divinity to punish what human justice cannot repress; but it is also clear that it were better to acknowledge no God than to worship a barbarous one, and offer him human victims, as so many nations have done.

We have one striking example, which places this truth beyond a doubt. The Jews, under Moses, had no idea of the immortality of the soul, nor of a future state. Their lawgiver announced to them, from God, only rewards and punishments purely temporal; they therefore had only this life to provide for. Moses commands the Levites to kill twenty-three thousand of their brethren, for having had a golden or gilded calf. On another occasion, twenty-four thousand of them are massacred for having had commerce with the young women of the

country; and twelve thousand are struck dead, because some few of them had wished to support the ark, which was near falling. It may, with perfect reverence for the decrees of Providence, be affirmed, humanly speaking, that it would have been much better for these fifty-nine thousand men, who believed in no future state, to have been absolute atheists and have lived, than to have been massacred in the name of the God whom they acknowledged.

It is quite certain that atheism is not taught in the schools of the learned of China; but many of those learned men are atheists, for they are indifferent philosophers. Now it would undoubtedly be better to live with them at Pekin, enjoying the mildness of their manners and their laws, than to be at Goa, liable to groan in irons, in the prisons of the Inquisition, until brought out in a brimstone-coloured garment, variegated with devils, to perish in the flames.

They who have maintained that a society of atheists may exist, have then been right; for it is laws that form society; and these atheists, being moreover philosophers, may lead a very wise and very happy life under the shade of those laws. They will certainly live in society more easily than superstitious fanatics. People one town with Epicureans such as Simonides, Protagoras, Des Barreaux, Spinosa; and another with Jansenists and Molinists;—in which do you think there will be the most quarrels and tumults? Atheism, considering it only with relation to this life, would be very dangerous among a ferocious people; and false ideas of the Divinity would be no less pernicious. Most of the great men of this world live as if they were atheists. Every man who has lived with his eyes open, knows that the knowledge of a God, his presence, and his justice, have not the slightest influence over the wars, the treaties, the objects of ambition, interest or pleasure, in the pursuit of which they are wholly occupied. Yet we do not see that they grossly violate the rules established in society. It is much more agreeable to pass our lives among them than among the superstitious and fanatical. I do, it is true, expect more justice from one who believes in a God than from one who has no such belief; but from the superstitious I look only for bitterness and persecution. Atheism and fanaticism are two monsters, which may tear society in pieces: but the atheist preserves his reason, which checks his propensity to mischief, while the fanatic is under the influence of a madness which is constantly urging him on.

SECTION II.

In England, as everywhere else, there have been, and there still are, many atheists by principle; for there are none but young inexperienced preachers, very ill-informed of what passes in the world, who affirm that there cannot be atheists. I have known some in France, who were very good natural philosophers; and have, I own, been very much surprised that men, who could so ably develope the secret springs of nature, should obstinately refuse to acknowledge the hand which so evidently puts those springs in action.

It appears to me that one of the principles which lead them to materialism is, that they believe in the plenitude and infinity of the universe and the eternity of matter. It must be this which misleads them; for almost all the Newtonians whom I have met with, admit the void and the termination of matter, and consequently admit a God.

Indeed, if matter be infinite, as so many philosophers, even including Descartes, pretend, it has of itself one of the attributes of the Supreme Being: if a void be impossible, matter exists of necessity, it has existed from all eternity. With these principles, therefore, we may dispense with God, creating, modifying, and preserving matter.

I am aware that Descartes, and most of the schools which have believed in the *plenum*, and the infinity of matter, have

nevertheless admitted a God; but this is only because men scarcely ever reason or act upon their principles.

Had men reasoned consequently, Epicurus and his apostle Lucretius must have been the most religious assertors of the Providence which they combated; for when they admitted the void and the termination of matter, a truth of which they had only an imperfect glimpse, it necessarily followed that matter was the being of necessity, existing by itself, since it was not indefinite: they had, therefore, in their own philosophy, and in their own despite, a demonstration that there is a Supreme Being, necessary, infinite, the fabricator of the universe. Newton's philosophy, which admits and proves the void and finite matter, also demonstratively proves the existence of a God.

Thus I regard true philosophers as the apostles of the Divinity. Each class of men requires its particular ones: a parish catechist tells children that there is a God, but Newton proves it to the wise.

In London, under Charles II. after Cromwell's wars, as at Paris under Henry IV. after the war of the Guises, people took great pride in being atheists: having passed from the excess of cruelty to that of pleasure, and corrupted their minds successively by war and by voluptuousness, they reasoned very indifferently: since then, the more nature has been studied the better its author has been known.

One thing I will venture to believe, which is, that of all religions, theism is the most widely spread in the world: it is the prevailing religion of China; it is that of the wise among the Mahometans; and, among Christian philosophers, eight out of ten are of the same opinion. It has penetrated even into the schools of theology, into the cloisters, into the conclave; it is a sort of sect without association, without worship, without ceremonies, without disputes, and without zeal, spread through the world without having been preached. Theism, like Judaism, is to be found amidst all religions; but it is singular that the latter, which is the extreme of superstition, abhorred by the people, and contemned by the wise, is everywhere tolerated for money; while the former, which is the opposite of superstition, unknown to the people, and embraced by philosophers alone, is publicly exercised nowhere but in China.

There is no country in Europe where there are more theists than in England. Some persons ask whether they have a religion or not.

There are two sorts of theists. The one sort think that God made the world without giving man rules for good and evil. It is clear that these should have no other name than that of philosophers.

The others believe that God gave to man a natural law: these, it is certain, have a religion, though they have no external worship. They are, with reference to the Christian religion, peaceful enemies, which she carries in her bosom; they renounce without any design of destroying her. All other sects desire to predominate, like political bodies, which seek to feed on the substance of others, and rise upon their ruin; theism has always lain quiet. Theists have never been found caballing in any state.

There was in London a society of theists, who for some time continued to meet together. They had a small book of their laws, in which religion, on which so many ponderous volumes have been written, occupied only two pages. Their principal axiom was this—"Morality is the same among all men, therefore it comes from God; worship is various, therefore it is the work of man."

The second axiom was, "That men being all brethren, and acknowledging the same God, it is execrable that brethren should persecute brethren, because they testify their love for the common father in a different manner. Indeed," said they, "what upright man would kill his elder or his younger brother, because one of them had saluted their father after the Chinese, and the other after

the Dutch fashion, especially while it was undecided in what way the father wished their reverence to be made to him? Surely, he who should act thus, would be a bad brother rather than a good son."

I am well aware that these maxims lead directly to "the abominable and execrable dogma of toleration;" but I do no more than simply relate the fact. I am very careful not to become a controversialist. It must, however, be allowed, that if the different sects into which Christians have been divided had possessed this moderation, Christianity would have been disturbed by fewer disorders, shaken by fewer revolutions, and stained with less blood.

Let us pity the theists for combating our holy revelation. But whence comes it that so many Calvinists, Lutherans, Anabaptists, Nestorians, Arians, partisans of Rome, and enemies of Rome, have been so sanguinary, so barbarous, and so miserable, now persecuting, now persecuted? It is because they have been the multitude. Whence is it that theists, though in error, have never done harm to mankind? Because they have been philosophers. The Christian religion has cost the human species seventeen millions of men, reckoning only one million per century, who have perished, either by the hands of the ordinary executioner, or by those of executioners paid and led to battle,—all for the salvation of souls and the greater glory of God.

I have heard men express astonishment, that a religion so moderate, and so apparently comformable to reason, as theism, has not been spread among the people.

Among the great and little vulgar may be found pious herb-women, Molinist duchesses, scrupulous sempstresses who would go to the stake for anabaptism,—devout hackney-coachmen, most determined in the cause of Luther or of Arius, but no theists: for theism cannot so much be called a religion as a system of philosophy; and the vulgar, whether great or little, are not philosophers.

Locke was a declared theist. I was astonished to find in that great philosopher's chapter on innate ideas, that men have all different ideas of justice. Were such the case, morality would no longer be the same; the voice of God would not be heard by man; natural religion would be at an end. I am willing to believe with him, that there are nations in which men eat their fathers, and where to lie with a neighbour's wife is to do him a friendly office: but if this be true, it does not prove that the law, "Do not unto others that which you would not have others do unto you," is not general. For if a father be eaten, it is when he has grown old, is too feeble to crawl along, and would otherwise be eaten by the enemy; and, I ask, what father would not furnish a good meal to his son rather than to the enemies of his nation? Besides, he who eats his father, hopes that he in turn shall be eaten by his children.

If a service be rendered to a neighbour by lying with his wife, it is when he cannot himself have a child, and is desirous of having one: otherwise he would be very angry. In both these cases, and in all others, the natural law, "Do not to another that which you would not have another do to you," remains unbroken. All the other rules, so different and so varied, may be referred to this. When, therefore, the wise metaphysician Locke, says that men have no innate ideas, that they have different ideas of justice and injustice, he, assuredly, does not mean to assert that God has not given to all men that instinctive self-love by which they are of necessity guided.

ATOMS.

Epicurus, equally great as a genius, and respectable in his morals; and after him Lucretius, who forced the Latin language to express philosophical ideas, —and, to the great admiration of Rome, to express them in verse;— Epicurus and Lucretius, I say, admitted atoms and the void: Gassendi supported this doctrine, and Newton demonstrated it. In

vain did a remnant of Cartesianism still combat for the plenum; in vain did Leibnitz, who had at first adopted the rational system of Epicurus, Lucretius, Gassendi, and Newton, change his opinion respecting the void, after he had embroiled himself with his master Newton: the plenum is now regarded as a chimera.

In this, Epicurus and Lucretius appear to have been true philosophers, and their intermedials, which have been so much ridiculed, were no other than the unresisting space in which Newton has demonstrated that the planets move round their orbits in times proportioned to their areas. Thus it was not Epicurus's intermedials, but his opponents, that were ridiculous. But when Epicurus afterwards tells us that his atoms declined in the void by chance; that this declination formed men and animals by chance; that the eyes were placed in the upper part of the head, and the feet at the end of the legs by chance; that ears were not given to hear, but that the declination of atoms having fortuitously composed ears, men fortuitously made use of them to ear with,—this madness, called physics, has been very justly turned into ridicule.

Sound philosophy, then, has long distinguished what is good in Epicurus and Lucretius, from their chimeras, founded on imagination and ignorance. The most submissive minds have adopted the doctrine of creation in time, and the most daring have admitted that of creation before all time. Some have received with faith a universe produced from nothing; others, unable to comprehend this doctrine in physics, have believed that all beings were emanations from the Great—the Supreme and Universal Being: but all have rejected the fortuitous concurrence of atoms; all have acknowledged that chance is a word without meaning. What we call chance, can be no other than the unknown cause of a known effect. Whence comes it then, that philosophers are still accused of thinking that the stupendous and indescribable arrangement of the universe is a production of the fortuitous concurrence of atoms—an effect of chance? Neither Spinoza nor any one else has advanced this absurdity.

Yet the son of the great Racine says, in his poem on Religion,—

> O toi! qui follement fais ton Dieu du hasard,
> Viens me développer ce nid qu'avec tant d'art,
> Au même ordre toujours architecte fidelle,
> A l'aide de son bec maçonne l'hirondelle:
> Comment, pour élever ce hardi bâtiment,
> A-t-elle en le broyant arrondi son ciment?
>
> Oh ye, who raise Creation out of chance,
> As erst Lucretius from th' atomic dance;
> Come view with me the swallow's curious nest,
> Where beauty, art, and order, shine confessed.
> How could rude chance, for ever dark and blind,
> Preside within the little builder's mind?
> Could she, with accidents unnumbered crowned,
> Its mass concentrate, and its structure round!

These lines are assuredly thrown away. No one makes chance his God; no one has said that while a swallow "tempers his clay, it takes the form of his abode by chance:" on the contrary it is said, that "he makes his nest by the laws of necessity," which is the opposite of chance.

The only question now agitated is, whether the author of nature has formed primordial parts unsusceptible of division, or if all is continually dividing and changing into other elements. The first system seems to account for everything, and the second, hitherto at least, for nothing.

If the first elements of things were not indestructible, one element might at last swallow up all the rest, and change them into its own substance. Hence perhaps it was, that Empedocles imagined that everything came from fire, and would be destroyed by fire.

This question of atoms involves another; that of the divisibility of matter ad infinitum. The word *atom* signifies *without parts—not to be divided.* You divide it in thought; for, if you were to divide it in reality, it would no longer be an atom.

You may divide a grain of gold into eighteen millions of visible parts; a grain of copper, dissolved in spirit of sal ammoniac, has exhibited upwards of twenty-two thousand parts: but when you have arrived at the last element, the atom escapes the microscope, and you can divide no further except in imagination.

The infinite divisibility of atoms is like some propositions in geometry. You may

pass an infinity of curves between a circle and its tangent, supposing the circle and the tangent to be lines without breadth; but there are no such lines in nature.

You likewise establish that asymptotes will approach one another without ever meeting; but it is under the supposition that they are lines having length without breadth—things which have only a speculative existence.

So, also, we represent unity by a line, and divide this line and this unity into as many fractions as you please; but this infinity of fractions will never be any other than our unity and our line.

It is not strictly demonstrated that atoms are indivisible; but it appears that they are not divided by the laws of nature.

AVARICE.

Avarities, *amor habendi*—desire of having, avidity, covetousness.

Properly speaking, avarice is the desire of accumulating, whether in grain, moveables, money, or curiosities. There were avaricious men long before coin was invented.

We do not call a man avaricious, who has four-and-twenty coach-horses, yet will not lend one to his friend; or who, having two thousand bottles of Burgundy in his cellar, will not send you half a dozen, when he knows you to be in want of them. If he show you a hundred thousand crowns' worth of diamonds, you do not think of asking him to present you with one worth twenty livres; you conconsider him as a man of great magnificence, but not at all avaricious.

He who in finance, in army contracts, and great undertakings, gained two millions each year, and who, when possessed of forty-three millions, besides his houses at Paris and his moveables, expended fifty thousand crowns per annum for his table, and sometimes lent money to noblemen at five per cent. interest, did not pass, in the minds of the people, for an avaricious man. He had, however, all his life burned with the thirst of gain; the demon of covetousness was perpetually tormenting him; he continued to accumulate to the last day of his life. This passion, which was constantly gratified, has never been called avarice. He did not expend a tenth part of his income; yet he had the reputation of a generous man, too fond of splendour.

A father of a family who, with an income of twenty thousand livres, expends only five or six, and accumulates his savings to portion his children, has the reputation among his neighbours of being avaricious, mean, stingy, a niggard, a miser, a grip-farthing; and every abusive epithet that can be thought of is bestowed upon him.

Nevertheless, this good citizen is much more to be honoured than the Crœsus I have just mentioned: he expends three times as much in proportion. But the cause of the great difference between their reputations is this:—

Men hate the individual whom they call avaricious, only because there is nothing to be gained by him. The physician, the apothecary, the wine-merchant, the draper, the grocer, the saddler, and a few girls, gain a good deal by our Crœsus, who is truly avaricious. But with our close and economical citizen, there is nothing to be done; therefore he is loaded with maledictions.

As for those among the avaricious who deprive themselves of the necessaries of life, we leave them to Plautus and Moliére.

AUGURY.

Must not a man be very thoroughly possessed by the demon of etymology to say, with Pezron and others, that the Roman word *augurium* came from the Celtic words *au* and *gur?* According to these learned men, *au* must, among the Basques and Bas-Bretons, have signified *the liver;* because *asu*, which (say they) signified *left*, doubtless stood for the liver, which is on the *right* side: and *gur* meant *man*, or *yellow*, or *red*, in that Celtic tongue of which we have not one memorial. Truly, this is powerful reasoning.

Absurd curiosity (for we must call things by their right names) has been carried so far as to seek Hebrew and Chaldee derivations for certain Teutonic and Celtic words. This, Bochart never fails to do. It is astonishing with what confidence these men of genius have proved that expressions used on the banks of the Tyber were borrowed from the patois of the savages of Biscay. Nay, they even assert that this patois was one of the first idioms of the primitive language—the parent of all other languages throughout the world. They have only to proceed, and say that all the various notes of birds come from the cry of the two first parrots, from which every other species of birds has been produced.

The religious folly of auguries was originally founded on very sound and natural observations. The birds of passage have always marked the progress of the seasons; we see them come in flocks in the spring, and return in the autumn. The cuckoo is heard only in fine weather, which his note seems to invite. The swallows, skimming along the ground, announce rain. Each climate has its bird, which is in effect its augury.

Among the observing part of mankind there were, no doubt, knaves who persuaded fools that there was something divine in these animals, and that their flight presaged our destinies, which were written on the wings of a sparrow just as clearly as in the stars.

The commentators on the allegorical and interesting story of Joseph sold by his brethren, and made Pharaoh's prime minister for having explained his dreams, infer that Joseph was skilled in the science of auguries, from the circumstance that Joseph's steward is commanded to say to his brethren, "Is not this it," (the silver cup,) "in which my lord drinketh? and whereby indeed he divineth?" Joseph, having caused his brethren to be brought back before him, says to them, "What deed is this that ye have done? Wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine?"

Judah acknowledges, in the name of his brethren, that Joseph is a great diviner, and that God has inspired him:—"God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants." At that time they took Joseph for an Egyptian lord. It is evident from the text, that they believe the God of the Egyptians and of the Jews had discovered to this minister the theft of his cup.

Here then we have auguries or divination clearly established in the book of Genesis; so clearly, that it is afterwards forbidden in Leviticus:—"Ye shall not eat anything with the blood: neither shall ye use enchantment nor observe times. Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard."

As for the superstition of seeing the future in a cup, it still exists, and is called seeing in a glass. The individual must never have known pollution; he must turn towards the east, and pronounce the words, "Abraxa per dominum nostrum;" after which he will see in a glass of water whatever he pleases. Children were usually chosen for this operation. They must retain their hair: a shaven head, or one wearing a wig, can see nothing in the glass. This pastime was much in vogue in France during the regency of the Duke of Orleans, and still more so in the times preceding.

As for auguries, they perished with the Roman empire. Only the bishops have retained the augurial staff, called the crosier, which was the distinctive mark of the dignity of augur; so that the symbol of falsehood has become the symbol of truth.

There were innumerable kinds of divinations, of which several have reached our latter ages. This curiosity to read the future, is a malady which only philosophy can cure; for the weak minds that still practise these pretended arts of divination—even the fools who give themselves to the devil—all make religion subservient to these profanations, by which it is outraged.

It is an observation worthy of the wise,

that Cicero, who was one of the college of augurs, wrote a book for the sole purpose of turning auguries into ridicule; but they have likewise remarked that Cicero, at the end of his book says, that "superstition should be destroyed, but not religion. For," he adds, "the beauty of the universe, and the order of the heavenly bodies, force us to acknowledge an eternal and powerful nature. We must maintain the religion which is joined with the knowledge of this nature, by utterly extirpating superstition; for it is a monster which pursues and presses us on every side. The meeting with a pretended diviner, a presage, an immolated victim, a bird, a Chaldean, an aruspice, a flash of lightning, a clap of thunder, an event accidently corresponding with what has been foretold to us, everything disturbs and makes us uneasy; sleep itself, which should make us forget all these pains and fears, serves but to redouble them by frightful images."

Cicero thought he was addressing only a few Romans; but he was speaking to all men and all ages.

Most of the great men of Rome no more believed in auguries, than Alexander VI., Julius II., and Leo X., believed in Our Lady of Loretto and the blood of St. Januarius. However, Suetonius relates that Octavius, surnamed Augustus, was so weak, as to believe that a fish, which leaped from the sea upon the shore at Actium, foreboded that he should gain the battle. He adds, that having afterwards met an ass-driver, he asked him the name of his ass; and the man having answered that his ass was named Nicholas, which signifies conqueror of nations, he had no longer any doubts about the victory; and that he afterwards had brazen statues erected to the ass-driver, the ass, and the jumping fish. He further assures us, that these statues were placed in the Capitol.

It is very likely that this able tyrant laughed at the superstitions of the Romans, and that his ass, the driver, and the fish, were nothing more than a joke. But it is no less likely that, while he despised all the follies of the vulgar, he had a few of his own. The barbarous and dissimulating Louis XI. had a firm faith in the cross of St. Louis. Almost all princes, excepting such as have had time to read, and read to advantage, are in some degree infected with superstition.

AUGUSTINE.

Augustine, a native of Tagaste, is here to be considered, not as a bishop, a doctor, a father of the Church, but simply as a man. This is a question in physics, respecting the climate of Africa.

When a youth, Augustine was a great libertine, and the spirit was no less quick in him than the flesh. He says, that before he was twenty years old, he had learned arithmetic, geometry, and music, without a master.

Does not this prove that, in Africa, which we now call *Barbary*, both minds and bodies advance to maturity more rapidly than amongst us?

These valuable advantages of St. Augustine, would lead one to believe that Empedocles was not altogether in the wrong, when he regarded fire as the principle of nature. It is assisted, but by subordinate agents. It is like a king governing the actions of all his subjects, and sometimes inflaming the imaginations of his people rather too much. It is not without reason that Syphax says to Juba, in the Cato of Addison, that the sun which rolls its fiery car over African heads, places a deeper tinge upon the cheeks, and a fiercer flame within their hearts. That the dames of Zama are vastly superior to the pale beauties of the north:—

> The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
> Have faces flushed with more exalted charms;
> Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
> The pale unripened beauties of the north.

Where shall we find in Paris, Strasburgh, Ratisbon, or Vienna, young men who have learned arithmetic, the mathematics, and music, without assistance, and who have been fathers at fourteen?

Doubtless it is no fable that Atlas, prince of Mauritania, called by the

Greeks the son of heaven, was a celebrated astronomer, and constructed a celestial sphere, such as the Chinese have had for so many ages. The ancients, who expressed everything in allegory, likened this prince to the mountain which bears his name, because it lifts its head above the clouds, which have been called the heavens by all mankind who have judged of things only from the testimony of their eyes.

These Moors cultivated the sciences with success, and taught Spain and Italy for five centuries. Things are greatly altered. The country of Augustine is now but a den of pirates; while England, Italy, Germany, and France, which were involved in barbarism, are greater cultivators of the arts than ever the Arabians were.

Our only object, then, in this article, is to show how changeable a scene this world is. Augustine, from a debauchee, becomes an orator and a philosopher; he puts himself forward in the world; he teaches rhetoric; he turns Manichean, and from Manicheism passes to Christianity. He causes himself to be baptized, together with one of his bastards, named Deodatus; he becomes a bishop, and a father of the Church. His system of grace has been reverenced for eleven hundred years, as an article of faith. At the end of eleven hundred years, some Jesuits find means to procure an anathema against Augustine's system, word for word, under the names of Jansenius, St. Cyril, Arnaud, and Quesnel. We ask if this revolution is not, in its kind, as great as that of Africa; and if there be anything permanent upon earth?

AUGUSTUS (OCTAVIUS).

The Morals of Augustus.

MANNERS can be known only from facts, which facts must be incontestable. It is beyond a doubt that this man, so immoderately praised as the restorer of morals and of laws, was long one of the most infamous debauchees in the Roman commonwealth. His epigram on Fulvia, written after the horrors of the proscriptions, proves that he was no less a despiser of decency in his language than he was a barbarian in his conduct. This abominable epigram is one of the strongest testimonies to Augustus's infamous immorality. Sextus Pompeius also reproached him with shameful weaknesses—"Effeminatum infectatus est." Anthony, before the triumvirate, declared that Cæsar, great uncle to Augustus, had adopted him as his son, only because he had been subservient to his pleasures—"adoptionem avunculi stupro meritum"

Lucius Cæsar charged him with the same crime; and even asserted that he had been base enough to sell himself to Hirtius for a very considerable sum. He was so shameless as to take the wife of a consul from her husband in the midst of a supper; he took her to a neighbouring closet, staid with her there for some time, and brought her back to table, without himself, the woman, or her husband blushing at all at the proceeding.

We have also a letter from Anthony to Augustus, couched in these terms—"Ita valeas ut hanc epistolam cùm leges, non inieris Testullam, aut Terentillam, aut Russillam, aut Salviam, aut omnes. Anne refert ubi et in quam arrigas?" We are afraid to translate this licentious letter.

Nothing is better known than the scandalous feast of five of the companions of his pleasures with five of the principal women of Rome. They were dressed up as gods and goddesses, and imitated all the immodesties invented in fable—

Dum nova Divorum coenat adulteria.

And on the stage he was publicly designated by this famous line—

Videsne ut cinaedus orbem digito temperet?

Almost every Latin author that speaks of Ovid, asserts, that Augustus had the insolence to banish that Roman knight, who was a much better man than himself, merely because the other had surprised him in an incest with his own daughter Julia; and that he sent his daughter into exile only through jealousy. This is the

more likely, as Caligula published aloud that his mother was born from the incest of Augustus with Julia. So says Suetonius, in his life of Caligula.

We know that Augustus repudiated the mother of Julia the very day she was brought to bed of her, and on the same day took Livia from her husband when she was pregnant of Tiberius—another monster, who succeeded him. Such was the man to whom Horace said—

> Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
> Legibus emendes, &c.

It is hard to repress our indignation at reading at the commencement of the Georgics, that Augustus is one of the greatest of divinities; and that it is not known what place he will one day deign to occupy in heaven; whether he will reign in the air, or become the protector of cities, or vouchsafe to accept the empire of the seas:—

> An Deus immensi venias maris, ac tua nautæ
> Numina sola colant tibi serviat ultima Thule.

Ariosto speaks with much more sense as well as grace, when he says in his fine thirty-fifth canto—

> Non fu si santo ne benigno Augusto
> Come la tromba di Virgilio sonna;
> L'aver avuto in poesia buon gusto
> La proscriptione iniqua gli perdona, &c.

> Augustus was not quite so mild and chaste
> As he's by honest Virgil represented;
> But then, the tyrant had poetic taste;
> With this the poet fully was contented, &c.

The Cruelties of Augustus.

If Augustus was long abandoned to the most shameful and frantic dissipation, his cruelty was no less uniform and deliberate. His proscriptions were published in the midst of feasting and revelry: he proscribed more than three hundred senators, two thousand knights, and one hundred obscure but wealthy heads of families, whose only crime was their being rich. Anthony and Octavius had them killed, solely that they might get possession of their money; in which they differed not the least from highway robbers, who are condemned to the wheel.

Octavius, immediately after the Persian war, gave his veterans all the lands belonging to the citizens of Mantua and Cremona, thus recompensing murder by depredation.

It is but too certain that the world was ravaged, from the Euphrates to the extremities of Spain, by this man without shame, without faith, honour, or probity, knavish, ungrateful, avaricious, bloodthirsty, cool in the commission of crime, who, in any well-regulated republic, would have been condemned to the greatest of punishments for the first of his offences.

Nevertheless, the government of Augustus is still admired, because under him Rome tasted peace, pleasure, and abundance. Seneca says of him—"Clementiam non voco lassam crudelitatem"—"I do not call exhausted cruelty, clemency."

It is thought that Augustus became milder when crime was no longer necessary to him; and that, being absolute master, he saw that he had no other interest than to appear just. But it appears to me that he still was pitiless rather than clement; for, after the battle of Actium, he had Antony's son murdered at the feet of Cæsar's statue; and he was so barbarous as to have young Cæsarian, the son of Cæsar and Cleopatra, beheaded, though he had recognized him as king of Egypt.

Suspecting one day that the prætor Quintus Gallius had come to an audience with a poniard under his robe, he had him put to the torture in his presence; and, in his indignation at hearing that senator call him a tyrant, he tore out his eyes with his own hands; at least, so says Suetonius.

We know that Cæsar, his adopted father, was great enough to pardon almost all his enemies; but I do not find that Augustus pardoned one of his. I have great doubts of his pretended clemency to Cinna. This affair is mentioned neither by Suetonius nor by Tacitus. Suetonius, who speaks of all the conspiracies against Augustus, would not have failed to mention the most memorable. The singularity of giving a consulship to Cinna in return for the blackest perfidy, would not have

escaped every cotemporary historian. Dion Cassius speaks of it only after Seneca; and this passage in Seneca has the appearance rather of declamation than of historical truth. Besides, Seneca lays the scene in Gaul, and Dion at Rome: this contradiction deprives the occurrence of all remaining verisimilitude. Not one of our Roman Histories, compiled in haste and without selection, has discussed this interesting fact. Lawrence Echard's History has appeared to enlightened men to be as faulty as it is mutilated: writers have rarely been guided by the spirit of examination.

Cinna might be suspected, or convicted, by Augustus, of some infidelity; and, when the affair had been cleared up, he might honour him with the vain title of consul: but it is not at all probable that Cinna sought by a conspiracy to seize the supreme authority—he, who had never commanded an army, was supported by no party, and was a man of no consideration in the empire. It is not very likely that a mere subordinate courtier would think of succeeding a sovereign who had been twenty years firmly established on his throne, and had heirs; nor is it more likely that Augustus would make him consul immediately after the conspiracy.

If Cinna's adventure be true, Augustus pardoned him only because he could not do otherwise, being overcome by the reasoning or the importunities of Livia, who had acquired great influence over him, and persuaded him, says Seneca, that pardon would do him more service than chastisement. It was then only through policy, that he, for once, was merciful; it certainly was not through generosity.

Shall we give a robber credit for clemency, because, being enriched and secure, enjoying in peace the fruits of his rapine, he is not every day assassinating the sons and grandsons of the proscribed, while they are kneeling to and worshipping him? After being a barbarian, he was a prudent politician. It is worthy of remark, that posterity never gave him the title of virtuous, which was bestowed on Titus, on Trajan, and the Antonines. It even became customary in the compliments paid to Emperors on their accession, to wish that they might be more fortunate than Augustus, and more virtuous than Trajan.

It is now, therefore, allowable to consider Augustus as a clever and fortunate monster.

Louis Racine, son of the great Racine, and heir to a part of his talents, seems to forget himself when he says, in his Reflections on Poetry, that "Horace and Virgil spoiled Augustus; they exhausted their art in poisoning the mind of Augustus by their praises." These expressions would lead one to believe that the eulogies so meanly lavished by these two great poets, corrupted this Emperor's fine disposition. But Louis Racine very well knew that Augustus was a very bad man, regarding crime and virtue with indifference, availing himself alike of the horrors of the one and the appearances of the other, attentive solely to his own interest, employing bloodshed and peace, arms and laws, religion and pleasure, only to make himself master of the earth, and sacrificing everything to himself. Louis Racine only shows us, that Virgil and Horace had servile souls.

He is, unfortunately, too much in the right when he reproaches Corneille with having dedicated Cinna to the financier Montoron, and said to that receiver, "What you more especially have in common with Augustus is, the generosity with which," &c. for, though Augustus was the most wicked of Roman citizens, it must be confessed that the first of the Emperors, the master, the pacificator, the legislator of the then known world, ought not to be placed absolutely on a level with a clerk to a comptroller-general in Gaul.

The same Louis Racine, in justly condemning the mean adulation of Corneille, and the baseness of the age of Horace and Virgil, marvellously lays hold of this passage in Massillon's Petit Carême:—"It is no less culpable to fail in truth towards

monarchs than to be wanting in fidelity; the same penalty should be imposed on adulation as on revolt."

I ask your pardon, Father Massillon; but this stroke of yours is very oratorical, very preacher-like, very exaggerated. The League and the Fronde have, if I am not deceived, done more harm that Quinault's prologues. There is no way of condemning Quinault as a rebel. "Est modus in rebus," Father Massillon, which is wanting in all manufacturers of sermons.

AVIGNON.

AVIGNON and its country are monuments of what the abuse of religion, ambition, knavery, and fanaticism united, can effect. This little country, after a thousand vicissitudes, had, in the twelfth century, passed into the hands of the Counts of Toulouse, descended from Charlemagne by the female side.

Raymond VI. Count of Toulouse, whose forefathers had been the principal heroes in the crusades, was stripped of his states by a crusade which the Pope stirred up against him. The cause of the crusade was, the desire of having his spoils; the pretext was, that in several of his towns the citizens thought nearly as has been thought for upwards of two hundred years in England, Sweden, Denmark, three-fourths of Switzerland, Holland, and half of Germany.

This was hardly a sufficient reason for giving, in the name of God, the states of the Count of Toulouse to the first occupant, and for devoting to slaughter and fire his subjects, crucifix in hand, and white cross on shoulder. All that is related of the most savage people, falls far short of the barbarities committed in this war, called holy. The ridiculous atrocity of some religious ceremonies always accompanied these horrid excesses. It is known that Raymond VI, was dragged to a church of St. Giles's, before a legate, naked to the waist, without hose or sandals, with a rope about his neck, which was held by a deacon, while another deacon flogged him, and a third sung *miserere* with some monks—and all the while the legate was at dinner.

Such was the origin of the right of the Popes over Avignon.

Count Raymond, who had submitted to the flagellation in order to preserve his states, underwent this ignominy to no purpose whatever. He had to defend by arms what he had thought to preserve by suffering a few stripes; he saw his towns laid in ashes, and died in 1213 amid the vicissitudes of the most sanguinary war.

His son, Raymond VII. was not, like his father, suspected of heresy; but he was the son of a heretic, and was to be stripped of all his possessions, by virtue of the Decretals; such was the law. The crusade, therefore, was continued against him; he was excommunicated in the churches, on Sundays and holidays, to the sound of bells and with tapers extinguished.

A legate who was in France during the minority of St. Louis, raised tenths there, to maintain this war in Languedoc and Provence. Raymond defended himself with courage; but the heads of the hydra of fanaticism were incessantly reappearing to devour him.

The Pope at last made peace, because all his money had been expended in war

Raymond VII. came and signed the treaty before the portal of the cathedral of Paris. He was forced to pay ten thousand marks of silver to the legate, two thousand to the abbey of Citeaux, five hundred to the abbey of Clervaux, a thousand to that of Grand-Selve, and three hundred to that of Belleperche—all for the salvation of his soul, as is specified in the treaty. So it was that the Church always negociated.

It is very remarkable, that in this document the Count of Toulouse constantly puts the legate before the King—"I swear and promise to the legate and to the King, faithfully to observe all these things, and to cause them to be observed by my vassals and subjects," &c.

This was not all. He ceded to Pope

Gregory IX. the country of Venaissin beyond the Rhone, and the sovereignty of seventy-three castles on this side the same river. The Pope adjudged this fine to himself by a particular act, desirous that, in a public instrument, the acknowledgment of having exterminated so many Christians for the purpose of seizing upon his neighbour's goods, should not appear in so glaring a light. Besides, he demanded what Raymond could not grant, without the consent of the Emperor Frederick II. The count's lands, on the left bank of the Rhone, were an imperial fief, and Frederick II. never sanctioned this exaction.

Alphonso, brother to St. Louis, having married this unfortunate prince's daughter, by whom he had no children, all the states of Raymond VII. in Languedoc, devolved to the crown of France, as had been stipulated in the marriage contract.

The country of Venaissin, which is in Provence, had been magnanimously given up by the Emperor Frederick II. to the Count of Toulouse. His daughter Joan, before her death, had disposed of them by will in favour of Charles of Anjou, Count of Provence, and king of Naples.

Philip the bold, son of St. Louis, being pressed by Pope Gregory IX, gave the country of Venaissin to the Roman church, in 1274. It must be confessed that Philip the Bold gave what in no way belonged to him; that this cession was absolutely null and void, and that no act ever was more contrary to all law.

It is the same with the town of Avignon. Joan of France, Queen of Naples, descended from the brother of St. Louis, having been, with but too great an appearance of justice, accused of causing her husband to be strangled, desired the protection of Pope Clement VI. whose see was then the town of Avignon, in Joan's domains. She was countess of Provence. In 1347, the Provencals made her swear, on the Gospel, that she would sell none of her sovereignties. She had scarcely taken this oath before she went and sold Avignon to the Pope. The authentic act was not signed until the 14th of June, 1348: the sum stipulated for was eighty thousand florins of gold The Pope declared her innocent of her husband's murder, but never paid her. Joan's receipt has never been produced. She protested juridically four several times, against this deceitful purchase.

So that Avignon and its country were never considered to have been dismembered from Provence, otherwise than by a rapine, which was the more manifest, as it had been sought to cover it with the cloak of religion.

When Louis XI. acquired Provence, he acquired it with all the rights appertaining thereto; and, as appears by a letter from John of Foix to that monarch, had in 1464 resolved to enforce them. But the intrigues of the court of Rome were always so powerful, that the kings of France condescended to allow it the enjoyment of this small province. They never acknowledged in the Popes a lawful possession, but only a simple enjoyment.

In the treaty of Pisa, made by Louis XIV. with Alexander VII in 1664, it is said—that "every obstacle shall be removed, in order that the Pope may enjoy Avignon as before." The Pope, then, had this province only as cardinals have pensions from the king, which pensions are discretional.

Avignon and its country were a constant source of embarrassment to the French government: they afforded a refuge to all the bankrupts and smugglers, though very little profit thence accrued to the Pope.

Louis XIV. twice resumed his rights; but it was rather to chastise the Pope than to reunite Avignon and its country with his crown.

At length Louis XV. did justice to his dignity and to his subjects. The gross and indecent conduct of Pope Rezzonico (Clement XIII.) forced him in 1768 to revive the rights of his crown. This Pope had acted as if he belonged to the fourteenth century. He was, however,

with the applause of all Europe, convinced that he lived in the eighteenth.

When the officer bearing the king's orders entered Avignon, he went straight to the legate's apartment, without being announced, and said to him, "Sir, the king takes possession of his town."

There is some difference between this proceeding and a Count of Toulouse being flogged by a deacon, while a legate is at dinner. Things, we see, change with times.

AUSTERITIES.

MORTIFICATIONS, FLAGELLATIONS.

SUPPOSE that some chosen individuals, lovers of study, united together after a thousand catastrophes had happened to the world, and employed themselves in worshipping God and regulating the time of the year,—as is said of the ancient Brahmins and Magi; all this is perfectly good and honest. They might, by their frugal life, set an example to the rest of the world; they might abstain, during the celebration of their feasts, from all intoxicating liquors, and all commerce with their wives; they might be clothed modestly and decently: if they were wise, other men consulted them; if they were just, they were loved and reverenced. But did not superstition, brawling, and vanity, soon take the place of the virtues?

Was not the first madman that flogged himself publicly to appease the gods, the original of the priests of the Syrian goddess, who flogged themselves in her honour,—of the priests of Isis, who did the same on certain days,—of the priests of Dodona, named Salii, who inflicted wounds on themselves,—of the priests of Bellona, who struck themselves with sabres,—of the priests of Diana, who drew blood from their backs with rods,—of the priests of Cybele, who made themselves eunuchs,—of the fakirs of India, who loaded themselves with chains? Has the hope of obtaining abundant alms nothing at all to do with the practice of these austerities?

Is there not some similarity between the beggars, who make their legs swell by a certain application and cover their bodies with sores, in order to force a few pence from the passengers, and the impostors of antiquity, who seated themselves upon nails, and sold the holy nails to the devout of their country?

And had vanity never any share in promoting these public mortifications, which attracted the eyes of the multitude? "I scourge myself, but it is to expiate your faults; I go naked, but it is to reproach you with the richness of your garments; I feed on herds and snails, but it is to correct in you the vice of gluttony; I wear an iron ring, to make you blush at your lewdness. Reverence me as one cherished by the Gods, and who will bring down their favours upon you. When you shall be accustomed to reverence me, you will not find it hard to obey me: I will be your master, in the name of the gods; and then, if any one of you disobey my will in the smallest particular, I will have you impaled to appease the wrath of heaven."

If the first fakirs did not pronounce these words, it is very probable that they had them engraven at the bottom of their hearts.

Human sacrifices perhaps had their origin in these frantic austerities. Men who drew their blood in public with rods, and mangled their arms and thighs to gain consideration, would easily make imbecile savages believe that they must sacrifice to the gods whatever was dearest to them,—that to have a fair wind, they must immolate a daughter,—to avert pestilence, precipitate a son from a rock,—to have infallibly a good harvest, throw a daughter into the Nile.

These Asiatic superstitions gave rise to the flagellations which we have imitated from the Jews. Their devotees still flog themselves, and flog one another, as the priests of Egypt and Syria did of old.

Amongst us the abbots flogged their monks, and the confessors their penitents—of both sexes. St. Augustin wrote

to Marcellinus the tribune, that "the Donatists must be whipped as schoolmasters whip their scholars.

It is said that it was not until the tenth century that monks and nuns began to scourge themselves on certain days of the year. The custom of scourging sinners as a penance was so well established, that St. Louis's confessor often gave him the whip. Henry II. was flogged by the monks of Canterbury (in 1207). Raymond, Count of Toulouse, was flogged with a rope round his neck by a deacon, at the door of St. Giles's church, as has before been said.

The chaplains to Louis VIII. King of France, were condemned by the Pope's legate to go at the four great feasts to the door of the cathedral of Paris, and present rods to the canons, that they might flog them in expiation for the crime of the king their master, who had accepted the crown of England, which the Pope had taken from him, after giving it to him by virtue of the plenitude of his power. Indeed the Pope showed great indulgence in not having the king himself whipped, but contenting himself with commanding him, on pain of damnation, to pay to the apostolic chamber the amount of two years' revenue.

From this custom is derived that which still exists, of arming the grand-penitentiaries in St. Peter's at Rome with long wands instead of rods, with which they give gentle taps to the penitents, lying all their length on the floor. In this manner it was that Henry IV. of France, had his posteriors flogged by Cardinal Ossat and Duperron. So true is it that we have scarcely yet emerged from barbarism.

At the commencement of the thirteenth century, fraternities of penitents were formed at Perosia and Bologna. Young men almost naked, with a rod in one hand and a small crucifix in the other, flogging themselves in the streets; while the women peeped through the window-blinds, and whipped themselves in their chambers.

These flagellators inundated Enrope: there are many of them still to be found in Italy, in Spain, and even in France, at Perpignan. At the beginning of the sixteen century, it was very common for confessors to whip the posteriors of their penitents. A history of the Low Countries, composed by Meteren, relates that a cordelier named Adriacem, a great preacher at Bruges, used to whip his female penitents quite naked.

The jesuit Edmund Auger, confessor to Henry III. persuaded that unfortunate prince to put himself at the head of the flagellators.

Flogging the posteriors is practised in various convents of monks and nuns; from which custom there have sometimes resulted strange immodesties, over which *we* must throw a veil, in order to spare the blushes of such as wear the *sacred* veil, and whose sex and profession are worthy of our highest regard.

AUTHORS.

Author, is a generic term, which, like the names of all other professions, may signify author of the good, or of the bad; of the respectable, or of the ridiculous; of the useful or the agreeable; or lastly, the producer of disgusting trash.

This name is also common to different things; we say equally the author of nature, and the author of the songs of the Pont-neuf, or of the Literary Age.

The author of a good work, should beware of three things—title, dedication, and preface. Others should take care of a fourth, which is writing at all.

As to the title, if the author has the wish to put his name to it, which is often very dangerous, it should at least be under a modest form; it is not pleasant to see a pious work, full of lessons of humanity, by Sir or My Lord. The reader, who is always malicious, and who often is wearied, usually turns a book into ridicule that is announced with so much ostentation. The author of the Imitation of Jesus Christ did not put his name to it.

But the apostles, you will say, put

their names to their works; that is not true, they were too modest. The apostle Matthew never entitled his book the Gospel of St. Matthew; it is a homage which has been paid to him since. St. Luke himself, who collected all that he had heard said, and who dedicated his book to Theophilus, did not call it the Gospel of St. Luke. St. John alone mentions himself in the Apocalypse; and it is supposed that this book was written by Cerinthus, who took the name of John to give authority to his production.

However it may have been in past ages, it appears to me very bold in authors now to put names and titles at the head of their works. The bishops never fail to do so, and the thick quartos which they give us under the title of mandaments, are decorated with armorial bearings and the insignia of their station: a word, no doubt, is said about Christian humility, but this word is often followed by atrocious calumnies against those who are of another communion or party. We only speak here, however, of poor profane authors. The Duke de la Rochefoucault did not announce his thoughts as the production of *Monseigneur le duc de la Rochefoucault, pair de France*, &c. Some persons who only make compilations in which there may be fine things, will find it injudicious to announce them as the work of A. B. professor of the university of——, doctor of divinity, member of this or of that academy, and so on. So many dignities do not render the book better. It will still be wished that it was shorter, more philosophical, less filled with old stories. With respect to titles and quality, nobody cares about them.

Dedications are often only offerings from interested baseness to disdainful vanity. Who would believe that Rohaut, *soi-disant* physician, in his dedication to the Duke of Guise told him, that his ancestors had maintained, at the expence of their blood, political truth, the fundamental laws of the state, and the rights of sovereigns? Le Belafré, and the Duke of Mayenne, would be a little surprised if this epistle was read to them in the other world. And what would Henry IV. say? Most of the dedications in England are made for money, just as the capuchins present us with salad on condition of our giving them drink.

Men of letters in France are ignorant of this shameful abasement, and have never exhibited so much meanness, except some unfortunates, who call themselves men of letters, in the same sense that sign-daubers boast of being of the profession of Raphael, and that the coachman of Vertamont was a poet.

Prefaces are another rock. "The *I* is hateful," says Pascal. Speak of yourself as little as you can, for you ought to be aware that the self-love of the reader is as great as your own. He will never pardon you for wishing to oblige him to esteem you. It is for your book to speak to him, should it happen to be read among the crowd.

"The illustrious suffrages with which my piece has been honoured, will make me dispense with answering my adversaries—the applauses of the public," &c. &c. Erase all that, Sir: believe me you have had no illustrious suffrages; your piece is eternally forgotten.

"Some censors have pretended that there are too many events in the third act; and that, in the fourth, the princess is too late in discovering the tender sentiments of her heart for her lover. To that I answer"—Answer nothing, my friend, for nobody has spoken, or will speak of thy princess. Thy piece has fallen because it is tiresome, and written in flat and barbarous verse; thy preface is a prayer for the dead, but it will not revive them.

Others attest, that all Europe has not understood their treaties on compatibility,—on the supralapsarians—on the difference which should be made between the Macedonian and Valentinian heresies, &c. &c. Truly, I believe that nobody understands them, since nobody reads them.

We are inundated with this trash and with continual repetition; with insipid

romances which copy their predecessors; with new systems founded on ancient reveries; and little histories taken from large ones.

Do you wish to be an author? Do you wish to make a book? recollect that it must be new and useful, or at least infinitely agreeable.

Why from your provincial retreat would you assassinate me with another quarto, to teach me that a king ought to be just, and that Trajan was more virtuous than Caligula? You insist upon printing the sermons which have lulled your little obscure town to repose, and will put all our histories under contributions to extract from them the life of a prince of whom you can say nothing new.

If you have written a history of your own time, doubt not but you will find some learned chronologist, or newspaper commentator, who will relieve you as to a date, a Christian name, or a squadron, which you have wrongly placed at the distance of three hundred paces from the place where it really stood. Be grateful, and correct these important errors forthwith.

If an ignoramus, or an empty fool, pretend to criticise this thing or the other, you may properly confute him; but name him rarely, for fear of soiling your writings.

If you are attacked on your style, never answer; your work alone should reply.

If you are said to be sick, content yourself that you are well, without wishing to prove to the people that you are in perfect health; and, above all, remember that the world cares very little whether you are well or ill.

A hundred authors compile to get their bread, and twenty fools extract, criticise, apologise, and satirise these compilations to get bread also, because they have no profession. All these people repair on Fridays to the lieutenant of the police at Paris, to demand permission to sell their drugs. They have audience immediately after the courtezans, who do not regard them, because they know that they are poor customers.

They return with a tacit permission to sell and distribute throughout the kingdom their stories, their collections of bon-mots; the life of the unfortunate Regis; the translation of a German poem; new discoveries on eels; a new copy of verses; a treatise on the origin of bells, or on the loves of the toads. A bookseller buys their productions for ten crowns; they give five of them to the journalist, on condition that he will speak well of them in his newspaper. The critic takes their money, and says all the ill he can of their books. The aggrieved parties go to complain to the Jew, who protects the wife of the journalist, and the scene closes by the critic being carried to Fort Evêque;—and these are they who call themselves authors!

These poor people are divided into two or three bands, and go begging like mendicant friars; but not having taken vows, their society lasts only for a few days, for they betray one another like priests who run after the same benefice, though they have no benefice to hope for. But they still call themselves authors!

The misfortune of these men is, that their fathers did not make them learn a trade, which is a great defect in modern policy. Every man of the people, who can bring up his son in an useful art, and does not, merits punishment. The son of a mason becomes a Jesuit at seventeen; he is chased from society at four and twenty, because the levity of his manners is too glaring. Behold him without bread! He turns journalist, he cultivates the lowest kind of literature, and becomes the contempt and horror of even the mob. And such as these, again, call themselves authors!

The only authors, are they who have succeeded in a genuine art, be it epic poetry, tragedy, comedy, history, or philosophy, and who teach or delight mankind. The others, of whom we have spoken, are, among men of letters, like bats among the birds. We cite, com-

ment, criticise, neglect, forget, and above all, despise an author, who is an author *only*.

Apropos of citing an author: I must amuse myself with relating a singular mistake of the reverend Father Viret, cordelier and professor of theology. He read in the "Philosophy of History" of the good Abbé Bazin, that no author ever cited a passage of Moses before Longinus, who lived and died in the time of the Emperor Aurelian. Forthwith, the zeal of St. Francis was kindled in him. Viret cries out that it is not true, for that several writers have said that there had been a Moses, that even Josephus has spoken at length upon him, and that the Abbé Bazin is a wretch, who would destroy the seven sacraments. But, dear Father Viret, you ought to inform yourself of the meaning of the word, to *cite*. There is a great deal of difference between mentioning an author and citing him. To speak, to make mention of an author, is to say, that he has lived—that he has written in such a time; to cite, is to give one of his passages—as Moses says in his Exodus—as Moses has written in his Genesis. Now the Abbé Bazin affirms, that no foreign writers—that none even of the Jewish prophets, have ever quoted a single passage of Moses, though he was a divine author. Truly, Father Viret, you are very malicious, but we shall know at least, by this little paragraph, that *you* have been an author.

The most voluminous authors that we have had in France, are the comptrollers-general of the finances. Ten great volumes might be made of their declarations, since the reign of Louis XIV. Parliaments have been sometimes the critics of these works, and have found erroneous propositions and contradictions in them. But where are the good authors, who have not been censured?

AUTHORITY.

Miserable human beings, whether in green robes, or in turbans—whether in black gowns or surplices, or in mantles and bands, never seek to employ authority where nothing is concerned but reason, or consent to be reviled in all ages as the most impertinent of men, as well as to endure public hatred as the most unjust.

You have been told a hundred times of the insolent absurdity with which you condemned Galileo, and I speak to you of it for the hundred and first. I would have you keep the anniversary of it for ever. I would have it inscribed over the door of your holy office.

Seven cardinals, assisted by certain minorite friars, threw into prison the master of thinking in Italy at the age of seventy; and made him live upon bread and water because he instructed mankind in that of which they were ignorant.

Having passed a decree in favour of the categories of Aristotle, the above junto learnedly and equitably doomed to the penalty of the gallies whoever should dare to be of another opinion from the Stagyrite, of whom two councils had burnt the books.

Further, a Faculty, which possessed very small faculties, made a decree *against* innate ideas, and afterwards another *for* them, without the said Faculty being informed, except by its beadles, of what an idea was.

In neighbouring schools, legal proceedings were commenced against the circulation of the blood.

A process was issued against inoculation, and the parties cited by summons.

One and twenty volumes of thoughts in folio have been seized, in which it was wickedly and falsely said that triangles have always three angles; that a father was older than his son; that Rhea Silvia lost her virginity before her accouchement; and that farina differs from oak leaves.

In another year, the following question was decided:—"Utrum chimæra bombinans in vacuo possit comedere secundas intentiones?" and decided in the affirmative.

These judges, of course, considered themselves much superior to Archimedes,

Euclid, Cicero, or Pliny, and strutted about the Universities accordingly.

AXIS.

How is it that the axis of the earth is not perpendicular to the equator? Why is it raised towards the north and inclined towards the south pole, in a position which does not appear natural, and which seems the consequence of some derangement, or the result of a period of a prodigious number of years?

Is it true, that the ecliptic continually inclines by an insensible movement towards the equator, and that the angle formed by these two lines has a little diminished in two thousand years?

Is it true that the ecliptic has been formerly perpendicular to the equator, that the Egyptians have said so, and that Herodotus has related it? This motion of the ecliptic would form a period of about two millions of years. It is not that which astounds us; for the axis of the earth has an imperceptible movement in about twenty-six thousand years, which occasions the precession of the equinoxes. It is as easy for nature to produce a rotation of twenty thousand, as of two hundred and sixty ages.

We are deceived when we are told that the Egyptians had, according to Herodotus, a tradition that the ecliptic had been formerly perpendicular to the equator. The tradition of which Herodotus speaks has no relation to the coincidence of the equinoxial and ecliptic lines; that is quite another affair.

The pretended scholars of Egypt said that the sun, in the space of eleven thousand years, had set twice in the east, and risen twice in the west. When the equator and the ecliptic coincided, and when the days were everywhere equal to the nights, the sun did not on that account change its setting and rising; but the earth turned on its axis from west to east, as at this day. This idea of making the sun set in the east is a chimera only worthy of the brains of the priests of Egypt, and shows the profound ignorance of those jugglers who have had so much reputation. The tale should be classed with those of the satyrs, who sang and danced in the train of Osiris; with the little boys, whom they would not feed till after they had run eight leagues, to teach them to conquer the world; with the two children who cried *bec* in asking for bread, and who by that means discovered that the Phrygian was the original language; with King Psammeticus, who gave his daughter to a thief who had dexterously stolen his money, &c. &c.

Ancient history, ancient astronomy, ancient physics, ancient medicine (up to Hippocrates), ancient geography, ancient metaphysics, all are nothing but ancient absurdities, which ought to make us feel the happiness of being born in later times.

There is, no doubt, more truth in two pages of the French Encyclopedia in relation to physics, than in all the library of Alexandria, the loss of which is so much regretted.

BABEL.

SECTION I.

Babel signifies among the Orientals, God the Father, the power of God, the gate of God, according to the way in which the word is pronounced. It appears, therefore, that Babylon was the city of God, the holy city. Every capital of a state was a city of God, the sacred city. The Greeks called them all Hieropolis, and there were more than thirty of this name. The tower of Babel, then, signifies the tower of God the Father.

Josephus says truly, that Babel signifies confusion; Calmet says, with others, that Bilba, in Chaldean, signifies confounded; but all the Orientals have been of a contrary opinion. The word confusion would be a strange etymon for the capital of a vast empire. I very much like the opinion of Rabelais, who pretends that Paris was formerly called Lutetia, on account of the ladies' white legs.

Be that as it may, commentators have tormented themselves to know to what height men had raised this famous tower

of Babel. St. Jerome gives it twenty thousand feet. The ancient Jewish book, entitled, "Jacult," gave it eighty-one thousand. Paul Lucas has seen the remains of it, and it is a fine thing to be as keen-sighted as Paul Lucas: but these dimensions are not the only difficulties which have exercised the learned.

People have wished to know how the children of Noah, after having divided among themselves the islands of the nations and established themselves in divers lands, with each one his particular language, families, and people, should all find themselves in the plain of Shinaar, to build there a tower, saying, "Let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth."

The book of Genesis speaks of the states which the sons of Noah founded. It has related how the people of Europe, Africa, and Asia, all came to Shinaar speaking one language only, and purposing the same thing.

The Vulgate places the Deluge in the year of the world 1656, and the construction of the tower of Babel 1771; that is to say, one hundred and fifteen years after the destruction of mankind, and even during the life of Noah.

Men then must have multiplied with prodigious celerity; all the arts revived in a very little time. When we reflect on the great number of trades which must have been employed to raise a tower so high, we are amazed at so stupendous a work.

The Patriarch Abraham was born, according to the Bible, about four hundred years after the Deluge, and already we see a line of powerful kings in Egypt and in Asia. Bochart, and other sages, have pleasantly filled their great books with Phœnician and Chaldean words and systems which they do not understand. They have learnedly taken Thrace for Cappadocia, Greece for Crete, and the island of Cyprus for Tyre; they sport in an ocean of ignorance, which has neither bottom nor shore. It would have been shorter for them to have avowed that God, after several ages, has given us sacred books to render us better men, and not to make us geographers, chronologists, or etymologists.

Babel is Babylon: it was founded, according to the Persian historians, by a prince named Tamurath. The only knowledge we have of its antiquities, consists in the astronomical observations of nineteen hundred and three years, sent by Callisthenes, by order of Alexander, to his preceptor Aristotle. To this certainty is joined the extreme probability, that a nation which had made a series of celestial observations for nearly two thousand years, had congregated and formed a considerable power several ages before the first of these observations.

It is a pity, that none of the calculations of the ancient profane authors agree with our sacred ones; and that none of the names of the princes who reigned after the different epochs assigned to the Deluge, have been known by either Egyptians, Syrians, Babylonians, or Greeks.

It is no less a pity, that there remains not on the earth, among the profane authors, one vestige of the famous tower of Babel: nothing of this story of the confusion of tongues is found in any book. This memorable adventure was as unknown to the whole universe, as the names of Noah, Methusalem, Cain, and Adam and Eve.

This difficulty tantalises our curiosity. Herodotus, who travelled so much, speaks neither of Noah, or Shem, Reu, Salah, or Nimrod. The name of Nimrod is unknown to all profane antiquity; there are only a few Arabs, and some modern Persians, who have made mention of Nimrod, in falsifying the books of the Jews.

Nothing remains to conduct us through these ancient ruins, unknown to all the nations of the universe during so many ages, but faith in the Bible; and happily, that is an infallible guide.

Herodotus, who has mingled many fables with some truths, pretends that in his time, which was that of greatest power of the Persian sovereigns of Babylon, all

the women of the immense city were obliged to go once in their lives to the temple of Mylitta, a goddess which was thought to be the same as Aphrodite, or Venus, in order to prostitute themselves to strangers; and that the law commanded them to receive money as a sacred tribute, which was paid over to the priesthood of the goddess.

But even this Arabian tale is more likely than that which the same author tells of Cyrus dividing the Indus into three hundred and sixty canals, which all discharged themselves into the Caspian Sea! What should we say of Mezerai, if he had told us that Charlemagne divided the Rhine into three hundred and sixty canals, which fell into the Mediterranean; and that all the ladies of his court were obliged once in their lives to present themselves at the church of St. Genevieve, to prostitute themselves to all comers for money?

It must be remarked, that such a fable is still more absurd in relation to the time of Xerxes, in which Herodotus lived, than it would be in that of Charlemagne. The Orientals were a thousand times more jealous than the Franks and Gauls. The wives of all the great lords were carefully guarded by eunuchs. This custom subsisted from time immemorial. It is seen even in the Jewish history, that when that little nation wished like the others to have a king, Samuel, to dissuade them from it, and to retain his authority, said, "that a king would tyrannise over them, and that he would take the tenths of their vines and corn to give to his eunuchs." The kings accomplished this prediction; for it is written in the first book of kings, that King Ahab had eunuchs, and in the second that Joram, Jehu, Jehoiakim, and Zedekias, had them also.

The eunuchs of Pharoah are spoken of a long time previously, in the book of Genesis; and it is said that Potiphar, to whom Joseph was sold, was one of the king's eunuchs. It is clear, therefore, that there were great numbers of eunuchs at Babylon to guard the women. It was not, then, a duty for them to prostitute themselves to the first comer, nor was Babylon, the city of God, a vast brothel, as it has been pretended.

These tales of Herodotus, as well as all others in the same taste, are now so decried by all people of sense—reason has made so great a progress, that even old women and children will no longer believe such extravagancies—"Non est vetula quæ credat nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum ære lavantur."

There is in our days only one man who, not partaking of the spirit of the age in which he lives, would justify the fable of Herodotus. The infamy appears to him a very simple affair. He would prove, that the Babylonian princesses prostituted themselves through piety to the first passengers, because it is said in the holy writing, that the Ammonites made their children pass through the fire in presenting them to Moloch. But what relation has this custom of some barbarous hordes—this superstition of passing their children through the flames, or even of burning them on piles, in honour of I know not who—of Moloch; these Iroquois horrors of a petty infamous people, to a prostitution so incredible, in a nation known to be the most jealous and orderly of the East? Would what passes among the Iroquois be among us a proof of the customs of the Courts of France and of Spain?

He also brings, in further proof, the Lupercal feast among the Romans, during which, he says, that the young people of quality, and respectable magistrates, ran naked through the city with whips in their hands, with which they struck the pregnant women of quality, who unblushingly presented themselves to them, in the hope of thereby obtaining a happy deliverance.

Now, in the first place, it is not said that these Romans of quality ran quite naked; on the contrary, Plutarch expressly observes, in his remarks on the custom, that they were covered from the waist downwards.

Secondly, it seems by the manner in which this defender of infamous customs expresses himself, that the Roman ladies stripped naked to receive these blows of the whip, which is absolutely false.

Thirdly, the Lupercal feast has no relation whatever to the pretended law of Babylon, which commands the wives and daughters of the king, the satraps, and the magi, to sell and prostitute themselves to strangers out of pure devotion.

When an author, without knowing either the human mind or the manners of nations, has the misfortune to be obliged to compile from passages of old authors, who are almost all contradictory, he should advance his opinions with modesty, and know how to doubt, and to shake off the dust of the college. Above all, he should never express himself with outrageous insolence.

Herodotus, or Cetesias, or Diodorus of Sicily, relate a fact: you have read it in Greek, therefore this fact is true. This manner of reasoning, which is not that of Euclid, is surprising enough in the time in which we live; but all minds will not be instructed with equal facility; and there are always more persons who compile than people who think.

We will say nothing here of the confusion of tongues which took place during the construction of the tower of Babel. It is a miracle, related in the Holy Scriptures. We neither explain, nor even examine any miracles; and as the authors of that great work, the Encyclopedia, believed them, we also believe them with a lively and sincere faith.

We will simply affirm, that the fall of the Roman empire has produced more confusion, and a greater number of new languages than that of the tower of Babel. From the reign of Augustus to the time of the Attilas, the Clovises, and the Gondiberts, during six ages, "terra erat unius labii,"—"the known earth was of one language." They spoke the same Latin at the Euphrates as at Mount Atlas. The laws which governed a hundred nations were written in Latin, and the Greek served for amusement, whilst the barbarous jargon of each province was only for the populace. They pleaded in Latin, at once in the tribunals of Africa and of Rome. An inhabitant of Cornwall departed for Asia Minor, sure of being understood everywhere in his route. It was at least one good effected by the rapacity of the Romans, that people found themselves as well understood on the Danube as on the Guadalquiver. At the present time, a Bergamask, who travels into the small Swiss cantons, from which he is only separated by a mountain, has the same need of an interpreter as if he were at China. This is one of the greatest plagues of modern life.

SECTION II.

Vanity has always raised stately monuments. It was through vanity that men built the lofty tower of Babel. "Let us go and raise a tower, the summit of which shall touch the skies, and render our name celebrated before we are scattered upon the face of the earth." The enterprise was undertaken in the time of a patriarch named Phaleg, who counted the good man Noah for his fifth ancestor. It will be seen that architecture, and all the arts which accompany it, had made great progress in five generations. St. Jerome, the same who has seen fauns and satyrs, has not seen the tower of Babel any more than I have, but he assures us that it was twenty thousand feet high. This is a trifle. The ancient book "Jacult," written by one of the most learned Jews, demonstrates the height to be eighty-one thousand Jewish feet; and every one knows that the Jewish foot was nearly as long as the Greek. These dimensions are still more likely than those of Jerome. This tower remains, but it is no longer quite so high; several very veracious travellers have seen it. I, who have not seen it, will talk as little of it as of my grandfather Adam, with whom I never had the honour of conversing. But consult the reverend father Calmet; he is a man of fine wit, and a profound philoso-

pher, and will explain the thing to you. I do not know why it is said, in Genesis, that Babel signifies confusion; for, as I have already observed, *ba* answers to father in the eastern languages, and *bel* signifies God. Babel means the city of God, the holy city. But it is incontestible that Babel meant confusion, possibly because the architects were confounded after having raised their work to eighty-one thousand feet; perhaps, because the languages were then confounded, as from that time the Germans no longer understood the Chinese; although, according to the learned Bochart, it is clear that the Chinese is originally the same language as the High German.

BACCHUS.

Of all the true or fabulous personages of profane antiquity, Bacchus is to us the most important. I do not mean for the fine invention which is attributed to him by all the world except the Jews, but for the prodigious resemblance of his fabulous history to the true adventures of Moses.

The ancient poets have placed the birth of Bacchus in Egypt; he is exposed on the Nile, and it is from that event that he is named *Mises* by the first Orpheus, which, in Egyptian, signifies "saved from the waters," according to those who pretend to understand the ancient Egyptian tongue, which is no longer known. He is brought up near a mountain of Arabia, called Nisa, which is believed to be Mount Sinai. It is pretended that a goddess ordered him to go and destroy a barbarous nation, and that he passed through the Red Sea on foot, with a multitude of men, women, and children. Another time, the river Orontes suspended its waters right and left to let him pass, and the Hydaspes did the same. He commanded the sun to stand still; two luminous rays proceeded from his head. He made a fountain of wine spout up by striking the ground with his thyrsis, and engraved his laws on two tables of marble. He wanted only to have afflicted Egypt with ten plagues, to be the perfect copy of Moses.

Vossius is, I think, the first who has extended this parallel. The Bishop of Avranches, Huet, has pushed it quite as far; but he adds, in his Evangelical Demonstrations, that not only Moses is Bacchus, but that he is also Osiris and Typhon. He does not halt in this fine path. Moses, according to him, is Esculapius, Amphion, Apollo, Adonis, and even Priapus. It is pleasant enough that Huet founds his proof, that Moses is Adonis, in their both keeping sheep:—

Et formosas oves, ad flumina pavit Adonis.

He contends that he is Priapus, because Priapus is sometimes painted with an ass, and the Jews were supposed, among the Gentiles, to adore an ass. He gives another proof, not very canonical, which is, that the rod of Moses might be compared to the sceptre of Priapus.—"Sceptrum tribuitur Priapo, virga Mosi." Neither is this demonstration in the manner of Euclid.

We will not here speak of the more modern Bacchuses, such as he who lived two hundred years before the Trojan war, and whom the Greeks celebrated as a son of Jupiter, shut up in his thigh. We will pause at him who was supposed to be born on the confines of Egypt, and to have performed so many prodigies. Our respect for the sacred Jewish books will not permit us to doubt that the Egyptians, the Arabs, and even the Greeks, have imitated the history of Moses. The difficulty consists solely in not knowing how they could be instructed in this incontrovertible history. With respect to the Egyptians, it is very likely that they never recorded these miracles of Moses, which would have covered them with shame. If they had said a word of it, the historians Josephus and Philo would not have failed to have taken advantage of it. Josephus, in his answer to Appion, made a point of citing all the Egyptian authors who have mentioned Moses, and he finds none which relate one of these miracles. No Jew has ever quoted any

Egyptian author who has said a word of the ten plagues of Egypt, of the miraculous passage through the Red Sea, &c. &c. It could not be among the Egyptians, therefore, that this scandalous parallel was formed between the divine Moses and the profane Bacchus.

It is very clear that, if a single Egyptian author had said a word of the great miracles of Moses, all the synagogue of Alexandria, all the disputatious church of that famous town, would have quoted such word, and have triumphed at it, every one after his manner. Athenagorus, Clement, Origen, who have said so many useless things, would have related this important passage a thousand times, and it would have been the strongest argument of all the fathers. The whole have kept a profound silence; they had, therefore, nothing to say. But how was it possible for any Egyptian to speak of the exploits of a man who caused all the first-born of the families of Egypt to be killed; who turned the Nile to blood, and who drowned in the Red Sea their king and all his army?

All our historians agree that one Clodowick, a Sicambrian, subjugated Gaul with a handful of barbarians. The English are the first to say that the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, came by turns to exterminate a part of their nation. If they had not avowed this truth, all Europe would have exclaimed against its concealment. The universe ought to exclaim in the same manner at the amazing prodigies of Moses, of Joshua, of Gideon, Sampson, and of so many leaders and prophets. The universe is silent notwithstanding. Amazing mystery! On one side it is palpable that all is true, since it is found in the holy writings, which are approved by the church; on the other, it is evident that no people have ever mentioned it. Let us worship Providence, and submit ourselves in all things.

The Arabs, who have always loved the marvellous, were probably the first authors of the fables invented of Bacchus, afterwards adopted and embellished by the Greeks. But how came the stories of the Arabs and Greeks to agree so well with those of the Jews? It is known that the Hebrews never communicated their books to any one, till the time of the Ptolemies; they regarded such communication as a sacrilege: and Josephus, to justify their obstinacy in concealing the Pentateuch from the rest of the world, says, that God punished all foreigners who dared to speak of the Jewish histories. If we are to believe him, the historian Theopompus, for only designing to mention them in his work, became deranged for thirty days; and the tragic poet Theodectes was struck blind for having introduced the name of the Jews into one of his tragedies. Such are the excuses that Flavius Josephus gives in his answer to Appion, for the history of the Jews being so long unknown.

These books were of such prodigious scarcity, that we only hear of one copy under King Josiah, and this copy had been lost for a long time, and was found in the bottom of a chest, on the report of Shaphan, scribe to the Pontiff Hilkiah, who carried it to the King.

This circumstance happened, according to the second book of Kings, six hundred and twenty-four years before our vulgar era; four hundred years after Homer; and in the most flourishing times of Greece. The Greeks then scarcely knew that there were any Hebrews in the world. The captivity of the Jews at Babylon still more augmented their ignorance of their own books. Esdras must have restored them at the end of seventy years, and it was already more than five hundred years that the fable of Bacchus had been current among the Greeks.

If the Greeks had founded their fables on the Jewish history, they would have chosen facts more interesting to mankind; such as the adventures of Abraham, those of Noah, of Methusalem, of Seth, Enoch, Cain, and Eve; of the fatal serpent and of the tree of knowledge; all

which names have ever been unknown to them. There was only a slight knowledge of the Jewish people, until a long time after the revolution that Alexander produced in Asia and in Europe; the historian Josephus avows it in formal terms. This is the manner in which he expresses himself in the commencement of his reply to Appion, who (by way of parenthesis) was dead when he answered him; for Appion died under the Emperor Claudius, and Josephus wrote under Vespasian.

"As the country we inhabit is distant from the sea, we do not apply ourselves to commerce, and have no communication with other nations. We content ourselves with cultivating our lands, which are very fertile, and we labour chiefly to bring up our children properly, because nothing appears to us so necessary as to instruct them in the knowledge of our holy laws, and in true piety, which inspires them with the desire of observing them. The above reasons, added to others already mentioned, and this manner of life which is peculiar to us, show why we have had no communication with the Greeks, like the Egyptians and Phœnicians. Is it astonishing that our nation, so distant from the sea, not affecting to write anything, and living in the way which I have related, has been little known?"

After such an authentic avowal from a Jew, the most tenacious of the honour of his nation that has ever written, it will be seen that it is impossible for the ancient Greeks to have taken the fable of Bacchus from the holy books of the Hebrews; any more than the sacrifice of Iphigenia, that of the son of Idomeneus, the labours of Hercules, the adventure of Eurydice, and others. The quantity of ancient tales which resemble each other is prodigious. How is it that the Greeks have put into fables what the Hebrews have put into histories? Was it by the gift of invention; was it by a facility of imitation; or in consequence of the accordance of fine minds? To conclude: God has permitted it—a truth which ought to suffice.

Of what consequence is it that the Arabs and Greeks have said the same things as the Jews? We only read the Old Testament to prepare ourselves for the New; and in neither the one nor the other do we seek anything but lessons of benevolence, moderation, gentleness, and true charity.

BACON (ROGER).

It is generally thought that Roger Bacon, the famous monk of the thirteenth century, was a very great man, and that he possessed true knowledge, because he was persecuted and condemned to prison by a set of ignoramuses. It is a great prejudice in his favour, I own. But does it not happen every day, that quacks gravely condemn other quacks, and that fools make other fools pay the penalty of folly? This, our world, has for a long time resembled the compact edifices, in which he who believes in the eternal Father anathematizes him who believes in the Holy Ghost; circumstances which are not very rare even in these days. Among the things which render Friar Bacon commendable, we must first reckon his imprisonment, and then the noble boldness with which he declared that all the books of Aristotle were fit only to be burnt, and that at a time when the learned respected Aristotle much more than the Jansenists respect St. Augustine. Has Roger Bacon, however, done anything better than the Poetics, the Rhetoric, and the Logic of Aristotle? These three immortal works clearly prove that Aristotle was a very great and fine genius—penetrating, profound, and methodical; and that he was only a bad natural philosopher, because it was impossible to penetrate into the depths of physical science without the aid of instruments.

Does Roger Bacon, in his best work, in which he treats of light and vision, express himself much more clearly than Aristotle, when he says, light is created by means of multiplying its luminous

species, which action is called univocal and conformable to the agent? He also mentions another equivocal multiplication, by which light engenders heat, and heat, putrefaction.

Roger Bacon likewise tells us, that life may be prolonged by means of spermaceti, aloes, and dragons' flesh, and that the philosopher's stone would render us immortal. It is thought that besides these fine secrets, he possessed all those of judicial astrology, without exception; as he affirms very positively in his "Opus Majus," that the head of man is subject to the influences of the Ram, his neck to those of the Bull, and his arms to the power of the Twins. He even demonstrates these fine things from experience, and highly praises a great astrologer at Paris, who says, that he hindered a surgeon from putting a plaister on the leg of an invalid, because the sun was then in the sign of Aquarius, and Aquarius is fatal to legs to which plaisters are applied.

It is an opinion pretty generally received, that Roger was the inventor of gunpowder. It is certain that it was in his time that important discovery was made; for I always remark that the spirit of invention is of all times, and that the doctors, or sages, who govern both mind and body, are generally profoundly ignorant, foolishly prejudiced, or at war with common sense. It is usually among obscure men, that artists are found animated with a superior instinct, who invent admirable things on which the learned afterwards reason.

* * * * * *

One thing surprises me much, which is, that Friar Bacon knew not the direction of the magnetic needle, which, in his time, began to be understood in Italy; but in lieu thereof, he was acquainted with the secret of the hazel rod, and many such things, of which he treats in his Dignity of the Experimental Art.

Yet, notwithstanding this pitiable number of absurdities and chimeras, it must be confessed that Roger Bacon was an admirable man for his age. What age? you will ask,—that of feudal government, and of the schoolmen. Figure to yourself Samoieds and Ostiacs, who read Aristotle. Such were we at that time.

Roger Bacon knew a little of geometry and optics, which made him pass for a sorcerer at Rome and Paris. He was, however, really acquainted with the matter contained in the Arabian *Alhazen*; for in those days little was known, except through the Arabs. They were the physicians and astrologers of all the Christian kings. The king's fool was always a native,—his doctor, an Arab or a Jew.

Transport this Bacon to the times in which we live, and he would be, no doubt, a very great man. He was gold, encrusted with the rust of the times in which he lived: this gold would now be quickly purified.

Poor creatures that we are! How many ages have passed away in acquiring a little reason!

BACON (FRANCIS)

SECTION I.

The greatest service, perhaps, rendered to philosophy by Francis Bacon, has been that of suggesting attraction.

He says, on the close of the sixteenth century, in his "Novum Organum Scientiarum:"—

"It should be inquired whether there be not a kind of magnetic force, which operates between the earth and heavy bodies; between the moon and the ocean, and between the planets respectively. It must either be, that weighty substances are forced towards the earth, or that they are mutually attracted; and in this last case it is evident, that the nearer falling bodies approach to the earth the more strongly they are attracted. It might be tried, whether a pendulum of the same weight would go quicker on the top of a mountain than at the bottom of a mine. If the force of the weight diminishes on the mountain, and increases in the mine, it would appear that the earth has a true attraction."

About a hundred years afterwards this attraction, this gravitation, this universal property of matter, this cause which retains the planets in their orbits, which acts in the sun, and which directs an iron bar towards the centre of the earth, has been discovered, calculated, and demonstrated by the great Newton. But what sagacity in Bacon to have imagined what no one else had ever thought of!

This is a very different notion from the subtle matter produced by tubular atoms, which sometimes turn about themselves, although in a plenum, or from the globular matter formed of such particles. These ridiculous opinions were received for some time among the curious. They formed a very bad romance; but not only succeeded, like Cyrus and Pharamond, but were embraced as a truth by people who endeavoured to think. If we except Bacon, Galileo, Toricelli, and a very small number of sages, the world was then quite blind on the subject of physics.

These blind philosophers quitted Greek chimeras for chimeras of vortices and tubular atoms, and when at last attraction and gravitation are discovered and demonstrated, they declaim about occult qualities. Alas! are not all the primary principles of nature occult qualities to us? The causes of motion, repulsion, generation; the immutability of the various species of sentiment, memory, and thought —are they not all profoundly concealed?

Bacon suspected, and Newton demonstrated, the existence of a principle, until then unknown. Men must abide by it until they become gods. Newton was wise enough in demonstrating the laws of attraction to say, that he was ignorant of the cause of it. He added, that it was perhaps an impulse, perhaps a light substance, prodigiously elastic, spread throughout nature. He apparently endeavours, by these perhapses, to reconcile minds which are scared at the word attraction, and at a property of matter which acts throughout the universe without apparent contact.

SECTION II.

It is not long since the following useless and frivolous question was agitated in a celebrated company:—"Which was the greatest man, Cæsar, Alexander, Tamerlane, or Cromwell?" Some one replied, without contradiction, that the greatest man was Sir Isaac Newton. This person was right, for if true greatness consists in having received a powerful genius from heaven, and in making use of it to enlighten ourselves and others, such a man as Sir Isaac Newton, who is scarcely found in six centuries, is truly the great man; and politicians and conquerors, in which no age has been deficient, are generally nothing more than illustrious evils. It is to him who prevails over minds by the force of truth, and not to them who make slaves by violence; it is to him who knew the universe, rather than to those who disfigure it; that we owe respect.

The great Bacon was the son of a keeper of the seals, and for a long time chancellor himself under King James the First. Thus, in the midst of the intrigues of the court, and the duties of his situation, which required a man quite devoted to them, he found time to be a great philosopher, a good historian, and an elegant writer. What is still more astonishing, he lived in an age in which the art of good writing was still less known than sound philosophy. He has been, as it is the custom among men, more esteemed since his death than he was during his life. His enemies were in the court of London, his admirers were foreigners. When the Marquis d'Effiat carried the Princess Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry the Great, over to England to become the wife of King Charles I., that minister visited Bacon, who, being ill in bed, received him with the curtains drawn. "You resemble the angels," said d'Effiat to him, "whom we always hear spoken of, and believe to be superior to men, but never have the consolation of seeing them."

It is known that Bacon was accused of

a crime very unworthy of a philosopher, that of allowing himself to be corrupted by money. It is recorded, that he was condemned by the House of Peers to pay about four hundred thousand livres of our money, and to lose his office. Now the English so reverence his memory, that they will hardly confess that he was guilty. If my opinion were asked, I should make use of a speech which I have heard given to Lord Bolingbroke. Some one, speaking in his presence of the avarice of the Duke of Marlborough, quoted instances of it, for the truth of which he appealed to the testimony of Lord Bolingbroke, who, being of a contrary party, could have mentioned the duke's bad qualities with a good grace. "He was so great a man" answered Lord B. significantly, "I have forgotten his vices." In the like manner, I will confine myself to speaking of that which has gained Chancellor Bacon the esteem of Europe.

The most singular and the best of his works, is that which is at present the least read, and the most useful; I speak of his "Novum Organum Scientiarum." It was the scaffold by means of which experimental philosophy has been built, and now the edifice has been so far raised, the scaffold is no longer useful. Chancellor Bacon did not know nature, but he knew and indicated all the paths which led to her. He despised in good time what was taught by square-capped fools, under the name of philosophy, in houses called colleges; and he did all that depended upon him, whilst these societies, instituted for the acquirement of the perfection of human reason, continued to corrupt it by their *quiddities*, their *horror of a vacuum*, their *substantial forms*, and all those phrases, that ignorance had not only made respectable, but which a ridiculous involvement with religion had rendered sacred.

Bacon is the father of experimental philosophy. It is true that, before his time, astonishing secrets had been discovered; the compass, printing, plate-engraving, oil painting, glass, the art of assisting the sight of aged people by spectacles, gunpowder, &c., had all been previously invented, and a new world had been sought, found, and conquered. Who would not think that these sublime discoveries had been made by great philosophers, and in much more enlightened times than our own? Not at all—it was in times of scholastic barbarity, that these great changes were made on the earth. Chance only has produced almost all these inventions; it is even pretended that what is called chance had a great part in the discovery of America; at least, it has been believed that Christopher Columbus only undertook his voyage on the word of a captain of a ship, whom a tempest had thrown within sight of the Carribee islands. Be that as it may, men knew how to go round the world; they knew how to destroy towns with artificial thunder more terrible than the real; but they knew not the circulation of the blood, the weight of the air, the laws of motion and of light, the number of our planets, &c.—while a man who sustained a thesis on the categories of Aristotle, on the universal *à parte rei*, or some other folly, was regarded as a prodigy.

The most useful and astonishing inventions are not those which do the most honour to the human mind. It is to a mechanical instinct, possessed by most men, that we owe the greater proportion of the arts, and not to sound philosophy. The discoveries of fire, of the art of making bread, of melting and preparing metals, of building houses, and the invention of the shuttle, are all necessary before printing and the compass, yet all these were discovered by men while still savages. What a prodigious use of the mechanics did the Greeks and Romans make. Yet they believed in their time, that the heavens were of chrystal; and that the stars were little lamps which sometimes fell into the sea: and one of their greatest philosophers, after many researches, discovered that the said stars were flints which had been detached from the earth.

In a word, before Chancellor Bacon, experimental philosophy was not known,

and of all the experiments that have been made since, there is scarcely one which is not indicated in his book. He made several himself. He formed pneumatic machines, by which he divined the elasticity of the air; he has turned out to be the discoverer of its gravity. He touched upon it, and the truth was seized by Torricelli. In a little time after, physical experiments suddenly began to be cultivated in almost all parts of Europe. It was a hidden treasure, which Bacon had suspected, and which all the philosophers, encouraged by his suggestions, endeavoured to dig for. We have seen that he describes, in express terms, the principles of that attraction of which Newton passes for the inventor.

This precursor of philosophy has also been an elegant writer, an historian, and a wit. His Moral Essays are much esteemed, but they are more instructive than amusing, and not being a satire on human nature, like the Maxims of Rochefoucault, nor of the school of scepticism, like those of Montaigne, they are less read than his greater works. His life of Henry VII. has passed for a masterpiece; but how is it that some persons dare compare so small a work with the history of our illustrious De Thou? In speaking of the famous impostor Perkin, the son of a converted Jew, who, encouraged by the Duchess of Burgundy, so boldly took the name of Richard IV. and disputed the crown with Henry VII., Chancellor Bacon thus expresses himself:—"About this time King Henry was beset by malicious spirits, raised by the magic of the Duchess of Burgundy, who conjured up from hell the shade of Edward IV., to come and torment King Henry. When the Duchess had instructed Perkin, she began to deliberate in which region of heaven this comet should appear, and resolved that it should first illuminate the horizon of Ireland." It seems to me, that De Thou deals but little in this style of bombast, which was formerly mistaken for the sublime, but which is now rightly denominated jargon.

BANISHMENT.

Banishment for a term of years, or for life:—a penalty inflicted on delinquents, or on individuals who are wished to be considered as such.

Not long ago it was the custom to banish from within the limits of the jurisdiction, for petty thefts, forgeries, and assaults; the result of which was, that the offender became a great robber, forger, or murderer, in some other jurisdiction. This is like throwing into a neighbour's field the stones that incommode us in our own.

Those who have written on the laws of nations, have tormented themselves greatly to determine, whether a man who has been banished from his country can justly be said still to belong to that country. It might almost as well be asked whether a gambler, who has been driven away from a gaming table, is still one of the players at that table.

If by the law of nature a man is permitted to choose his country, still more is the man who has lost the rights of a citizen, at liberty to choose himself a new country. May he bear arms against his former fellow-citizens? Of this we have a thousand examples. How many French protestants, naturalised in England, Holland, or Germany, have served, not only against France, but against armies in which their relatives, their own brothers, have fought? The Greeks in the armies of the King of Persia fought against the Greeks their old fellow-countrymen. The Swiss in the service of Holland have fired upon the Swiss in the service of France. This is even worse than fighting against those who have banished you; for, after all, drawing the sword in revenge does not seem so bad as drawing it for hire.

BAPTISM.

A Greek word, signifying Immersion.

SECTION I.

We do not speak of baptism as theologians; we are but poor men of letters, who shall never enter the sanctuary.

The Indians plunge, and have from

time immemorial, plunged into the Ganges. Mankind, always guided by their senses, easily imagined that what purified the body likewise purified the soul. In the subterraneous apartments under the Egyptian temples, there were large tubs for the priests and the initiated.

> O nimiùm faciles qui tristia crimina caedis
> Fluminea tolli posse putatis aquâ!

Old Baudier, when he was eighty, made the following comic translation of these lines:—

> C'est une drole de maxime,
> Qu'une lessive efface un crime.

> One can't but think it somewhat droll
> Pump-water thus should cleanse a soul.

Every sign being of itself indifferent, God vouchsafed to consecrate this custom amongst the Hebrew people. All foreigners that came to settle in Palestine were baptized: they were called domiciliary proselytes.

They were not forced to receive circumcision, but only to embrace the seven precepts of the Noachides, and to sacrifice to no strange god. The proselytes of justice were circumcised and baptised: the female proselytes were also baptised, quite naked, in the presence of three men.

The most devout among the Jews went and received baptism from the hands of the prophets most venerated by the people. Hence it was that they flocked to St. John, who baptised in the Jordan.

Jesus Christ himself, who never baptised any one, deigned to receive baptism from St. John. This custom, which had long been an accessory of the Jewish religion, received new dignity, new value from our Saviour, and became the chief rite, the principal seal of Christianity. However, the first fifteen bishops of Jerusalem were Jews. The Christians of Palestine long continued to circumcise. St. John's Christians never received baptism from Christ.

Several other Christian societies applied a cautery to the baptised, with a red-hot iron, being determined to the performance of this extraordinary operation by the words of St. John the Baptist, related by St. Luke—"I baptise you with water; but he that cometh after me shall baptise you with fire."

This was practised by the Seleucians, the Herminians, and some others. The words "he shall baptise you with fire," have never been explained. There are several opinions concerning the baptism by fire, which is mentioned by St. Luke and St. Matthew. Perhaps the most likely opinion is, that it was an allusion to the ancient custom of the devotees to the Syrian goddess, who, after plunging into water, imprinted characters on their bodies with a hot iron. With miserable man, all was superstition; but Jesus substituted for these ridiculous superstitions, a sacred ceremony—a divine and efficacious symbol.

In the first ages of Christianity, nothing was more common than to postpone the receiving of baptism until the last agony. Of this the example of the emperor Constantine is a very strong proof. St. Andrew had not been baptised when he was made bishop of Milan. The custom of deferring the use of the sacred bath until the hour of death, was soon abolished.

Baptism of the Dead.

The dead also were baptised. This is established by the passage of St. Paul to the Corinthians:—"If we rise not again, what shall they do that receive baptism from the dead?" Here is a point of fact. Either the dead themselves were baptised, or baptism was received in their names, as indulgences have since been received for the deliverance of the souls of friends and relatives out of purgatory.

St. Epiphanius and St. Chrysostom inform us, that it was a custom in some Christian societies, and principally among the Marcionites, to put a living man under the dead man's bed; he was then asked, if he would be baptised; the living man answered, yes; and the corpse was taken and plunged into a tub of water. This custom was soon condemned. St. Paul mentions it but he does not con-

demn it; on the contrary, he cites it as an invincible argument to prove resurrection.

Baptism by Aspersion.

The Greeks always retained baptism by immersion. The Latins, about the close of the eighth century, having extended their religion into Gaul and Germany, and seeing that immersion might be fatal to infants in cold countries, substituted simple aspersion, and thus drew upon themselves frequent anathemas from the Greek church.

St. Cyprian, bishop of Carthage, was asked, if those were really baptised who had only had their bodies sprinkled all over. He answers, in his seventy-sixth letter, that several churches did not believe the sprinkled to be Christian; that, for his own part, he believes that they are so, but that they have infinitely less grace than those who have been thrice dipped, according to custom.

A person was initiated among the Christians as soon as he was dipped; until then he was only a catechumen. To be initiated, it was necessary to have sponsors, to answer to the Church for the fidelity of the new Christians, and that the mysteries should not be divulged. Hence it was, that in the first ages, the Gentiles had, in general, as little knowledge of the Christian mysteries as the Christians had of the mysteries of Isis and the Eleusinian Ceres.

Cyril of Alexandria, in his writing against the Emperor Julian, expresses himself thus—"I would speak of baptism, but that I fear my words would reach them who are not initiated." At that time there was no worship without its mysteries, its associations, its catechumens, its initiated, and its professed. Each sect required new virtues, and recommended to its penitents a new life—"initium novæ vitæ,"—whence the word initiation. The initiation of Christians, whether male or female, consisted in their being plunged quite naked into a tub of cold water, to which sign was attached the remission of all their sins. But the difference between Christian baptism and the Greek, Syrian, Egyptian, and Roman ceremonies, was the difference between truth and falsehood. Jesus Christ was the high-priest of the new law.

In the second century, infants began to be baptised: it was natural that the Christians should desire their children, who would have been damned without this sacrament, to be provided with it. It was at length concluded that they must receive it at the expiration of eight days, because that was the period at which, among the Jews, they were circumcised. In the Greek church, this is still the custom.

Such as died in the first week were damned, according to the most rigorous Fathers of the Church, But Peter Chrysologos, in the fifth century, imagined *limbo*, a sort of mitigated hell, or properly the border, the outskirt of hell, whither all infants dying without baptism go, and where the patriarchs remained until Jesus Christ's descent into hell. So that the opinion that Jesus Christ descended into limbo, and not into hell, has since then prevailed.

It was agitated, whether a Christian, in the desarts of Arabia, might be baptised with sand; this was answered in the negative. It was asked if rose-water might be used; it was decided that pure water would be necessary, but that muddy water might be made use of. It is evident that all this discipline depended on the discretion of the first pastors who established it.

The anabaptists, and some other communions out of the pale, have thought that no one should be baptised without a thorough knowledge of the merits of the case. You require, say they, a promise to be of the Christian society; but a child can make no engagement. You give it a sponsor; but this is an abuse of an ancient custom. The precaution was requisite in the first establishment. When strangers, adult men and women, came and presented themselves to be received into the society and share in the alms,

there was need of a guarantee to answer for their fidelity; it was necessary to make sure of them; they swore they would be Jews; but an infant is in a diametrically opposite case. It has often happened that a child baptised by Greeks at Constantinople, has afterwards been circumcised by Turks: a Christian at eight days old, and a Mussulman at thirty years, he has betrayed the oaths of his godfather.

This is one reason which the anabaptists might allege; it would hold good in Turkey, but it has never been admitted in Christian countries, where baptism ensures a citizen's condition. We must conform to the rights and laws of our country.

The Greeks re-baptise such of the Latins as pass from one of our Latin communions to the Greek communion. In the last century, it was the custom for these catechumens to pronounce the following words—"I spit upon my father and my mother, who had me ill baptised." This custom still exists, and will, perhaps, long continue to exist in the provinces.

Notions of rigid Unitarians concerning Baptism.

"It is evident, to whosoever is willing to reason without prejudice, that baptism is neither a mark of grace conferred, nor a seal of alliance, but simply a mark of profession.

"That baptism is not necessary, neither by necessity of precept, nor by necessity of means.

"That it was not instituted by Christ; and that it may be omitted by the Christian, without his suffering any inconvenience therefrom.

"That baptism should be administered neither to children, nor to adults, nor, in general, to any individual whatsoever.

"That baptism might be of service in the early infancy of Christianity, to those who quitted paganism, in order to make their profession of faith public, and give an authentic mark of it: but that now it is absolutely useless and altogether indifferent."

SECTION II.

Baptism, immersion in water, abstersion, purification by water, is of the highest antiquity. To be cleanly, was to be pure before the Gods. No priest ever dared to approach the altar with a soil upon his body. The natural inclination to transfer to the soul that which appertains to the body, led to the belief that lustrations and ablutions took away the stains of the soul as they removed those of the garments, and that washing the body washed the soul also. Hence the ancient custom of bathing in the Ganges, the waters of which were thought to be sacred; hence the lustrations so frequent among every people. The Oriental nations, inhabiting hot countries, were the most religiously attached to these customs.

The Jews were obliged to bathe after any pollution—after touching an unclean animal, touching a corpse, and on many other occasions.

When the Jews received among them a stranger converted to their religion, they baptised, after circumcising him; and if it was a woman, she was simply baptised—that is, dipped in water in the presence of three witnesses. This immersion was reputed to give the persons baptised a new birth, a new life: they became, at once, Jewish and pure. Children born before this baptism had no share in the inheritance of their brethren, born after them of a regenerated father and mother. So that, with the Jews, to be baptised and to be born again were the same thing; and this idea has remained attached to baptism down to the present day. Thus, when John the forerunner began to baptise in the Jordan, he did but follow an immemorial usage. The priests of the law did not call him to account for this baptising as for any thing new; but they accused him of arrogating to himself a right which belonged exclusively to them—as Roman catholic priests would have a right to complain, if a layman took upon himself to say mass. John was doing a lawful thing, but was doing it unlawfully.

John wished to have disciples, and he had them. He was chief of a sect among the lower orders of the people, and it cost him his life. It even appears that Jesus was at first among his disciples, since he was baptised by him in the Jordan, and John sent some of his own party to him a short time before his death.

The historian Josephus speaks of John, but not of Jesus—an incontestable proof that in his time John the Baptist had a greater reputation than he whom he baptised. A great multitude followed him, says that celebrated historian; and the Jews seemed disposed to undertake whatever he should command them.

From this passage it appears that John was not only the chief of a sect, but the chief of a party. Josephus adds, that he caused Herod some uneasiness. He did indeed make himself formidable to Herod, who at length put him to death; but Jesus meddled with none but the Pharisees. Josephus, therefore, mentions John as a man who had stirred up the Jews against King Herod; as one whose zeal had made him a state criminal; but Jesus, not having approached the court, was unknown to the historian Josephus.

The sect of John the Baptist differed widely in discipline from that of Jesus. In the Acts of the Apostles, we see that, twenty years after the execution of Jesus, Apollos of Alexandria, though become a Christian, knew no baptism but that of John, nor had any idea of the Holy Ghost. Several travellers, and among others Chardin the most accredited of all, say that in Persia there still are disciples of John, called Sabis, who baptise in his name, and acknowledge Jesus as a prophet, but not as a God.

As for Jesus Christ himself, he received baptism, but conferred it on no one: his apostles baptised the catechumens, or circumcised them, as occasion required: this is evident, from the operation of circumcision performed by Paul on his disciple Timothy.

It also appears that when the Apostles baptised, it was always in the name of Jesus Christ alone. The Acts of the Apostles do not mention any one baptised in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;—whence it may be concluded, that the author of the Acts of the Apostles knew nothing of Matthew's gospel, in which it is said—"Go and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The Christian religion had not yet received its form. Even the Symbol, which was called the Symbol of the Apostles, was not made until after their time: of this no one has any doubt. In Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, we find a very singular custom which was then introduced—that of baptising the dead; but the rising Church soon reserved baptism for the living alone: at first, none were baptised but adults; and the ceremony was often deferred until the age of fifty, or the last sickness, that the individual might carry with him into the other world the unimpaired virtue of a baptism recently performed.

Now, all children are baptised: none but the anabaptists reserve this ceremony for the mature age; they plunge their whole bodies into the water. The Quakers, who compose a very numerous society in England and in America, do not use baptism: the reason is, that Jesus Christ did not baptise any of his disciples; and their aim is, to be Christians only as his disciples were—which occasions a very wide difference between them and other communions.

Addition to the Article Baptism *by the Abbé Nicaise.*

The Emperor Julian the *philosopher*, in his immortal Satire on the Cæsars, puts these words into the mouth of Constantius, son of Constantine—"Whosoever feels himself guilty of rape, murder, plunder, sacrilege, and every most abominable crime, so soon as I have washed him with this water, he shall be clean and pure."

It was, indeed, this fatal doctrine that occasioned the Christian emperors, and the great men of the empire, to defer their

baptism until death. They thought they had found the secret of living criminal and dying virtuous.

How strange an idea—that a pot of water should wash away every crime! Now, all children are baptised, because an idea no less absurd supposes them all criminal; they are all saved until they have the use of reason and the power to become guilty! Cut their throats, then, as quickly as possible, to ensure their entrance into paradise. This is so just a consequence, that there was once a devout sect that went about poisoning and killing all newly-baptised infants. These devout persons reasoned with perfect correctness, saying—"We do these little innocents the greatest possible good; we prevent them from being wicked and unhappy in this life, and we give them life eternal."

BARUCH, OR BARAK, AND DEBORAH;

AND, INCIDENTALLY, ON CHARIOTS OF WAR.

We have no intention here to enquire at what time Baruch was chief of the Jewish people; why, being chief, he allowed his army to be commanded by a woman; whether this woman, named Deborah, had married Lapidoth; whether she was the friend or relative of Baruch, or perhaps his daughter or his mother; nor on what day the battle of Thabor, in Galilee, was fought between this Deborah and Sisera, captain-general of the armies of King Jabin—which Sisera commanded in Galilee an army of three hundred thousand foot, ten thousand horse, and three thousand chariots of war, according to the historian Josephus.

We shall at present leave out of the question this Jabin, king of a village called Azor, who had more troops than the Grand Turk. We very much pity the fate of his grand-vizier Sisera, who, having lost the battle in Galilee, leaped from his chariot and four, that he might fly more swiftly on foot. He went and begged the hospitality of a holy Jewish woman, who gave him some milk, and drove a great cart-nail through his head while he was asleep. We are very sorry for it; but this is not the matter to be discussed. We wish to speak of chariots of war.

The battle was fought at the foot of Mount Thabor, near the river Kishon. Mount Thabor is a steep mountain, the branches of which, somewhat less in height, extend over a great part of Galilee. Betwixt this mountain and the neighbouring rocks, there is a small plain covered with great flint-stones, and impracticable for cavalry. The extent of this plain is four or five hundred paces. We may venture to believe that Sisera did not here draw up his three hundred thousand men in order of battle; his three thousand chariots would have found it difficult to manœuvre on such a field.

We may believe that the Hebrews had no chariots of war, in a country renowned only for asses; but the Asiatics made use of them in the great plains.

Confucius, or rather Confutze, says positively that, from time immemorial, each of the viceroys of the provinces was expected to furnish to the emperor a thousand war-chariots drawn by four horses.

Chariots must have been in use long before the Trojan war, for Homer does not speak of them as a new invention: but these chariots were not armed like those of Babylon; neither the wheels nor the axles were furnished with steel blades.

This invention must at first have been very formidable in large plains, especially when the chariots were numerous, driven with impetuosity, and armed with long pikes and scythes; but when they became familiar, it seemed so easy to avoid their shock, that they fell into general disuse.

In the war of 1741, it was proposed to renew and reform this ancient invention.

A minister of state had one of these chariots constructed, and it was tried. It was asserted that in large plains, like that of Lutzen, they might be used with ad-

vantage, by concealing them behind the cavalry, the squadrons of which would open to let them pass, and then follow them; but the generals judged that this manœuvre would be useless, and even dangerous, now that battles are gained by cannon only. It was replied, that there would be as many cannon in the army using the chariots of war to defend them, as in the enemy's army to destroy them. It was added, that these chariots would, in the first instance, be sheltered from the cannon behind the battalions or squadrons, that the latter would open and let the chariots run with impetuosity, and that this unexpected attack might have a prodigious effect. The generals advanced nothing in opposition to these arguments; but they would not revive this game of the ancient Persians.

BATTALION.

Let us observe that the arrangements, the marching, and the evolutions of battalions, nearly as they are now practised, were revived in Europe by one who was not a military man—by Machiavel, a secretary at Florence. Battalions three, four, and five deep; battalions advancing upon the enemy; battalions in square to avoid being cut off in a rout; battalions four deep sustained by others in column; battalions flanked by cavalry—all are his. He taught Europe the art of war; it had long been practised, without being known.

The Grand Duke would have had his secretary teach his troops their exercise, according to his new method. But Machiavel was too prudent to do so; he had no wish to see the officers and soldiers laugh at a general in a black cloak: he reserved himself for the council.

There is something singular in the qualities which he requires in a soldier. He must first have *gagliardia*, which signifies *alert vigour;* he must have a quick and sure eye—in which there must also be a little gaiety; a strong neck, a wide breast, a muscular arm, round loins, but little belly, with spare legs and feet—all indicating strength and agility.

But above all, the soldier must have honour, and must be led by honour alone. "War," says he, "is but too great a corrupter of morals;" and he reminds us of the Italian proverb—War makes thieves, and peace finds them gibbets.

Machiavel had but a poor opinion of the French infantry; and until the battle of Rocroy, it must be confessed that it was very bad. A strange man this Machiavel! He amused himself with making verses, writing plays, showing his cabinet the art of killing with regularity, and teaching princes the art of perjuring themselves, assassinating, and poisoning, as occasion required—a great art, which Pope Alexander VI, and his bastard, Cæsar Borgia, practised in wonderful perfection without the aid of his lessons.

Be it observed, that in all Machiavel's works, on so many different subjects, there is not one word which renders virtue amiable—not one word proceeding from the heart. The same remark has been made on Boileau. He does not, it is true, make virtue lovely; but he represents it as necessary.

BAYLE.

Why has Louis Racine treated Bayle like a dangerous man, with a cruel heart, in an epistle to Jean Baptiste Rousseau, which, although printed, is very little known?

He compares Bayle, whose logical acuteness detected the errors of opposing systems, to Marius sitting upon the ruins of Carthage:—

> Ainsi d'un oeil content Marius, dans sa fuite,
> Contemplait les débris de Carthage détruite.

> Thus exil'd Marius, with contented gaze,
> Thy ruins, Carthage, silently surveys.

Here is a simile which exhibits very little resemblance, or, as Pope says, a simile dissimilar. Marius had not destroyed reason and arguments; nor did he contentedly view its ruins; but, on the contrary, he was penetrated with an elevated sentiment of melancholy, on contemplating the vicissitudes of human affairs, when he made the celebrated an-

swer—"Say to the Proconsul of Africa, that thou hast seen Marius seated on the ruins of Carthage."

We ask in what Marius resembled Bayle?

Louis Racine, if he thinks fit, may apply the epithets hard-hearted and cruel to Marius, to Sylla, to the triumvirs, &c. &c.; but, in reference to Bayle, the phrases *detestable pleasure*, *cruel heart*, *terrible man*, should not be put in a sentence written by Louis Racine against one who is only proved to have weighed the arguments of the Manichæns, the Paulicians, the Arians, the Eutychians, against those of their adversaries. Louis Racine proportions not the punishment to the offence. He should remember that Bayle combatted Spinosa, who was too much of a philosopher, and Jurieu, who was none at all. He should respect the good manners of Bayle, and learn to reason from him. But he was a Jansenist, that is to say, he knew the words of the language of Jansenism and employed them at random. You may properly call cruel and terrible, a powerful man who commands his slaves, on pain of death, to go and reap corn where he has sown thistles; who gives to some of them too much food, and suffers others to die of hunger; who kills his eldest son, to leave a large fortune to the younger. All that is frightful and cruel, Louis Racine! It is said that such is the god of thy Jansenists, but I do not believe it.

Oh slaves of party, people attacked with the jaundice, you constantly see everything yellow!

And to whom has the unthinking heir of a father who had a hundred times more taste than philosophy, addressed this miserable epistle against the virtuous Bayle? To Rousseau—to a poet who thinks still less; to a man, whose principal merit has consisted in epigrams which are revolting to the most indulgent reader; to a man, to whom it was alike whether he sang Jesus Christ or Giton. Such was the apostle to whom Louis Racine denounced Bayle as a miscreant. What motive could the author of Phædra and Iphigenia have for falling into such a prodigious error? Simply this, that Rousseau had made verses for the Jansenists, whom he then believed to be in high credit.

Such is the rage of faction let loose upon Bayle; but you do not hear any of the dogs who have howled against him bark against Lucretius, Cicero, Seneca, Epicurus, nor against the numerous philosophers of antiquity. It is all reserved for Bayle: he is their fellow citizen—he is of their time—his glory irritates them. Bayle is read, and Nicole is not read; behold the source of the Jansenist hatred! Bayle is studied, but neither the reverend Father Croiset, nor the reverend Father Caussin! and hence Jesuitical denouncement!

In vain has a parliament of France done him the greatest honour, in rendering his will valid, notwithstanding the severity of the law. The madness of party knows neither honour nor justice. I have not inserted this article to make the eulogy of the best of dictionaries, which would not be becoming here, and of which Bayle is not in need; I have written it to render, if I can, the spirit of party odious and ridiculous.

BDELLIUM.

We are very much puzzled to know what this Bdellium is, which is found near the shores of the Pison, a river of the terrestrial paradise which turns into the country of the Havilah, where there is gold. Calmet relates that, according to several commentators, Bdellium is the carbuncle, but that it may also be chrystal. Then it is the gum of an Arabian tree, and afterwards we are told that capers are intended. Many others affirm that it signifies pearls. Nothing but the etymologies of Bochart can throw a light on this question. I wish that all these commentators had been upon the spot.

The excellent gold which is obtained in this country, says Calmet, shows evidently that this is the country of Colchis,

and the golden fleece is a proof of it. It is a pity that things have changed so much for Mingrelia; that beautiful country, so famous for the loves of Medea and Jason, now produces gold and Bdellium no more than bulls which vomit fire and flame, and dragons which guard the fleece. Every thing changes in this world; and if we do not skilfully cultivate our lands, and if the state remain always in debt, we shall become a second Mingrelia.

BEARD.

Certain naturalists assure us that the secretion which produces the beard is the same as that which perpetuates mankind. An entire hemisphere testifies against this fraternal union. The Americans, of whatever country, colour, or stature, they may be, have neither beards on their chins, nor any hair on their bodies, except their eye-brows and the hair of their heads. I have legal attestations of official men, who have lived, conversed, and combatted, with thirty nations of South America, and they attest that they have never seen a hair on their bodies; and they laugh, as they well may, at writers who, copying one another, say that the Americans are only without hair because they pull it out with pincers; as if Christopher Columbus, Fernando Cortez, and the other adventurers, had loaded themselves with the little tweezers with which our ladies remove their superfluous hairs, and had distributed them in all the countries of America.

I believed, for a long time, that the Esquimaux were excepted from the general laws of the new world; but I am assured that they are as free from hair as the others. However, they have children at Chili, Peru, and Canada, as well as in our bearded continent. There is, then, a specific difference between these bipeds and ourselves, in the same way as their lions, which are divested of the mane, and in other respects differ from the lions of Africa.

It is to be remarked that the Orientals have never varied in their consideration for the beard. Marriage among them has always existed, and that period is still the epoch of life from which they no longer shave the beard. The long dress and the beard impose respect. The Westerns have always been changing the fashion of the chin. Mustachios were worn under Louis XIV. towards the year 1672. Under Louis XIII. a little pointed beard prevailed. In the time of Henry IV. it was square. Charles V., Julius II., and Francis I. restored the large beard to honour in their courts, which had been a long time in fashion. Gownsmen, through gravity and respect for the customs of their fathers, shaved themselves; whilst the courtiers, in doublets and little mantles, wore their beards as long as they could. When a king in those days sent a lawyer as an ambassador, his comrades would laugh at him if he suffered his beard to grow, besides mocking him in the chamber of accounts or of requests.—But quite enough upon beards.

BEASTS.

What a pity and what a poverty of spirit, to assert that beasts are machines deprived of knowledge and sentiment, which effect all their operations in the same manner, which learn nothing, never improve, &c. &c.

What! this bird, who makes its nest in a semicircle when he attaches it to a wall; and in a circle on a tree—this bird does all in the same blind manner! The hound, which you have disciplined for three months, does he not know more at the end of this time than he did before? Does the canary, to which you play an air, repeat it directly? Do you not employ a considerable time in teaching it? Have you not seen that he sometimes mistakes it, and that he corrects himself?

Is it because I speak to you, that you judge I have sentiment, memory, and ideas? Well, suppose I do not speak to you; you see me enter my room with an afflicted air, I seek a paper with inquie-

tude, I open the bureau in which I recollect to have shut it, I find it, and read it with joy. You pronounce that I have felt the sentiment of affliction and of joy; that I have memory and knowledge.

Extend the same judgment to the dog who has lost his master, who has sought him everywhere with grievous cries, and who enters the house agitated and restless, goes upstairs and down, from room to room, and at last finds in the closet the master whom he loves, and testifies his joy by the gentleness of his cries, by his leaps, and his caresses.

Some barbarians seize this dog, who so prodigiously excels man in friendship, they nail him to a table, and dissect him living, to show the mezarien veins. You discover in him all the same organs of sentiment which are in yourself. Answer me, machinist, has nature arranged all the springs of sentiment in this animal that he should not feel? Has he nerves, and is he incapable of suffering? Do not suppose this impertinent contradiction in nature.

But the masters of this school ask, what is the soul of beasts? I do not understand this question. A tree has the faculty of receiving in its fibres the sap which circulates, of evolving its buds, its leaves, and its fruits. You will ask me what is the soul of this tree? It has received these gifts. The animal has received those of sentiment, memory, and a certain number of ideas. Who has bestowed these gifts, who has given these faculties? He who has made the herb of the field to grow, and who makes the earth gravitate towards the sun.

The souls of beasts are *substantial forms*, says Aristotle; and after Aristotle, the Arabian school; and after the Arabian school, the Angelical school; and after the Angelical school, the Sorbonne; and after the Sorbonne, every one in the world.

The souls of beasts are material, exclaim other philosophers. These have not been more fortunate than the former. They are in vain asked what is a material soul? They say that it is a matter, which has sensation: but who has given it this sensation? It is a material soul, that is to say, it is composed of a matter which gives sensation to matter. They cannot get out of this circle.

Listen to one kind of beasts reasoning upon another: their soul is a spiritual being, which dies with the body; but what proof have you of it? What idea have you of this spiritual being, which has sentiment, memory, and its share of ideas and combinations, but which can never tell what made a child of six years old? On what ground do you imagine that this being, which is not corporeal, perishes with the body? The greatest beasts are those who have suggested that this soul is neither body nor spirit—an excellent system! We can only understand by spirit something unknown, which is not body. Thus the system of these gentlemen amounts to this, that the soul of beasts is a substance which is neither body, nor something which is not body. Whence can proceed so many contradictory errors? from the custom which men have of examining what a thing is before they know whether it exists. They call the speech the effect of a breath of mind, the soul of a sigh. What is the soul? It is a name which I have given to this valve which rises and falls, which lets the air in, relieves itself, and sends it through a pipe when I move the lungs.

There is not, then, a soul distinct from the machine. But what moves the lungs of animals? I have already said, the power that moves the stars. The philosopher who said, "Deus est anima brutorum," God is the soul of the brutes, was right; but he should have gone much further.

BEAUTIFUL (THE).

Since we have quoted Plato on love, why should we not quote him on "The Beautiful," since beauty causes love. It is curious to know how a Greek spoke of the beautiful more than two thousand years since.

"The man initiated into the sacred mysteries, when he sees a beautiful face accompanied by a divine form, a something more than mortal, feels a secret emotion, and I know not what respectful fear. He regards this figure as a divinity . . . . When the influence of beauty enters into his soul by his eyes, he burns; the wings of his soul are bedewed; they lose the hardness which retains their germs, and liquify themselves; these germs, swelling beneath the roots of its wings, they expand from every part of the soul (for the soul had wings formerly)" &c. &c.

I am willing to believe that nothing is finer than this discourse of the divine Plato; but it does not give us very clear ideas of the nature of the beautiful.

Ask a toad what is beauty—the great beauty *To Kalon;* he will answer that it is the female with two great round eyes coming out of her little head, her large flat mouth, her yellow belly, and brown back. Ask a negro of Guinea: beauty is to him a black oily skin, sunken eyes, and a flat nose.

Ask the Devil: he will tell you that the beautiful consists in a pair of horns, four claws, and a tail. Then consult the philosophers: they will answer you with jargon; they must have something conformable to the archetype of the essence of the beautiful,—to the *To Kalon*.

I was once attending a tragedy near a philosopher. How beautiful that is, said he. What do you find beautiful? asked I. It is, said he, that the author has attained his object. The next day he took his medicine, which did him some good. It has attained its object, cried I to him; it is a beautiful medicine. He comprehended that it could not be said that a medicine is beautiful; and that to apply to anything the epithet beautiful, it must cause admiration and pleasure. He allowed that the tragedy had inspired him with these two sentiments, and that it was the *To Kalon*, the beautiful.

We made a journey to England. The same piece was played, and, although ably translated, it made all the spectators yawn. Oh, oh! said he, the *To Kalon* is not the same with the English as with the French. He concluded, after many reflections, that "The Beautiful" is often merely relative, as that which is decent at Japan, is indecent at Rome: and that which is the fashion at Paris, is not so at Pekin; and he was thereby spared the trouble of composing a long treatise on the Beautiful.

There are actions which the whole world consider fine. A challenge passed between two of Cæsar's officers, mortal enemies, not to shed each other's blood behind a thicket by tierce and quarte, as among us, but to decide which of them would best defend the camp of the Romans, about to be attacked by the Barbarians. One of the two, after having repulsed the enemy, was near falling; the other flew to his assistance, saved his life, and gained the victory.

A friend devotes himself to death for his friend, a son for his father. The Algonquin, the French, the Chinese, will mutually say that all this is very beautiful, that such actions give them pleasure, and that they admire them.

They will say the same of great moral maxims; of that of Zoroaster: "If in doubt that an action be just, desist;" of that of Confucius: "Forget injuries; never forget benefits."

The negro, with round eyes and flattened nose, who would not give the ladies of our court the name of beautiful, would give it without hesitation to these actions, and these maxims. The wicked man, even, recognises the beauty of the virtues which he cannot imitate. The beautiful, which only strikes the senses, the imagination, and what is called the spirit, is then often uncertain; the beauty which strikes the heart is not. You will find a number of people who will tell you they have found nothing beautiful in three-fourths of the Iliad; but nobody will deny that the devotion of Codrus for his people was fine, supposing it was true.

Brother Attinet, a Jesuit, a native of

Dijon, was employed as designer in the country-house of the Emperor Camhi, at the distance of some leagues from Pekin.

"This country-house," says he, in one of his letters to M. Dupont, "is larger than the town of Dijon. It is divided into a thousand habitations on one line: each one has its courts, its parterres, its gardens, and its waters; the front of each is ornamented with gold varnish and paintings. In the vast enclosures of the park, hills have been raised by hand from twenty to sixty feet high. The vallies are watered by an infinite number of canals, which run a considerable distance to join and form lakes and seas. We float on these seas in boats varnished and gilt, from twelve to thirteen fathoms long and four wide. These barks have magnificent saloons, and the borders of the canals are covered with houses, all in different tastes. Every house has its gardens and cascades. You go from one valley to another by alleys, alternately ornamented with pavilions and grottoes. No two vallies are alike; the largest of all is surrounded by a colonnade, behind which are gilded buildings. All the apartments of these houses correspond in magnificence with the outside. All the canals have bridges at stated distances; these bridges are bordered with balustrades of white marble sculptured in basso-relievo.

"In the middle of the great sea is raised a rock, and on this rock is a square pavilion, in which are more than an hundred apartments. From this square pavilion there is a view of all the palaces, all the houses, and all the gardens of this immense enclosure, and there are more than four hundred of them.

"When the emperor gives a fête, all these buildings are illuminated in an instant, and from every house there are fire-works.

"This is not all: at the end of what they call the sea is a great fair, held by the emperor's officers. Vessels come from the great sea to arrive at this fair. The courtiers disguise themselves as merchants and artificers of all sorts; one keeps a coffee-house, another a tavern; one takes the profession of a thief, another that of the officer who pursues him. The emperor and all the ladies of the court come to buy stuffs, the false merchants cheat them as much as they can; they tell them that it is shameful to dispute so much about the price, and that they are poor customers. Their majesties reply, that the merchants are knaves; the latter are angry, and affect to depart; they are appeased; the emperor buys all, and makes lotteries of it for all his court. Further on are spectacles of all sorts."

When brother Attinet came from China to Versailles, he found it small and dull. The Germans, who were delighted to stroll about its groves, were astonished that brother Attinet was so difficult. This is another reason which determines me not to write a treatise on the Beautiful.

BEES.

The bees may be regarded as superior to the human race in this, that from their own substance they produce another which is useful; while, of all our secretions, there is not one good for anything; nay, there is not one which does not render mankind disagreeable.

I have been charmed to find, that the swarms which turn out of the hive are much milder than our sons when they leave college. The young bees, then, sting no one; or at least but rarely and in extraordinary cases. They suffer themselves to be carried quietly, in the bare hand, to the hive which is destined for them. But no sooner have they learned, in their new habitation, to know their interests, than they become like us, and make war. I have seen very peaceable bees go for six months to labour in a neighbouring meadow covered with flowers which secreted them. When the mowers came, they rushed furiously from their hive upon those who were about to steal their property, and put them to flight.

We find in the Proverbs attributed to

Solomon, that "there are four things, the least upon earth, but which are wiser than the wise men:—the ants, a little people, who lay up food during the harvest; the hares, a weak people, who lie on stones; the grasshoppers, who have no kings, and who journey in flocks; and the lizards, which work with their hands, and dwell in the palaces of kings." I know not how Solomon forgot the bees, whose instinct seems very superior to that of hares, which do not lie on stone; or of lizards, with whose genius I am not acquainted. Moreover, I shall always prefer a bee to a grashopper.

The bees have, in all ages, furnished the poet with descriptions, comparisons, allegories, and fables. Mandeville's celebrated "Fable of the Bees" made a great noise in England. Here is a short sketch of it:—

Once the bees, in worldly things,
Had a happy government;
And their labourers and their kings
Made them wealthy and content:
But some greedy drones at last
Found their way into their hive;
Those, in idleness to thrive,
Told the bees they ought to fast.
Sermons were *their* only labours;
Work they preached unto their neighbours.
In their language they would say,
"You shall surely go to heaven,
When to us you've freely given
Wax and honey all away."—
Foolishly the bees believed,
Till by famine undeceived;
When their mis'ry was complete,
All the strange delusion vanished!
Now the drones are killed or banished,
And the bees again may eat.

Mandeville goes much further; he asserts that bees cannot live at their ease in a great and powerful hive, without many vices. "No kingdom, no state (says he) can flourish without vices. Take away the vanity of ladies of quality, and there will be no more fine manufactures of silk, no more employment for men and women in a thousand different branches; a great part of the nation will be reduced to beggary. Take away the avarice of our merchants, and the fleets of England will be annihilated. Deprive artists of envy, and emulation will cease; we shall sink back into primitive rudeness and ignorance."

It is quite true that a well governed society turns every vice to account; but it is not true that these vices are necessary to the well-being of the world. Very good remedies may be made from poisons, but poisons do not contribute to the support of life. By thus reducing the Fable of the Bees to its just value, it might be made a work of moral utility.

BEGGAR—MENDICANT.

Every country where begging, where mendicity, is a profession, is ill governed. Beggary, as I have elsewhere said, is a vermin that clings to opulence. Yes; but let it be shaken off; let the hospitals be for sickness and age alone, and let the shops be for the young and vigorous.

The following is an extract from a sermon composed by a preacher ten years ago, for the parish of St. Leu and St. Giles, which is the parish of the beggars and the convulsionaries:—

Pauperes evangelicantur—the Gospel is preached to the poor.

"My dear brethren the beggars, what is meant by the word *Gospel?* It signifies *good news*. It is, then, good news that I come to tell you; and what is it? It is, that if you are idlers, you will die on a dunghill. Know that there have been idle kings, so at least we are told, and they at last had not where to lay their heads. If you work, you will be as happy as other men.

"The preachers at St. Eustache and St. Roche may deliver to the rich very fine sermons in a flowery style, which procure for the auditors a light slumber with an easy digestion, and for the orator a thousand crowns; but I address those whom hunger keeps awake. Work for your bread, I say; for the Scripture says, that he who does not work deserves not to eat. Our brother in adversity, Job, who was for some time in your condition, says that man is born to labour as the bird is to fly. Look at this immense city; every one is busy; the judges rise at four in the morning to administer justice to you, and send you to the galleys when

your idleness has caused you to thieve rather awkwardly.

"The king works; he attends his council every day; and he has made campaigns. Perhaps you will say, he is none the richer. Granted; but that is not his fault. The financiers know, better than you or I do, that not one-half his revenue ever enters his coffers. He has been obliged to sell his plate, in order to defend us against our enemies. We should aid him in our turn. The Friend of Man (l'Ami des Hommes) allows him only seventy-five millions per annum. Another friend all at once gives him seven hundred and forty. But of all these Job's comforters, not one will advance him a single crown. It is necessary to invent a thousand ingenious ways of drawing this crown from our pockets, which, before it reaches his own, is diminished by at least one-half.

"Work, then, my dear brethren; act for yourselves, for I forewarn you, that if you do not take care of yourselves, no one will take care of you; you will be treated as the king has been in several grave remonstrances; people will say, 'God help you.'

"We will go into the provinces, you will answer; we shall be fed by the lords of the land, by the farmers, by the curates. Do not flatter yourselves, my dear brethren, that you shall eat at their tables: they have for the most part enough to do to feed themselves, notwithstanding the "Method of rapidly getting Rich by Agriculture," and fifty other works of the same kind, published every day at Paris, for the use of the people in the country, with cultivating of which the authors never had anything to do.

"I behold among you young men of some talent, who say that they will make verses, that they will write pamphlets, like Chisiac, Nonotte, or Patouillet; that they will work for the "Nouvelles Ecclésiastiques," that they will write sheets for Fréron, funeral orations for bishops, songs for the comic opera. Any of these would at least be an occupation. When a man is writing for the "Année Littéraire," he is not robbing on the highway, he is only robbing his creditors. But do better, my dear brethren in Jesus Christ—my dear beggars, who, by passing your lives in asking charity, run the risk of the galleys; do better; enter one of the four mendicant orders: you will then be not only rich, but honoured also."

BEKKER,

"THE WORLD BEWITCHED," THE DEVIL, THE BOOK OF ENOCH, AND SORCERERS.

This Balthazar Bekker, a very good man, a great enemy of the everlasting hell and the devil, and a still greater of precision, made a great deal of noise in his time by his great book, "The World Bewitched."

One Jacques-George de Chaufepied, a pretended continuator of Bayle, assures us that Bekker learned Greek at Gascoigne. Niceron has good reasons for believing that it was at Franeker. This historical point has occasioned much doubt and trouble at court.

The fact is, that in the time of Bekker, a minister of the Holy Gospel, (as they say in Holland), the devil was still in prodigious credit among divines of all sorts, in the middle of the seventeenth century, in spite of the good spirits which were beginning to enlighten the world. Witchcraft, possessions, and everything else attached to that fine divinity, were in vogue throughout Europe, and frequently had fatal results.

A century had scarcely elapsed since King James himself—called by Henry IV. *Master* James—that great enemy of the Roman communion and the papal power, had published his Demonology, (what a book for a king!) and in his Demonology had admitted sorceries, incubuses, and succubuses, and acknowledged the power of the devil, and of the pope, who, according to him, had just as good a right to drive Satan from the bodies of the possessed as any other priest. And we, miserable Frenchmen, who boast of

having recovered some small part of our senses, in what a horrid sink of stupid barbarism were we then immersed! Not a parliament, not a presidential court, but was occupied in trying sorcerers; not a great jurisconsult, who did not write memorials on possessions by the devil. France resounded with the cries of poor imbecile creatures whom the judges, after making them believe that they had danced round a cauldron, tortured and put to death without pity, in horrible torments. Catholics and Protestants were alike infected with this absurd and frightful superstition; the pretext being, that in one of the Christian gospels, it is said that disciples were sent to cast out devils. It was a sacred duty to put girls to the torture, in order to make them confess that they had lain with Satan, and that they had fallen in love with him in the form of a goat. All the particulars of the meetings of the girls with this goat were detailed in the trials of the unfortunate individuals. They were burned at last, whether they confessed or denied; and France was one vast theatre of judicial carnage.

I have before me a collection of these infernal proceedings, made by a counsellor of the parliament of Bordeaux, named De Langre, and addressed to Monseigneur Silleri, chancellor of France, without Monseigneur Silleri's having ever thought of enlightening those infamous magistrates. But, indeed, it would have been necessary to begin by enlightening the chancellor himself. What was France at that time! A continual St. Bartholomew—from the massacre of Vassy to the assassination of Marshal D'Ancre and his innocent wife.

Will it be believed that, in the time of this very Bekker, a poor girl, named Magdalen Chaudron, who had been persuaded that she was a witch, was burned at Geneva?

The following is a very exact summary of the procès-verbal of this absurd and horrid act, which is not the last monument of the kind:—

"Michelle, having met the devil as she was going out of the town, the devil gave her a kiss, received her homage, and imprinted on her upper lip and her right breast the mark which it is his custom to affix on all persons whom he recognises as his favourites. This seal of the devil is a small sign-manual, which, as demonological jurisconsults affirm, renders the skin insensible.

"The devil ordered Michelle Chaudron to bewitch two girls; and she immediately obeyed her lord. The relatives of the young women judicially charged her with devilish practices, and the girls themselves were interrogated, and confronted with the accused. They testified that they constantly felt a swarming of ants in certain parts of their bodies, and that they were possessed. The physicians were then called in, or at least those who then passed for physicians. They visited the girls, and sought on Michelle's body for the devil's seal, which the procès-verbal calls the *satanic marks*. They thrust a large needle into the spot, and this of itself was a grievous torture. Blood flowed from the puncture; and Michelle made known, by her cries, that satanic marks do not produce insensibility. The judges, seeing no satisfactory evidence that Michelle Chaudron was a witch, had her put to the torture, which never fails to bring forth proofs. The unfortunate girl, yielding at length to the violence of her tortures, confessed whatever was required of her.

"The physicians again sought for the satanic mark. They found it in a small dark spot on one of her thighs. They applied the needle; but the torture had been so excessive, that the poor expiring creature scarcely felt the wound; she did not cry out; therefore, the crime was satisfactorily proved. But, as manners were becoming less rude, she was not burned until she had been hanged."

Every tribunal in Christian Europe still rings with similar condemnations: so long did this barbarous imbecility endure, that even in our own day, at Wurtzburg, in Franconia, there was a witch burned in

1750. And what a witch! A young woman of quality, the abbess of a convent! and in our own times, under the empire of Maria Theresa of Austria!

These horrors, by which Europe was so long filled, determined Bekker to fight against the devil. In vain was he told, in prose and in verse, that he was doing wrong to attack him, seeing that he was extremely like him, being horribly ugly: nothing could stop him. He began with absolutely denying the power of Satan; and even grew so bold as to maintain that he does not exist. "If," said he, "there were a devil, he would revenge the war which I make upon him."

Bekker reasoned but too well in saying, that if the devil existed, he would punish him. His brother ministers took Satan's part, and suspended Bekker; for heretics will also excommunicate; and, in the article of cursing, Geneva mimics Rome.

Bekker enters on his subject in the second volume. According to him, the serpent which seduced our first parents was not a devil, but a real serpent; as Balaam's ass was a real ass, and as the whale that swallowed Jonas was a real whale. It was so decidedly a real serpent, that all its species, which had before walked on their feet, were condemned to crawl on their bellies. No serpent, no animal of any kind, is called Satan, or Belzebub, or Devil, in the Pentateuch. There is not so much as an allusion to Satan. The Dutch destroyer of Satan does, indeed, admit the existence of angels; but at the same time he assures us, that it cannot be proved by reasoning. "And if there are any," says he, in the eighth chapter of his second volume, "it is hard to say what they are. The Scripture tells us nothing about their nature, nor in what the nature of a spirit consists. The Bible was made, not for angels, but for men; Jesus was made a man for us, not an angel."

If Bekker has so many scruples concerning angels, it is not to be wondered at that he has some concerning devils; and it is very amusing to see into what contortions he puts his mind, in order to avail himself of such texts as appear to be in his favour, and to evade such as are against him.

He does his utmost to prove that the devil had nothing to with the afflictions of Job; and here he is even more prolix than the friends of that holy man.

There is great probability that he was condemned only through the ill-humour of his judges at having lost so much time in reading his work. If the devil himself had been forced to read Bekker's World Bewitched, he could never have forgiven the fault of having so prodigiously wearied him.

One of our Dutch divine's greatest difficulties is to explain these words:—"Jesus was transported by the spirit into the desert, to be tempted by the devil." No text can be clearer. A divine may write against Belzebub as much as he pleases, but he must of necessity admit his existence; he may then explain the difficult texts if he can.

Whoever desires to know precisely what the devil is, may be informed by referring to the Jesuit Scott: no one has spoken of him more at length: he is much worse than Bekker.

Consulting history, where the ancient origin of the devil is to be found in the doctrine of the Persians, Ahrimanes, the bad principle, corrupts all that the good principle had made salutary. Among the Egyptians, Typhon does all the harm he can; while Oshireth, whom we call Osiris, does, together with Isheth, or Isis, all the good of which he is capable.

Before the Egyptians and Persians, Mozazor, among the Indians, had revolted against God, and became the devil, but God had at last pardoned him. If Bekker and the Socinians had known this anecdote of the fall of the Indian angels and their restoration, they would have availed themselves of it to support their opinion that hell is not perpetual, and to give hopes of salvation to such of the damned as read their books.

The Jews, as has already been observed, never spoke of the fall of the angels in the Old Testament; but it is mentioned in the New.

About the period of the establishment of Christianity, a book was attributed to "Enoch, the seventh man after Adam," concerning the devil and his associates. Enoch gives us the names of the leaders of the rebellious and the faithful angels, but he does not say that war was in heaven; on the contrary, the fight was upon a mountain of the earth, and it was for the possession of young women.

St. Jude cites this book in his Epistle:—"And the angels, which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day.... Woe unto them, for they have gone in the way of Cain.... And Enoch, also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these...."

St. Peter, in his second Epistle, alludes to the book of Enoch, when he says:—"For if God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness.."

Bekker must have found it difficult to resist passages so formal. However, he was even more inflexible on the subject of devils than on that of angels: he would not be subdued by the book of Enoch, the seventh man from Adam; he maintained that there was no more a devil than there was a book of Enoch. He said that the devil was imitated from ancient mythology, that it was an old story revived, and that we are nothing more than plagiarists.

We may at the present day be asked, why we call that Lucifer the *evil spirit*, whom the Hebrew version, and the book attributed to Enoch, named Samyaza. It is, because we understand Latin better than Hebrew.

But whether Lucifer be the planet Venus, or the Samyaza of Enoch, or the Satan of the Babylonians, or the Mozazor of the Indians, or the Typhon of the Egyptians, Bekker was right in saying that so enormous a power ought not to be attributed to him as that with which, even down to our own times, he has been believed to be invested. It is too much to have immolated to him a woman of quality of Wurtzburg, Magdalen Chaudron, the curate of Gaupidi, the wife of Marshal d'Ancre, and more than a hundred thousand other wizards and witches, in the space of thirteen hundred years, in Christian states. Had Belthazar Bekker been content with paring the devil's nails, he would have been very well received; but when a curate would annihilate the devil, he loses his cure.

BELIEF.

We shall see, at the article Certainty, that we ought often to be very uncertain of what we are certain of; and that we may fail in good sense, when deciding according to what is called *common sense*. But what is it that we call *believing?*

A Turk comes and says to me, "I believe that the angel Gabriel often descended from the empyrean, to bring Mahomet leaves of the Alcoran, written on blue vellum."

Well, Mustapha, and on what does thy shaven head found its belief of this incredible thing?

"On this:—That there are the greatest probabilities that I have not been deceived in the relation of these improbable prodigies; that Abubeker the father-in-law, Ali the son-in-law, Aisha or Aisse the daughter, Omar, and Osman, certified the truth of the fact in the presence of fifty thousand men—gathered together all the leaves, read them to the faithful, and attested that not a word had been altered.

"That we have never had but one Koran, which has never been contradicted by another Koran. That God has never permitted the least alteration to be made in this book.

"That its doctrine and precepts are the perfection of reason. Its doctrine consists in the unity of God, for whom we must live and die; in the immortality of the soul; the eternal rewards of the just

and punishments of the wicked; and the mission of our great prophet Mahomet, proved by victories.

"Its precepts are:—To be just and valiant; to give alms to the poor; to abstain from that enormous number of women whom the Eastern princes, and in particular the petty Jewish kings, took to themselves without scruple; to renounce the good wines of Engaddi and Tadmor, which those drunken Hebrews have so praised in their books; to pray to God five times a day, &c.

"This sublime religion has been confirmed by the miracle of all others the finest, the most constant, and best verified in the history of the world; that Mahomet, persecuted by the gross and absurd scholastic magistrates who decreed his arrest, and obliged to quit his country, returned victorious; that he made his imbecile and sanguinary enemies his footstool; that he all his life fought the battles of the Lord; that with a small number he always triumphed over the greater number; that he and his successors have converted one-half of the earth; and that, with God's help, we shall one day convert the other half."

Nothing can be arrayed in more dazzling colours. Yet Mustapha, while believing so firmly, always feels some small shadows of doubt arising in his soul, when he hears any difficulties started respecting the visits of the angel Gabriel; the sura or chapter brought from heaven to declare that the great prophet was not a cuckold; or the mare Borak, which carried him in one night from Mecca to Jerusalem. Mustapha stammers; he makes very bad answers, at which he blushes; yet he not only tells you that he believes, but would also persuade you to believe. You press Mustapha; he still gapes and stares, and at last goes away to wash himself in honour of Alla, beginning his ablution at the elbow, and ending with the forefinger.

Is Mustapha really persuaded—convinced of all that he has told us? Is he perfectly sure that Mahomet was sent by God, as he is sure that the city of Stambol exists? as he is sure that the Empress Catherine II. sent a fleet from the remotest seas of the North to land troops in Peloponnesus—a thing as astonishing as the journey from Mecca to Jerusalem in one night—and that this fleet destroyed that of the Ottomans in the Dardanelles?

The truth is, that Mustapha believes what he does not believe. He has been accustomed to pronounce, with his mollah, certain words which he takes for ideas. To *believe* is very often to *doubt*.

Why do you believe that? says Harpagon. I believe it because I believe it, answers Master Jacques; and most men might return the same answer.

Believe me fully, my dear reader, when I say, one must not believe too easily.

But what shall we say of those who would persuade others of what they themselves do not believe? and what of the monsters who persecute their brethren in the humble and rational doctrine of doubt and self-distrust?

BETHSHEMESH.

Of the fifty thousand and seventy Jews struck with sudden death for having looked upon the Ark; of the five golden Emeroids paid by the Philistines; and of Dr. Kennicott's Incredulity.

Men of the world will perhaps be astonished to find this word the subject of an article; but we here address only the learned, and ask their instruction.

Bethshemesh was a village belonging to God's people, situated, according to commentators, two miles north of Jerusalem.

The Phœnicians having, in Samuel's time, beaten the Jews, and taken from them their Ark of alliance in the battle, in which they killed thirty thousand of their men, were severely punished for it by the Lord:—

"Percussit eos in secretiori parte natium, et ebullierunt villæ et agri.... et nati sunt mures, et facta est confusio mortis magna in civitate." Literally: "He struck them in the most secret part

of the buttocks; and the fields and the farm-houses were troubled.... and there sprung up mice; and there was a great confusion of death in the city."

The prophets of the Phœnicians, or Philistines, having informed them that they could deliver themselves from the scourge only by giving to the Lord five golden mice and five golden emeroids, and sending him back the Jewish Ark, they fulfilled this order, and, according to the express command of their prophets, sent back the Ark, with the mice and emeroids, on a waggon drawn by two cows, with each a sucking-calf, and without a driver.

These two cows, of themselves, took the Ark straight to Bethshemesh. The men of Bethshemesh approached the Ark, in order to look at it; which liberty was punished yet more severely than the profanation by the Phœnicians had been. The Lord struck with sudden death, seventy men of the people, and fifty thousand of the populace.

The reverend Doctor Kennicott, an Irishman, printed in 1768 a French commentary on this occurrence, and dedicated it to the Bishop of Oxford. At the head of this commentary, he entitles himself Doctor of Divinity, member of the Royal Society of London, of the Palatine Academy, of the Academy of Gottingen, and of the Academy of Inscriptions at Paris. All that I know of the matter is, that he is not of the Academy of Inscriptions at Paris. Perhaps he is one of its correspondents. His vast erudition may have deceived him; but titles are distinct from things.

He informs the public, that his pamphlet is sold at Paris by Saillant and Molini, at Rome by Monaldini, at Venice by Pasquali, at Florence by Cambiagi, at Amsterdam by Marc-Michel Rey, at the Hague by Gosse, at Leyden by Jaquau, and in London by Beckett, who receives subscriptions.

In this pamphlet he pretends to prove that the Scripture text has been corrupted. Here we must be permitted to differ with him. Nearly all Bibles agree in these expressions: seventy men of the people, and fifty thousand of the populace.—"De populo septuaginta viros, et quinquaginta millia plebis."

The reverend Doctor Kennicott says to the right reverend the lord bishop of Oxford, that formerly there were strong prejudices in favour of the Hebrew text; but that, for seventeen years, his lordship and himself have been freed from their prejudices, after the deliberate and attentive perusal of this chapter.

In this we differ from Dr. Kennicott; and the more we read this chapter, the more we reverence the ways of the Lord, which are not our ways. It is impossible (says Kennicott) for the candid reader not to feel astonished and affected at the contemplation of fifty thousand men destroyed in one village—men, too, employed in gathering the harvest.

This does, it is true, suppose a hundred thousand persons, at least, in that village; but should the doctor forget, that the Lord had promised Abraham that his posterity should be as numerous as the sands of the sea?

The Jews and the Christians (adds he) have not scrupled to express their repugnance to attach faith to this destruction of fifty thousand and seventy men.

We answer, that we are Christians, and have no repugnance to attach faith to whatever is in the Holy Scriptures. We answer, with the reverend father Calmet, that "if we were to reject whatever is extraordinary and beyond the reach of our conception, we must reject the whole Bible." We are persuaded that the Jews, being under the guidance of God himself, could experience no events but such as were stamped with the seal of the Divinity, and quite different from what happened to other men. We will even venture to advance, that the death of these fifty thousand and seventy men is one of the least surprising things in the Old Testament.

We are struck with astonishment still more reverential, when Eve's serpent and

Balaam's ass talk; when the waters of the cataracts are swelled by rain fifteen cubits above all the mountains; when we behold the plagues of Egypt, and the six hundred and thirty thousand fighting Jews flying on foot through the divided and suspended sea; when Joshua stops the sun and moon at noon-day; when Sampson slays a thousand Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass.... In those divine times, all was miracle, without exception; and we have the profoundest reverence for all these miracles—for that ancient world which was not our world—for that nature which was not our nature—for a divine book, in which there can be nothing human.

But we are astonished at the liberty which Dr. Kennicott takes, of calling those *deists* and *atheists*, who, while they revere the Bible more than he does, differ from him in opinion. Never will it be believed that a man with such ideas is of the Academy of Medals and Inscriptions. He is, perhaps, of the Academy of Bedlam, the most ancient of all, and whose colonies extend throughout the earth.

BILHAH.—BASTARDS.

Bilhah, servant to Rachel, and Zilpah, servant to Leah, each bore the patriarch Jacob two children; and, be it observed, that they inherited like legitimate sons, as well as the eight other male children whom Jacob had by the two sisters Leah and Rachel. It is true that all their inheritance consisted in a blessing; whereas, William *the Bastard* inherited Normandy.

Thierri, a bastard of Clovis, inherited the best part of Gaul, invaded by his father.

Several kings of Spain and Naples have been bastards.

In Spain, bastards have always inherited. King Henry of Transtamare was not considered as an illegitimate king, though he was an illegitimate child; and this race of bastards, founded in the house of Austria, reigned in Spain until Philip V.

The line of Arragon, who reigned in Naples in Louis XII.'s time, were bastards. Count De Dunois signed himself "the Bastard of Orleans;" and letters were long preserved of the Duke of Normandy, King of England, which were signed "William the Bastard."

In Germany, it is otherwise; the descent must be pure; bastards never inherit fiefs, nor have any estate. In France, as has long been the case, a king's bastard cannot be a priest without a dispensation from Rome; but he becomes a prince without any difficulty, as soon as the king acknowledges him to be the offspring of his sire, even though he be the bastard of an adulterous father and mother. It is the same in Spain. The bastard of a king of England may be a duke, but not a prince. Jacob's bastards were neither princes nor dukes; they had no lands, the reason being that their father had none; but they were afterwards called *patriarchs*, which may be rendered *arch-fathers*.

It has been asked, whether the bastards of the popes might be popes in turn. Pope John XI. was, it is true, a bastard of Pope Sergius III., and of the famous Marozia: but an instance is not a law.

BISHOP.

Samuel Ornik, a native of Basle, was, as is well known, a very amiable young man, who, moreover, knew his German and Greek New Testament by heart. At the age of twenty, his parents sent him to travel. He was commissioned to carry books to the coadjutor at Paris, in the time of the Fronde. He arrived at the archbishop's gate, and was told by the Swiss that *monseigneur* saw no one.—"My dear fellow," said Ornik, "you are very rude to your countrymen; the apostles allowed every one to approach, and Jesus Christ desired that little children should come unto him. I have nothing to ask of your master; on the contrary, I bring him something.'—"Enter, then," said the Swiss.

He waited an hour in the first anti-

chamber. Being quite artless, he attacked with questions a domestic who was very fond of telling all he knew about his master. "He must be pretty rich," said Ornik, "to have such a swarm of pages and footmen running in and out of the house."—"I don't know," answered the other, "what his income is, but I hear Joli and the Abbé Charier say that he is two millions in debt." "But who is that lady who is come out of a cabinet, and is passing by?"—"That is Madame de Pomèreu, one of his mistresses."—"She is really very pretty; but I have not read that the apostles had such company in their bed-chambers in a morning."—"Ah! that, I believe, is *monsieur*, about to give audience."—"Say *sa grandeur, monseigneur*."—"Well, with all my heart. . . ." Ornik saluted 'sa grandeur,' presented his books, and was received with a most gracious smile. 'Sa grandeur' said three words to him, and stepped into his carriage, escorted by fifty horsemen. In stepping in, monseigneur dropped a sheath, and Ornik was astonished that monseigneur should carry so large an inkhorn. "Do you not see," said the talker, "that it is his dagger? every one that goes to parliament wears his dagger?"—Ornik uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and departed.

He went through France, and was edified by town after town. From thence he passed into Italy. In the papal territories, he met a bishop with an income of only a thousand crowns, who went on foot. Ornik, being naturally kind, offered him a place in his cambiatura.—"Signor, you are no doubt going to comfort the sick?"—"Sir, I am going to my master."—"Your master? He, no doubt, is Jesus Christ."—"Sir, he is Cardinal Azolino; I am his almoner. He gives me a very poor salary; but he has promised to place me with Donna Olimpia, the favourite sister-in-law of *nostro signore*."—"What! are you in the pay of a cardinal? But do you not know that there were no cardinals in the time of Jesus Christ and St. John?"—"Is it possible!" exclaimed the Italian prelate.—"Nothing is more true: you have read it in the Gospel."—"I have never read it," replied the bishop; "I know only the office of Our Lady."—"I tell you there were neither cardinals nor bishops; and when there were bishops, the priests were almost their equals, as St. Jerome, in several places, assures us."—"Holy Virgin!" said the Italian, "I knew nothing about it; and what of the popes?"—"There were no popes either."—The good bishop crossed himself, thinking he was with the evil one; and leaped from the side of his companion.

BLASPHEMY.

This is a Greek word, signifying *an attack on reputation*. We find *blasphemia* in Demosthenes. In the Greek church it was used only to express an injury done to God. The Romans never made use of this expression, not thinking (it would appear) that God's honour could be offended like that of men.

There scarcely exists one synonyme. *Blasphemy* does not altogether convey the idea of *sacrilege*. We say of a man who has taken God's name in vain, who, in the violence of anger, has sworn (as it is expressed) by the name of God, that he has *blasphemed*; but we do not say that he has committed sacrilege. The sacrilegious man is he who perjures himself on the gospel, who extends his rapacity to sacred things, who imbrues his hands in the blood of priests.

Great sacrileges have always been punished with death in all nations, especially those accompanied by bloodshed.

The author of the "Institutes au Droit 'Criminel,' reckons among divine high treasons in the second degree, the non-observance of Sundays and holidays. He should have said, the non-observance attended with marked contempt; for simple negligence is a sin, but not, as he calls it, a sacrilege. It is absurd to class together, as this author does, simony, the carrying off a nun, and the forgetting to go to vespers on a holiday. It is one

great instance of the errors committed by writers on jurisprudence, who, not having been called upon to make laws, take upon themselves to interpret those of the state.

Blasphemies uttered in intoxication, in anger, in the excess of debauchery, or in the heat of unguarded conversation, have been subjected by legislators to much lighter penalties. For instance: the advocate whom we have already cited, says, that the laws of France condemn simple blasphemers to a fine for the first offence, which is doubled for the second, tripled for the third, and quadrupled for the fourth offence; for the fifth relapse the culprit is set in the pillory; for the sixth relapse he is pilloried, and has his upper lip burned off with a hot iron; and for the seventh he loses his tongue. He should have added, that this was an ordonnance of the year 1666.

Punishments are almost always arbitrary, which is a great defect in jurisprudence. But this defect opens the way for clemency and compassion, and this compassion is no other than the strictest justice; for it would be horrible to punish a youthful indiscretion as poisoners and parricides are punished. A sentence of death for an offence which deserves nothing more than correction, is no other than an assassination committed with the sword of justice.

Is it not to the purpose here to remark, that what has been blasphemy in one country has often been piety in another?

Suppose a Tyrian merchant landed at the port of Canope: he might be scandalized on seeing an onion, a cat, or a goat, carried in procession; he might speak indecorously of Isheth, Oshireth, and Horeth; or might turn aside his head and not fall on his knees, at the sight of a procession with the parts of human generation larger than life: he might express his opinion at supper, or even sing some song in which the Tyrian sailors made a jest of the Egyptian absurdities. He might be overheard by the maid of the inn, whose conscience would not suffer her to conceal so enormous a crime: she would run and denounce the offender to the nearest *shoen* that bore the image of the truth on his breast; and it is known how this image of truth was made. The tribunal of the shoens, or shotim, would condemn the Tyrian blasphemer to a dreadful death, and confiscate his vessel. Yet this merchant might be considered at Tyre as one of the most pious persons in Phœnicia.

Numa sees that his little horde of Romans are a collection of Latin freebooters, who steal right and left all they can find—oxen, sheep, fowls, and girls. He tells them that he has spoken with the nymph Egeria in a cavern, and that the nymph has been employed by Jupiter to give him laws. The senators treat him at first as a blasphemer, and threaten to throw him headlong from the Tarpeian rock. Numa makes himself a powerful party; he gains over some senators, who go with him into Egeria's grotto. She talks to them, and converts them; they convert the senate and the people. In a little time, Numa is no longer a blasphemer; the name is given only to such as doubt the existence of the nymph.

In our own times, it is unfortunate that what is blasphemy at Rome, at our Lady of Loretto, and within the walls of San-Gennaro, is piety in London, Amsterdam, Stockholm, Berlin, Copenhagen, Berne, Basle, and Hamburgh. It is yet more unfortunate that even in the same country, in the same town, in the same street, people treat one another as blasphemers.

Nay; of the ten thousand Jews living at Rome, there is not one who does not regard the Pope as the chief of the blasphemers; while the hundred thousand Christians who inhabit Rome, in place of two millions of Jovians who filled it in Trajan's time, firmly believe that the Jews meet in their synagogues on Saturday, for the purpose of blaspheming.

A Cordelier has no hesitation in applying the epithet of blasphemer to a Dominican, who says that the Holy Virgin

was born in original sin; notwithstanding that the Dominicans have a bull from the Pope which permits them to teach the maculate conception in their convents, and that, besides this bull, they have in their forum the express declaration of St. Thomas Aquinas.

The first origin of the schism of three-fourths of Switzerland, and a part of Lower Germany, was a quarrel in the cathedral church of Frankfort, between a Cordelier, whose name I forget, and a Dominican named Vigand.

Both were drunk, according to the custom of that day. The drunken Cordelier, who was preaching, thanked God that he was not a Jacobin, swearing that it was necessary to exterminate the blaspheming Jacobins, who believed that the Holy Virgin had been born in mortal sin, and delivered from sin only by the merits of her son. The drunken Jacobin cried out: "Thou hast lied; thou thyself art a blasphemer." The Cordelier descended from the pulpit with a great iron crucifix in his hand, laid it about his adversary, and left him almost dead on the spot.

To revenge this outrage, the Dominicans worked many miracles in Germany and Switzerland; these miracles were designed to prove their faith. They at length found means to imprint the marks of our Lord Jesus Christ on one of their lay brethren, named Jetzer. This operation was performed at Berne by the Holy Virgin herself; but she borrowed the hand of the sub-prior, who dressed himself in female attire, and put a glory round his head. The poor little lay brother, exposed all bloody to the veneration of the people, on the altar of the Dominicans at Berne, at last cried out murder! sacrilege! The monks, in order to quiet him as quickly as possible, administered to him a host sprinkled with corrosive sublimate; but the excess of the dose made him discharge the host from his stomach.

The monks then accused him, to the bishop of Lausanne, of horrible sacrilege. The indignant people of Berne in their turn accused the monks; and four of them were burned at Berne, on the 13th of May, 1509, at the Marsilly gate.

Such was the termination of this abominable affair, which determined the people of Berne to choose a religion, bad indeed in Catholic eyes, but which delivered them from the Cordeliers and the Jacobins.

The number of similar sacrileges is incredible. Such are the effects of party spirit.

The Jesuits maintained, for a hundred years, that the Jansenists were blasphemers, and proved it by a thousand lettres-de-cachet; the Jansenists, by upwards of four thousand volumes, demonstrated that it was the Jesuits who blasphemed. The writer of the "Gazettes Ecclésiastiques," pretends that all honest men blaspheme against him; while he himself blasphemes from his garret on high against every honest man in the kingdom. The gazette-writer's publisher blasphemes in return, and complains that he is starving.

He would find it better to be honest and polite.

One thing equally remarkable and consoling is, that never, in any country of the earth, among the wildest idolaters, has any man been considered as a blasphemer for acknowledging one supreme, eternal, and all-powerful God. It certainly was not for having acknowledged this truth, that Socrates was condemned to the hemlock; for the doctrine of a Supreme God was announced in all the Grecian mysteries. It was a faction that destroyed Socrates: he was accused, at a venture, of not recognising the *secondary* gods, and on this point it was that he was accused as a blasphemer.

The first Christians were accused of blasphemy for the same reason; but the partisans of the ancient religion of the empire, the Jovians, who reproached the primitive Christians with blasphemy, were at length condemned as blasphemers themselves, under Theodosius II.

Dryden says—

> This side to day, to-morr w t'other burns,
> And they're all Gods Almighty in their turns.

BODY.

Body and *matter* are here the same thing, although there is hardly any such thing as a synonyme in the most rigorous sense of the word. There have been persons who by this word *body* have understood *spirit* also. They have said spirit originally signifies breath; only a body can breathe; therefore body and spirit may, after all, be the same thing. In this sense, La Fontaine said to the celebrated Duke de la Rochefoucault:—

> *J'entens les esprits corps et pétris de matière.*

In the same sense, he says to Madame Sablière:—

> *Je subtiliserais un morceau de matière,*
> *Quintessence d'atome, extrait de la lumière,*
> *Je ne sais quoi plus vif et plus subtil encor....*

No one thought of harassing good Monsieur La Fontaine, or bringing him to trial for his expressions. Were a poor philosopher, or even a poet, to say as much now-a-days, how many would there be to fall on him! How many scribblers to sell their extracts for sixpence! How many knaves, for the sole purpose of making mischief, to cry philosopher! peripatetic! disciple of Gassendi! pupil of Locke, and the primitive fathers! damnable!

As we know not what a spirit is, so also we are ignorant of what a body is: we see various properties, but what is the subject in which those properties reside? There is nothing but body, said Democritus and Epicurus; there is no such thing as body, said the disciples of Zeno, of Elia.

Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, is the last who, by a hundred captious sophisms, has pretended to prove that bodies do not exist. They have, says he, neither, colour, nor smell, nor heat; all these modalities are in your sensations, not in the objects. He might have spared himself the trouble of proving this truth, for it was already sufficiently known. But from thence he passed to extent and solidity, which are essential to body; and thinks he proves that there is no extent in a piece of green cloth, because the cloth is not in reality green, the sensation of green being in ourselves only; therefore the sensation of extent is likewise in ourselves only. Having thus destroyed extent, he concludes that solidity, which is attached to it, falls of itself; and therefore that there is nothing in the world but our ideas. So that, according to this doctor, ten thousand men killed by ten thousand cannon-shots, are in reality nothing more than ten thousand apprehensions of our understanding: and when a female becomes pregnant, it is only one idea lodged in another idea, from which a third idea will be produced.

Surely, the Bishop of Cloyne might have saved himself from falling into this excessive absurdity. He thinks he shows that there is no extent, because a body has appeared to him four times as large through a glass as to his naked eye, and four times as small through another glass. Hence he concludes, that, since a body cannot be at the same time four feet, sixteen feet, and but one foot in extent, there is no extent; therefore there is nothing. He had only to take any measure, and say: of whatever extent this body may appear to me to be, it extends to so many of these measures.

He might very easily see that extent and solidity were quite different from sound, colour, taste, smell, &c. It is quite clear that these are sensations excited in us by the configuration of parts; but extent is not a sensation. When this lighted coal goes out, I am no longer warm; when the air is no longer struck, I cease to hear; when this rose withers, I no longer smell it: but the coal, the air, and the rose, have extent without me. Berkeley's paradox is not worth refuting.

Thus argued Zeno and Parmenides of old; and very clever they were: they would prove to you that a tortoise went

along as swift as Achilles, for there was no such thing as motion: they discussed a hundred other questions equally important. Most of the Greeks made philosophy a juggle; and they transmitted their art to our schoolmen. Bayle himself was occasionally one of the set, and embroidered cobwebs like the rest. In his article *Zeno*, against the divisible extent of matter and the contiguity of bodies, he ventures to say what would not be tolerated in any six month's geometrician.

It is worth knowing how Berkeley was drawn into this paradox. A long while ago, I had some conversation with him; and he told me that his opinion originated in our being unable to conceive what the subject of this extension is; and certainly, in his book, he triumphs, when he asks Hylas what this subject, this substratum, this substance, is? It is the extended body, answers Hylas. Then the bishop, under the name of Philonous, laughs at him: and poor Hylas, finding that he has said that extension is the subject of extension, and has therefore talked nonsense, remains quite confused, acknowledges that he understands nothing at all of the matter, that there is no such thing as body, that the natural world does not exist, and that there is none but an intellectual world.

Hylas should only have said to Philonous:—We know nothing of the subject of this extension, solidity, divisibility, mobility, figure, &c.; I know no more of it than I do of the subject of thought, feeling, and will; but the subject does not the less exist, for it has essential properties of which it cannot be deprived.

We all resemble the greater part of the Parisian ladies, who live well without knowing what is put in their ragoûts: just so do we enjoy bodies without knowing of what they are composed. Of what does a body consist? Of parts; and these parts resolve themselves into other parts. What are these last parts? They, too, are bodies; you divide incessantly, without making any progress.

In short, a subtle philosopher, observing that a picture was made of ingredients of which no single ingredient was a picture, and a house of materials of which no one material was a house, imagined that bodies are composed of an infinity of small things which are not bodies, and these are called *monades*. This system is not without its merits; and, were it revealed, I should think it very possible. These little beings would be so many mathematical points, a sort of souls, waiting only for a tenement: here would be a continual metempsychosis. This system is as good as another: I like it quite as well as the declination of atoms, the substantial forms, the versatile grace, or the vampires.

BOOKS.

SECTION I.

You despise books; you, whose lives are absorbed in the vanities of ambition, the pursuit of pleasure, or in indolence; but remember that all the known world, excepting only savage nations, is governed by books. All Africa, to the limits of Ethiopia and Nigritia, obeys the book of the Koran, after bowing to the book of the Gospel. China is ruled by the moral book of Confucius, and a great part of India by the Vedah. Persia was governed for ages by the books of one of the Zoroasters.

In a law-suit, or criminal process, your property, your honour, perhaps your life, depends on the interpretation of a book which you never read.

It is, however, with books as with men: a very small number play a great part; the rest are confounded with the multitude.

By whom are mankind led, in all civilized countries? By those who can read and write. You are acquainted with neither Hippocrates, nor Boerhaave, nor Sydenham; but you place your body in the hands of those who can read them. You leave your soul entirely to the care of those who are paid for reading the Bible; although there are not fifty of

them who have read it through with attention.

The world is now so entirely governed by books, that they who command in the city of the Scipios and the Catos, have resolved that the books of their law shall be for themselves alone; they are their sceptre, which they have made it high treason in their subjects to touch without an express permission. In other countries it has been forbidden to think in print without letters-patent.

There are nations in which thought is considered merely as an article of commerce, the operations of the human understanding being valued only at so much per sheet. If the bookseller happens to desire a privilege for his merchandize, whether he is selling Rabelais or the Fathers of the Church, the magistrate grants the privilege without answering for the contents of the book.

In another country, the liberty of explaining yourself by books is one of the most inviolable prerogatives. There you may print whatever you please, on pain of being tiresome, and of being punished if you have too much abused your natural right.

Before the admirable invention of printing, books were scarcer and dearer than jewels. There were scarcely any books in our barbarous nations, either before Charlemagne or after him, until the time of Charles V. King of France, called the Wise; and from this time to Francis I. the scarcity was extreme.

The Arabs alone had them, from the eighth to the thirteenth century of our era.

China was full of them, when we could neither read nor write.

Copyists were much employed in the Roman empire, from the time of the Scipios until the irruption of the barbarians.

This was a very ungrateful employment. The dealers always paid authors and copyists very ill. It required two years of assiduous labour for a copyist to transcribe the whole Bible well on vellum; and what time and trouble to copy correctly in Greek and Latin the works of Origen, Clement of Alexandria, and all the other writers called Fathers!

St. Hieronymos, or Hieronymus, whom we call Jerome, says, in one of his satirical letters against Rufinus, that he has ruined himself with buying the works of Origen, against whom he wrote with so much bitterness and violence. "Yes," says he, "I have read Origen: if it be a crime, I confess that I am guilty, and that I exhausted my purse in buying his works at Alexandria."

The Christian societies of the three first centuries had fifty-four gospels, of which, until Dioclesian's time, scarcely two or three copies found their way among the Romans of the old religion.

Among the Christians, it was an unpardonable crime to show the gospels to the Gentiles; they did not even lend them to the catechumens.

When Lucian (insulting our religion, of which he knew very little), relates that "a troop of beggars took him up into a fourth story, where they were invoking the Father through the Son, and foretelling misfortunes to the emperor and the empire," he does not say that they showed him a single book. No Roman historian, no Roman author whomsoever, ma.es mention of the gospels.

When a Christian, who was unfortunately rash and unworthy of his holy religion, had publicly torn in pieces and trampled under foot an edict of the Emperor Dioclesian, and had thus drawn down upon Christianity that persecution which succeeded the greatest toleration, the Christians were then obliged to give up their gospels and written authors to the magistrates, which before then had never been done. Those who gave up their books through fear of imprisonment, or even of death, were held by the rest of the Christians to be sacrilegious apostates: they received the surname of *traditores*, whence we have the word *traitor;* and several bishops asserted that they should be rebaptised, which occasioned a dreadful schism.

The poems of Homer were long so little known, that Pisistratus was the first who put them in order, and had them transcribed at Athens, about five hundred years before the Christian era.

Perhaps there was not at this time in all the East a dozen copies of the Vedah and the Zendah-Vestah.

In 1700, you would not have found a single book in all Rome, excepting the missals, and a few Bibles in the hands of papas drunk with brandy.

The complaint now is of their too great abundance. But it is not for readers to complain: the remedy is in their own hands; nothing forces them to read. Nor for authors: they who make the multitude of books have not to complain of being pressed. Notwithstanding this enormous quantity, how few people read! But if they read, and read with advantage, should we have to witness the deplorable infatuations to which the vulgar are still every day a prey?

The reason that books are multiplied in spite of the general law, that beings shall not be multiplied without necessity, is, that books are made from books. A new history of France or Spain is manufactured from several volumes already printed, without adding anything new. All dictionaries are made from dictionaries; almost all new geographical books are made from other books of geography; St. Thomas's dream has brought forth two thousand large volumes of divinity; and the same race of little worms that have devoured the parent are now gnawing the children.

> Ecrive qui voudra, chacun a son métier
> Peut perdre impunément de l'encre et du papier
>
> Write, write away; each writer at his pleasure
> May squander ink and paper without measure.

SECTION II.

It is sometimes very dangerous to make a book. Silhouète, before he could suspect that he should one day be comptroller-general of the finances, published a translation of Warburton's Alliance of Church and State; and his father-in-law, Astuce the physician, gave to the public the Memoirs, in which the author of the Pentateuch might have found all the astonishing things which happened so long before his time.

The very day that Silhouète came into office, some good friend of his sought out a copy of each of these books by the father-in-law and son-in-law, in order to denounce them to the parliament, and have them condemned to the flames, according to custom. They immediately bought up all the copies in the kingdom; whence it is that they are now extremely rare.

There is hardly a single philosophical or theological book, in which heresies and impieties may not be found by misinterpreting, or adding to, or subtracting from, the sense.

Theodore of Mopsuestes ventured to call the Canticle of Canticles "a collection of impurities." Grotius pulls it in pieces, and represents it as horrid; and Chatillon speaks of it as "a scandalous production."

Perhaps it will hardly be believed, that Dr. Tamponet one day said to several others:—"I would engage to find a multitude of heresies in the Lord's Prayer, if this prayer, which we know to have come from the divine mouth, were now for the first time published by a Jesuit."

I would proceed thus:—

"Our Father who art in heaven—"

A proposition inclining to heresy; since God is everywhere. Nay, we find in this expression the leaven of Socinianism; for here is nothing at all said of the Trinity.

"Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven—"

Another proposition tainted with heresy; for it said again and again in the Scriptures, that God reigns eternally. Moreover, it is very rash to ask that his will may be done; since nothing is or can be done but by the will of God.

"Give us this day our daily bread—"

A proposition directly contrary to what Jesus Christ uttered on another occasion: "Take no thought, saying what shall we eat? or what shall we drink?.... for after

all these things do the Gentiles seek.... But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

"And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors—"

A rash proposition, which compares man to God, destroys gratuitous predestination, and teaches that God is bound to do to us as we do to others. Besides, how can the author say that we forgive our debtors? We have never forgiven them a single crown. No convent in Europe ever remitted to its farmers the payment of a sous. To dare to say the contrary is a formal heresy.

"Lead us not into temptation—"

A proposition scandalous and manifestly heretical; for there is no tempter but the devil; and it is expressly said, in St. James's Epistle:—"God is no tempter of the wicked; he tempts no man."—"Deus enim intentator malorum est; ipse autem neminem tentat."

You see, then, said doctor Tamponet, that there is nothing, though ever so venerable, to which a bad sense may not be given. What book, then, shall not be liable to human censure, when even the Lord's Prayer may be attacked, by giving a diabolical interpretation to all the divine words that compose it. As for me, I tremble at the thought of making a book. Thank God, I have never published any thing; I have not even—like brothers La Rue, Du Ceveau, aud Folard—had any of my theatrical pieces played: it would be too dangerous.

If you publish, a parish curate accuses you of heresy; a stupid collegian denounces you; a fellow that cannot read condemns you; the public laugh at you; your bookseller abandons you; and your wine-merchant gives you no more credit. I always add to my Pater Noster, "Deliver me, O God, from the itch of book-making."

O ye who, like myself, lay black on white, and make clean paper dirty! call to mind the following verses which I remember to have read, and by which we ought to have been corrected:—

Tout ce fatras fut du chanvre en son temps,
Linge il devint par l'art des tisserands;
Puis en lambeaux des pilons le pressèrent
Il fut papier. Cent cerveaux à l'envers
De visions à l'envi le chargerent;
Puis on le brûle: il vole dans les airs,
Il est fumée aussi-bien que la gloire.
De nos travaux voilà quelle est l'histoire.
Tout est fumée, et tout nous fait sentir
Ce grand néant qui doit nous engloutir

This miscellaneous rubbish once was flax,
Till made soft linen by the honest weaver;
But when at length it dropped from peoples' backs,
'Twas turned to paper, and became receiver
Of all that fifty motley brains could fashion;
So now 'tis burned without the least compassion:
It now, like glory, terminates in smoke;
Thus all our toils are nothing but a joke—
All ends in smoke; each nothing that we follow
Tells of the nothing that must all things swallow,

SECTION III.

Books are now multiplied to such a degree, that it is impossible not only to read them all, but even to know their number and their titles. Happily, one is not obliged to read all that is published; and Caramuel's plan for writing a hundred folio volumes, and employing the spiritual and temporal power of princes to compel their subjects to read them, has not been put in execution. Ringelburg, too, had formed the design of composing about a thousand different volumes; but, even had he lived long enough to publish them, he would have fallen far short of Hermes Trismegistus, who, according to Jamblicus, composed thirty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-five books. Supposing the truth of this fact, the ancients had no less reason than the moderns to complain of the multitude of books.

It is, indeed, generally agreed, that a small number of choice books is sufficient. Some propose that we should confine ourselves to the Bible or Holy Scriptures, as the Turks limit themselves to the Koran. But there is a great difference between the feelings of reverence entertained by the Mahometans for their Koran, and those of the Christians for the Scriptures. The veneration testified by the former, when speaking of the Koran, cannot be exceeded. It is, say they, the greatest of all miracles; nor are all the men in existence put together, capable of

anything at all approaching it; it is still more wonderful, that the author had never studied, nor read any book. The Koran alone is worth sixty thousand miracles (the number of its verses, or thereabouts); one rising from the dead would not be a stronger proof of the truth of a religion than the composition of the Koran. It is so perfect, that it ought not to be regarded as a work of creation.

The Christians do indeed say, that their Scriptures were inspired by the Holy Ghost; yet not only is it acknowledged by Cardinal Cajetan and Bellarmine, that errors have found their way into them, through the negligence and ignorance of the booksellers, and the Rabbis, who added the points—but they are considered as a book too dangerous for the hands of the majority of the faithful. This is expressed by the fifth rule of the Index, a congregation at Rome, whose office it is to examine what books are to be forbidden. It is as follows:—

"Since it is evident that if the reading of the Bible, translated into the vulgar tongue, were permitted to every one indiscriminately, the temerity of mankind would cause more evil than good to arise therefrom—we will that it be referred to the judgment of the bishop or inquisitor, who, with the advice of the curate or confessor, shall have power to grant permission to read the Bible rendered in the vulgar tongue by Catholic writers, to those to whom they shall judge that such reading will do no harm: they must have this permission in writing, and shall not be absolved until they have returned their Bible into the hands of the ordinary. As for such booksellers as shall sell Bibles in the vulgar tongue to those who have not this written permission, or in any other way put them into their hands, they shall lose the price of the books (which the bishop shall employ for pious purposes), and shall moreover be punished by arbitrary penalties. Nor shall regulars read or buy these books without the permission of their superiors."

Cardinal Du Perron also asserted that the Scriptures, in the hands of the unlearned, were a two-edged knife, which might wound them; to avoid which, it was better that they should hear them from the mouth of the church, with the solutions and interpretations of such passages as appear to the senses to be full of absurdity and contradiction, than that they should read them by themselves, without any solution or interpretation. He afterwards made a long enumeration of these absurdities, in terms so unqualified, that Jurieu was not afraid to declare that he did not remember to have read anything so frightful or so scandalous in any Christian author.

Jurieu, who was so violent in his invectives against Cardinal Du Perron, had himself to sustain similar reproaches from the Catholics. "I heard that minister," says Pap, in speaking of him, "teaching the public that all the characteristics of the Holy Scriptures, on which those pretended reformers had founded their persuasion of their divinity, did not appear to him to be sufficient. 'Let it not be inferred (said Jurieu), that I wish to take from the light and strength of the characteristics of Scripture; but I will venture to affirm, that there is not one of them which may not be eluded by the profane. There is not one of them that amounts to a proof—not one to which something may not be said in answer; and, considered altogether, although they have greater power than separately to work a moral conviction—that is, a proof on which to found a certainty excluding every doubt—I own that nothing seems to me to be more opposed to reason, than to say that these characteristics are of themselves capable of producing such a certainty.'"

It is not then astonishing, that the Jews and the first Christians, who, we find in the Acts of the Apostles, confined themselves in their meetings to the reading of the Bible, were, as will be seen in the article Heresy, divided into different sects. For this reading was afterwards substituted that of various apocryphal works, or at least of extracts from them.

The author of the Synopsis of Scripture, which we find among the works of St. Athanasius, expressly avows that there are in the apocryphal books things most true and inspired by God, which have been selected and extracted for the perusal of the faithful.

BOURGES.

Our questions have but little to do with geography; but we shall, perhaps, be permitted to express in a few words our astonishment respecting the town of Bourges. The Trevoux Dictionary asserts, that "it is one of the most ancient in Europe—that it was the seat of empire of the Gauls, and gave laws to the Celts."

I will not combat the antiquity of any town or of any family. But was there ever an empire of Gaul? had the Celts kings? This rage for antiquity is a malady which is not easily cured. In Gaul, in Germany, and in the north, there is nothing ancient but the soil, the trees, and the animals. If you will have antiquities, go to Asia; and even there they are hardly to be found. Man is ancient, but monuments are new: this has already been said in more articles than one.

If to be born within a certain stone or wooden limit more ancient than another were a real good, it would be no more than reasonable to date the foundation of the town from the Giants' war: but since this vanity is in nowise advantageous, let it be renounced.

This is all I have to say about Bourges.

BRACHMANS—BRAHMINS.

Courteous reader, observe, in the first place, that Father Thomassin, one of the most learned men of modern Europe, derives the Brachmans from the Jewish word *barac*, by a *c*—supposing, of course, that the Jews had a *c*. This *barac*, says he, signified *to fly*; and the Brachmans ed from the towns—supposing that there were any towns.

Or, if you like it better, Brachmans comes from *baruk* by a *k*, meaning to *bless* or to *pray*. But why might not the Biscayans name the Brahmins from the word *bran?* which expresses—I will not say what. They had as good a right as the Hebrews. Really, this is a strange sort of erudition. By rejecting it entirely, we should know less, but we should know it better.

Is it not likely that the Brahmins were the first legislators, the first philosophers, the first divines, of the earth?

Do not the few remaining monuments of ancient history form a great presumption in their favour? since the first Greek philosophers went to them to learn mathematics; and the most ancient curiosities, those collected by the emperors of China, are all Indian, as is attested by the relations in Du Halde's collection.

Of the Shastah, we shall speak elsewhere. It is the first theological book of the Brahmins, written about fifteen hundred years before the Vedah, and anterior to all other books.

Their annals make no mention of any war undertaken by them at any time. The words *arms*, *killing*, *maiming*, are to be found neither in the fragments of the Shastah that have reached us, nor in the Yajurvedah, nor in the Kormovedah. At least, I can affirm that I have not seen them in either of these two latter collections; and it is most singular that the Shastah, which speaks of a conspiracy in heaven, makes no mention of any war in the great peninsula between the Indus and Ganges.

The Hebrews, who were unknown until so late a period, never name the Brahmins; they knew nothing of India till after Alexander's conquests, and their own settling in that Egypt of which they had spoken so ill. The name of India is to be found only in the book of Esther, and in that of Job, who was not a Hebrew. We find a singular contrast between the sacred books of the Hebrews and those of the Indians. The Indian books announce only peace and mildness; they forbid the killing of animals: but the Hebrew books speak of nothing but the slaughter and massacre of men and beasts;

all are butchered in the name of the Lord; it is quite another order of things.

We are incontestibly indebted to the Brahmins for the idea of the fall of celestial beings revolting against the Sovereign of Nature; and it was probably from them that the Greeks took the fable of the Titans; and lastly, from them it was that the Jews, in the first century of our era, took the idea of Lucifer's revolt.

How could these Indians suppose a rebellion in heaven without having seen one on earth? Such a leap from the human to the divine nature, is difficult of comprehension. We usually step from what is known to what is unknown.

A war of giants would not be imagined, until some men more robust than the rest had been seen to tyrannise over their fellow-men. To imagine the like in heaven, the Brahmins must either have experienced violent discords among themselves, or at least have witnessed them among their neighbours.

Be this as it may, it is an astonishing phenomenon that a society of men, who have never made war, should have invented a sort of war carried on in imaginary space, or in a globe distant from our own, or in what is called the *firmament*—the *empyrean*. But let it be carefully observed, that in this revolt of the celestial beings against their Sovereign, there were no blows given, no celestial blood spilt, no mountains thrown at one another's heads, no angels cleft in twain, as in Milton's sublime and grotesque poem.

According to the Shastah, it was only a formal disobedience of the orders of the Most High, which God punished by relegating the rebellious angels to a vast place of darkness called Onderah, for the term of a whole mononthour. A mononthour is a hundred and twenty-six millions of our years. But God vouchsafed to pardon the guilty at the end of five thousand years, and their Onderah was nothing more than a purgatory.

He turned them into *Mhurd*, or men, and placed them on our globe, on condition that they should not eat animals, nor cohabit with the males of their new species, on pain of returning to the Onderah.

These are the principal articles of the Brahmin faith, which has endured without intermission from time immemorial to the present day.

This is but a small part of the ancient cosmogony of the Brahmins. Their rites, their pagods, prove that among them all was allegorical. They still represent Virtue in the form of a woman with ten arms, combating ten mortal sins typified by monsters. Our missionaries were acute enough to take this image of Virtue for that of the devil, and affirm that the devil is worshipped in India. We have never visited that people but to enrich ourselves and calumniate them.

The Metempsychosis of the Brahmins.

The doctrine of the metempsychosis comes from an ancient law of feeding on cow's milk as well as on vegetables, fruits, and rice. It seemed horrible to the Brahmins to kill and eat their feeder; and they had soon the same respect for goats, sheep, and all other animals: they believed them to be animated by the rebellious angels, who were completing their purification in the bodies of beasts as well as in those of men. The nature of the climate seconded, or rather originated this law. A burning atmosphere creates a necessity for refreshing food, and inspires horror for our custom of stowing carcases in our stomachs.

The opinion that beasts have souls was general throughout the East, and we find vestiges of it in the ancient sacred writings. In the book of Genesis, God forbids men to eat "their flesh with their blood and their soul." Such is the import of the Hebrew text. "I will avenge," says he, "the blood of your souls on the claws of beasts and the hands of men." In Leviticus he says, "The soul of the flesh is in the blood." He does more; he makes a solemn compact with man and with all animals, which supposes an intelligence in the latter.

In much later times, Ecclesiasticus formally says, "God shows that man is like to the beasts; for men die like beasts; their condition is equal: as man dies, so also dies the beast. They breathe alike. There is nothing in man more than in the beast."

Jonah, when he went to preach at Nineveh, made both men and beasts fast.

All ancient authors, sacred books as well as profane, attribute knowledge to the beasts; and several make them speak. It is not then to be wondered at, that the Brahmins, and after them the Pythagoreans, believed that souls passed successively into the bodies of beasts and of men: consequently they persuaded themselves, or at least they said, that the souls of the guilty angels, in order to finish their purgation, belonged sometimes to beasts, sometimes to men. This is a part of the Jesuit Bougeant's romance, who imagined that the devils are spirits sent into the bodies of animals. Thus, in our day, and at the extremity of the west, a Jesuit unconsciously revives an article of the faith of the most ancient Oriental priests.

The Self-burning of Men and Women among the Brahmins.

The Brahmins of the present day, who do all that the ancient Brahmins did, have, we know, retained this horrible custom. Whence is it that, among a people who have never shed the blood of men or of animals, the finest act of devotion is a public self-burning? Superstition, the great uniter of contraries, is the only source of these frightful sacrifices, the custom of which is much more ancient than the laws of any known people.

The Brahmins assert that their great prophet Brama, the son of God, descended among them, and had several wives; and that after his death, the wife who loved him the most burned herself on his funeral-pile, that she might join him in heaven. Did this woman really burn herself, as it is said that Portia, the wife of Brutus, swallowed burning coals, in order to be reunited to her husband? or is this a fable invented by the priests? Was there a Brama, who really gave himself out as a prophet and son of God? It is likely that there was a Brama, as there afterwards were a Zoroaster and a Bacchus. Fable seized upon their history, as she has everywhere constantly done.

No sooner does the wife of the son of God burn herself, than ladies of meaner condition must burn themselves likewise. But how are they to find their husbands again, who are become horses, elephants, hawks, &c.? How are they to distinguish the precise beast, which the defunct animates? how to recognise him and be still his wife? This difficulty does not in the least embarrass the Hindoo theologians; they easily find a *distinguo*,—a solution *in sensu composito—in sensu diviso*. The metempsychosis is only for common people; for other souls they have a sublimer doctrine. These souls, being those of the once rebel angels, go about purifying themselves; those of the women who immolate themselves are beatified, and find their husbands ready-purified. In short, the priests are right, and the women burn themselves.

This dreadful fanaticism has existed for more than four thousand years, amongst a mild people, who would fear to kill a grasshopper. The priests cannot force a widow to burn herself; for the invariable law is, that the self-devotion must be absolutely voluntary. The longest married of the wives of the deceased has the first refusal of the honour of mounting the funeral-pile; if she is not inclined, the second presents herself; and so of the rest. It is said, that on one occasion seventeen burned themselves at once on the pile of a rajah: but these sacrifices are now very rare; the faith has become weaker since the Mahometans have governed a great part of the country, and the Europeans traded with the rest.

Still, there is scarcely a governor of Madras or Pondicherry who has not seen some Indian woman voluntarily perish in

the flames. Mr. Holwell relates, that a young widow of nineteen, of singular beauty, and the mother of three children, burned herself in the presence of Mrs. Russell, wife to the admiral then in the Madras roads. She resisted the tears and the prayers of all present: Mrs. Russell conjured her, in the name of her children, not to leave them orphans. The Indian woman answered, "God, who has given them birth, will take care of them." She then arranged everything herself, set fire to the pile with her own hand, and consummated her sacrifice with as much serenity as one of our nuns lights the tapers.

Mr. Charnock, an English merchant, one day seeing one of these astonishing victims, young and lovely, on her way to the funeral-pile, dragged her away by force when she was about to set fire to it, and, with the assistance of some of his countrymen, carried her off and married her. The people regarded this act as the most horrible sacrilege.

Why do husbands never burn themselves, that they may join their wives? Why has a sex, naturally weak and timid, always had this frantic resolution? Is it because tradition does not say that a man ever married a daughter of Brama, while it does affirm that an Indian woman was married to a son of that divinity? Is it because women are more superstitious than men; or is it because their imaginations are weaker, more tender, and more easily governed?

The ancient Brahmins sometimes burned themselves to prevent the pains and the languor of old age; but, above all, to make themselves admired. Calanus would not, perhaps, have placed himself on the pile, but for the purpose of being gazed at by Alexander. The Christian renegade Peregrinus burned himself in public, for the same reason that a madman goes about the streets dressed like an Armenian, to attract the notice of the populace.

Is there not also an unfortunate mixture of vanity in this terrible sacrifice of the Indian women? Perhaps, if a law were passed that the burning should take place in the presence of one waiting-woman only, this abominable custom would be for ever destroyed.

One word more:—A few hundreds of Indian women, at most, have furnished this horrid spectacle; but our inquisitions, our atrocious madmen calling themselves judges, have put to death in the flames more than a hundred thousand of our brethren—men, women, and children—for things which no one has understood. Let us pity and condemn the Brahmins; but let us not forget our miserable selves!

Truly, we have forgotten one very essential point in this short article on the Brahmins, which is, that their sacred books are full of contradictions; but the people know nothing of them, and the doctors have solutions ready—senses figured and figurative, allegories, types, express declarations of Birma, Brama, and Vishnu, sufficient to shut the mouth of any reasoner.

BREAD-TREE

The bread-tree grows in the Philippine islands, and principally in those of Guam and Tinian, as the cocoa-tree grows in the Indies. These two trees, alone, if they could be multiplied in our climate, would furnish food and drink sufficient for all mankind.

The bread-tree is taller and more bulky than our common apple-trees; its leaves are black, its fruit is yellow, and equal in dimensions to the largest apple. The rind is hard; and the cuticle is a sort of soft white paste, which has the taste of the best French rolls; but it must be eaten fresh, as it keeps only twenty-four hours, after which it becomes dry, sour, and disagreeable; but, as a compensation, the trees are loaded with them eight months of the year. The natives of the islands have no other food; they are all tall, stout, well made, sufficiently fleshy, and in the vigorous health which is necessarily produced by the use of one wholesome ali-

ment alone: and it is to negroes that nature has made this present.

Corn is assuredly not the food of the greater part of the world. Maize and cassava are the food of all America. We have whole provinces in which the peasants eat none but chesnut bread, which is more nourishing and of better flavour than the rye or barley bread on which so many feed, and is much better than the rations given to the soldiers. Bread is unknown in all southern Africa. The immense Indian Archipelago, Siam, Laos, Pegu, Cochin-China, Tonquin, part of China, the Malabar and Coromandel coasts, and the banks of the Ganges, produce rice, which is easier of cultivation, and for which wheat is neglected. Corn is absolutely unknown for the space of five hundred leagues on the coast of the Icy Sea.

The missionaries have sometimes been in great tribulation, in countries where neither bread nor wine is to be found. The inhabitants told them by interpreters: "You would baptize us with a few drops of water, in a burning climate, where we are obliged to plunge every day into the rivers; you would confess us, yet you understand not our language; you would have us communicate, yet you want the two necessary ingredients, bread and wine. It is therefore evident that your universal religion cannot have been made for us." The missionaries replied, very justly, that good will is the one thing needful; that they should be plunged into the water without any scruple; that bread and wine should be brought from Goa; and that, as for the language, the missionaries would learn it in a few years.

BUFFOONERY—BURLESQUE—LOW COMEDY.

He was a very subtle schoolman, who first said that we owe the origin of the word *buffoon* to a little Athenian sacrificer called *Bupho*, who, being tired of his employment, absconded, and never returned. The Areopagus, as they could not punish the priest, proceeded against his hatchet. This farce, which was played every year in the temple of Jupiter, is said to have been called *buffoonery*. This story is not entitled to much credit. *Buffoon* was not a proper name; *bouphonos* signifies an immolator of oxen. The Greeks never called any jest *bouphonia*. This ceremony, frivolous as it appears, might have an origin wise and humane, worthy of true Athenians.

Once a year, the subaltern sacrificer, or more properly the holy butcher, when on the point of immolating an ox, fled as if struck with horror, to put men in mind that in wiser and happier times only flowers and fruits were offered to the gods, and that the barbarity of immolating innocent and useful animals was not introduced until there were priests desirous of fattening on their blood and living at the expense of the people. In this idea there is no buffoonery.

This word *buffoon* has long been received among the Italians and the Spaniards, signifying *mimus, scurra, joculator*—a mimic, a jester, a player of tricks. Ménage, after Salmasius, derives it from *bocca infiata*—a bloated face; and it is true that a round face and swollen cheeks are requisite in a buffoon. The Italians say *bufo magro*—a meagre buffoon, to express a poor jester who cannot make you laugh.

Buffoon and buffoonery appertain to low comedy, to mountebanking, to all that can amuse the populace. In this it was—to the shame of the human mind be it spoken—that tragedy had its beginning: Thespis was a buffoon before Sophocles was a great man.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Spanish and English tragedies were all degraded by disgusting buffooneries.

The courts were still more disgraced by buffoons than the stage. So strong was the rust of barbarism, that men had no taste for more refined pleasures.

Boileau says of Molière :—

C'est par là que Moliere, illustrant ses écrits,
Peut-être de son art eût emporté le prix,
Si, moins ami du peuple en ses doctes peintures,
Il n'eut fait quelquefois grimacer ses figures,
Quitté pour le bouffon l'agréable et fin,
Et sans honte a Terence allié Tabarin.
Dans ce sac ridicule ou Scapin s'enveloppe,
Je ne reconnais plus l'auteur du Misantrope

Molière in comic genius had excelled,
And might perhaps have stood unparalleled,
Had he his faithful portraits ne'er allowed
To gape and grin to gratify the crowd;
Deserting wit for low grimace and jest,
And showing Terence in a motley vest.
Who in the sack, where Scapin plays the fool,
Will find the genius of the comic school?

But it must be considered that Raphael condescended to paint grotesque figures. Molière would not have descended so low, if all his spectators had been such men as Louis XIV., Condé, Turenne, La Rochefoucault, Montausier, Beauvilliers, and such women as Montespan and Thianges; but he had also to please the whole people of Paris, who were yet quite unpolished. The citizen liked broad farce, and he payed for it. Scarron's "Jodelets" were all the rage. We are obliged to place ourselves on the level of our age, before we can rise above it; and, after all, we like to laugh now and then. What is Homer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice, but a piece of buffoonery—a burlesque poem?

Works of this kind give no reputation, but they may take from that which we already enjoy.

Buffoonery is not always in the burlesque style. The Physician in spite of Himself, and the Rogueries of Scapin, are not in the style of Scarron's "Jodelets." Molière does not, like Scarron, go in search of slang terms; his lowest characters do not play the mountebank. Buffoonery is in the thing, not in the expression.

Boileau's Lutrin was at first called a burlesque poem, but it was the subject that was burlesque; the style was pleasing and refined, and sometimes even heroic.

The Italians had another kind of burlesque, much superior to ours—that of Aretin, of Archbishop La Caza, of Berni, Mauro, and Dolce. It often sacrifices decorum to pleasantry, but obscene words are wholly banished from it. The subject of Archbishop La Caza's Capitolo del Forno is, indeed, that which sends the Desfontaines to the Bicètre, and the Deschaufours to the Place de Gréve: but there is not one word offensive to the ear of chastity; you have to divine the meaning.

Three or four Englishmen have excelled in this way: Butler, in his Hudibras, which was the civil war excited by the Puritans turned into ridicule; Dr. Garth, in his Dispensary; Prior, in his Alma, in which he very pleasantly makes a jest of his subject; and Phillips, in his Splendid Shilling.

Butler is as much above Scarron as a man accustomed to good company is above a singer at a pot-house. The hero of Hudibras was a real personage, one Sir Samuel Luke, who had been a captain in the armies of Fairfax and Cromwell. See the commencement of the poem, in the article PRIOR, BUTLER, and SWIFT.

Garth's poem on the physicians and apothecaries is not so much in the burlesque style as in that of Boileau's Lutrin: it has more imagination, variety, and naïveté than the Lutrin; and, which is rather astonishing, it displays profound erudition, embellished with all the graces of refinement. It begins thus :—

Speak, Goddess, since 'tis thou that best canst tell
How ancient leagues to modern discord fell;
And why physicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own.

Prior, whom we have seen a plenipotentiary in France before the peace of Utrecht, assumed the office of mediator between the philosophers who dispute about the soul. This poem is in the style of Hudibras, called *doggrel rhyme*, which is the *stilo Berniesco* of the Italians.

The great first question is, whether the soul is all in all, or is lodged behind the nose and eyes in a corner which it never quits. According to the latter system, Prior compares it to the Pope, who con-

stantly remains at Rome, from whence he sends his nuncios and spies to learn all that is doing in Christendom.

Prior, after making a jest of several systems, proposes his own. He remarks that the two-legged animal, new-born, throws about its feet as much as possible, when its nurse is so stupid as to swaddle it: thence he judges that the soul enters it by the feet; that about fifteen it reaches the middle; then it ascends to the heart; then to the head, which it quits altogether when the animal ceases to live.

At the end of this singular poem, full of ingenious versification, and of ideas alike subtle and pleasing, we find this charming line of Fontenelle—

Il est des hochets pour tout age.

Prior begs of fortune to

Give us play-things for old age.

Yet it is quite certain that Fontenelle did not take this line from Prior, nor Prior from Fontenelle. Prior's work is twenty years anterior, and Fontenelle did not understand English.

The poem terminates with this conclusion:—

For Plato's fancies what care I?
I hope you would not have me die
Like simple Cato in the play,
For anything that he can say:
E'en let him of ideas speak
To heathens, in his native Greek.
If to be sad is to be wise,
I do most heartily despise
Whatever Socrates has said,
Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.
Dear Drift, to set our matters right,
Remove these papers from my sight;
Burn Mat's Descartes and Aristotle—
Here, Jonathan,—your master's bottle.

In all these poems, let us distinguish the pleasant, the lively, the natural, the familiar—from the grotesque, the farcical, the low, and, above all, the stiff and forced. These various shades are discriminated by the connoisseurs, who alone, in the end, decide the fate of every work.

La Fontaine would sometimes descend to the burlesque style—Phædrus never; but the latter has not the grace and unaffected softness of La Fontaine, though he has greater precision and purity.

BULGARIANS.

These people were originally Huns, who settled near the Volga; and *Volgarians* was easily changed into *Bulgarians.*

About the end of the seventh century, they, like all the other nations inhabiting Sarmatia, made irruptions towards the Danube, and inundated the Roman empire. They passed through Moldavia and Wallachia, whither their old fellow-countrymen, the Russians, carried their victorious arms in 1769, under the Empress Catherine II.

Having crossed the Danube, they settled in part of Dacia and Mœsia, giving their name to the countries which are still called Bulgaria. Their dominion extended to Mount Hæmus and the Euxine Sea.

In Charlemagne's time, the Emperor Nicephorus, successor to Irene, was so imprudent as to march against them after being vanquished by the Saracens; and he was in like manner defeated by the Bulgarians. Their king, named Krom, cut off his head, and made use of his skull as a drinking-cup at his table, according to the custom of that people in common with all the northern nations.

It is related that, in the ninth century, one Bogoris, who was making war upon the Princess Theodora, mother and guardian to the Emperor Michael, was so charmed with that empress's noble answer to his declaration of war, that he turned Christian.

The Bulgarians, who were less complaisant, revolted against him; but Bogoris, having shown them a crucifix, they all immediately received baptism. So say the Greek writers of the lower empire, and so say our compilers after them.

Et voila justement comme on écrit l'histoire.

Theodora, say they, was a very religious princess, even passing her latter years in a convent. Such was her love for the Greek Catholic religion, that she put to death in various ways a hundred thousand men accused of Manicheism—"this being," says the modest continu-

ator of Echard, "the most impious, the most detestable, the most dangerous, the most abominable of all heresies, for ecclesiastical censures were weapons of no avail against men who acknowledged not the church."

It is said that the Bulgarians, seeing that all the Manicheans suffered death, immediately conceived an inclination for their religion, and thought it the best, since it was the most persecuted one: but this, for Bulgarians, would be extraordinarily acute.

At that time, the great schism broke out more violently than ever between the Greek church, under the Patriarch Photius, and the Latin church, under Pope Nicholas I. The Bulgarians took part with the Greek church; and from that time, probably, it was that they were treated in the west as heretics, with the addition of that fine epithet, which has clung to them to the present day.

In 871, the Emperor Basil sent them a preacher, named Peter of Sicily, to save them from the heresy of Manicheism; and it is added, that they no sooner heard him than they turned Manicheans. It is not very surprising that the Bulgarians, who drank out of the skulls of their enemies, were not extraordinary theologians any more than Peter of Sicily.

It is singular that these barbarians, who could neither write nor read, should have been regarded as very knowing heretics, with whom it was dangerous to dispute. They certainly had other things to think of than controversy, since they carried on a sanguinary war against the emperors of Constantinople for four successive centuries, and even beseiged the capital of the empire.

At the commencement of the thirteenth century, the Emperor Alexis, wishing to make himself recognised by the Bulgarians, their king, Joannic, replied, that he would never be his vassal. Pope Innocent III. was careful to seize this opportunity of attaching the kingdom of Bulgaria to himself: he sent a legate to Joannic, to anoint him king; and pretended that he had conferred the kingdom upon him, and that he could never more hold it but from the holy see.

This was the most violent period of the crusades. The indignant Bulgarians entered into an alliance with the Turks, declared war against the pope and his crusaders, took the pretended Emperor Baldwin prisoner, had his head cut off, and made a bowl of his skull, after the manner of Krom. This was quite enough to make the Bulgarians abhorred by all Europe. It was no longer necessary to call them Manicheans, a name which was at that time given to every class of heretics: for Manichean, Patarin, and Vaudois, were the same thing. These terms were lavished upon whosoever would not submit to the Roman church.

BULL.

A QUADRUPED, armed with horns, having cloven feet, strong legs, a slow pace, a thick body, a hard skin, a tail not quite so long as that of the horse, with some long hairs at the end. Its blood has been looked upon as a poison, but it is no more so than that of other animals; and the ancients, who wrote that Themistocles and others poisoned themselves with bull's blood, were false both to nature and to history. Lucian, who reproaches Jupiter with having placed the bull's horns above his eyes, reproaches him unjustly; for the eye of a bull being large, round, and open, he sees very well where he strikes; and if his eyes had been placed higher than his horns, he could not have seen the grass which he crops.

Phalaris's bull, or the Brazen Bull, was a bull of cast metal, found in Sicily, and supposed to have been used by Phalaris to enclose and burn such as he chose to punish;—a very unlikely species of cruelty.

The bulls of Medea guarded the Golden Fleece.

The bull of Marathon was tamed by Hercules.

Then there were—the bull which carried off Europa, the bull of Mithras, and the bull of Osiris.

There are—the Bull, a sign of the zodiac; and the Bull's Eye, a star of the first magnitude.

And lastly, there are bull-fights, common in Spain.

BULL (PAPAL).

This word designates the bull, or seal of gold, silver, wax, or lead, attached to any instrument or charter. The lead hanging to the rescripts despatched in the Roman court, bears on one side the head of St. Peter on the right, and that of St. Paul on the left; and, on the reverse, the name of the reigning pope, with the year of his pontificate. The bull is written on parchment. In the greeting, the pope takes no title but that of "Servant of the Servants of God," according to the holy words of Jesus to his disciples—"Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

Some heretics assert that, by this formula, humble in appearance, the popes mean to express a sort of feudal system, of which God is chief; whose high vassals, Peter and Paul, are represented by their servant the pontiff; while the lesser vassals are all secular princes, whether emperors, kings, or dukes.

They doubtless found this assertion on the famous bull *In cœna Domini*, which is publicly read at Rome by a cardinal-deacon every year, on Holy Thursday, in the presence of the pope, attended by the rest of the cardinals and bishops. After the ceremony, his holiness casts a lighted torch into the public square, in token of anathema.

This bull is to be found in tom. i. page 714 of the *Bullaire*, published at Lyons in 1673, and at page 118 of the edition of 1727. The oldest is dated 1536. Paul III. without noticing the origin of the ceremony, here says, that it is an ancient custom of the sovereign pontiffs to publish this excommunication on Holy Thursday, in order to preserve the purity of the Christian religion, and maintain union among the faithful. It contains twenty-four paragraphs, in which the pope excommunicates—

1. Heretics, all who favour them, and all who read their books.

2. Pirates, especially such as dare to cruise on the seas belonging to the sovereign pontiff.

3. Those who impose fresh tolls on their lands.

10. Those who, in any way whatsoever, prevent the execution of the apostolical letters, whether they grant pardons or inflict penalties.

11. All lay judges who judge ecclesiastics, and bring them before their tribunal, whether that tribunal is called an *audience*, a *chancery*, a *council*, or a *parliament*.

12. All chancellors, counsellors ordinary or extraordinary, of any king or prince whatsoever, all presidents of chanceries, councils, or parliaments, as also all attorney-generals, who call ecclesiastical causes before them, or prevent the execution of the apostolical letters, even though it be on pretext of preventing some violence.

In the same paragraph, the pope reserves to himself alone the power of absolving the said chancellors, counsellors, attorney-generals, and the rest of the excommunicated; who cannot receive absolution until they have publicly revoked their acts, and have erased them from the records.

20. Lastly, the pope excommunicates all such as shall presume to give absolution to the excommunicated as aforesaid: and, in order that no one may plead ignorance, he orders—

21. That this bull be published, and posted on the gate of the basilic of the Prince of the Apostles, and on that of St John of Lateran.

22. That all patriarchs, primates, archbishops, and bishops, by virtue of their holy obedience, shall have this bull solemnly published at least once a-year.

24. He declares that whosoever dares

to go against the provisions of this bull, must know that he is incurring the displeasure of Almighty God and of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul.

The other subsequent bulls, called also *In cœna Domini*, are only duplicates of the first. For instance, the article 21 of that of Pius V. dated 1567, adds to the paragraph 3 of the one that we have quoted, that all princes who lay new impositions on their states, of what nature soever, or increase the old ones, without obtaining permission from the Holy See, are excommunicated *ipso facto*.

The third bull *In cœna Domini* of 1610, contains thirty paragraphs, in which Paul V. renews the provisions of the two preceding.

The fourth and last bull *In cœna Domini* which we find in the Bullaire, is dated April 1st, 1672. In it Urban VIII. announces that, after the example of his predecessors, in order inviolably to maintain the integrity of the faith, and public justice and tranquillity, he wields the spiritual sword of ecclesiastical discipline to excommunicate, on the day which is the anniversary of the Supper of our Lord—

1. Heretics.

2. Such as appeal from the pope to a future council;—and the rest as in the three former.

It is said that the one which is read now, is of a more recent date, and contains some additions.

The History of Naples, by Giannone, shows us what disorders the ecclesiastics stirred up in that kingdom, and what vexations they exercised against the king's subjects, even refusing them absolution and the sacraments, in order to effect the reception of this bull, which has at last been solemnly proscribed there, as well as in Austrian Lombardy, in the states of the empress-queen, in those of the Duke of Parma, and elsewhere.

In 1580, the French clergy chose the time between the sessions of the parliament of Paris, to have the same bull *In cœna Domini* published. But it was opposed by the procureur-general; and the *Chambre des Vacations*, under the presidency of the celebrated and unfortunate Brisson, on the 4th of October, passed a decree, enjoining all governors to inform themselves, if possible, what archbishops, bishops, or grand-vicars, had received either this bull or a copy of it entitled *Litteræ processus*, and who had sent it to them to be published; to prevent the publication, if it had not yet taken place; to obtain the copies and send them to the chamber; or, if they had been published, to summon the archbishops, the bishops, or their grand-vicars, to appear on a certain day before the chamber, to answer to the suit of the procureur-general; and, in the mean time, to seize their temporal possessions and place them in the hands of the king; to forbid all persons from obstructing the execution of this decree, on pain of punishment as traitors and enemies to the state; with orders that the decree be printed, and that the copies, collated by notaries, have the full force of the original.

In doing this, the parliament did but feebly imitate Philip the Fair. The bull *Ausculta Fili*, of the 5th December, 1301, was addressed to him by Boniface VIII. who, after exhorting the king to listen with docility, says to him—"God has established us over all kings and all kingdoms, to root up, and destroy, and throw down, to build, and to plant, in his name and by his doctrine. Do not, then, suffer yourself to be persuaded that you have no superior, and that you are not subject to the head of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Whosoever thinks this, is a madman; and whosoever obstinately maintains it, is an infidel, separated from the flock of the Good Shepherd." The pope then enters into long details respecting the government of France, even reproaching the king for having altered the coin.

Philip the Fair had this bull burned at Paris, and its execution published on sound of trumpet throughout the city, by Sunday the 11th February, 1302. The pope, in a council which he held at Rome

the same year, made a great noise, and broke out into threats against Philip the Fair; but he did no more than threaten. The famous decretal *Unam Sanctam* is, however, considered as the work of this council; it is, in substance, as follows—

"We believe and confess a holy, catholic, and apostolic church, out of which there is no salvation; we also acknowledge its unity, that it is one only body, with one only head, and not with two, like a monster. This only head is Jesus Christ, and St. Peter his vicar, and the successor of St. Peter. Therefore, the Greeks, or others, who say that they are not subject to that successor, must acknowledge that they are not of the flock of Christ, since he himself has said (John, ch. x. v. 16) "that there is but one fold and one shepherd."

"We learn that in this church, and under its power, are two swords, the spiritual and the temporal: of these, one is to be used by the church and by the hand of the pontiff; the other, by the church and by the hand of kings and warriors, in pursuance of the orders or with the permission of the pontiff. Now, one of these swords must be subject to the other, temporal to spiritual power; otherwise, they would not be ordinate, and the apostles says they must be so. (Rom. chap. xiii. v. 1.) According to the testimony of truth, spiritual power must institute and judge temporal power; and thus is verified with regard to the church, the prophesy of Jeremiah (chap. i. v. 10.) —"I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms." &c.

On the other hand, Philip the Fair assembled the states-general; and the commons, in the petition which they presented to that monarch, said, in so many words —"It is a great abomination for us to hear that this Boniface stoutly interprets like a *Boulgare* (dropping the *l* and the *a*) these words of spirituality (Matthew, chap. xvi. v. 19.)—"Whatever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven;"—as if this signified that if a man be put into a temporal prison, God will imprison him in heaven."

Clement V. successor to Boniface VIII. revoked and annulled the odious decision of the bull *Unam Sanctam*, which extends the power of the popes to the temporalities of kings, and condemns as heretics all who do not acknowledge this chimerical power. Boniface's pretension, indeed, ought to be condemned as heresy, according to this maxim of theologians—"Not only is it a sin against the rules of the faith, and a heresy, to deny what the faith teaches us, but also to set up as part of the faith that which is no part of it." (Joan. Maj. m. 3 sent. dist. 37. q. 26.)

Other popes, before Boniface VIII. had arrogated to themselves the right of property over different kingdoms. The bull is well known, in which Gregory VII. says to the King of Spain—"I would have you to know, that the kingdom of Spain, by ancient ecclesiastical ordinances, was given in property to St. Peter and the holy Roman church."

Henry II. of England asked permission of Pope Adrian IV. to invade Ireland. The pontiff gave him leave, on condition that he imposed on every Irish family a tax of one *carolus* for the Holy See, and held that kingdom as a fief of the Roman church—"For," wrote Adrian, "it cannot be doubted that every island upon which Jesus Christ, the sun of justice, has arisen, and which has received the lessons of the Christian faith, belongs of right to St. Peter and to the holy and sacred Roman church."

Bulls of the Crusade and of Composition.

If an African or an Asiatic of sense were told, that in that part of Europe where some men have forbidden others to eat flesh on Saturdays, the pope gives them leave to eat it, by a bull, for the sum of two rials, and that another bull grants permission to keep stolen money,—what would this African or Asiatic say? He would, at least, agree with us, that every country has its customs; and that in this world, by whatever names things may be called, or however they may be disguised, all is done for money.

There are two bulls under the name of *La Cruzada*—the Crusade; one of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, the other of that of Philip V. The first of these sells permission to eat what is called the *grossura*, viz., tripes, livers, kidneys, gizzards, sweetbreads, lights, plucks, cauls, heads, necks, and feet.

The second bull, granted by Pope Urbran VIII. gives leave to eat meat throughout Lent, and absolves from every crime except heresy.

Not only are these bulls sold, but people are ordered to buy them; and, as is but right, they cost more in Peru and Mexico than in Spain; they are there sold for a piastre. It is reasonable that the countries which produce gold and silver should pay more than others.

The pretext for these bulls is, making war upon the Moors. There are persons, difficult of conviction, who cannot see what livers and kidneys have to do with a war against the Africans; and they add, that Jesus Christ never ordered war to be made on the Mahometans on pain of excommunication.

The bull giving permission to keep another's goods, is called the bull of *Composition*. It is farmed; and has long brought considerable sums throughout Spain, the Milanese, Naples, and Sicily. The highest bidders employ the most eloquent of the monks to preach this bull. Sinners who have robbed the king, the state, or private individuals, go to these preachers, confess to them, and show them what a sad thing it would be to make restitution of the whole. They offer the monks five, six, and sometimes seven per cent., in order to keep the rest with a safe conscience; and, as soon as the composition is made, they receive absolution.

The preaching brother who wrote the Travels through Spain and Italy (*Voyage d'Espagne et d'Italie*), published at Paris, *avec privilège* by Jean-Baptiste de l'Epine, speaking of this bull, thus expresses himself:—"Is it not very gracious to come off at so little cost, and be at liberty to steal more, when one has occasion for a larger sum?"

Bull Unigenitus.

The bull *In cæna Domini* was an indignity offered to all catholic sovereigns, and they at length proscribed it in their states; but the bull *Unigenitus* was a trouble to France alone. The former attacked the rights of the princes and magistrates of Europe, and they maintained those rights; the latter proscribed only some maxims of piety and morals, which gave no concern to any except the parties interested in the transient affair; but these interested parties soon filled all France It was at first a quarrel between the all-powerful Jesuits and the remains of the crushed Port-Royal.

Quesnel, a preacher of the Oratory, a refugee in Holland, had dedicated a commentary on the New Testament to Cardinal De Noailles, then Bishop of Chalons-sur-Marne. It met the bishop's approbation and was well received by all readers of that sort of books.

One Le Tellier, a Jesuit, a confessor to Louis XIV. and an enemy to Cardinal De Noailles, resolved to mortify him by having the book, which was dedicated to him, and of which he had a very high opinion, condemned at Rome.

This Jesuit, the son of an attorney at Vire in Lower Normandy, had all that fertility of expedient for which his father's profession is remarkable. Not content with embroiling Cardinal De Noailles with the pope, he determined to have him disgraced by the king his master. To ensure the success of this design, he had mandaments composed against him by his emissaries, and got them signed by four bishops; he also indited letters to the king, which he made them sign.

These manœuvres, which would have been punished in any of the tribunals, succeeded at court: the king was soured against the cardinal, and Madame de Maintenon abandoned him.

Here was a series of intrigues, in which, from one end of the kingdom to the other, every one, took a part. The more unfortunate France at that time be-

came in a disastrous war, the more the public mind was heated by a theological quarrel.

During these movements, Le Tellier had the condemnation of Quesnel's book, of which the monarch had never read a page, demanded from Rome by Louis XIV. himself. Le Tellier and two other Jesuits, named Doucin and Lallemant, extracted one hundred and three propositions, which Pope Clement XI. was to condemn. The court of Rome struck out two of them, that it might, at least, have the honour of appearing to judge for itself.

Cardinal Fabroni, in whose hands the affair was placed, and who was devoted to the Jesuits, had the bull drawn up by a Cordelier named Father Palerno, Elio a Capuchin, Terrovi a Barnabite, and Castelli a Servite, to whom was added a Jesuit named Alfaro.

Clement XI. let them proceed in their own way. His only object was to please the King of France, who had long been displeased with him, on account of his recognising the Archduke Charles, afterwards emperor, as King of Spain. To make his peace with the king, it cost him only a piece of parchment sealed with lead, concerning a question which he himself despised.

Clement XI. did not wait to be solicited; he sent the bull, and was quite astonished to learn that it was received throughout France with hisses and groans. "What!" said he to Cardinal Carpegno, "a bull is earnestly asked of me; I give it freely, and every one makes a jest of it!"

Every one was indeed surprised to see a pope, in the name of Jesus Christ, condemning as heretical, tainted with heresy, and offensive to pious ears, this proposition—"It is good to read books of piety on Sundays, especially the Holy Scriptures;" and this—"The fear of an unjust excommunication should not prevent us from doing our duty."

The partisans of the Jesuits were themselves alarmed at these censures, but they dared not speak. The wise and disinterested exclaimed against the scandal, and the rest of the nation against the absurdity.

Nevertheless, Le Tellier triumphed, until the death of Louis XIV.: he was held in abhorrence, but he governed. This wretch tried every means to procure the suspension of Cardinal de Noailles; but after the death of his penitent, the incendiary was banished. The Duke of Orleans, during his regency, extinguished these quarrels by making a jest of them. They have since thrown out a few sparks; but they are at last forgotten, probably for ever. Their duration, for more than half a century, was quite long enough. Yet, happy indeed would mankind be, if they were divided only by foolish questions unproductive of bloodshed!

CÆSAR.

It is not as the husband of so many women and the wife of so many men,—as the conqueror of Pompey and the Scipios,—as the satirist who turned Cato into ridicule,—as the robber of the public treasury, who employed the money of the Romans to reduce the Romans to subjection,—as he who, clement in his triumphs, pardoned the vanquished,—as the man of learning, who reformed the calendar,—as the tyrant and the father of his country, assassinated by his friends and his bastard son,—that I shall here speak of Cæsar. I shall consider this extraordinary man only in my quality of descendant from the poor barbarians whom he subjugated.

You will not pass through a town in France, in Spain, on the banks of the Rhine, or on the English coast opposite to Calais, in which you will not find good people who boast of having had Cæsar there. Some of the townspeople of Dover are persuaded that Cæsar built their castle; and there are citizens of Paris who believe that the great *châtelet* is one of his fine works. Many a country squire in France shows you an old turret which serves him for a dove-cote, and

tells you that Cæsar provided a lodging for his pigeons. Each province disputes with its neighbour the honour of having been the first to which Cæsar applied the lash: it was not by that road but by this, that he came to cut our throats, embrace our wives and daughters, impose laws upon us by interpreters, and take from us what little money we had.

The Indians are wiser. We have already seen that they have a confused knowledge that a great robber, named Alexander, came among them with other robbers; but they scarcely ever speak of him.

An Italian antiquary, passing a few years ago through Vannes in Brittany, was quite astonished to hear the learned men of Vannes boast of Cæsar's stay in their town. "No doubt," said he, "you have monuments of that great man?" "Yes," answered the most notable among them, "we will show you the place where that hero had the whole senate of our province hanged, to the number of six hundred!"

"Some ignorant fellows, who had found a hundred beams under ground, advanced in the journals, in 1755, that they were the remains of a bridge built by Cæsar; but I proved to them, in my dissertation of 1756, that they were the gallows on which that hero had our parliament tied up. What other town in Gaul can say as much? We have the testimony of the great Cæsar himself. He says, in his Commentaries, that we 'are fickle, and prefer liberty to slavery.' He charges us with having been so insolent as to take hostages of the Romans, to whom we had given hostages, and to be unwilling to return them unless our own were given up. He taught us good behaviour."

"He did well," replied the virtuoso, "his right was incontestable. It was, however, disputed; for you know that when he vanquished the emigrant Swiss, to the number of three hundred and sixty-eight thousand, and there were not more than a hundred and ten thousand left, he had a conference in Alsace with a German king named Ariovistus, and Ariovistus said to him—'I come to plunder Gaul, and I will not suffer any one to plunder it but myself;'—after which these good Germans, who were come to lay waste the country, put into the hands of their witches two Roman knights, ambassadors from Cæsar; and these witches were on the point of burning them and offering them to their gods, when Cæsar came and delivered them by a victory. We must confess that the right on both sides was equal, and that Tacitus had good reason for bestowing so many praises on the manners of the ancient Germans."

This conversation gave rise to a very warm dispute between the learned men of Vannes and the antiquary. Several of the Bretons could not conceive what was the virtue of the Romans, in deceiving one after another all the nations of Gaul, in making them by turns the instruments of their own ruin, in butchering one-fourth of the people, and reducing the other three-fourths to slavery.

"Oh! nothing can be finer," returned the antiquary. "I have in my pocket a medal representing Cæsar's triumph at the Capitol; it is in the best preservation." He showed the medal. A Breton, a little rude, took it and threw it into the river, exclaiming—"Oh! that I could so serve all who use their power and their skill to oppress their fellow-men! Rome deceived us, disunited us, butchered us, chained us; and at this day, Rome still disposes of many of our benefices;—and is it possible that we have so long and so many ways been a country of slaves?"

To the conversation between the Italian antiquary and the Breton, I shall only add, that Perrot d'Ablancourt, the translator of Cæsar's Commentaries, in his dedication to the great Condé, makes use of these words—"Does it not seem to you, sir, as if you were reading the life of some Christian philosopher?" Cæsar a Christian philosopher! I wonder he

has not been made a saint. Writers of dedications are remarkable for saying fine things, and much to the purpose.

CALENDS.

The Feast of the Circumcision, which the church celebrates on the first of January, has taken the place of another called the Feast of the Calends, of Asses, of Fools, or of Innocents, according to the different places where, and the different days on which, it was held. It was most commonly at Christmas, the Circumcision, or the Epiphany.

In the cathedral of Rouen there was, on Christmas-day, a procession, in which ecclesiastics, chosen for the purpose, represented the prophets of the Old Testament who foretold the birth of the Messiah, and (which may have given the feast its name) Balaam appeared, mounted on a she-ass; but as Lactantius's poem, and the Book of Promises, under the name of St. Prosper, say that Jesus in the manger was recognised by the ox and the ass, according to the passage of Isaiah—"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib" (a circumstance, however, which neither the gospel nor the ancient fathers have remarked) it is more likely that, from this opinion, the Feast of the Ass took its name.

Indeed, the Jesuit Theophilus Raynaud testifies that, on St. Stephen's day, there was sung a hymn of the Ass, which was also called the Prose of Fools; and that on St. John's day another was sung, called the Prose of the Ox. In the library of the chapter of Sens, there is preserved a manuscript of vellum, with miniature figures representing the ceremonies of the Feast of Fools. The text contains a description of it, including this Prose of the Ass; it was sung by two choirs, who imitated at intervals, and as the burden of the song, the braying of that animal.

There was elected in the cathedral churches a bishop or archbishop of the Fools, which election was confirmed by all sorts of buffooneries, played off by way of consecration. This bishop officiated pontifically, and gave his blessing to the people, before whom he appeared bearing the mitre, the crosier, and even the archiepiscopal cross. In those churches which held immediately from the Holy See, a pope of the Fools was elected, who officiated in all the decorations of papacy. All the clergy assisted in the mass, some dressed in women's apparel, others as buffoons, or masked in a grotesque and ridiculous manner. Not content with singing licentious songs in the choir, they sat and played at dice on the altar, at the side of the officiator. When the mass was over, they ran, leaped, and danced about the church, uttering obscene words, singing immodest songs, and putting themselves in a thousand indecent postures, sometimes exposing themselves almost naked. They then had themselves drawn about the streets, in tumbrels full of filth, that they might throw it at the mob which gathered round them. The looser part of the seculars would mix among the clergy, that they might play some fool's part in the ecclesiastical habit.

This feast was held in the same manner in the convents of monks and nuns, as Naudé testifies in his complaint to Gassendi, in 1645, in which he relates that, at Antibes, in the Franciscan monastery, neither the officiating monks nor the guardian went to the choir on the day of the Innocents. The lay-brethren occupied their places on that day, and, clothed in sacerdotal decorations, torn and turned inside out, made a sort of office. They held books turned upside down, which they seemed to be reading through spectacles, the glasses of which were made of orange-peel; and muttered confused words, or uttered strange cries, accompanied by extravagant contortions.

The second register of the church of Autun, by the secretary Rotarii, which ends with 1416, says, without specifying the day, that at the Feast of Fools, an ass was led along with a clergyman's

cape on his back, the attendants singing—He haw! Mr. Ass, He haw!

Ducange relates a sentence of the officialty of Viviers, upon one William, who, having been elected fool-bishop in 1406, had refused to perform the solemnities, and to defray the expenses customary on such occasions.

And, to conclude, the registers of St. Stephen, at Dijon, in 1521, declare, without mentioning the day, that the vicars ran about the streets with drums, fifes, and other instruments, and carried lamps before the *préchantre* of the Fools, to whom the honour of the feast principally belonged. But the parliament of that city, by a decree of the 19th January, 1552, forbade the celebration of this feast, which had already been condemned by several councils, and especially by a circular of the 11th March, 1444, sent to all the clergy in the kingdom by the Paris university. This letter, which we find at the end of the works of Peter of Blois, says, that this feast was, in the eyes of the clergy, so well-imagined and so Christian, that those who sought to suppress it were looked on as excommunicated; and the Sorbonne doctor, John des Lyons, in his discourse against the Paganism of the Roiboit, informs us, that a doctor of divinity publicly maintained at Auxerre, about the close of the fifteenth century, "that the feast of Fools was no less pleasing to God than the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin; besides, that it was of much higher antiquity in the church."

CANNIBALS.

SECTION I.

We have spoken of love. It is hard to pass from people *kissing* to people *eating* one another. It is, however, but too true, that there have been cannibals. We have found them in America; they are, perhaps, still to be found; and the Cyclops were not the only individuals in antiquity who sometimes fed on human flesh. Juvenal relates, that among the Egyptians—that wise people, so renowned for their laws—those pious worshippers of crocodiles and onions—the Tentyrites ate one of their enemies, who had fallen into their hands. He does not tell this tale on hear-say; the crime was committed almost before his eyes; he was then in Egypt, and not far from Tentyra. On this occasion he quotes the Gascons and the Saguntines, who formerly fed on the flesh of their countrymen.

In 1725, four savages were brought from the Mississippi to Fontainebleau, with whom I had the honour of conversing. There was among them a lady of the country, whom I asked if she had eaten men; she answered, with great simplicity, that she had. I appeared somewhat scandalised; on which she excused herself by saying, that it was better to eat one's dead enemy than to leave him to be devoured by wild beasts, and that the conquerors deserved to have the preference. We kill our neighbours in battles, or skirmishes; and, for the meanest consideration, provide meals for the crows and the worms. There is the horror; there is the crime. What matters it, when a man is dead, whether he is eaten by a soldier, or by a dog and a crow?

We have more respect for the dead than for the living. It would be better to respect both the one and the other. The nations called polished have done right in not putting their vanquished enemies on the spit; for if we were allowed to eat our neighbours, we should soon eat our countrymen, which would be rather unfortunate for the social virtues. But polished nations have not always been so: they were all for a long time savage; and, in the infinite number of revolutions which this globe has undergone, mankind have been sometimes numerous, and sometimes very scarce. It has been with human beings as it now is with elephants, lions, or tigers, the race of which has very much decreased. In times, when a country was but thinly inhabited by men, they had few arts; they were hunters. The custom of eating what they had killed, easily led them to treat their enemies like

their stags and their boars. It was superstition that caused human victims to be immolated; it was necessity that caused them to be eaten.

Which is the greater crime?—to assemble piously together to plunge a knife into the heart of a girl adorned with fillets, or to eat a worthless man who has been killed in our own defence.

Yet we have many more instances of girls and boys sacrificed, than of girls and boys eaten. Almost every nation of which we know anything has sacrificed boys and girls. The Jews immolated them. This was called *the Anathema;* it was a real sacrifice; and in Leviticus, it is ordained that the living souls which shall be devoted shall not be spared: but it is not in any manner prescribed that they shall be eaten; this is only threatened. Moses tells the Jews, that unless they observe his ceremonies, they shall not only have the itch, but the mothers shall eat their children. It is true, that in the time of Ezekiel, the Jews must have been accustomed to eat human flesh; for, in his thirty-ninth chapter, he foretels to them that God will cause them to eat, not only the horses of their enemies, but moreover the horsemen and the rest of the warriors. And, indeed, why should not the Jews have been cannibals? It was the only thing wanting to make the people of God the most abominable people upon earth.

SECTION II.

In the Essay on the Manners and Spirit of Nations, we read the following singular passage:—

"Herrera assures us, that the Mexicans ate the human victims whom they immolated. Most of the first travellers and missionaries say that the Brazilians, the Caribbees, the Iroquois, the Hurons, and some other tribes, ate their captives taken in war; and they do not consider this as the practice of some individuals alone, but as a national usage. So many writers, ancient and modern, have spoken of cannibals, that it is difficult to deny their existence. A hunting people, like the Brazilians or the Canadians, not always having a certain subsistence, may sometimes become cannibals. Famine and revenge accustomed them to this kind of food; and while, in the most civilised ages, we see the people of Paris devouring the bleeding remains of Marshal d'Ancre, and the people of the Hague eating the heart of the grand pensionary De Witt, we ought not to be surprised that a momentary outrage amongst us has been continual among savages.

"The most ancient books we have, leave no room to doubt that hunger has driven men to this excess. The prophet Ezekiel, according to some commentators, promises to the Hebrews, from God, that if they defend themselves well against the king of Persia, they shall eat of 'the flesh of horses and of mighty men.'

"Marco Paolo says, that in his time, in a part of Tartary, the magicians or priests (it was the same thing), had the privilege of eating the flesh of criminals condemned to death. All this is shocking to the feelings; but the picture of humanity must often have the same effect.

"How can it have been, that nations constantly separated from one another, have united in so horrible a custom? Must we believe that it is not so absolutely opposed to human nature as it appears to be? It is certain that it has been rare, but it is equally certain that it has existed. It is not known that the Tartars and the Jews often ate their fellow-creatures. During the sieges of Sancerre and Paris, in our religious wars, hunger and despair compelled mothers to feed on the flesh of their children. The charitable Las Casas, Bishop of Chiapa, says that this horror was committed in America, only by some nations among whom he had not travelled. Dampierre assures us that he never met with cannibals; and at this day, there are not, perhaps, any tribes which retain this horrible custom."

Americus Vespucius says, in one of his letters, that the Brazilians were much astonished, when he made them understand that for a long time the Europeans

had not eaten their prisoners of war.

According to Juvenal's fifteenth satire, the Gascons and the Spaniards had been guilty of this barbarity. He himself witnessed a similar abomination in Egypt, during the consulate of Junius. A quarrel happening between the inhabitants of Tentyra and those of Ombi, they fought; and an Ombian having fallen into the hands of the Tentyrians, they had him cooked, and ate him, all but the bare bones. But he does not say that this was a received custom; on the contrary, he speaks of it as an act of more than ordinary fury.

The Jesuit Charlevoix, whom I knew very well, and who was a man of great veracity, gives us clearly to understand, in his History of Canada, in which country he resided thirty years, that all the nations of northern America were cannibals; since he remarks, as a thing very extraordinary, that in 1711 the Acadians did not eat men.

The Jesuit Brebeuf relates, that, in 1640, the first Iroquois that was converted, having unfortunately got drunk with brandy, was taken by the Hurons, then at war with the Iroquois. The prisoner, baptised by Father Brebeuf by the name of Joseph, was condemned to death. He was put to a thousand tortures, which he endured, singing all the while, according to the custom of his country. They finished by cutting off a foot, a hand, and lastly his head; after which, the Hurons put all the members into a cauldron, each one partook of them, and a piece was offered to Father Brebeuf.

Charlevoix speaks in another place of twenty-two Hurons eaten by the Iroquois. It cannot, then, be doubted, that in more countries than one, human nature has reached this last pitch of horror; and this execrable custom must be of the highest antiquity; for we see in the Holy Scriptures, that the Jews were threatened with eating their children, if they did not obey their laws. The Jews are told, not only that they shall have the itch, and that their wives shall give themselves up to others, but also that they shall eat their sons and daughters in anguish and devastation; that they shall contend with one another for the eating of their children; and that the husband will not give to his wife a morsel of her son, because, he will say, he has hardly enough for himself.

Some very bold critics do indeed assert, that the book of Deuteronomy was not composed until after the siege of Samaria by Benhadad, during which, it is said, in the second book of kings, that mothers ate their children. But these critics, in considering Deuteronomy as a book written after the siege of Samaria, do but verify this terrible occurrence. Others assert that it could not happen as is related in the second book of Kings. It is there said:—"And as the King of Israel was passing by upon the wall [of Samaria], there cried a woman unto him, saying, Help, my lord, O king. And he said, If the Lord do not help thee, whence shall I help thee? out of the barn-floor? or out of the wine-press? And the king said unto her, What aileth thee? And she answered, This woman said unto me, give thy son, that we may eat him to-day, and we shall eat my son to-morrow. So we boiled my son, and did eat him: and I said unto her on the next day, Give thy son, that we may eat him; and she hath hid her son."

These censors assert that it is not likely, that while King Benhadad was besieging Samaria, King Joram passed quietly by the wall, or upon the wall, to settle differences between Samaritan women. It is still less likely that one child should not have satisfied two women for two days. There must have been enough to feed them for four days at least. But let these critics reason as they may, we must believe that fathers and mothers ate their children during the siege of Samaria, since it is expressly foretold in Deuteronomy.

The same thing happened at the siege of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar; and this, too, was foretold by Ezekiel.

Jeremiah exclaims, in his Lamenta-

tions—"Shall the women eat their fruit, and children of a span long?" And in another place—"The hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children." Here may be added the words of Baruch —"Man has eaten the flesh of his son and of his daughter."

This horror is repeated so often, that it cannot but be true. Lastly, we know the story related in Josephus, of the woman who fed on the flesh of her son when Titus was besieging Jerusalem.

The book attributed to Enoch, cited by St. Jude, says, that the giants born from the commerce of the angels with the daughters of men, were the first cannibals.

In the eighth homily attributed to St. Clement, St. Peter, who is made to speak in it, says that these same giants quenched their thirst with human blood, and ate the flesh of their fellow-creatures. Hence resulted, adds the author, maladies until then unknown; monsters of all kinds sprung up on the earth; and then it was that God resolved to drown all human kind. All this shows us how universal was the reigning opinion of the existence of cannibals.

What St. Peter is made o say in St. Clement's homily, has a palpable affinity with the story of Lycaon, one of the oldest of Greek fables, and which we find in the first book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

The Relations of the Indies and China, written in the eighth century by two Arabs, and translated by the Abbé Renaudot, is not a book to which implicit credit should be attached;—far from it; but we must not reject all these two travellers say, especially when their testimony is corroborated by that of other authors, who have merited some belief. They tell us, that there are in the Indian sea, islands peopled with blacks who ate men; they call these islands Ramni.

Marco Paolo, who had not read the relation of these two Arabs, says the same thing four hundred years after them. Archbishop Navarette, who was afterwards a voyager in the same seas, confirms this account—"Los Europeos que cogen, es constante que vivos se los van comiendo."

Texeira asserts, that the people of Java ate human flesh, which abominable custom they had not left off more than two hundred years before his time. He adds, that they did not learn milder manners until they embraced Mahometanism.

The same thing has been said of the people of Pegu, of the Caffres, and of several other African nations. Marco Paolo, whom we have just now cited, says, that in some Tartar hordes, when a criminal had been condemned to death, they made a meal of him—"Hanno costoro un bestiale e orribile costume, che quando alcuno e guidicato a morte, lo tolgono, e cuocono, e mangian' selo."

What is more extraordinary and incredible is, that the two Arabs attributed to the Chinese what Marco Paolo says of some of the Tartars—that "in general, the Chinese eat all who have been killed." This abomination is so repugnant to Chinese manners, that it cannot be believed. Father Parennin has refuted it, by saying that it is unworthy of refutation.

It must, however, be observed, that the eighth century, the time when these Arabs wrote their travels, was one of those most disastrous to the Chinese. Two hundred thousand Tartars passed the great wall, plundered Pekin, and everywhere spread the most horrible desolation. It is very likely that there was then a great famine, for China was as populous as it is now; and some poor creatures among the lowest of the people might eat dead bodies. What interest could these Arabians have in inventing so disgusting a fable? Perhaps they, like most other travellers, took a particular instance for a national custom.

Not to go so far for examples, we have one in our own country, in the very province in which I write: it is attested by our conqueror, our master, Julius Cæsar.

He was besieging Alexia, in the Auxois. The besieged being resolved to defend

themselves to the last extremity, and wanting provisions, a great council was assembled, in which one of the chiefs, named Critognatus, proposed that the children should be eaten one after another, to sustain the strength of the combatants. His proposal was carried by a majority of voices. Nor is this all: Critognatus, in his harangue, tells them that their ancestors had had recourse to the same kind of sustenance, in the war with the Cimbri and Teutones.

We will conclude with the testimony of Montaigne. Speaking of what was told him by the companions of Villegagnon, returned from Brazil, and of what he had seen in France, he certifies that the Brazilians ate their enemies killed in war, but mark what follows—"Is it more barbarous to eat a man when dead than to have him roasted by a slow fire, or torn to pieces by dogs and swine, as is yet fresh in our memories,—and that not between ancient enemies, but among neighbours and fellow-citizens,—and, which is worse, on pretence of piety and religion?" What a question, for a philosopher like Montaigne! Then, if Anacreon and Tibullus had been Iroquois, they would have eaten men! Alas! alas!

SECTION III.

Well; two Englishmen have sailed round the world. They have discovered that New Holland is an Island larger than Europe, and that men still eat one another there, as in New Zealand. Whence come this race? supposing that they exist. Are they descended from the ancient Egyptians, from the ancient people of Ethiopia, from the Africans, from the Indians?—or from the vultures, or the wolves? What a contract, between Marcus Aurelius or Epictetus and the cannibals of New Zealand! Yet they have the same organs, they are alike human beings. We have already treated on this property of the human race; it may not be amiss to add another paragraph.

The following are St. Jerome's own words in one of his letters—"Quid loquar de cæteris nationibus, quùm ipse adolescentulus in Galliâ viderim Scotos, gentem Britannicam, humanis vesci carnibus, et quùm per silvas porcorum greges pecudumque reperiant, tamen pastorum nates et fæminarum papillas solere abscindere et has solas ciborum delicias arbitrari?—What shall I say of other nations; when I myself, when young, have seen Scotchmen in Gaul, who, though they might have fed on swine and other animals of the forest, chose rather to cut off the posteriors of the youths and the breasts of the young women, and considered them as the most delicious food."

Pelloutier, who sought for everything that might do honour to the Celts, took the pains to contradict Jerome, and to maintain that his credulity had been imposed on. But Jerome speaks very gravely, and of what he *saw*. We may, with deference, dispute with a father of the church about what he has heard; but to doubt of what he has *seen*, is going very far. After all, the safest way is to doubt of everything, even of what we have seen ourselves.

One word more on cannibalism. In a book which has had considerable success among the well-disposed, we find the following, or words to the same effect:—

"In Cromwell's time, a woman who kept a tallow-chandler's shop in Dublin, sold excellent candles, made of the fat of Englishmen. After some time, one of her customers complained that the candles were not so good. 'Sir,' said the woman, 'it is because we are short of Englishmen.'"

I ask which were the most guilty—those who assassinated the English, or the poor woman who made candles of their fat? And further, I ask, which was the greatest crime—to have Englishmen cooked for dinner, or to use their tallow to give light at supper? It appears to me that the great evil is, the being killed; it matters little to us whether, after death, we are roasted on the spit, or are made into can-

dles. Indeed, no well-disposed man can be unwilling to be useful when he is dead.

CASTING (IN METAL).

There is not an ancient fable, not an old absurdity, which some simpleton will not revive, and that in a magisterial tone, if it be but authorised by some classical or theological writer.

Lycophron (if I remember right) relates that a horde of robbers, who had been justly condemned in Ethiopia, by King Actisanes, to lose their ears and noses, fled to the cataracts of the Nile, and from thence penetrated into the Sandy Desert, where they at length built the temple of Jupiter Ammon.

Lycophron, and after him Theopompus, tells us that these banditti, reduced to extreme want, having neither shoes, nor clothes, nor utensils, nor bread, bethought themselves of raising a statue of gold to an Egyptian god. This statue was ordered one evening, and made in the course of the night. A member of the university, much attached to Lycophron and the Ethiopian robbers, asserts that nothing was more common, in the venerable ages of antiquity, than to cast a statue of gold in one night, and afterwards throw it into a fire, to reduce it to an impalpable powder, in order to be swallowed by a whole people.

But where did these poor devils, without breeches, find so much gold? "What, sir!" says the man of learning, "do you forget that they had stolen enough to buy all Africa, and that their daughters' earrings alone were worth nine millions five hundred thousand livres of our currency?"

Be it so. But for casting a statue, a little preparation is necessary. M. Le Moine employed nearly two years in casting that of Louis XV.

"Oh! but this Jupiter Ammon was at most but three feet high. Go to any pewterer; will he not make you half-a-dozen plates in a day?"

Sir, a statue of Jupiter is harder to make than pewter-plates; and I even doubt whether your thieves had wherewith to make plates so quickly, clever as they might be at pilfering. It is not very likely that they had the necessary apparatus; they had more need to provide themselves with meal. I respect Lycophron much; but this profound Greek, and his yet more profound commentators, know so little of the arts—they are so learned in all that is useless, and so ignorant in all that concerns the necessaries and conveniences of life, professions, trades, and daily occupations—that we will take this opportunity of informing them how a metal figure is cast. This is an operation which they will find neither in Lycophron, nor in Manetho, nor even in St. Thomas's Dream.

* * * * *

I omit many other preparations which the Encyclopedists, especially M. Diderot, have explained much better than I could do, in the work which must immortalise their glory as well as all the arts. But to form a clear idea of the process of this art, the artist must be seen at work. No one can ever learn in a book to weave stockings, nor to polish diamonds, nor to work tapestry. Arts and trades are learned only by example and practice.

CATO.

ON SUICIDE, AND THE ABBE DE ST. CYRAN'S BOOK LEGITIMATING SUICIDE.

The ingenious La Motte says of Cato, in one of his philosophical rather than poetical odes:—

> Caton, d'une ame plus égale,
> Sous l'heureux vainqueur de Pharsale,
> Eût souffert que Rome pliât;
> Mais, incapable de se rendre,
> Il n'eut pas la force d'attendre
> Un pardon qui l'humiliât.
>
> Stern Cato, with more equal soul,
> Had bowed to Cæsar's wide control—
> With Rome had to the conqueror bowed—
> But that his spirit, rough and proud,
> Had not the courage to await
> A pardoned foe's too humbling fate.

It was, I believe, because Cato's soul was always equal, and retained to the last its love for his country and her laws, that he chose rather to perish with her than to crouch to the tyrant. He died as he had lived.

Incapable of surrendering! And to

whom? To the enemy of Rome—to the man who had forcibly robbed the public treasury, in order to make war upon his fellow-citizens, and enslave them by means of their own money.

A pardoned foe! It seems as if La Motte-Houdart were speaking of some revolted subject, who might have obtained his Majesty's pardon, by letters in chancery.

It seems rather absurd to say that Cato slew himself through weakness. None but a strong mind can thus surmount the most powerful instinct of nature. This strength is sometimes that of frenzy; but a frantic man is not weak.

Suicide is forbidden amongst us by the canon law. But the decretals, which form the jurisprudence of a part of Europe, were unknown to Cato, to Brutus, to Cassius, to the sublime Arria, to the Emperor Otho, to Mark Antony, and the rest of the heroes of true Rome, who preferred a voluntary death to a life which they believed to be ignominious.

We, too, kill ourselves: but it is when we have lost our money, or in the very rare excess of a foolish passion for an unworthy object. I have known women kill themselves for the most stupid men imaginable. And sometimes we kill ourselves when we are in bad health, which action is a real weakness.

Disgust with our own existence, weariness of ourselves, is a malady which is likewise a cause of suicide. The remedy is, a little exercise, music, hunting, the play, or an agreeable woman. The man who, in a fit of melancholy, kills himself to-day, would have wished to live, had he waited a week.

I was almost an eye-witness of a suicide which deserves the attention of all cultivators of physical science. A man of a serious profession, of mature age, of regular conduct, without passions, and above indigence, killed himself on the 17th of October, 1769, and left to the town-council of the place where he was born a written apology for his voluntary death, which it was thought proper not to publish, lest it should encourage men to quit a life of which so much ill is said. Thus far there is nothing very extraordinary; such instances are almost every day to be met with. The astonishing part of the story is this:—

His brother and his father had each killed himself at the same age. What secret disposition of organs, what sympathy, what concurrence of physical laws, occasions a father and his two sons to perish by their own hands, and by the same kind of death, precisely when they have attained such a year? Is it a disease which unfolds itself successively in the different members of a family—as we often see fathers and children die of the small-pox, consumption of the lungs, or any other complaint? Three or four generations have become deaf or blind, gouty or scorbutic, at a predetermined period.

Physical organisation, of which moral is the offspring, transmits the same character from father to son, through a succession of ages. The Appii were always haughty and inflexible, the Catos always severe. The whole line of the Guises were bold, rash, factious; compounded of the most insolent pride, and the most seductive politeness. From Francis de Guise, to him who alone and in silence went and put himself at the head of the people of Naples, they were all, in figure, in courage, and in turn of mind, above ordinary men. I have seen whole-length portraits of Francis de Guise, of the Balafré, and of his son: they are all six feet high, with the same features, the same courage and boldness in the forehead, the eye, and the attitude.

This continuity, this series of beings alike, is still more observable in animals; and if as much care were taken to perpetuate fine races of men, as some nations still take to prevent the mixing of the breeds of their horses and hounds, the genealogy would be written in the countenance and displayed in the manners.

There have been races of crooked and of six-fingered people, as we see red-haired, thick-lipped, long-nosed, and flat-nosed races.

But that nature should so dispose the organs of a whole race, that at a certain age each individual of that family will have a passion for self-destruction—this is a problem which all the sagacity of the most attentive anatomists cannot resolve. The effect is certainly all physical; but it belongs to occult physics. Indeed, what principle is not *occult?*

We are not informed, nor is it likely, that in the time of Cæsar and the emperors the inhabitants of Great Britain killed themselves as deliberately as they now do, when they have the vapours, which they denominate *the spleen*.

On the other hand, the Romans, who never had the spleen, did not hesitate to put themselves to death. They reasoned; they were philosophers; and the people of the island of Britain were not so. Now, English citizens are philosophers, and Roman citizens are nothing. The Englishman quits this life proudly and disdainfully, when the whim takes him; but the Roman must have an *indulgentia in articulo mortis;* he can neither live nor die.

Sir William Temple says, that a man should depart when he has no longer any pleasure in remaining. So died Atticus.

Young women, who hang and drown themselves for love, should then listen to the voice of hope; for changes are as frequent in love as in other affairs.

An almost infallible means of saving yourself from the desire of self-destruction, is, always to have something to do.—Creech, the commentator on Lucretius, marked upon his manuscript:—"N. B. Must hang myself when I have finished." He kept his word with himself, that he might have the pleasure of ending like his author. If he had undertaken a commentary upon Ovid, he would have lived longer.

Why have we fewer suicides in the country than in the towns? Because in the fields only the body suffers; in the town, it is the mind. The labourer has not time to be melancholy; none kill themselves but the idle—they who, in the eyes of the multitude, are so happy.

I shall here relate some suicides that have happened in my own time, several of which have already been published in other works. The dead may be made useful to the living.

A brief Account of some singular Suicides.

Philip Mordaunt, cousin-german to the celebrated Earl of Peterborough—so well known in all the European courts, and who boasted of having seen more postillions and kings than any other man—Philip Mordaunt was a young man of twenty-seven, handsome, well-made, rich, of noble blood, with the highest pretensions, and, which was more than all, adored by his mistress: yet Mordaunt was seized with a disgust for life. He payed his debts, wrote to his friends, and even made some verses on the occasion. He dispatched himself with a pistol, without having given any other reason than that his soul was tired of his body, and that when we are dissatisfied with our abode, we ought to quit it. It seemed that he wished to die, because he was disgusted with his good fortune.

In 1726, Richard Smith exhibited a strange spectacle to the world, from a very different cause. Richard Smith was disgusted with real misfortune. He had been rich, and he was poor; he had been in health, and he was infirm; he had a wife, with whom he had nought but his misery to share; their only remaining property was a child in the cradle. Richard Smith and Bridget Smith, with common consent, having embraced each other tenderly, and given their infant the last kiss, began with killing the poor child, after which they hung themselves to the posts of their bed.

I do not know any other act of cold-blooded horror so striking as this. But the letter which these unfortunate persons wrote to their cousin, Mr. Brindley, before their death, is as singular as their death itself. "We believe," say they, "that God will forgive us.... We quit this life because we are miserable—without resource; and we have done our

only son the service of killing him, lest he should become as unfortunate as ourselves...." It must be observed, that these people, after killing their son through parental tenderness, wrote to recommend their dog and cat to the care of a friend. It seems they thought it easier to make a cat and dog happy in this life than a child, and they would not be a burden to their friends.

Lord Scarborough quitted this life in 1727, with the same coolness as he had quitted his office of Master of the Horse. He was reproached, in the House of Peers, with taking the king's part, because he had a good place at court. "My lords," said he, "to prove to you that my opinion is independent of my place, I resign it this moment." He afterwards found himself in a perplexing dilemma between a mistress whom he loved, but to whom he had promised nothing, and a woman whom he esteemed, and to whom he had promised marriage. He killed himself, to escape from his embarrassment.

These tragical stories, which swarm in the English newspapers, have made the rest of Europe think that, in England, men kill themselves more willingly than elsewhere. However, I know not but there are as many madmen or heroes to be found in Paris as in London. Perhaps, if our newspapers kept an exact list of all who had been so infatuated as to seek their own destruction, and so lamentably courageous as to effect it, we should, in this particular, have the misfortune to rival the English. But our journals are more discreet. In such of them as are acknowledged by the government, private occurrences are never exposed to public slander.

All I can venture to say with assurance is, that there is no reason to apprehend that this rage for self-murder will ever become an epidemical disorder. Against this, nature has too well provided. Hope and fear are the powerful agents which she very often employs to stay the hand of the unhappy individual about to strike at his own breast.

Cardinal Dubois was once heard to say to himself—"Kill thyself! Coward, thou darest not!"

It is said, that there have been countries in which a council was established, to grant the citizens permission to kill themselves, when they had good and sufficient reasons. I answer, either that it was not so, or that those magistrates had not much to do.

It might, indeed, astonish us, and does, I think, merit a serious examination, that the ancient Roman heroes almost all killed themselves when they had lost a battle in the civil wars. But I do not find, neither in the time of the League, nor in that of the Fronde, nor in the troubles of Italy, nor in those of England, that any chief thought proper to die by his own hand. These chiefs, it is true, were Christians, and there is a great difference between the principles of a Christian warrior and those of a Pagan hero. But why were these men, whom Christianity restrained when they would have put themselves to death, restrained by nothing when they chose to poison, assassinate, and bring their conquered enemies to the scaffold? Does not the Christian religion forbid these murders much more than self-murder, of which the New Testament makes no mention?

The apostles of suicide tell us, that it is quite allowable to quit one's house when one is tired of it. Agreed: but most men would prefer sleeping in a mean house to lying in the open air.

I once received a circular letter from an Englishman, in which he offered a prize to any one who should most satisfactorily prove, that there are occasions on which a man might kill himself. I made no answer: I had nothing to prove to him. He had only to examine whether he liked better to die than to live.

Another Englishman came to me at Paris, in 1724; he was ill, and promised me that he would kill himself if he was not cured by the 20th of July. He accordingly gave me his epitaph, in these words: — "Valete curæ!" "Farewell care!"—and gave me twenty-five louis to

get a small monument erected to him at the end of the Faubourg St. Martin. I returned him his money on the 20th of July, and kept his epitaph.

In my own time, the last prince of the house of Courtenai, when very old, and the last branch of Lorraine-Harcourt, when very young, destroyed themselves, almost without its being heard of. These occurrences cause a terrible uproar the first day; but when the property of the deceased has been divided, they are no longer talked of.

The following most remarkable of all suicides has just occurred at Lyons, in June, 1770:—

A young man well known, who was handsome, well made, clever, and amiable, fell in love with a young woman whom her parents would not give to him, So far, we have nothing more than the opening scene of a comedy: the astonishing tragedy is to follow.

The lover broke a blood-vessel, and the surgeons informed him there was no remedy. His mistress engaged to meet him, with two pistols and two daggers, in order that, if the pistols missed, the daggers might the next moment pierce their hearts. They embraced each other for the last time: rose-coloured ribbons were tied to the triggers of the pistols; the lover holding the ribbon of his mistress's pistol, while she held the ribbon of his. Both fired at a signal given, and both fell at the same instant.

Of this fact the whole city of Lyons is witness. Pætus and Arria, you set the example; but you were condemned by a tyrant, while love alone immolated these two victims.

Laws against Suicide.

Has any law, civil or religious, ever forbidden a man to kill himself, on pain of being hanged after death, or on pain of being damned?

It is true that Virgil has said—

> Proxima deinde tenent mœsti loca, qui sibi lethum
> Insontes peperère manu, lucemque perosi
> Projecere animas. Quam vellent æthere in alto
> Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores!
> Fata obstant, tristique palus inamabilis unda
> Alligat, et novies Styx interfusa coercet.
>
> Æneis, lib. vi. v. 434 et seq.

> The next in place, and punishment, are they
> Who prodigally throw their souls away—
> Fools, who, repining at their wretched state,
> And loathing anxious life, suborn their fate:
> With late repentance now they would retrieve
> The bodies they forsook, and wish to live;
> Their pains and poverty desire to bear,
> To view the light of heaven and breathe the vital air;—
> But fate forbids, the Stygian floods oppose,
> And, with nine circling streams, the captive souls inclose.
>
> *Dryden.*

Such was the religion of some of the pagans; yet, notwithstanding the weariness which awaited them in the next world, it was an honour to quit this by killing themselves;—so contradictory are the ways of men. And amongst us, is not duelling unfortunately still honourable, though forbidden by reason, by religion, and by every law? If Cato and Cæsar, Anthony and Augustus, were not duellists, it was not that they were less brave than our Frenchmen. If the Duke of Montmorency, Marshal de Marillac, De Thou, Cinq-Mars, and so many others, chose rather to be dragged to execution in a waggon, like highwaymen, than to kill themselves like Cato and Brutus, it was not that they had less courage than those Romans, nor less of what is called *honour*. The true reason is, that at Paris self-murder in such cases was not then the fashion: but it was the fashion at Rome.

The women of the Malabar coast throw themselves, living, on the funeral-piles of their husbands. Have they, then, more courage than Cornelia? No; but in that country it is the custom for the wives to burn themselves.

In Japan, it is the custom for a man of honour, when he has been insulted by another man of honour, to rip open his belly in the presence of his enemy, and say to him—"Do thou likewise if thou hast the heart." The aggressor is dishonoured for ever, if he does not immediately plunge a great knife into his belly.

The only religion in which suicide is forbidden by a clear and positive law, is Mahometanism. In the fourth sura it is said—"Do not kill yourself, for God is merciful unto you; and whosoever killeth himself through malice and wickedness, shall assuredly be burned in hell-fire."

This is a literal translation. The text, like many other texts, appears to want common sense. What is meant by "Do not kill yourself, for God is merciful"? Perhaps we are to understand—Do not sink under your misfortunes, which God may alleviate: do not be so foolish as to kill yourself to-day, since you may be happy to-morrow.

"And whosoever killeth himself through malice and wickedness."—This is yet more difficult to explain. Perhaps, in all antiquity, this never happened to any one but the Phædra of Euripides, who hanged herself on purpose to make Theseus believe that she had been forcibly violated by Hippolytus. In our own times, a man shot himself in the head, after arranging all things to make another man suspected of the act.

In the play of George Dandin, his jade of a wife threatens him with killing herself to have him hanged. Such cases are rare. If Mahomet foresaw them, he may be said to have seen a great way.

The famous Duverger de Haurane, Abbot of St. Cyran, regarded as the founder of Port Royal, wrote, about the year 1608, a treatise on Suicide, which has become one of the scarcest books in Europe.

"The Decalogue," says he, "forbids us to kill. In this precept, self-murder seems no less to be comprised than murder of our neighbour. But if there are cases in which it is allowable to kill our neighbour, there likewise are cases in which it is allowable to kill ourselves.

"We must not make an attempt upon our lives until we have consulted reason. The public authority, which holds the place of God, may dispose of our lives. The reason of man may likewise hold the place of the reason of God: it is a ray of the eternal light."

St. Cyran extends this argument, which may be considered as a mere sophism, to great length; but when he comes to the explanation and the details, it is more difficult to answer him. He says—"A man may kill himself for the good of his prince, for that of his country, or for that of his relations."

We do not, indeed, see how Codrus or Curtius could be condemned. No sovereign would dare to punish the family of a man who had devoted himself to death for him: nay, there is not one who would dare neglect to recompense it. St. Thomas, before St. Cyran, had said the same thing. But we need neither St. Thomas, nor Cardinal Bonaventure, nor Duverger de Haurane, to tell us that a man who dies for his country is deserving of praise.

The Abbot of St. Cyran concludes, that it is allowable to do for ourselves what it is noble to do for others. All that is advanced by Plutarch, by Seneca, by Montaigne, and by fifty other philosophers, in favour of suicide, is sufficiently known: it is a hacknied topic—a worn-out common-place. I seek not to apologise for an act which the laws condemn; but neither the Old Testament, nor the New, has ever forbidden man to depart this life when it has become insupportable to him. No Roman law condemned self-murder: on the contrary, the following was the law of the Emperor Antonine, which was never revoked:—

"If your father or your brother, not being accused of any crime, kill himself, either to escape from grief, or through weariness of life, or through despair, or through mental derangement, his will shall be valid; or, if he die intestate, his heirs shall succeed."

Notwithstanding this humane law of our masters, we still drag on a sledge, and drive a stake through the body of a man who has died a voluntary death: we do all we can to make his memory infamous; we dishonour his family as far as we are able; we punish the son for having lost his father, and the widow for being deprived of her husband.

We even confiscate the property of the deceased; which is robbing the living of the patrimony which of right belongs to them. This custom is derived from our canon law, which deprives of Christian burial such as die a voluntary death. Hence it is concluded, that we cannot in-

herit from a man who is judged to have no inheritance in heaven. The canon law, under the head "De Pœnitentiâ," assures us, that Judas committed a greater crime in strangling himself than in selling our Lord Jesus Christ.

CELTS.

Among those who have had the leisure, the means, and the courage, to seek for the origin of nations, there have been some who have found that of our Celts, or at least would make us believe that they had met with it. This illusion being the only recompense of their immense travail, we should not envy them its possession.

If we wish to know anything about the Huns (who, indeed, are scarcely worth knowing anything about, for they have rendered no service to mankind), we find some slight notices of those barbarians among the Chinese—that most ancient of all nations, after the Indians. From them we learn that, in certain ages, the Huns went, like famishing wolves, and ravaged countries which, even at this day, are regarded as places of exile and of horror. This is a very melancholy, a very miserable sort of knowledge. It is, doubtless, much better to cultivate a useful art at Paris, Lyons, or Bourdeaux, than seriously to study the history of the Huns and the bears. Nevertheless we are aided in these researches by some of the Chinese archives.

But for the Celts, there are no archives. We know no more of their antiquities than we do of those of the Samoyeds or the Australasians.

We have learned nothing about our ancestors, except from the few words which their conqueror, Julius Cæsar condescended to say of them. He begins his Commentaries by distinguishing the Gauls into the Belgians, Aquitanians, and Celts.

Whence some of the daring among the erudite have concluded, that the Celts were the Scythians; and they have made these Scythio-Celts include all Europe. But why not include the whole earth? Why stop short in so fine a career?

We have also been duly told that Noah's son, Japhet, came out of the Ark, and went with all speed to people all those vast regions with Celts, whom he governed marvellously well. But authors of greater modesty refer the origin of our Celts to the tower of Babel—to the confusion of tongues—to Gomer, of whom no one ever heard, until the very recent period when some wise men of the west read the name of Gomer in a bad translation of the Septuagint.

Bochart, in his Sacred Chronology—(what a chronology!)—takes quite a different turn. Of these innumerable hordes of Celts he makes an Egyptian colony, skilfully and easily led by Hercules from the fertile banks of the Nile into the forests and morasses of Germany, whither, no doubt, these colonists carried the arts and the language of Egypt, and the mysteries of Isis, no trace of which has ever been found among them.

I think they are still more to be congratulated on their discoveries, who say that the Celts of the mountains of Dauphiny were called Cottians from their King Cottius; that the Bérichons were named from their King Betrich; the Welsh, or Gaulish, from their King Wallus; and the Belgians from Balgem, which means quarrelsome.

A still finer origin is that of the Celto-Pannonians, from the Latin word *pannus*, cloth; for, we are told, they dressed themselves in old pieces of cloth badly sewn together, much resembling a harlequin's jacket. But the best origin of all is, undeniably, the tower of Babel.

CEREMONIES—TITLES—PRECEDENCE.

All these things, which would be very useless and very impertinent, in a state of pure nature, are, in our corrupt and ridiculous state, of great service.

Of all nations, the Chinese are those who have carried the use of ceremonies to the greatest length; they certainly serve to calm as well as to weary the mind. The Chinese porters and carters are obliged, whenever they occasion the least

hindrance in the streets, to fall on their knees, and ask one another's pardon according to the prescribed formula. This prevents ill language, blows, and murders. They have time to grow cool, and are then willing to assist one another.

The more free a people are, the fewer ceremonies, the fewer ostentatious titles, the fewer demonstrations of annihilation in the presence of a superior, they possess. To Scipio, men said "Scipio;" to Cæsar, "Cæsar;" but in after times they said to the emperors, "your Majesty," "your Divinity."

The titles of St. Peter and St. Paul, were "Peter" and "Paul." Their successors gave one another the title of "your Holiness," which is not to be found in the Acts of the Apostles, nor in the writings of the disciples.

We read in the history of Germany, that the Dauphin of France, afterwards Charles V., went to the Emperor Charles IV. at Metz, and was presented after Cardinal De Périgord.

There has since been a time when chancellors went before cardinals; after which, cardinals again took precedence of chancellors.

In France, the peers preceded the princes of the blood, going in the order of their creation, until the consecration of Henry III.

The dignity of peer was, until that time, so exalted, that at the ceremony of the consecration of Elizabeth, wife to Charles IX., in 1572, described by Simon Bouquet, *echevin* of Paris, it is said that the queen's *dames* and *demoiselles* having handed to the *dame d'honneur* the bread, wine, and wax, with the silver, for the offering to be presented to the queen by the said *dame d'honneur*, the said *dame d'honneur*, being a duchess, commanded the *dames* to go and carry the offering to the princesses themselves, &c. This *dame d'honneur* was the wife of the constable Montmorency.

The arm-chair, the chair with a back, the stool, the right hand, and the left, were for several ages important political matters. I believe that we owe the ancient etiquette concerning arm-chairs to the circumstance that our barbarians of ancestors had at most but one in a house, and even this was used only by the sick. In some provinces of Germany and England, an arm-chair is still called a sick-chair.

Long after the times of Attila and Dagobert, when luxury found its way into our courts, and the great men of the earth had two or three arm-chairs in their donjons, it was a noble distinction to sit upon one of these thrones; and a castellain would place among his titles, *how* he had gone half a league from home to pay his court to a count, and *how* he had been received in an easy-chair.

We see in the Memoirs of Mademoiselle, that that august princess passed one-fourth of her life amid the mortal agonies of disputes for the back-chair. Were you to sit, in a certain apartment, in a chair, or on a stool, or not to sit at all? Here was enough to involve a whole court in intrigue. Manners are now more easy; ladies may use couches and sofas without occasioning any disturbance in society.

When Cardinal De Richelieu was treating with the English ambassadors for the marriage of Henriette of France with Charles I., the affair was on the point of being broken off on account of a demand made by the ambassadors of two or three steps more towards a door; but the cardinal removed the difficulty by taking to his bed. History has carefully handed down this precious circumstance. I believe that, if it had been proposed to Scipio to get between the sheets to receive the visit of Hannibal, he would have thought the ceremony something like a joke.

For a whole century, the order of carriages, and taking the wall, were testimonials of greatness and the source of pretensions, disputes, and conflicts. To procure the passing of one carriage before another, was looked upon as a signal victory. The ambassadors went along the streets as if they were contending for the prize in the circus; and when a Spanish minister had succeeded in making a Portuguese coachman pull up, he sent a

courier to Madrid to apprise the king his master of this great advantage.

Our histories regale us with fifty pugilistic combats for precedence—as that of the parliament with the bishops' clerks, at the funeral of Henry IV.—the *chambre des comptes* with the parliament, in the cathedral, when Louis XIII. gave France to the Virgin—the Duke of Epernon with the Keeper of the Seals, Du Vair, in the church of St. Germain. The presidents of the *enquêtes* buffeted Savare, the *doyen* of the *conseillers de grand chambre*, to make him quit his place of honour (so much is honour the soul of monarchical governments!) and four archers were obliged to lay hold of the President Barillon, who was beating the poor *doyen* without mercy. We find no contests like these in the Areopagus, nor in the Roman senate.

In proportion to the barbarism of countries or the weakness of courts, we find ceremony in vogue. True power and true politeness are above vanity.

We may venture to believe that the custom will at last be given up which some ambassadors still retain, of ruining themselves, in order to go along the streets in procession with a few hired carriages, fresh painted and gilt, and preceded by a few footmen. This is called "making their entry;" and it is a fine joke, to make your entry into a town seven or eight months before you arrive.

This important affair of punctilio, which constitutes the greatness of the modern Romans—this science of the number of steps that should be made in showing in a *monsignor*, in drawing or half-drawing a curtain, in walking in a room to the right or to the left—this great art, which not Fabius nor Cato could ever imagine, is beginning to sink; and the train-bearers to the cardinals complain that everything indicates a decline.

A French colonel, being at Brussels a year after the taking of that place by Marshal de Saxe, and having nothing to do, resolved to go to the town assembly. "It is held at a princess's," said one to him. "Be it so," answered the other, "what matters it to me?" "But only princes go there; are you a prince?" "Pshaw!" said the colonel, "they are a very good sort of princes; I had a dozen of them in my anti-room last year, when we had taken the town, and they were very polite."

In turning over the leaves of Horace, I observe this line in an epistle to Mecænas, "Te, dulcis amice revisam."—"I will come and see you, my good friend." This Mecænas was the second person in the Roman empire; that is, a man of greater power and influence than the greatest monarch of modern Europe.

Looking into the works of Corneille, I observed that in a letter to the great Scuderi, Governor of Nôtre Dame de la Garde, &c., he uses this expression in reference to Cardinal Richelieu:—"Monsieur the Cardinal, your master and mine." It is, perhaps, the first time that such language has been applied to a minister, since there have been ministers, kings, and flatterers in the world. The same Peter Corneille, the author of Cinna, humbly dedicates that work to the Sieur de Montauron, the king's treasurer, whom, in direct terms, he compares to Augustus. I regret that he did not give Montauron the title of monseigneur, or my lord.

An anecdote is related of an old officer, but little conversant with the precedents and formulas of vanity, who wrote to the Marquis Louvois as plain monsieur, but receiving no answer, next addressed him under the title of monseigneur, still however without effect, the unlucky monsieur continuing to rankle in the minister's heart. He finally directed his letter, "to my God, my God Louvois;" commencing it by the words, "my God, my Creator." Does not all this sufficiently prove that the Romans were magnanimous and modest, and that we are frivolous and vain?

How d'ye do, my dear friend? said a duke and peer to a gentleman. At your service, my dear friend, replied he; and from that instant his "dear friend" be-

came his implacable enemy. A grandee of Portugal was once conversing with a Spanish hidalgo, and addressed him every moment in the terms, "your Excellency." The Castillian as frequently replied, "your Courtesy," (*vuestra merced*), a title bestowed on those who have none by right. The irritated Portuguese, in return, retorted "your Courtesy" on the Spaniard, who then called the Portuguese, "your Excellency." The Portuguese, at length wearied out, demanded, "How is it that you always call me your Courtesy, when I call you your Excellency, and your Excellency when I call you your Courtesy?" "The reason is," says the Castilian with a bow, "that all titles are equal to me, provided that there is nothing equal between you and me."

The vanity of titles was not introduced into our northern climes of Europe, till the Romans had become acquainted with Asiatic magnificence. The greater part of the sovereigns of Asia were, and still are, cousins-german of the sun and the moon; their subjects dare not make any pretension to such high affinity; and many a provincial governor, who styles himself "nutmeg of consolation," and "rose of delight," would be impaled alive, if he were to claim the slightest relationship to the sun and moon.

Constantine was, I think, the first Roman emperor who overwhelmed Christian humility in a page of pompous titles. It is true that, before his time, the emperors bore the title of God, but the term implied nothing similar to what we understand by it. Divus Augustus, Divus Trajanus, meant St. Augustus, St. Trajan. It was thought only conformable to the dignity of the Roman empire, that the soul of its chief should, after his death, ascend to heaven; and it frequently even happened that the title of Saint, of God, was granted to the emperor by a sort of anticipated inheritance. Nearly for the same reason, the first patriarchs of the Christian church were all called "your holiness." They were thus named, to remind them of what in fact they ought to be.

Men sometimes take upon themselves very humble titles, provided they can obtain from others very honourable ones. Many an abbé who calls himself brother, exacts from his monks the title of monseigneur. The Pope styles himself—"servant of the servants of God." An honest priest of Holstein once addressed a letter—"to Pius IV., servant of the servants of God." He afterwards went to Rome, to urge his suit, and the inquisition put him in prison to teach him how to address letters.

Formerly, the emperor alone had the title of majesty. Other sovereigns were called your Highness, your Serenity, your Grace. Louis XI. was the first in France who was generally called Majesty; a title certainly not less suitable to the dignity of a powerful hereditary kingdom than to an elective principality But long after him the term Highness was applied to kings of France; and some letters to Henry III. are still extant, in which he is addressed by that title. The States of Orleans objected to Queen Catherine de Medicis being called Majesty. But this last denomination gradually prevailed. The name is indifferent; it is the power alone that is not so.

The German chancery, ever unchangeable in its stately formalities, has pretended, down to our own times, that no kings have a right to a higher title than serenity. At the celebrated treaty of Westphalia, in which France and Sweden dictated the law to the holy Roman empire, the emperor's plenipotentiaries continually presented Latin memorials, in which, "his most sacred imperial majesty" negociated with the "most serene kings of France and Sweden;" while, on the other hand, the French and Swedes fail not to declare, that their "sacred majesties of France and Sweden" had many subjects of complaint against the "most serene emperor." Since that period, however, the great sovereigns have, in regard to rank, been considered as equals, and he alone, who

beats his neighbour, is adjudged to have the pre-eminence.

Philip II. was the first majesty in Spain; for the serenity of Charles V. was converted into majesty only on account of the empire. The children of Philip II. were the first highnesses; and afterwards they were royal highnesses. The Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIII. did not take up the title of royal highness till 1631: then the Prince of Condé claimed that of most serene highness, which the Dukes de Vendome did not venture to assume. The Duke of Savoy, at that time royal highness, afterwards substituted majesty, The grand Duke of Florence did the same, excepting as to majesty: and, finally, the czar, who was known in Europe only as the grand duke, declared himself emperor, and was recognised as such.

Formerly, there were only two marquises in Germany, two in France, and two in Italy. The Marquis of Brandenberg has become a king, and a great king. But, at present, our Italian and French marquises are of a somewhat different species.

If an Itàlian citizen has the honour of giving a dinner to the legate of his province, and the legate, when drinking, says to him, "monsieur le marquis, to your good health," he suddenly becomes a marquis, he and his heirs after him, for ever. If the inhabitant of any province of France, whose whole estate consists of a quarter part of a little decayed castleward, goes to Paris, makes something of a fortune, or carries the air of having made one, he is stiled in the deeds and legal instruments in which he is concerned, "high and mighty seigneur, marquis and count;" and his son will be denominated, by his notary, "very high and very mighty seigneur," and, as this frivolous ambition is in no way injurious to government or civil society, it is permitted to take its course. Some French lords boast of employing German barons in their stables: some German lords say they have French marquises in their kitchens; it is not a long time since a foreigner at Naples made his coachman a duke. Custom, in these cases, has more power than royal authority. If you are but little known at Paris, you may there be a count or a marquis as long as you please; if you are connected with the law or finance, though the king should confer on you a real marquisate, you will not, therefore, be monsieur le marquis. The celebrated Samuel Bernard was, in truth, more a count than five hundred such as we often see not possessing four acres of land. The king had converted his estate of Coubert into a fine county; yet if on any occasion he had ordered himself to be announced as Count Bernard, &c. he would have excited bursts of laughter. In England it is different; if the king confers the title of earl or baron on a merchant, all classes address him with the designation suitable to it, without the slightest hesitation. By persons of the highest birth, by the king himself, he is called my lord. It is the same in Italy; there is a register kept there of monsignori. The pope himself addresses them under that title; his physician is monsignor, and no one objects.

In France, the title of monseigneur, or my lord, is a very serious business. Before the time of Cardinal Richelieu, a bishop was only "a most reverend father in God."

Before the year 1635, bishops did not only not assume the title of monseigneur themselves, but they did not even give it to cardinals. These two customs were introduced by a bishop of Chartres, who, in full canonicals of lawn and purple, went to call Cardinal Richelieu monseigneur; on which occasion Louis XIII. observed, "That Chartrain would not mind saluting the cardinal au derriére."

It is only since that period that bishops have mutually applied to each other the title of monseigneur.

The public made no objection to this application of it; but, as it was a new title, not conferred on bishops by kings, they continued to be called sieurs, in

edicts, declarations, ordinances, and all official documents; and, when the council write to a bishop, they give him no higher title than monsieur.

The dukes and peers have encountered more difficulty in acquiring possession of the title of monseigneur. The *grand noblesse*, and what is called the grand robe, decidedly refuse them that distinction. The highest gratification of human pride consists in a man's receiving titles of honour from those who conceive themselves his equals; but to attain this is exceedingly difficult: pride always finds pride to contend with.

When the dukes insisted on receiving the title of monseigneur from the class of gentlemen, the presidents of the parliaments required the same from advocates and proctors. A certain president actually refused to be bled, because his surgeon asked—"In which arm will you be bled, monsieur?"—An old counsellor treated this matter somewhat more gaily. A pleader was saying to him—"monseigneur, monsieur, your secretary" . . . . He stopped him short:—"You have uttered three blunders," says he, "in as many words. I am not monseigneur; my secretary is not monsieur; he is my clerk."

To put an end to this grand conflict of vanity, it will eventually be found necessary to give the title of monseigneur to every individual in the nation; as women, who were formerly content with mademoiselle, are now to be called madame. In Spain, when a mendicant meets a brother beggar, he thus accosts him:—"Has your courtesy taken chocolate?"—This politeness of language elevates the mind, and keeps up the dignity of the species. Cæsar and Pompey were called in the senate, Cæsar and Pompey. Bu these men knew nothing of life. They ended their letters with *vale*—adieu. We, who possess more exalted notions, were, sixty years ago, "affectionate servants;" then, "very humble and very obedient;" and now, we "have the honour to be" so. I really grieve for posterity: they will find it extremely difficult to add to these very beautiful formulas. The Duke d'Epernon, the first of Gascons in pride, though far from being the first of statesmen, wrote, on his death-bed to Cardinal Richelieu, and ended his letter with—"Your very humble and very obedient."—Recollecting, however, that the cardinal had used only the phrase "very affectionate," he dispatched an express to bring back the letter (for it had been actually sent off) began it anew, signed "very affectionate," and died in the bed of honour.

We have made many of these observations elsewhere. It is well, however, to repeat them, were it only to correct some pompous peacocks, who would strut away their lives in contemptibly displaying their plumes and their pride.

CERTAIN—CERTAINTY.

I AM certain; I have friends; my fortune is secure; my relations will never abandon me; I shall have justice done me; my work is good, it will be well received; what is owing to me will be paid me; my friend will be faithful, he has sworn it; the minister will advance me—he has, by the way, promised it;—all these are words which a man who has lived a short time in the world erases from his dictionary.

When the judges condemned L'Anglade, Le Brun, Calas, Sirven, Martin, Montbailli, and so many others, since acknowledged to have been innocent, they were certain, or they ought to have been certain, that all these unhappy men were guilty; yet they were deceived.

There are two ways of being deceived; by false judgment and self-blindness—that of erring like a man of genius, and that of deciding like a fool.

The judges deceived themselves like men of genius in the affair of L'Anglade: they were blinded by dazzling appearances, and did not sufficiently examine the probabilities on the other side. Their wisdom made them believe it certain

that L'Anglade had committed a theft, which he certainly had not committed; and on this miserable *uncertain* certainty of the human mind, a gentleman was put to the ordinary and extraordinary question; subsequently thrown, without succour, into a dungeon, and condemned to the gallies, where he died. His wife was shut up in another dungeon, with her daughter, aged seven years, who afterwards married a counsellor of the same parliament which had condemned her father to the gallies, and her mother to banishment.

It is clear that the judges would not have pronounced this sentence, had they been really certain. However, even at the time this sentence was passed, several persons knew that the theft had been committed by a priest named Gagnat, associated with a highwayman; and the innocence of L'Anglade was not recognised till after his death.

They were in the same manner *certain*. when, by a sentence in the first instance, they condemned to the wheel the innocent Le Brun, who, by an arrêt pronounced on his appeal, was broken on the rack, and died under the torture.

The examples of Calas and Sirven are well known: that of Martin is less so. He was an honest agriculturist, near Bar in Lorraine. A villain stole his dress, and in this dress murdered a traveller whom he knew to have money, and whose route he had watched. Martin was accused; his dress deposed against him; the judges regarded this evidence as a *certainty*. Not the past conduct of the prisoner, a numerous family whom he had brought up virtuously, neither the little money found on him, nor the extreme probability of his innocence—nothing could save him. The subaltern judge made a merit of his rigour. He condemned the innocent victim to be broken on the wheel; and, by an unhappy fatality, the sentence was executed to the full extent. The senior Martin is broken alive, calling God to witness his innocence to his last breath: his family is dispersed, his little property is confiscated, and scarcely are his broken members exposed on the great road, when the assassin who had committed the murder and theft is put in prison for another crime, and confesses on the rack, to which he is condemned in his turn, that *he* only was guilty of the crime for which Martin had suffered torture and death.

Montbailli, who slept with his wife, was accused with having, in concert with her, killed his mother, who had evidently died of apoplexy. The council of Arras condemned Montbailli to expire on the rack, and his wife to be burnt. Their innocence was discovered, but not until Montbailli had been tortured.

Let us cease advertence to these melancholy adventures, which make us groan at the human condition; but let us continue to lament the pretended *certainty* of judges, when they pass such sentences.

There is no certainty, except when it is physically or morally impossible that the thing can be otherwise. What! is a strict demonstration necessary to enable us to assert, that the surface of a sphere is equal to four times the area of its great circle;—and is not one required to warrant taking away the life of a citizen by a disgraceful punishment?

If such is the misfortune of humanity that judges must be contented with extreme probabilities, they should at least consult the age, the rank, the conduct of the accused—the interest which he could have in committing the crime, and the interest of his enemies to destroy him. Every judge should say to himself,—Will not posterity, will not entire Europe condemn my sentence? Shall I sleep tranquilly with my hands tainted with innocent blood?

Let us pass from this horrible picture to other examples of a *certainty*, which leads directly to error.

Why art thou loaded with chains, fanatical and unhappy Santon? Why hast thou added a large iron ring on thy

miserable scourge? It is because I am certain of being one day placed in the first heaven, by the side of our great prophet. Alas, my friend, come with me to the neighbourhood of Mount Athos, and thou wilt see three thousand mendicants, who are as certain that *thou* wilt go to the gulf which is under the narrow bridge, as that *they* will all go to the first heaven!

Stop, miserable Malabar widow, believe not the fool who persuades thee that thou shalt be re-united to thy husband, in all the delights of another world, if thou burnest thyself on his funeral pile!—No, I persist in burning myself, because I am *certain* of living in felicity with my husband: my brahmin told me so.

Let us attend to less frightful *certainties*, and which have a little more appearance of truth.

What is the age of your friend Christopher? Twenty-eight years. I have seen his marriage contract, and his baptismal register: I knew him in his infancy; he is twenty-eight—I am *certain* of it.

Scarcely have I heard the answer of this man, so sure of what they said, and of twenty others who confirmed the same thing, when I learn that for secret reasons, and by a singular circumstance, the baptismal register of Christopher has been antedated. Those to whom I had spoken as yet know nothing of it, yet they have still the same *certainty* of that which is not.

If you had asked the whole earth, before the time of Copernicus, Has the sun risen? has it set to-day? All men would have answered, We are quite *certain* of it. They were certain, and they were in error.

Witchcraft, divinations, and possessions, were for a long time the most *certain* things in the world, in the eyes of society. What an innumerable crowd of people who have seen all these fine things, and who have been certain of them! At present, this certainty is a little shaken.

A young man who is beginning to study geometry, comes to me; he is only at the definition of triangles. Are you not certain, said I to him, that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles? He answered, that not only was he not certain of it, but that he had not the slightest idea of the proposition. I demonstrated it to him. He then became very certain of it, and will remain so all his life.

This is a certainty very different from the others; they were only probabilities, and these probabilities when examined have turned out errors; but mathematical certainty is immutable and eternal.

I exist, I think, I feel grief—is all that as certain as a geometrical truth? Yes, sceptical as I am, I avow it. Why? It is that these truths are proved by the same principle that it is impossible for a thing to exist and not exist at the same time. I cannot at the same time feel and not feel. A triangle cannot at the same time contain a hundred and eighty degrees, which are the sum of two right angles, and not contain them.

The physical certainty of my existence, of my identity, is of the same value as mathematical certainty, although it is of a different kind.

It is not the same with the certainty founded on appearances, or on the unanimous testimony of mankind.

But how, you will say to me—are you not certain that Pekin exists? Have you not merchandise from Pekin? People of different countries and different opinions have vehemently written against one another, while preaching the truth at Pekin; then are you not assured of the existence of this town? I answer, that it is extremely probable that there may be a city of Pekin, but I would not wager my life that such a town exists; and I would at any time wager my life, that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.

In the *Dictionnaire Encylopédique* a very pleasant thing appears. It is there maintained that a man ought to be as

certain that Marshal Saxe rose from the dead, if all Paris tells him so, as he is sure that Marshal Saxe gained the battle of Fontenoy, upon the same testimony.

Pray observe the beauty of this reasoning: as I believe all Paris when it tells me a thing morally possible, I ought to believe all Paris when it tells me a thing morally and physically impossible.

Apparently, the author of this article has a disposition to be risible; as to ourselves, who have only undertaken this little dictionary to ask a few questions, *we* are very far from possessing this very extensive certainty.

CHAIN OF CREATED BEINGS.

The gradation of beings, rising from the lowest to the Great Supreme—the scale of infinity—is an idea that fills us with admiration; but when steadily regarded, this phantom disappears, as apparitions were wont to vanish at the crowing of the cock.

The imagination is pleased with the imperceptible transition from brute matter to organized matter—from plants to zoophytes—from zoophytes to animals—from animals to men—from men to genii—from these genii clad in a light aërial body, to immaterial substances of a thousand different orders, rising from beauty to perfection, up to God himself. This hierarchy is very pleasing to young men, who look upon it as upon the pope and cardinals, followed by the archbishops and bishops, after whom are the vicars, curates and priests, the deacons and subdeacons, then come the monks, and the capuchins bring up the rear.

But there is, perhaps, a somewhat greater distance between God and his most perfect creatures, than between the Holy Father and the dean of the sacred college. The dean may become pope; but can the most perfect of the genii created by the Supreme Being become God Is there not infinity between them?

Nor does this chain, this pretended gradation, any more exist in vegetables and animals; the proof is, that some species of plants and animals have been entirely destroyed—We have no *murex*—The Jews were forbidden to eat griffin and ixion: these two species, whatever Bochart may say, have probably disappeared from the earth. Where, then, is the chain?

Supposing that we had not lost some species, it is evident that they may be destroyed. Lions and rhinoceroses are becoming very scarce; and if the rest of the nations had imitated the English, there would not now have been a wolf left.

It is probable that there have been races of men who are no longer to be found. Why should they not have existed, as well as the whites, the blacks, the Caffres to whom nature has given an apron of their own skin, hanging from the belly to the middle of the thigh; the Samoyeds, whose women have nipples of a beautiful jet, &c.

Is there not a manifest void between the ape and man? Is it not easy to imagine a two-legged animal without feathers, having intelligence, without our shape or the use of speech—one which we could tame, which would answer our signs, and serve us? And again, between this species and man, cannot we imagine others?

Beyond man, divine Plato, you place in heaven a string of celestial substances, in some of which we believe, because the faith so teaches us. But what reason had you to believe in them? It does not appear that you had spoken with the genius of Socrates; and though Heres, good man, rose again on purpose to tell you the secrets of the other world, he told you nothing of these substances.

In the sensible universe, the pretended chain is no less interrupted.

What gradation, I pray you, is there among the planets? The moon is forty times smaller than our globe. Travelling from the moon through space, you find Venus, about as large as the earth. From thence you go to Mercury, which revolves in an ellipsis very different from

the circular orbit of Venus; it is twenty-seven times smaller than the earth, the sun is a million of times larger, and Mars is five times smaller. The latter goes his round in two years, his neighbour Jupiter in twelve, and Saturn in thirty; yet Saturn, the most distant of all, is not so large as Jupiter. Where is the pretended gradation?

And, then, how, in so many empty spaces, do you extend a chain connecting the whole? There can, certainly, be no other than that which Newton discovered—that which makes all the globes of the planetary world gravitate one towards another in the immense void.

Oh, much admired Plato! I fear that thou hast told us nothing but fables, that thou hast spoken to us only as a sophist! Oh, Plato! thou hast done more mischief than thou art aware of. How so? you will ask. I will not tell you.

CHAIN OR GENERATION OF EVENTS.

The present, we say, is pregnant with the future; events are linked one with another by an invincible fatality. This is the *Fate* which, in Homer, is superior to Jupiter himself. The master of gods and men expressly declares, that he cannot prevent his son Sarpedon from dying at the time appointed. Sarpedon was born at the moment when it was necesary that he should be born, and could not be born at any other; he could not die elsewhere than before Troy; he could not be buried elsewhere than in Lycia; his body must, in the appointed time, produce vegetables, which must change into the substance of some of the Lycians; his heirs must establish a new order of things in his states; that new order must influence neighbouring kingdoms; thence must result a new arrangement in war and in peace with the neighbours of Lycia. So that, from link to link, the destiny of the whole earth depended on the elopement of Helen, which had a necessary connection with the marriage of Hecuba, which, ascending to higher events, was connected with the origin of things.

Had any one of these occurrences been ordered otherwise, the result would have been a different universe. Now, it was not possible for the actual universe not to exist; therefore it was not possible for Jupiter, Jove as he was, to save the life of his son.

We are told that this doctrine of necessity and fatality has been invented in our own times, by Leibnitz, under the name of *sufficing reason*. It is, however, of great antiquity. It is no recent discovery, that there is no effect without a cause, and that often the smallest cause produces the greatest effects.

Lord Bolingbroke acknowledges that he was indebted to the petty quarrels between the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Masham, for an opportunity of concluding the private treaty between Queen Anne and Louis XIV. This treaty led to the peace of Utrecht; the peace of Utrecht secured the throne of Spain to Philip V.; Philip took Naples and Sicily from the house of Austria. Thus the Spanish prince, who is now King of Naples, evidently owes his kingdom to Mrs. Masham: he would not have had it, nor even have been born, if the Duchess of Marlborough had been more complaisant towards the Queen of England: his existence at Naples depended on one folly more or less at the court of London.

Examine the situations of every people upon earth; they are in like manner founded on a train of occurrences seemingly without connection, but all connected. In this immense machine, all is wheel, pulley, cord, or spring.

It is the same in physical order. A wind blowing from the southern seas and the remotest parts of Africa, brings with it a portion of the African atmosphere, which, falling in showers in the vallies of the Alps, fertilises our lands; on the other hand, our north wind carries our vapours among the negroes; we do good to Guinea, and Guinea to us. The chain

extends from one end of the universe to the other.

But the truth of this principle seems to me to be strangely abused; for it is thence concluded that there is no atom, however small, the movement of which has not influenced the actual arrangement of the whole world; that the most trivial accident, whether among men or animals, is an essential link in the great chain of destiny.

Let us understand one another. Every effect evidently has its cause, ascending from cause to cause, into the abyss of eternity; but every cause has not its effect, going down to the end of ages. I grant that all events are produced one by another: if the past was pregnant with the present, the present is pregnant with the future: everything is begotten, but everything does not beget. It is a genealogical-tree: every house, we know, ascends to Adam; but many of the family have died without issue.

The events of this world form a genealogical-tree. It is indisputable that the inhabitants of Spain and Gaul are descended from Gomer, and the Russians from his younger brother Magog; for in how many great books is this genealogy to be found! It cannot then be denied that the Grand Turk, who is also descended from Magog, is obliged to him for the good beating given him in 1769 by the Empress Catherine II. This occurrence is evidently linked with other great events; but whether Magog spat to the right or to the left near Mount Caucasus—made two or three circles in a well—or whether he lay on his right side or his left, I do not see that it could have much influence on present affairs.

It must be remembered, because it is proved by Newton, that nature is not a *plenum;* and that motion is not communicated by collision until it has made the tour of the universe. Throw a body of a certain density into water: you easily calculate that at the end of such a time the movement of this body, and that which it has given to the water, will cease; the motion will be lost, and rest will be restored. So the motion produced by Magog in spitting into a well, cannot have influenced what is now passing in Moldavia and Wallachia. Present events, then, are not the offspring of all past events: they have their direct lines; but with a thousand small collateral lines they have nothing to do. Once more be it observed, that every being has a parent, but every one has not an offspring.

CHANGES THAT HAVE OCCURRED IN THE GLOBE.

When we have seen with our own eyes a mountain advancing into a plain—that is, an immense rock detached from that mountain, and covering the fields; an entire castle buried in the earth; or a swallowed-up river bursting from below; indubitable marks of an immense mass of water having once inundated a country now inhabited; and so many traces of other revolutions, we are even more disposed to believe in the great changes that have altered the face of the world, than a Parisian lady who knows that the square in which her house stands was formerly a cultivated field: but a lady of Naples, who has seen the ruins of Herculaneum under ground, is still less enthralled by the prejudice which leads us to believe that everything has always been as it now is.

Was there a great burning of the world in the time of Phaëton? Nothing is more likely: but this catastrophe was no more caused by the ambition of Phaëton or the anger of Jupiter the thunderer, than at Lisbon, in 1755, the divine vengeance was drawn down, the subterraneous fires kindled, and half the city destroyed, by the fires so often lighted there by the Inquisition:—besides, we know that Mequinez, Tetuan, and considerable hordes of Arabs, have been treated even worse than Lisbon, though they had no Inquisition.

The island of St. Domingo, entirely devastated not long ago, had no more displeased the Great Being than the island

of Corsica: all is subject to eternal physical laws.

Sulphur, bitumen, nitre, and iron, enclosed within the bowels of the earth, have overturned many a city, opened many a gulph; and we are constantly liable to these accidents attached to the way in which this globe is put together; just as, in many countries during winter, we are exposed to the attacks of famishing wolves and tigers.

If fire, which Heraclitus believed to be the principle of all, has altered the face of a part of the earth, Thales's first principle, water, has operated as great changes.

One half of America is still inundated by the ancient overflowings of the Maranon, Rio de la Plata, the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, and all the rivers perpetually swelled by the eternal snows of the highest mountains in the world, stretching from one end of that continent to the other. These accumulated floods have almost everywhere produced vast marshes. The neighbouring lands have become uninhabitable; and the earth, which the hands of man should have made fruitful, has produced only pestilence.

The same thing happened in China and in Egypt: a multitude of ages were necessary to dig canals and dry the lands. Add to these lengthened disasters the irruptions of the sea, the lands it has invaded and deserted, the islands it has detached from the continent, and you will find that, from east to west, from Japan to Mount Atlas, it has devastated more than eighty thousand square leagues.

The swallowing up of the island Atlantis from the ocean may, with as much reason, be considered historical as fabulous. The shallowness of the Atlantic as far as the Canaries, might be taken as a proof of this great event, and the Canaries themselves for fragments of the island Atlantis.

Plato tells us, in his Timæus, that the Egyptian priests, amongst whom he had travelled, had in their possession ancient registers which certified that island's going under water. Plato says, that this catastrophe happened nine thousand years before his time. No one will believe this chronology, on Plato's word only: but neither can any one adduce against it any physical proof, nor even an historical testimony from any profane writer.

Pliny, in his third book, says, that from time immemorial the people of the southern coasts of Spain believed that the sea had forced a passage between Calpe and Abila:—"Indigenæ columnas Herculis vocant, creduntque per fossas exclusa anteà admisisse maria, et rerum naturæ mutâsse faciem."

An attentive traveller may convince himself by his own eyes, that the Cyclades and the Sporades were once part of the continent of Greece, and especially that Sicily was once joined to Apulia. The two volcanos of Etna and Vesuvius having the same basis in the sea, the little gulph of Charybdis; the only deep part of that sea; the perfect resemblance of the two soils; are incontrovertible testimonies. The floods of Deucalion and Ogyges are well known; and the fables founded upon this truth are still more the talk of all the west.

The ancients have mentioned several deluges in Asia. The one spoken of by Berosus happened (as he tells us) in Chaldea, about four thousand three, or four, hundred years before the Christian era; and Asia was as much inundated with fables about this deluge as it was by the overflowings of the Tigris and Euphrates, and all the rivers that fall into the Euxine.

It is true that such overflowings cannot cover the country with more than a few feet of water: but the consequent sterility, the washing away of houses, and the destruction of cattle, are losses which it requires nearly a century to repair. We know how much they have cost Holland, more than the half of which has been lost since the year 1050. She is still obliged to maintain a daily conflict with the ever threatening ocean. She has never employed so many soldiers in resisting her enemies, as she employs labourers in continually defending her against the assaults

of a sea always ready to swallow her.

The road from Egypt to Phœnicia, along the borders of lake Serbo, was once quite practicable; but it has long ceased to be so: it is now nothing but a quick-sand, moistened by stagnant water. In short, a great portion of the earth would be no other than a vast poisonous marsh, inhabited by monsters, but for the assiduous labour of the human race.

We shall not here speak of the universal deluge of Noah. Let it suffice to read the Holy Scriptures with submission. Noah's flood was an incomprehensible miracle, supernaturally worked by the justice and goodness of an ineffable Providence, whose will it was to destroy the whole guilty human race, and form a new and innocent race. If the new race was more wicked than the former, and became more criminal from age to age, from reformation to reformation, this is but another effect of the same Providence, of which it is impossible for us to fathom the depths, the inconceivable mysteries, transmitted to the nations of the west for many ages, in the Latin translation of the Septuagint. We shall never enter these awful sanctuaries: our questions will be limited to simple nature.

CHARACTER.

[From the Greek word signifying *Impression*, *Engraving*.—It is what nature has engraven in us.]

CAN we change our character? Yes—if we change our body. A man born turbulent, violent, and inflexible, may, through falling in his old age into an apoplexy, become but as a silly, weak, timid, puling child. His body is no longer the same; but so long as his nerves, his blood, and his marrow, remain in the same state, his disposition will not change, any more than the instinct of a wolf or a polecat.

The English author of the Dispensary, a poem much superior to the Italian Capitoli, and perhaps even to Boileau's Lutrin, has, as it seems to me, well observed,

> How matter, by the varied shape of pores,
> Or idiots frames, or solemn senators.

The character is formed of our ideas and our feelings. Now, it is quite clear, that we neither give ourselves feelings nor ideas; therefore our character cannot depend on ourselves.

If it did so depend, every one would be perfect.

We cannot give ourselves tastes, nor talents. why, then, should we give ourselves qualities?

When we do not reflect, we think we are masters of all: when, we reflect we find that we are masters of nothing.

If you would absolutely change a man's character, purge him with diluents till he is dead. Charles XII., in his illness on the way to Bender, was no longer the same man; he was as tractable as a child.

If I have a wry nose and cat's eyes, I can hide them behind a mask: and can I do more with the character that nature has given me?

A man born violent and passionate, presents himself before Francis I. King of France, to complain of a trespass. The countenance of the prince, the respectful behaviour of the courtiers, the very place he is in, make a powerful impression upon this man. He mechanically casts down his eyes, his rude voice is softened; he presents his petition with humility; you would think him as mild as (at that moment at least) the courtiers appear to be, amidst whom he is often disconcerted: but if Francis I. knows anything of physiognomy, he will easily discover in his eye, though downcast, glistening with a sullen fire, in the extended muscles of his face, in his fast-closed lips, that this man is not so mild as he is forced to appear. The same man follows him to Pavia, is taken prisoner along with him, and thrown into the same dungeon at Madrid. The majesty of Francis I. no longer awes him as before: he becomes familiar with the object of his reverence. One day, pulling on the king's boots, and happening to pull them on ill, the king, soured by misfortune, grows angry, on which our man of courtesy wishes his

majesty at the devil, and throws his boots out at the window.

Sixtus V. was by nature petulant, obstinate, haughty, impetuous, vindictive, arrogant: this character, however, seems to have been softened by the trials of his noviciate. But see him beginning to acquire some influence in his order; he flies into a passion against a guardian, and knocks him down. Behold him an inquisitor at Venice; he exercises his office with insolence. Behold him cardinal; he is possessed *della rabbia papale;* this rage triumphs over his natural propensities, he buries his person and his character in obscurity, and counterfeits humility and infirmity. He is elected pope; and the spring which policy had held back now acts with all the force of its long-restrained elasticity: he is the proudest and most despotic of sovereigns.

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.
How'er expell'd, nature will still return.

Religion and morality curb the strength of the disposition, but they cannot destroy it. The drunkard in a cloister, reduced to a quarter of a pint of cider per meal, will never more get drunk, but he will always be fond of wine.

Age weakens the character; it is as an old tree, producing only a few degenerate fruits, but always of the same nature, which is covered with knots and moss, and becomes worm-eaten, but is ever the same, whether oak or pear-tree. If we could change our character, we could give ourselves one, and become the masters of nature. Can we give ourselves anything? do not we receive everything? To strive to animate the indolent man with persevering activity, to freeze with apathy the boiling blood of the impetuous, to inspire a taste for poetry into him who has neither taste nor ear, were as futile as to attempt to give sight to one born blind. We perfect, we ameliorate, we conceal, what nature has placed in us; but we place nothing there ourselves.

An agriculturist is told—you have too many fish in this pond; they wi.l 10 thrive: here are too many cattle in your meadows; they will want grass, and grow lean. After this exhortation, the pikes come and eat one half this man's carps, the wolves one half of his sheep, and the rest fatten. And will you applaud his economy? This countryman is yourself; one of your passions devours the rest, and you think you have gained a triumph. Do we not almost all resemble the old general of ninety, who, having found some young officers behaving in a rather disorderly manner with some young women, said to them in anger—"Gentlemen, is this the example that *I* set you?"

CHARITY.

CHARITABLE AND BENEFICENT INSTITUTIONS, ALMS-HOUSES, HOSPITALS, &c.

Cicero frequently speaks of universal charity: — "charitas humani generis;" but it does not appear that the policy or the beneficence of the Romans ever induced them to establish charitable institutions, in which the indigent and the sick might be relieved at the expence of the public. There was a receptacle for strangers at the port of Ostia, called Xenodokium; St. Jerome renders this justice to the Romans. Alms-houses seem to have been unknown in ancient Rome. A more noble usage prevailed—that of supplying the people with corn. There were in Rome three hundred and twenty-seven public granaries. This constant liberality precluded any need of alms-houses.—They were strangers to necessity.

Neither was there any occasion among the Romans for foundling charities None exposed their own children. Those of slaves were taken care of by their masters. Child-birth was not deemed disgraceful to the daughters of citizens. The poorest families, maintained by the republic, and afterwards by the emperors, saw the subsistence of their children secured.

The expression, charitable establishment, "maison de charité," implies a state

of indigence among modern nations which the form of our governments has not been able to preclude.

The word hospital, which recals that of hospitality, reminds us of a virtue in high estimation among the Greeks, now no longer existing: but it also expresses a virtue far superior. There is a mighty difference between lodging, maintaining, and providing in sickness for all afflicted applicants whatever, and entertaining at your own house two or three travellers by whom you might claim a right to be entertained in return. Hospitality, after all, was but an exchange. Hospitals are monuments of beneficence.

It is true that the Greeks were acquainted with charitable institutions, under the name of *Xenodokia*, for strangers, *Nosocomeia*, for the sick, and *Ptokia* for the indigent. In Diogenes Laertius, concerning Bion, we find this passage:—"he suffered much from the indigence of those who were charged with the care of the sick."

Hospitality among friends was called *Idioxenia*, and among strangers *Proxenia*. Hence, the person who received and entertained strangers at his house, in the name of the whole city, was called *Proxenos*. But this institution appears to have been exceedingly rare.

At the present day, there is scarcely a city in Europe without its hospitals. The Turks have them even for beasts; which seems to be carrying charity rather too far: it would be better to forget the beasts, and think more about men.

This prodigious multitude of charitable establishments clearly proves a truth deserving of all our attention—that man is not so depraved as he is stated to be; and that, notwithstanding all his absurd opinions, notwithstanding all the horrors of war, which transform him into a ferocious beast, we have reason to consider him as a creature naturally well disposed and kind, and who, like other animals, becomes vicious only in proportion as he is stung by provocation. The misfortune is, that he is provoked too often.

Modern Rome has almost as many charitable institutions as ancient Rome had triumphal arches and other monuments of conquest. The most considerable of them all is a bank, which lends money at two per cent. upon pledge, and sells the property if the borrower does not redeem it by an appointed time. This establishment is called the *Archiospedale*, or chief hospital. It is said always to contain within its walls nearly two thousand sick, which would be about the fiftieth part of the population of Rome for this one house alone, without including the children brought up, and the pilgrims lodged, there. Where are the computations which do not require abatement?

Has it not been actually published at Rome, that the hospital of the Trinity had lodged and maintained, for three days, four hundred and forty thousand five hundred male, and twenty-five thousand female pilgrims, at the jubilee in 1600? Has not Misson himself told us, that the hospital of the Annunciation at Naples possesses a rental of two millions in our money? (About £80,000.)

However, to return; perhaps a charitable establishment for pilgrims, who are generally mere vagabonds, is rather an encouragement to idleness than an act of humanity. It is, however, a decisive evidence of humanity, that Rome contains fifty charitable establishments, including all descriptions. These beneficent institutions are quite as useful and respectable as the riches of some monasteries and chapels are useless and ridiculous.

To dispense food, clothing, medicine, and aid of every kind, to our brethren, is truly meritorious; but what need can a saint have of gold and diamonds? What benefit results to mankind from "our Lady of Loretto" possessing more gorgeous treasures than the Turkish sultan? Loretto is a house of vanity, and not of charity.

London, reckoning its charity-schools, has as many beneficent establishments as Rome.

The most beautiful monument of beneficence ever erected, is the Hôtel des Invalides, founded by Louis XIV.

Of all hospitals, that in which the greatest number of indigent sick are daily received, is the Hôtel Dieu of Paris. It frequently contains four or five thousand inmates at a time. It is at once the receptacle of all the dreadful ills to which mankind are subject, and the temple of true virtue, which consists in relieving them.

It is impossible to avoid frequently drawing a contrast between a fête at Versailles or an opera at Paris, in which all the pleasures and all the splendours of life are combined with the most exquisite art, and an Hôtel Dieu, where all that is painful, all that is loathsome, and even death itself, are accumulated in one mass of horror. Such is the composition of great cities!

By an admirable policy, pleasures and luxury are rendered subservient to misery and pain. The theatres of Paris pay on an average the yearly sum of a hundred thousand crowns to the hospital.

It often happens in these charitable institutions, that the inconveniences counterbalance the advantages. One proof of the abuses attached to them is, that patients dread the very idea of being removed to them.

The Hôtel Dieu, for example, was formerly well situated, in the middle of the city, near the bishop's palace. The situation, now, is very bad; for the city is become overgrown; four or five patients are crowded into every bed, the victim of the scurvy communicates it to his neighbour, and in return receives from him the small-pox; and a pestilential atmosphere spreads incurable disease, and death, not only through the building destined to restore men to healthful life, but through a great part of the city which surrounds it.

M. de Chamousset, one of the most valuable and active of citizens, has computed, from accurate authorities, that, in the Hôtel Dieu, a fourth part of the patients die, an eighth in the hospital of Charity, a ninth in the London hospitals, and a thirtieth in those of Versailles.

In the great and celebrated hospital of Lyons, which has long been one of the best conducted in Europe, the average mortality has been found to be only one fifteenth.

It has been often proposed to divide the Hôtel Dieu of Paris into smaller establishments, better situated, more airy, and salubrious, but money has been wanting to carry the plan into execution.

Curtae nescio quid semper abest rei.

Money is always to be found when men are to be sent to the frontiers, to be destroyed; but when the object is to preserve them, it is no longer so. Yet the Hôtel Dieu of Paris has a revenue amounting to more than a million, (£40,000,) and every day increasing; and the Parisians have rivalled each other in their endowments of it.

We cannot help remarking in this place, that Germain Brice, in his Description of Paris, speaking of some legacies bequeathed by the first President Bellievre to the hall of the Hôtel Dieu, named St. Charles, says:—"Every one ought to read the beautiful inscription, engraven in letters of gold on a grand marble tablet, and composed by Oliver Patru, one of the choicest spirits of his time, some of whose pleadings are extant, and in very high esteem."

"Whoever thou art that enterest this sacred place, thou wilt almost everywhere behold traces of the charity of the great Pomponne. The gold and silver tapestry and the exquisite furniture which formerly adorned his apartments, are now, by a happy metamorphosis, made to minister to the necessities of the sick. That divine man, who was the ornament and delight of his age, even in his conflict with death, considered how he might relieve the afflicted. The blood of Bellievre was manifested in every action of his life. The glory of his embassies is full well known," &c.

The useful Chamousset did better than

Germain Brice, or than Oliver Patru, 'one of the choicest spirits of his time." He offered to undertake at his own expence, backed by a responsible company, the following contract:—

The administrators of the Hôtel Dieu, estimated the cost of every patient, whether killed or cured, at fifty livres. M. Chamousset and the company offered to undertake the business, on receiving fifty livres on recovery only. The deaths were to be thrown out of the account, of which the expences were to be borne by himself.

The proposal was so very advantageous, that it was not accepted. It was feared that he would not be able to accomplish it. Every abuse attempted to be reformed is the patrimony of those who have more influence than the reformers.

A circumstance no less singular is, that the Hôtel Dieu alone has the privilege of selling meat in Lent, for its own advantage; and it loses money thereby. M. Chamousset proposed to enter into a contract by which the establishment would gain; his offer was rejected; and the butcher, who was thought to have suggested it to him, was dismissed.

> Ainsi chez les humains, par un abus fatal,
> Le bien le plus parfait est la source du mal.
>
> Thus serious ill, if tainted by abuse,
> The noblest works of man will oft produce.

CHARLES IX.

CHARLES IX., King of France, was (we are told) a good poet. It is quite certain that while he lived his verses were admired. Brantôme does not, indeed, tell us that this king was the best poet in Europe; but he assures us that "he made very genteel quatrains impromptu, without thinking (for he had seen several of them); and when it was wet or gloomy weather, or very hot, he would send for the poets into his cabinet, and pass his time there with them."

Had he always passed his time thus, and, above all, had he made good verses, we should not have had a St. Bartholomew: he would not have fired with a carbine through his window upon his own subjects, as if they had been a covey of partridges. Is it not impossible for a good poet to be a barbarian? I am persuaded it is.

These lines, addressed in his name to Ronsard, have been attributed to him:—

> La lyre, qui ravit par de si doux accords,
> Te soumets les esprits dont je n'ai que les corps;
> Le maitre elle t'en rend, et te fait introduire
> Où le plus fier tyran ne peut avoir d'empire.
>
> The lyre's delightful softly swelling lay
> Subdues the mind, I but the body sway:
> Make thee its master, thy sweet art can bind
> What haughty tyrants cannot rule—the mind.

These lines are good. But are they his? Are they not his preceptor's? Here are some of his royal imaginings, which are somewhat different:—

> Il faut suivre ton roi qui t'aimes par sur tous
> Pour les vers qui de toi coulent braves et doux!
> Et crois, si tu ne viens me trouver à Pontoise,
> Qu'entre nous adviendra une très-grande noise.
>
> Know, thou must follow close thy king, who oft
> Hath heard, and loves thee for, thy verse so soft;
> Unless thou come and meet me at Pontoise,
> Believe me, I shall make no little noise.

These are worthy the author of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Cæsar's lines on Terence are written with rather more spirit and taste; they breathe Roman urbanity. In those of Francis I. and Charles IX. we find the barbarism of the Celts. Would to God that Charles IX. had written more verses, even though bad ones! For constant application to the fine arts softens the manners and dispels ferocity:—

> Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

Besides, the French language scarcely began to take any form until long after Charles IX. See such of Francis I.'s letters as have been preserved—"Tout est perdu hors l'honneur"—"All is lost save honour"—was worthy of a chevalier. But the following is neither in the style of Cicero nor in that of Cæsar—

"Tout a fleure ynsi que je me volois mettre o lit est arrivé Laval qui m'a aporté la serteneté du lévement du siège."

"All was going so well that, when I was going to bed Laval arrived, and brought me the certainty of the siege being raised."

We have letters from the hand of Louis XIII., which are no better written. It is not required of a king to write letters like Pliny, or verses like Virgil; but no one can be excused from expressing himself with propriety in his own tongue. Every prince that writes like a lady's maid has been ill educated.

CHINA.

SECTION I.

We have frequently observed elsewhere, how rash and injudicious it is to controvert with any nation, such as the Chinese, its authentic pretensions. There is no house in Europe, the antiquity of which is so well proved as that of the empire of China. Let us figure to ourselves a learned Maronite of Mount Athos questioning the nobility of the Morozini, the Tiepolo, and other ancient houses of Venice; of the princes of Germany, of the Montmorencys, the Chatillons, or the Talleyrands, of France, under the pretence that they are not mentioned in St. Thomas, or St. Bonaventure. We must impeach either his sense or his sincerity.

Many of the learned of our northern climes have felt confounded at the antiquity claimed by the Chinese. The question, however, is not one of learning. Leaving all the Chinese literati, all the mandarins, all the emperors, to acknowledge Fohi as one of the first who gave laws to China, about two thousand five hundred years before our vulgar æra; admit that there must be people before there are kings. Allow that a long period of time is necessary before a numerous people, having discovered the necessary arts of life, unite in the choice of a common governor. But if you do not make these admissions, it is not of the slightest consequence. Whether you agree with us or not, we shall always believe that two and two make four.

In a western province, formerly called Celtica, the love of singularity and paradox has been carried so far as to induce some to assert, that the Chinese were only an Egyptian, or rather perhaps a Phenician colony. It was attempted to prove, in the same way as a thousand other things have been proved, that a king of Egypt, called Menes by the Greeks, was the Chinese king Yu; and that Atoes was Ki, by the change of certain letters. In addition to which, the following is a specimen of the reasoning applied to the subject:—

The Egyptians sometimes lighted torches at night. The Chinese light lanterns: the Chinese are, therefore, evidently a colony from Egypt. The Jesuit Parennin who had, at the time, resided five and twenty years in China, and was master both of its language and its sciences, has rejected all these fancies with a happy mixture of elegance and sarcasm. All the missionaries, and all the Chinese, on receiving the intelligence that a country in the extremity of the west was developing a new formation of the Chinese empire, treated it with a contemptuous ridicule. Father Perennin replied with somewhat more seriousness:—"Your Egyptians," said he, "when going to people China, must evidently have passed through India." Was India at that time peopled or not? If it was, would it permit a foreign army to pass through it? If it was not, would not the Egyptians have stopped in India? Would they have continued their journey through barren deserts, and over almost impracticable mountains, till they reached China, in order to form colonies there, when they might so easily have established them on the fertile banks of the Indus or the Ganges?

The compilers of a universal history, printed in England, have also shown a disposition to divest the Chinese of their antiquity, because the Jesuits were the first who made the world acquainted with China. This is unquestionably a very satisfactory reason for saying to a whole nation—"You are liars."

It appears to me a very important reflection, which may be made on the testi-

mony given by Confutzé, called by us Confucius, to the antiquity of his nation; and which is, that Confucius had no interest in falsehood: he did not pretend to be a prophet; he claimed no inspiration; he taught no new religion; he used no delusions; flattered not the emperor under whom he lived: he did not even mention him. In short, he is the only founder of institutions among mankind who was not followed by a train of women.

I knew a philosopher who had no other portrait than that of Confucius in his study. At the bottom of it were written the following lines:—

> Without assumption he explor'd the mind,
> Unveil'd the light of reason to mankind;
> Spoke as a sage, and never as a seer,
> Yet, strange to say, his country held him dear.

I have read his books with attention; I have made extracts from them; I have found in them nothing but the purest morality, without the slightest tinge of charlatanism. He lived six hundred years before our vulgar æra. His works were commented on by the most learned men of the nation. If he had falsified, if he had introduced a false chronology, if he had written of emperors who never existed, would not some one have been found, in a learned nation, who would have reformed his chronology? One Chinese only has chosen to contradict him, and he met with universal execration.

Were it worth our while, we might here compare the great wall of China with the monuments of other nations, which have never even approached it; and remark, that, in comparison with this extensive work, the pyramids of Egypt are only puerile and useless masses. We might dwell on the thirty-two eclipses calculated in the ancient chronology of China, twenty-eight of which have been verified by the mathematicians of Europe. We might show, that the respect entertained by the Chinese for their ancestors is an evidence that such ancestors have existed; and repeat the observation, so often made, that this reverential respect has in no small degree impeded, among this people, the progress of natural philosophy, geometry, and astronomy.

It is sufficiently known, that they are, at the present day, what we all were three hundred years ago, very ignorant reasoners. The most learned Chinese is like one of the learned of Europe in the fifteenth century, in possession of his Aristotle. But it is possible to be a very bad natural philosopher, and at the same time an excellent moralist. It is, in fact, in morality, in political economy, in agriculture, in the necessary arts of life, that the Chinese have made such advances towards perfection. All the rest they have been taught by us: in these we might well submit to become their disciples.

Of the Expulsion of the Missionaries from China.

Humanly speaking, independently of the service which the Jesuits might confer on the Christian religion, are they not to be regarded as an ill-fated class of men, in having travelled from so remote a distance to introduce trouble and discord into one of the most extended and best-governed kingdoms of the world? And does not their conduct involve a dreadful abuse of the liberality and indulgence shewn by the orientals, more particularly after the torrents of blood shed, through their means, in the empire of Japan? A scene of horror, to prevent the consequence of which the government believed it absolutely indispensable to shut their ports against all foreigners.

The Jesuits had obtained permission of the emperor of China, Cam-hi, to teach the Catholic religion. They made use of it, to instil into the small portion of the people under their direction, that it was incumbent upon them to serve no other master than him who was the vicegerent of God on earth, and who dwelt in Italy on the banks of a small river called the Tiber; that every other religious opinion, every other worship, was an abomination

in the sight of God, and whoever did not believe the Jesuits would be punished by him to all eternity; that their emperor and benefactor, Cam-hi, who could not even pronounce the name of *Christ*, as the Chinese language possesses not the letter *r*, would suffer eternal damnation; that the emperor Youtchin would experience, without mercy, the same fate; that all the ancestors, both of Chinese and Tartars, would incur a similar penalty; that their descendants would undergo it also, as well as the rest of the world; and that the reverend fathers, the Jesuits, felt a sincere and paternal commiseration for the damnation of so many souls.

They, at length, succeeded in making converts of three princes of the Tartar race. In the meantime, the emperor Cam-hi died, towards the close of the year 1722. He bequeathed the empire to his fourth son, who has been so celebrated through the whole world for the justice and the wisdom of his government, for the affection entertained for him by his subjects, and for the expulsion of the Jesuits.

They began by baptising the three princes, and many persons of their household. These neophytes had the misfortune to displease the emperor on some points which merely respected military duty. About this very period the indignation of the whole empire against the missionaries broke out into a flame. All the governors of provinces, all the Colaos, presented memorials against them. The accusations against them were urged so far that the three princes, who had become disciples of the Jesuits, were put into irons.

It is clear that they were not treated with this severity simply for having been baptised, since the Jesuits themselves acknowledge in their letters, that *they* experienced no violence, and that they were even admitted to an audience of the emperor, who honoured them with some presents. It is evident, therefore, that the emperor Youtchin was no persecutor; and, if the princes were confined in a prison on the borders of Tartary, while those who had converted them were treated so liberally, it is a decided proof that they were state prisoners, and not martyrs.

The emperor, soon after this, yielded to the supplications of all his people. They petitioned that the Jesuits might be sent away, as their abolition has been since prayed for in France and other countries.

All the tribunals of China urged their being immediately sent to Macao, which is considered as a place without the limits of the empire, and the possession of which has always been left to the Portuguese, with a Chinese garrison.

Youtchin had the humanity to consult the tribunals and governors, whether any danger could result from conveying all the Jesuits to the province of Canton. While waiting the reply, he ordered three of them to be introduced to his presence, and addressed them in the following words, which Father Parennin, with great ingenuousness, records:—"Your Europeans, in the province of Fo-Kien, intended to abolish our laws, and disturbed our people. The tribunals have denounced them before me. It is my positive duty to provide against such disorders: the good of the empire requires it.... What would you say were I to send over to your country a company of bonzes and lamas to preach their law? How would you receive them?.... If you deceived my father, hope not also to deceive me.... You wish to make the Chinese Christians: your law, I well know, requires this of you. But in case yon should succeed, what should we become? the subjects of your kings. Christians believe none but you: in a time of confusion they would listen to no voice but yours. I know that, at present, there is nothing to fear; but on the arrival of a thousand, or perhaps ten thousand vessels, great disturbances might ensue."

"China, on the north, joins the kingdom of Russia, which is by no means

contemptible; to the south it has the Europeans, and their kingdoms, which are still more considerable; and to the west, the princes of Tartary, with whom we have been at war eight years...... Laurence Lange, companion of Prince Ismailoff, ambassador from the czar, requested that the Russians might have permission to establish factories in each of the provinces. The permission was confined to Pekin, and within the limits of Calcas. In like manner I permit you to remain here and at Canton as long as you avoid giving any cause of complaint. Should you give any, I will not suffer you to remain either here or at Canton."

In the other provinces their houses and churches were levelled to the ground. At length the clamour against them redoubled. The charges most strenuously insisted upon against them were, that they weakened the respect of children for their parents, by not paying the honours due to ancestors; that they indecently brought together young men and women in retired places, which they called churches; that they made girls kneel before them, and inclosed them with their legs, and conversed with them, while in this posture, in under tones. To Chinese delicacy, nothing appeared more revolting than this. Their emperor, Youtchin even condescended to inform the Jesuits of this fact; after which he sent away the greater part of the missionaries to Macao, but with all that polite attention which perhaps the Chinese alone are capable of displaying.

Some Jesuits, possessed of mathematical science, were retained at Pekin; and among others, that same Parennin whom we have mentioned; and who, being a perfect master both of the Chinese and of the Tartar language, had been frequently employed as an interpreter. Many of the Jesuits concealed themselves in the distant provinces; others even in Canton itself; and the affair was connived at.

At length, after the death of the Emperor Youtchin, his son and successor, Kien-long, completed the satisfaction of the nation, by obliging all the missionaries who were in concealment throughout his empire to remove to Macao: a solemn edict prevented them from ever returning. If any appear, they are civilly requested to carry their talents somewhere else. There is nothing of severity, nothing of persecution. I have been told that, in 1760, a Jesuit having gone from Rome to Canton, and been informed against by a Dutch factor, the Colao governor of Canton had him sent away, presenting him at the same time with a piece of silk, some provisions, and money.

Of the pretended Atheism of China.

The charge of Atheism, alleged by our theologians of the west, against the Chinese government at the other end of the world, has been frequently examined, and is, it must be admitted, the meanest excess of our follies and pedantic inconsistencies. It was sometimes pretended, in one of our learned faculties, that the Chinese tribunals or parliaments, were idolatrous; sometimes that they acknowledged no divinity whatever: and these reasoners occasionally pushed their logic so far as to maintain, that the Chinese were, at the same time, atheists and idolaters.

In the month of October, 1700, the Sorbonne declared every proposition, which maintained that the emperor and the Colaos believed in God, to be heretical. Bulky volumes were composed in order to demonstrate, conformably to the system of theological demonstration, that the Chinese adored nothing but the material heaven.

Nil praeter nubes et coeli numen adorant.
They worship clouds and firmament alone.

But if they did adore the material heaven, that was their God. They resembled the Persians, who are said to have adored the sun: they resembled the ancient Arabians, who adored the stars: they were neither worshippers of idols

nor atheists. But a learned doctor, when it is an object to denounce from his tripod any proposition as heretical or obnoxious, does not distinguish with much clearness.

Those contemptible creatures who, in 1700, created such a disturbance about the material heaven of the Chinese, did not know that, in 1689, the Chinese, having made peace with the Russians at Nicptchou, which divides the two empires erected, in September of the same year, a marble monument, on which the following memorable words were engraved in the Chinese and Latin languages:—

"Should any ever determine to rekindle the flames of war, we pray the sovereign reign of all things, who knows the heart, to punish their perfidy," &c.

A very small portion of modern history is sufficient to put an end to these ridiculous disputes: but those who believe that the duty of man consists in writing commentaries on St. Thomas, or Scotus, cannot condescend to inform themselves of what is going on among the great empires of the world.

SECTION II.

We travel to China to obtain clay for porcelain, as if we had none ourselves; stuffs, as if we were destitute of stuffs; and a small herb to be infused in water, as if we had no simples in our own countries. In return for these benefits, we are desirous of converting the Chinese. It is a very commendable zeal; but we must avoid controverting thier antiquity, and also calling them idolators. Should we think it well of a capuchin, if, after having been hospitably entertained at the chateau of the Montmorencys, he endeavoured to persuade them that they were new nobility, like the king's secretaries; or accused them of idolatry, because he found two or three statues of constables, for whom they cherished the most profound respect?

The celebrated Wolfe, professor of mathematics in the university of Halle, delivered once an excellent discourse in praise of the Chinese philosophy. He praised that ancient species of the human race, differing, as it does, in respect to the beard, the eyes the nose, the ears, and even the reasoning powers themselves;—he praised the Chinese, I say, for their adoration of a supreme God, and their love of virtue. He did that justice to the emperors of China, to the tribunals, and to the literati. The justice done to the bonzes was of a different kind.

It is necessary to observe, that this professor Wolfe had attracted around him a thousand pupils of all nations. In the same university there was also a professor of theology, who attracted no one. This man, maddened at the thought of freezing to death in his own deserted hall, formed the design, which undoubtedly was only right and reasonable, of destroying the mathematical professor. He scrupled not, according to the practice of persons like himself, to accuse him of not believing in God.

Some European writers, who had never been in China, had pretended that the government of Pekin was atheistical. Wolfe had praised the philosophers of Pekin; therefore Wolfe was an atheist. Envy and hatred seldom construct the best syllogisms. This argument of Lange, supported by a party and by a protector, was considered conclusive by the sovereign of the country, who dispatched a formal dilemma to the mathematician. This dilemma gave him the option of quitting Halle in twenty-four hours, or of being hanged; and as Wolfe was a very accurate reasoner, he did not fail to quit. His withdrawing deprived the king of two or three hundred thousand crowns a-year, which were brought into the kingdom in consequence of the wealth of this philosopher's disciples.

This case should convince sovereigns that they ought not to be over ready to listen to calumny, and sacrifice a great man to the madness of a fool. But let us return to China.

Why should we concern ourselves, we who live at the extremity of the west,—why should we dispute with abuse and fury, whether there were fourteen princes or not before Fo-hi, emperor of China, and whether the said Fo-hi lived three thousand, or two thousand nine hundred years before our vulgar era? I should like to see two Irishmen quarrelling at Dublin, about who was the owner, in the twelfth century, of the estate I am now in possession of. Is it not clear, that they should refer to me, who possess the documents and titles relating to it? To my mind, the case is the same with respect to the first emperors of China, and the tribunals of that country are the proper resort upon the subject.

Dispute as long as you please about the fourteen princes who reigned before Fo-hi, your very interesting dispute cannot possibly fail to prove that China was at that period populous, and that laws were in force there. I now ask you, whether a people's being collected together, under laws and kings, involves not the idea of very considerable antiquity? Reflect how long a time is requisite, before by a singular concurrence of circumstances, the iron is discovered in the mine, before it is applied to purposes of agriculture, before the invention of the shuttle, and all the arts of life.

Some who multiply mankind by a dash of the pen, have produced very curious calculations. The Jesuit Petau, by a very singular computation, gives the world, two hundred and twenty-five years after the deluge, one hundred times as many inhabitants as can be easily conceived to exist on it at present. The Cumberlands and Whistons have formed calculations equally ridiculous; had these worthies only consulted the registers of our colonies in America, they would have been perfectly astonished, and would have perceived not only how slowly mankind increase in number, but that frequently instead of increasing they actually diminish.

Let us then, who are merely of yesterday, descendants of the Celts, who have only just finished clearing the forests of our savage territories, suffer the Chinese and Indians to enjoy in peace their fine climate and their antiquity. Let us, especially, cease calling the Emperor of China, and the souba of the Deccan, idolaters. There is no necessity for being a zealot in estimating Chinese merit. The constitution of their empire is the only one entirely established upon paternal authority; the only one in which the governor of a province is punished, if, on quitting his station, he does not receive the acclamations of the people; the only one which has instituted rewards for virtue, while, everywhere else, the sole object of the laws is the punishment of crime; the only one which has caused its laws to be adopted by its conquerors, while we are still subject to the customs of the Burgundians, the Franks, and the Goths, by whom we were conquered. Yet, we must confess, that the common people, guided by the bonzes, are equally knavish with our own; that everything is sold enormously dear to foreigners, as among ourselves; that, with respect to the sciences, the Chinese are just where we were two hundred years ago; that, like us, they labour under a thousand ridiculous prejudices; and that they believe in talismans and judicial astrology, as we long did ourselves.

We must admit also, that they were astonished at our thermometer, at our method of freezing fluids by means of salt-petre, and at all the experiments of Torricelli and Otto de Guerick; as we were also, on seeing for the first time those curious processes. We add, that their physicians do not cure mortal diseases any more than our own; and that minor diseases, both here and in China, are cured by nature alone. All this, however, does not interfere with the fact, that the Chinese, for four thousand years, when we were unable even to read, knew everything essentially useful of which we boast at the present day.

I must again repeat, the religion of their

learned is admirable, and free from superstitions, from absurd legends, from dogmas insulting both to reason and nature, to which the bonzes give a thousand different meanings, because they really often have none. The most simple worship has appeared to them the best, for a series of forty centuries. They are, what we conceive Seth, Enoch, and Noah to have been; they are contented to adore one God in communion with the sages of the world, while Europe is divided between Thomas and Bonaventure, between Calvin and Luther, between Jansenius and Molina.

CHRISTIANITY.

Establishment of Christianity, in its Civil and Political State.

God forbid that we should dare to mix the sacred with the profane! We seek not to fathom the depths of the ways of Providence. We are men, and we address men only.

When Antony, and after him Augustus, had given Judea to the Arabian, Herod, (their creature and their tributary)—that prince, a stranger among the Jews, became the most powerful of all kings. He had ports on the Mediterranean—Ptolemais and Ashkelon; he built towns; he erected a temple to Apollo at Rhodes, and one to Augustus in Cæsarea; he rebuilt that of Jerusalem from the foundation, and converted it into a strong citadel. Under his rule, Palestine enjoyed profound peace. In short, barbarous as he was to his family, and tyrannical towards his people, whose substance he consumed in the execution of his projects, he was looked upon as a Messiah. He worshipped only Cæsar, and he was also worshipped by the Herodians.

The sect of the Jews had long been spread in Europe and Asia; but its tenets were entirely unknown. No one knew anything of the Jewish books, although we are told that some of them had already been translated into Greek, in Alexandria. The Jews were known only as the Armenians are now known to the Turks and Persians, as brokers and traders. Further, a Turk never takes the trouble to enquire, whether an Armenian is an Eutychian, a Jacobite. one of St. John's Christians, or an Arian.

The theism of China, and the much to be respected books of Confucius, were still less known to the nations of the west, than the Jewish rites.

The Arabians, who furnished the Romans with the precious commodities of India, had no more idea of the theology of the Brahmins, than our sailors who go to Pondicherry or Madras. The Indian women had from time immemorial enjoyed the privilege of burning themselves on the bodies of their husbands; yet these astonishing sacrifices, which are still practised, were as unknown to the Jews as the customs of America. Their books, which speak of Gog and Magog, never mention India.

The ancient religion of Zoroaster was celebrated; but not therefore the more understood in the Roman empire. It was only known, in general, that the magi admitted a resurrection, a hell, and a paradise; which doctrine must at that time have made its way to the Jews bordering on Chaldea; since, in Herod's time, Palestine was divided between the Pharisees, who began to believe the dogma of the resurrection, and the Sadducees, who regarded it only with contempt.

Alexandria, the most commercial city in the whole world, was peopled with Egyptians, who worshipped Serapis, and consecrated cats; with Greeks, who philosophised; with Romans, who ruled; and with Jews, who amassed wealth. All these people were eagerly engaged in money-getting, immersed in pleasure, infuriate with fanaticism, making and unmaking religious sects, especially during the external tranquillity which they enjoyed when Augustus had shut the temple of Janus.

The Jews were divided into three principal factions. Of these, the Samaritans called themselves the most ancient, because Samaria (then Sabastia), had sub-

sisted, while Jerusalem, with its temple, was destroyed under the Babylonian kings. But these Samaritans were a mixture of the people of Persia with those of Palestine.

The second, and most powerful faction, was that of the Hierosolymites. These Jews, properly so called, detested the Samaritans, and were detested by them. Their interests were all opposite. They wished that no sacrifices should be offered but in the temple of Jerusalem. Such a restriction would have brought a deal of money into their city; and, for this very reason, the Samaritans would sacrifice no where but at home. A small people, in a small town, may have but one temple; but when a people have extended themselves over a country seventy leagues long, by twenty-three wide, as the Jews had done—when their territory is almost as large and populous as Languedoc or Normandy, it would be absurd to have but one church. What would the good people of Montpelier say, if they could attend mass nowhere but at Toulouse?

The third faction were the Hellenic Jews, consisting chiefly of such as were engaged in trade or handicraft in Egypt and Greece. These had the same interests with the Samaritans. Onias, the son of a high priest, wishing to be a high priest like his father, obtained permission from Ptolemy Philometor, King of Egypt, and in particular from the king's wife Cleopatra, to build a Jewish temple near Bubastis. He assured Queen Cleopatra, that Isaiah had foretold that the Lord should one day have a temple on that spot; and Cleopatra, to whom he made a handsome present, sent him word that, since Isaiah had said it, it must be. This temple was called the Onion; and if Onias was not a great sacrificer, he commanded a troop of militia. It was built one hundred and sixty years before the Christian era. The Jews of Jerusalem always held this Onion in abhorrence, as they did the translation called the Septuagint. They even instituted an expiatory feast for these two pretended sacrileges. The rabbis of the Onion, mingling with the Greeks, became more learned (in their way) than the rabbis of Jerusalem and Samaria; and the three factions began to dispute on controversial questions, which necessarily make men subtle, false, and unsocial.

The Egyptian Jews, in order to equal the austerity of the Essenes, and the Judaïtes of Palestine, established, some time before the birth of Christianity, the sect of the Therapeutæ, who, like them, devoted themselves to a sort of monastic life, and to mortifications.

These different societies were imitations of the old Egyptian, Persian, Thracian, and Greek mysteries, which had filled the earth, from the Euphrates and the Nile to the Tyber.

At first, such as were initiated into these fraternities were few in number, and were looked upon as privileged men; but in the time of Augustus, their number was very considerable; so that nothing but religion was talked of, from Syria to Mount Atlas and the German ocean.

Amidst all these sects and worships, the school of Plato had established itself, not in Greece alone, but also in Rome, and especially in Egypt. Plato had been considered as having drawn his doctrine from the Egyptians, who thought that, in turning Plato's ideas to account, his *Word*, and the sort of trinity discoverable in some of his works, they were but claiming their own.

This philosophic spirit, spread at that time over all the known countries of the west, seems to have emitted, in the neighbourhood of Palestine, at least a few sparks of the spirit of reasoning.

It is certain that, in Herod's time, there were disputes on the attributes of the Divinity, on the immortality of the soul, and the resurrection of the body. The Jews relate, that Queen Cleopatra asked them whether we were to rise again dressed or naked?

The Jews, then, were reasoners in their way. The exaggerating Josephus was, for a soldier, very learned. Such being

the case with a military man, there must have been many a learned man in civil life. His contemporary, Philo, would have had reputation, even among the Greeks. St. Paul's master, Gamaliel, was a great controversialist. The authors of the Mishna were polymathists.

The Jewish populace discoursed on religion. As, at the present day, in Switzerland, at Geneva, in Germany, in England, and especially in the Cévennes, we find even the meanest of the inhabitants dealing in controversy. Nay, more; men from the dregs of the people have founded sects: as Fox, in England; Muncer, in Germany; and the first reformers in France. Indeed, Mahomet himself, setting apart his great courage, was nothing more than a camel-driver.

Add to these preliminaries, that, in Herod's time, it was imagined, as is elsewhere remarked, that the world was soon to be at an end.

In those days, prepared by divine providence, it pleased the eternal Father to send his Son upon earth—an adorable and incomprehensible mystery, which we presume not to approach.

We only say, that if Jesus preached a pure morality; if he announced the kingdom of heaven as the reward of the just; if he had disciples attached to his person and his virtues; if those very virtues drew upon him the persecutions of the priests; if, through calumny, he was put to a shameful death; his doctrine, constantly preached by his disciples, would necessarily have a great effect in the world. Once more let me repeat it—I speak only after the manner of this world, setting the multitude of miracles and prophecies entirely aside. I maintain it, that Christianity was more likely to proceed by his death, than if he had not been persecuted. You are astonished that his disciples made other disciples. I should have been much more astonished, if they had not brought over a great many to their party. Seventy individuals, convinced of the innocence of their leader, the purity of his manners, and the barbarity of his judges, must influence many a feeling heart.

St. Paul, alone, become (for whatever reason) the enemy of his master Gamaliel, must have had it in his power to bring Jesus a thousand adherents, even supposing Jesus to have been only a worthy and oppressed man. Paul was learned, eloquent, vehement, indefatigable, skilled in the Greek tongue, and seconded by zealots much more interested than himself in defending their master's reputation. St. Luke was an Alexandrian Greek, and a man of letters, for he was a physician.

The first chapter of John displays a Platonic sublimity, which must have been gratifying to the Platonists of Alexandria. And indeed there was even formed in that city a school founded by Luke, or by Mark (either the evangelist or some other), and perpetuated by Athenagoras, Pantænus, Origen, and Clement—all learned and eloquent. This school once established, it was impossible for Christianity not to make a rapid progress.

Greece, Syria, and Egypt, were the scenes of those celebrated ancient mysteries, which enchanted the minds of the people. The Christians, too, had their mysteries, in which men would eagerly seek to be initiated; and if at first only through curiosity, this curiosity soon became persuasion. The idea of the approaching end of all things, was especially calculated to induce the new disciples to despise the transitory goods of this life, which were so soon to perish with them. The example of the Therapeutæ was an incitement to a solitary and mortified life. All these things, then, powerfully concurred in the establishment of the Christian religion.

The different flocks of this great rising society could not, it is true, agree among themselves. Fifty-four societies had fifty-four different gospels; all secret, like their mysteries; all unknown to the Gentiles, who never saw our four canonical gospels until the end of two hundred and fifty years. These various flocks, though divided, acknowledged the same pastor.

Ebionites, opposed to St. Paul; Nazarenes, disciples of Hymeneos, Alexandros, and Hermogenes; Carpocratians, Basilidians, Valentinians, Marcionites, Sabellians, Gnostics, Montanists—a hundred sects, rising one against another, and casting mutual reproaches, were nevertheless all united in Jesus; all called upon Jesus; all made Jesus the great object of their thoughts, and reward of their travails.

The Roman empire, in which all these societies were formed, at first paid no attention to them: they were known at Rome only by the general name of Jews, about whom the government gave itself no concern. The Jews had, by their money, acquired the right of trading. In the reign of Tiberius, four thousand of them were driven out of Rome; in that of Nero, the people charged them, and the new demi-Christian Jews, with the burning of Rome.

They were again expelled, in the reign of Claudius; but their money always procured them re-admission: they were quiet and despised. The Christians of Rome were not so numerous as those of Greece, Alexandria, and Syria. The Romans, in the earlier ages, had neither fathers of the church nor heresiarchs. The further they were from the birth-place of Christianity, the fewer doctors and writers were to be found among them. The church was Greek; so much so, that every mystery, every rite, every tenet, was expressed in the Greek tongue.

All Christians, whether Greek, Syrian, Roman, or Egyptian, were considered as half Jewish. This was another reason for concealing their books from the Gentiles, that they might remain united and impenetrable. Their secret was more inviolably kept than that of the mysteries of Isis or of Ceres: they were a republic apart,—a state within the state. They had no temples, no altars, no sacrifice, no public ceremony. They elected their secret superiors by a majority of voices. These superiors, under the title of ancients, priests, bishops, or deacons, managed the common purse, took care of the sick, and pacified quarrels. Among them it was a shame and a crime to plead before the tribunals, or to enlist in the armed force; and, for a hundred years, there was not a single Christian in the armies of the empire.

Thus, retired in the midst of the world, and unknown even when they appeared, they escaped the tyranny of the proconsuls and prætors, and were free amid the public slavery.

It is not known who wrote the famous book entitled, "Ton Apostolon Didakai," (the Apostolical Constitutions)—as it is unknown who were the authors of the fifty rejected gospels, of the Acts of St. Peter, of the Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs, and of so many other writings of the first Christians; but it is likely that the Constitutions are of the second century. Though falsely attributed to the apostles, they are very valuable. They show us what were the duties of a bishop chosen by the Christians, how they were to reverence him, and what tribute they were to pay him.

The bishop could have but one wife, who was to take good care of his household:—"Mias andra gegenimenon gunaikos monogamou kalos tou idiou oikou proestota."

Rich Christians were exhorted to adopt the children of poor ones. Collections were made for the widows and orphans: but the money of sinners was rejected; and, nominally, an innkeeper was not permitted to give his mite. It is said that they were regarded as cheats; for which reason, very few tavern-keepers were Christians. This also prevented the Christians from frequenting the taverns; thus completing their separation from the society of the Gentiles.

The dignity of deaconess being attainable by the women, they were the more attached to the Christian fraternity. They were consecrated; the bishop anointing them on the forehead, as of old the Jewish kings were wont to be anointed. By how many indissoluble ties were the Christians bound together!

The persecutions, which were never more than transitory, did but serve to redouble their zeal, and inflame their fervour; so that, under Dioclesian, one third of the empire was Christian.

Such were a few of the human causes that contributed to the progress of Christianity. If to these we add the divine causes, which are to the former as infinity to unity, there is only one thing which can surprise us;—that a religion so true did not at once extend itself over the two hemispheres, not excepting the most savage islet.

God himself came down from heaven, and died to redeem mankind, and extirpate sin for ever from the face of the earth; and yet, he left the greater part of mankind a prey to error, to crime, and to the devil. This, to our weak intellects, appears a fatal contradiction. But it is not for us to question Providence: our duty is to humble ourselves in the dust before it.

SECTION II.

Several learned men have testified their surprise at not finding in the historian Flavius Josephus, any mention of Jesus Christ; for all men of true learning are now agreed that the short passage relative to him in that history has been interpolated. The father of Flavius Josephus must, however, have been witness to all the miracles of Jesus. Josephus was of the sacerdotal race, and akin to Herod's wife, Mariamne. He gives us long details of all that prince's actions, yet says not a word of the life or death of Jesus: nor does this historian, who disguises none of Herod's cruelties, say one word of the general massacre of the infants, ordered by him on hearing that there was born a king of the Jews. The Greek calendar estimates the number of children murdered, on this occasion, at fourteen thousand.

This is, of all actions of all tyrants, the most horrible. There is no example of it in the history of the whole world.

Yet the best writer the Jews have ever had, the only one esteemed by the Greeks and Romans, makes no mention of an event so singular and so frightful. He says nothing of the appearance of a new star in the east, after the birth of our Saviour—a brilliant phenomenon, which could not escape the knowledge of an historian so enlightened as Josephus. He is also silent respecting the darkness which, on our Saviour's death, covered the whole earth for three hours at midday—the great number of graves that opened at that moment, and the multitude of the just that rose again.

The learned are constantly evincing their surprise that no Roman historian speaks of these prodigies, happening in the empire of Tiberius, under the eyes of a Roman governor and a Roman garrison, who must have sent to the emperor and the senate a detailed account of the most miraculous event that mankind had ever heard of. Rome itself must have been plunged for three hours in impenetrable darkness: such a prodigy would have had a place in the annals of Rome, and in those of every nation. But it was not God's will that these divine things should be written down by their profane hands.

The same persons also find some difficulties in the gospel history. They remark that, in Matthew, Jesus Christ tells the scribes and pharisees that all the innocent blood that has been shed upon earth, from that of Abel the Just, down to that of Zachary, son of Barac, whom they slew between the temple and the altar, shall be upon their heads.

There is not (say they) in the Hebrew history, any Zachary slain in the temple before the coming of the Messiah, nor in his time: but in the history of the siege of Jerusalem by Josephus, there is a Zachary, son of Barac, slain by the faction of the Zelotes: this is in the nineteenth chapter of the fourth book. Hence they suspect that the gospel according to St. Matthew was written after the taking of Jerusalem by Titus. But every doubt, every objection of this kind, vanishes,

when it is considered how great a difference there must be between books divinely inspired and the books of men. It was God's pleasure to envelope alike in awful obscurity his birth, his life, and his death. His ways are in all things different from ours.

The learned have also been much tormented by the difference between the two genealogies of Jesus Christ. St. Matthew makes Joseph the son of Jacob, Jacob of Matthan, Matthan of Eleazar. St. Luke, on the contrary, says that Joseph was the son of Heli, Heli of Matthat, Matthat of Levi, Levi of Melchi, &c. They will not reconcile the fifty-six progenitors up to Abraham, given to Jesus by Luke, with the forty-two other forefathers up to the same Abraham, given him by Matthew; and they are quite staggered by Matthew's giving only forty-one generations, while he speaks of forty-two. They start other difficulties about Jesus being the son, not of Joseph, but of Mary. They moreover raise some doubts respecting our Saviour's miracles, quoting St. Augustine, St. Hilary, and others, who have given to the accounts of these miracles a mystic or allegorical sense: as, for example, to the fig-tree cursed and blasted for not having borne figs when it was not the fig season; the devils sent into the bodies of swine in a country where no swine were kept; the water changed into wine at the end of a feast, when the guests were already too much heated. But all these learned critics are confounded by the faith, which is but the purer for their cavils. The sole design of this article is to follow the historical thread, and give a precise idea of the facts about which there is no dispute.

First, then, Jesus was born under the Mosaic law; he was circumcised according to that law; he fulfilled all its precepts; he kept all its feasts; he did not reveal the mystery of his incarnation; he never told the Jews he was born of a virgin; he received John's blessing in the waters of the Jordan, a ceremony to which various of the Jews submitted; but he never baptised any one; he never spoke of the seven sacraments; he instituted no ecclesiastical hierarchy during his life. He concealed from his contemporaries that he was the Son of God, begotten from all eternity, consubstantial with his Father; and that the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father and the Son. He did not say that his person was composed of two natures and two wills. He left these mysteries to be announced to men in the course of time, by those who were to be enlightened by the Holy Ghost. So long as he lived, he departed in nothing from the law of his fathers. In the eyes of men he was no more than a just man, pleasing to God, persecuted by the envious, and condemned to death by prejudiced magistrates. He left his holy church, established by him, to do all the rest.

Let us consider the state of religion in the Roman empire at that period. Mysteries and expiations were in credit almost throughout the earth. The emperors, the great, and the philosophers, had, it is true, no faith in these mysteries; but the people, who, in religious matters, give the law to the great, imposed on them the necessity of conforming in appearance to their worship. To succeed in chaining the multitude, you must seem to wear the same fetters. Cicero, himself, was initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries. The knowledge of one only God was the principal tenet inculcated in these mysteries and magnificent festivals. It is undeniable, that the prayers and hymns handed down to us as belonging to these mysteries, are the most pious and most admirable of the relics of Paganism.

The Christians, who likewise adored one only God, had thereby greater facility in converting some of the Gentiles. Some of the philosophers of Plato's sect became Christians; hence, in the three first centuries, the fathers of the church were all Platonists.

The inconsiderate zeal of some of them in no way detracts from the fundamental truths. St. Justin, one of the primitive fathers, has been reproached with having

said, in his commentary on Isaiah, that the saints should enjoy, during a reign of a thousand years upon earth, every sensual pleasure. He has been charged with criminality in saying, in his Apology for Christianity, that God, having made the earth, left it in the care of the angels, who, having fallen in love with the women, begot children, which are the devils.

Lactantius, with other fathers, has been condemned for having supposed oracles of the sibyls. He asserted that the sibyl Erythrea made four Greek lines, which, rendered literally, are :—

> "With five loaves and two fishes
> He shall feed five thousand men in the desert;
> And, gathering up the fragments that remain,
> With them he shall fill twelve baskets."

The primitive Christians have been reproached with inventing some acrostic verses on the name JESUS CHRIST, and attributing them to an ancient sibyl. They have also been reproached with forging letters from Jesus Christ to the King of Edessa, dated at a time when there was no king at Edessa ;—with having forged letters of Mary, letters of Seneca to Paul, false gospels, false miracles, and a thousand other impostures.

We have, moreover, the history or gospel of the nativity and marriage of the Virgin Mary; wherein we are told, that she was brought to the temple at three years old, and walked up the stairs by herself. It is related that a dove came down from heaven, to give notice that it was Joseph who was to espouse Mary. We have the proto-gospel of James, brother of Jesus by Joseph's first wife. It is there said, that when Joseph complained of Mary's having become pregnant in his absence, the priests made each of them drink the water of jealousy, and they were both declared innocent.

We have the gospel of the Infancy, attributed to St. Thomas. According to this gospel, Jesus, at five years old, amused himself, like other children of the same age, with moulding clay, and making it, amongst other things, into the form of little birds. He was chid for this; on which he gave life to the birds, and they flew away. Another time, a little boy having beaten him, was struck dead on the spot. We have also another gospel of the Infancy, in Arabic, which is much more serious.

We have a gospel of Nicodemus. This one seems more worthy of attention; for we find in it the names of those who accused Jesus before Pilate. They were the principal men of the synagogue—Ananias, Caïphas, Sommas, Damat, Gamaliel, Judah, Nephthalim. In this history, there are some things which it is easy to reconcile with the received gospels, and others which are not elsewhere to be found. We here find, that the woman cured of a flux was called Veronica. We also find all that Jesus did in hell when he descended thither.

Then we have the two letters supposed to have been written by Pilate to Tiberius, concerning the execution of Jesus; but their bad Latin plainly shows that they are spurious.

To such a length was this false zeal carried, that various letters were circulated, attributed to Jesus Christ. The letter is still preserved, which he is said to have written to Abgarus, King of Edessa: but, as already remarked, there had, at that time, ceased to be a king of Edessa.

Fifty gospels were fabricated, and were afterwards declared apocryphal. St. Luke himself tells us, that many persons had composed gospels. It has been believed, that there was one called the Eternal Gospel, concerning which it is said in the Apocalypse, chap. xiv., "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel." .... In the thirteenth century, the Cordeliers, abusing these words, composed an "eternal gospel," by which the reign of the Holy Ghost was to be substituted for that of Jesus Christ. But never, in the early ages of the church, did any book appear with this title.

Letters of the Virgin were likewise invented, written to Ignatius the martyr,

to the people of Messina, and others.

Abdias, who immediately succeeded the apostles, wrote their history, with which he mixed up such absurd fables, that in time these histories became wholly discredited, although they had at first a great reputation. To Abdias we are indebted for the account of the contest between St. Peter and Simon the magician. There was at Rome, in reality, a very skilful mechanic, named Simon, who not only made things fly across the stage, as we still see done, but moreover revived in his own person the prodigy attributed to Dædalus. He made himself wings; he flew; and, like Icarus, he fell. So say Pliny and Suetonius.

Abdias, who was in Asia, and wrote in Hebrew, tells us that Peter and Simon met at Rome in the reign of Nero. A young man, nearly related to the emperor, died; and the whole court begged that Simon would raise him to life. St. Peter presented himself to perform the same operation. Simon employed all the powers of his art; and he seemed to have succeeded, for the dead man moved his head. "This is not enough," cries Peter; "the dead man must speak: let Simon leave the bed-side, and we shall see whether the young man is alive." Simon went aside, and the deceased no longer stirred, but Peter brought him to life with a single word.

Simon went and complained to the emperor, that a miserable Galilean had taken upon himself to work greater wonders than he. Simon was confronted with Peter, and they made a trial of skill.—"Tell me," said Simon to Peter, "what I am thinking of?" "If," returned Peter, "the emperor will give me a barley loaf, thou shalt find whether or not I know what thou hast in thy heart." A loaf was given him: Simon immediately caused two large dogs to appear, and they wanted to devour it. Peter threw them the loaf; and while they were eating it, he said—"Well; did I not know thy thoughts? thou wouldst have had thy dogs devour me."

After this first sitting, it was proposed that Simon and Peter should make a flying-match, and try which could raise himself highest in the air. Simon tried first: Peter made the sign of the cross, and down came Simon and broke his legs. This story was imitated from that which we find in the "Sepher toldos Jeschut," where it is said that Jesus himself flew, and that Judas, who would have done the same, fell headlong.

Nero, vexed that Peter had broken his favourite Simon's legs, had him crucified with his head downwards. Hence the notion of St. Peter's residence at Rome, the manner of his execution, and his sepulchre.

The same Abdias established the belief that St. Thomas went and preached Christianity in India to King Gondafer, and that he went thither as an architect.

The number of books of this sort, written in the early ages of Christianity, is prodigious.

St. Jerome, and even St. Augustine, tell us, that the letters of Seneca and St. Paul are quite authentic. In the first of these letters, Seneca hopes his brother Paul is well—"Bene te valere, frater, cupio." Paul does not write quite so good Latin as Seneca:—"I received your letters yesterday," says he, "with joy."—"Litteras tuas hilaris accepi."—"And I would have answered them immediately, had I had the presence of the young man whom I would have sent with them."—"Si præsentiam juvenis habuissem." Unfortunately, these letters, in which one would look for instruction, are nothing more than compliments.

All these falsehoods, forged by ill-informed and mistakenly-zealous Christians, were in no degree prejudicial to the truth of Christianity; they obstructed not its progress; on the contrary, they show us that the Christian society was daily increasing, and that each member was desirous of hastening its growth.

The Acts of the Apostles do not tell us that the apostles agreed on a symbol. Indeed, if they had put together the sym-

bol, (the creed, as we now call it,) St. Luke could not, in his history, have omitted this essential basis of the Christian religion. The substance of the creed is scattered through the gospels; but the articles were not collected until long after.

In short, our creed is, indisputably, the belief of the apostles; but it was not written by them. Rufinus, a priest of Aquileia, is the first who mentions it; and a homily attributed to St. Augustin is the first record of the supposed way in which this creed was made; Peter saying, when they were assembled, "I believe in God the Father Almighty,"—Andrew, "and in Jesus Christ,"—James, "who was conceived by the Holy Ghost;" and so of the rest.

This formula was called, in Greek, *symbolos*; and in Latin, *collatio*. Only it must be observed, that the Greek version has it—"I believe in God the Father, maker of heaven and earth." In the Latin, *maker*, *former*, is rendered by "creatorem." But, afterwards, in translating the symbol of the first council of Nice, it was rendered by "factorem."

Constantine assembled at Nice, opposite to Constantinople, the first œcumenical council, over which Ozius presided. The great question touching the divinity of Jesus Christ, which so much agitated the church, was there decided. One party held the opinion of Origen, who says, in his sixth chapter against Celsus, "We offer our prayers to God through Christ, who holds the middle place between natures created and uncreated; who leads us to the grace of his father, and presents our prayers to the great God, in quality of our high priest." These disputants also rest upon many passages of St. Paul, some of which they quote. They depend particularly upon these words of Jesus Christ—"My father is greater than I;" and they regard Jesus as the first-born of the creation; as a pure emanation of the Supreme Being, but not precisely as God.

The other side, who were orthodox, produced passages more conformable to the eternal divinity of Jesus; as, for example, the following—"My Father and I are one;" words which their opponents interpret as signifying—"My Father and I have the same object, the same intention: I have no other will than that of my Father." Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, and after him Athanasius, were at the head of the orthodox; and Eusebius, Bishop of Nicomedia, with seventeen other bishops, the priest Arius, and many more priests, led the party opposed to them. The quarrel was at first exceedingly bitter, as St. Alexander treated his opponents as so many antichrists.

At last, after much disputation, the Holy Ghost decided in the council, by the mouths of two hundred and ninety-nine bishops, against eighteen, as follows: "Jesus is the only Son of God; begotten of the Father; light of light; very God of very God; of one substance with the Father. We believe also in the Holy Ghost," &c. &c. Such was the decision of the council; and we perceive, by this fact, how the bishops carried it over the simple priests. Two thousand persons of the latter class were of the opinion of Arius, according to the account of two patriarchs of Alexandria, who have written the annals of Alexandria in Arabic. Arius was exiled by Constantine, as was Athanasius soon after, when Arius was recalled to Constantinople. Upon this event, St. Macarius prayed so vehemently to God to terminate the life of Arius, before he could enter the cathedral, that God heard his prayer—Arius dying on his way to church, in 330. The Emperor Constantine ended his life in 337. He placed his will in the hands of an Arian priest, and died in the arms of the Arian leader Eusebius, Bishop of Nicomedia, not receiving baptism until on his death-bed, and leaving a triumphant, but divided church.

The partisans of Athanasius and of Eusebius carried on a cruel war; and what is called Arianism was for a long time established in all the provinces of the empire.

Julian the philosopher, surnamed the Apostate, wished to stifle their divisons, but could not succeed.

The second general council was held at Constantinople in 1318. It was there laid down, that the council of Nice had not decided quite correctly in regard to the Holy Ghost; and it added to the Nicene creed, that "the Holy Ghost was the giver of life, and proceeded from the Father, and with the Father and Son is to be worshipped and glorified."

Is was not until towards the ninth century that the Latin church decreed, that the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father and the Son.

In the year 431, the third council-general, held at Ephesus, decided that Jesus had "two natures and one person." Nestorius, bishop of Constantinople, who maintained that the Virgin Mary should be entitled Mother of Christ, was called *Judas* by the council; and the "two natures" were again confirmed by the council of Chalcedon.

I pass lightly over the following centuries, which are sufficiently known. Unhappily, all these disputes led to wars, and the church was uniformly obliged to combat. God, in order to exercise the patience of the faithful, also allowed, that the Greek and Latin churches should finally separate, in the ninth century. He likewise permitted, in the east, no less than twenty-nine horrible schisms with the see of Rome.

If there be about six hundred millions of men upon earth, as certain learned persons pretend, the holy Roman Catholic church possesses scarcely sixteen millions of them—about a twenty-sixth part of the inhabitants of the known world.

CHRISTMAS.

Every one knows that this is the feast of the nativity of Jesus. The most ancient feast kept in the church, after those of Easter and Pentecost, was that of the baptism of Jesus. There were only these three feasts, until St. Chrysostom delivered his homily on Pentecost. We here make no account of the feasts of the martyrs, which were of a very inferior order. That of the baptism of Jesus was named the Epiphany, in imitation of the Greeks, who gave that name to the feasts which they held to commemorate the appearance or manifestation of the gods upon earth,—since it was not until after his baptism that Jesus began to preach the gospel.

We know not whether, about the end of the fourth century, this feast was solemnized in the Isle of Cyprus, on the 6th of November; but St. Epiphanius mantained that Jesus was born on that day. St. Clement of Alexandria tells us, that the Basilidians held this feast on 15th of the month *tybi*, while others held it on the 11th of the same month; that is, it was kept by some on the 10th of January, and by others on the 6th: the latter opinion is the one now adopted. As for the nativity, as neither the day nor the month nor the year of it was known, it was not celebrated.

According to the remarks which we find appended to the works of the same father, they who had been the most curious in their researches concerning the day on which Jesus was born, said, some that it was on the 25th of the Egyptian month *pachon*, answering to the 20th of May; others, that it was the 24th or 25th of *pharmuthi*, corresponding to the 19th and 20th of April. The learned M. de Beausobre says, that these latter were the days of St. Valentine. Be this as it may, Egypt and the east kept the feast of the birth of Jesus on the 6th of January, the same day as that of his baptism; without its being known (at least, with certainty) when, or for wha reason, this custom commenced.

The opinion and practice of the western nations were quite different from those of the east. The centuriators of Magdeburg repeat a passage in Theophilus of Cesarea, which makes the churches of Gaul say:—"Since the birth of Christ is celebrated on the 25th

of December, on whatever day of the week it may fall, so also should the resurrection of Jesus be celebrated on the 25th of March, whatever day of the week it may be, the Lord having risen again on that day."

If this be true, it must be acknowledged that the bishops of Gaul were very prudent and very reasonable. Being persuaded, as all the ancients were, that Jesus had been crucified on the 23rd of March, and had risen again on the 25th, they commemorated his death on the 23rd, and his resurrection on the 25th, without paying any regard to the observance of the full moon, which was originally a Jewish ceremony, and without confining themselves to the Sunday. Had the church imitated them, she would have avoided the long and scandalous disputes which went near to separate the east from the west, and were not terminated until the first council of Nice.

Some of the learned conjecture, that the Romans chose the winter solstice for holding the birth of Jesus, because the sun then begins again to approach our hemisphere. In Julius Cæsar's time, the civil and political solstice was fixed for the 25th of December. This, at Rome, was a festival in celebration of the returning sun. Pliny tells us, that it was called *bruma;* and, like Servius, places it on the 8th of the calends of January. This association might have some connection with the choice of the day, but it was not the origin of it. A passage in Josephus (evidently forged) three or four errors of the ancients, and a very mystical explanation of a saying of St. John the Baptist, determined this choice, as Joseph Scaliger is about to inform us.

It pleased the ancients (says that learned critic) to suppose—first, that Zacharias was sovereign sacrificer when Jesus was born. But nothing is more untrue; it is no longer believed by any one, at least among those of any information.

Secondly—the ancients supposed that Zacharias was in the holy of holies, offering incense, when the angel appeared to him, and announced the birth of a son.

Thirdly—as the sovereign sacrificer entered the temple but once a-year, on the day of expiation, which was the 10th of the Jewish month *risri*, partly answering to the month of September, the ancients supposed that it was the 27th; and that *afterwards*, on the 23rd or 24th, Zacharias having returned home after the feast, Elizabeth, his wife, conceived John the Baptist; whence the feast of the conception of that saint was fixed for those days. As women ordinarily go with child for two hundred and seventy or two hundred and seventy-four days, it followed that the nativity of John was fixed for the 24th of June. Such was the origin of St. John's day, and of Christmas-day, which was regulated by it.

Fourthly—it was supposed that there were six entire months between the conception of John the Baptist and that of Jesus; although the angel simply tells Mary, that Elizabeth was then in the sixth month of her pregnancy; consequently, the conception of Jesus was fixed for the 25th of March; and from these various suppositions it was concluded, that Jesus must have been born on the 25th of December, precisely nine months after his conception.

There are many wonderful things in these arrangements. It is not one of the least worthy of admiration, that the four cardinal points of the year—the equinoxes and the solstices, as they were then fixed—were marked by the conceptions and births of John the Baptist and Jesus. But it is yet more marvellous and worthy of remark, that the solstice when Jesus was born, is that at which the days begin to increase; while that on which John the Baptist came into the world, was the period at which they begin to shorten. The holy forerunner had intimated this in a very mystical manner, when speaking of

Jesus, in these words:—"He must grow, and I must become less."

Prudentius alludes to this in a hymn on the nativity of our Lord.

Yet St. Leo says, that in his time there were persons at Rome who said that the feast was venerable, not so much on account of the birth of Jesus as of the return, and, as they expressed it, the new birth of the sun. St. Epiphanius assures us, it was fully established that Jesus was born on the 6th of January; but St. Clement of Alexandria, much more ancient and more learned than he, fixes the birth on the 18th of November, of the twenty-eighth year of Augustus. This is deduced, according to the Jesuit Petau's remark on St. Epiphanius, from these words of St. Clement:—"The whole time from the birth of Jesus Christ to the death of Commodus, was a hundred and ninety-four years, one month, and thirteen days." Now, Commodus died, according to Petau, on the last of December, in the year 192 of our era; therefore, according to St. Clement, Jesus was born one month and thirteen days before the last of December; consequently, on the 18th of November, in the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Augustus. Concerning which, it must be observed, that St. Clement dates the reign of Augustus only from the death of Antony and the capture of Alexandria, because it was not until then that Augustus was left sole master of the empire. Thus we are no more assured of the year of this birth, than we are of the month or the day. Though St. Luke declares, "that he had perfect understanding of all things from the very first," he clearly shows that he did not know the exact age of Jesus, when he says that, when baptised, he "began to be about thirty years old." Indeed, this evangelist makes Jesus born in the year of the numbering which, according to him, was made by Cyrenus or Cyrenius, governor of Syria; while, according to Tertullian, it was made by Sentius Saturninus. But Saturninus had quitted the province in the last year of Herod, and, as Tacitus informs us, was succeeded by Quintilius Varus; and Publius Sulpicius Quirinus, or Quirinius, of whom it would seem St. Luke means to speak, did not succeed Quintilius Varus until about ten years after Herod's death, when Archelaüs, King of Judea, was banished by Augustus, as Josephus tells us in his Jewish Antiquities.

It is true that Tertullian, and St. Justin before him, referred the pagans and the heretics of their time to the public archives containing the registers of this pretended numbering; but Tertullian likewise referred to the public archives for the account of the darkness at noon-day, at the time of the passion of Jesus, as will be seen in the article ECLIPSE; where we have remarked the want of exactness in these two fathers, and in similar authorities, in our observations on a statue which St. Justin (who assures us that he saw it at Rome) says, was dedicated to Simon the magician, but which was in reality dedicated to a god of the ancient Sabines.

These uncertainties, however, will excite no astonishment, when it is recollected that Jesus was unknown to his disciples until he had received baptism from John. It is expressly "beginning with the baptism of Jesus," that Peter will have the successor of Judas testify concerning Jesus; and, according to the same Acts, Peter thereby understands the whole time that Jesus had lived with them.

CHRONOLOGY.

THE world has long disputed about ancient chronology; but, has there ever been any

Every considerable people must necessarily possess and preserve authentic, well-attested registers. But how few people were acquainted with the art of writing? and, among the small number of men who cultivated this very rare art, are any to be found who took the trouble to mark two dates with exactness?

We have, indeed, in very recent times,

the astronomical observations of the Chinese and the Chaldeans. They only go back about two thousand years, more or less, beyond our era. But, when the early annals of a nation confine themselves simply to communicating the information that there was an eclipse in the reign of a certain prince, we learn, certainly, that such a prince existed, but not what he performed.

Moreover, the Chinese reckon the year in which an emperor dies as still constituting a part of his reign, until the reign of it; even though he should die the first day of the year, his successor dates the year following his death with the name of his predecessor. It is not possible to show more respect for ancestors; nor is it possible to compute time in a manner more injudicious in comparison with modern nations.

We may add, that the Chinese do not commence their sexagenary cycle, into which they have introduced arrangement, till the reign of the Emperor Iao, two thousand three hundred and fifty-seven years before our vulgar era. Profound obscurity hangs over the whole period of time which precedes that epoch.

Men are generally contented with an approximation—with the "pretty nearly" in every case. For example, before the invention of watches, people could learn the time of day or night only pretty nearly. In building, the stones were pretty nearly hewn to a certain shape, the timber pretty nearly squared, and the limbs of the statue pretty nearly chipped to a proper finish; a man was only pretty nearly acquainted with his nearest neighbours; and, notwithstanding the perfection we have ourselves attained, such is the state of things at present throughout the greater part of the world.

Let us not then be astonished that there is nowhere to be found a correct ancient chronology. That which we have of the Chinese is of considerable value, when compared with the chronological labours of other nations.

We have none of the Indians nor of the Persians, and scarcely any of the ancient Egyptians. All our systems formed on the history of these people, are as contradictory as our systems of metaphysics.

The Greek Olympiads do not commence till seven hundred and twenty-eight years before our era of reckoning. Until we arrive at them, we perceive only a few torches to lighten the darkness, such as the era of Nabonassar, the war between Lacedemon and Messene: even those epochs themselves are subjects of dispute.

Livy took care not to state in what year Romulus began his pretended reign. The Romans, who well knew the uncertainty of that epoch, would have ridiculed him had he undertaken to decide it.

It is proved, that the duration of two hundred and forty years ascribed to the seven first kings of Rome, is a very false calculation.

The four first centuries of Rome are absolutely destitute of chronology.

If four centuries of the most memorable empire the world ever saw, comprise only an undigested mass of events, mixed up with fables, and almost without a date, what must be the case with small nations, shut up in an obscure corner of the earth, who have never made any figure in the world, notwithstanding all their attempts to compensate, by prodigy and imposture, for their deficiency in real power and cultivation?

Of the Vanity of Systems, particularly in Chronology.

The Abbé Condillac performed a most important service to the human mind, when he displayed the false points of all systems. If we may ever hope that we shall one day find the road to truth, it can only be after we have detected all those which lead to error. It is at least a consolation to be at rest, to be no longer seeking, when we perceive that so many philosophers have sought in vain.

Chronology is a collection of bladders of wind. All who thought to pass over

st as solid ground have been immersed. We have, at the present time, twenty-four systems, not one of which is true.

The Babylonians said, "We reckon four hundred and seventy-three thousand years of astronomical observations." A Parisian, addressing him, says, "Your account is correct; your years consisted each of a solar day; they amount to twelve hundred and ninety-seven of ours, from the time of Atlas, the great astronomer, King of Africa, to the arrival of Alexander at Babylon."

But, whatever our Parisian may say, no people in the world have ever confounded a day with a year; and the people of Babylon still less than any other. This Parisian stranger should have contented himself with merely observing to the Chaldeans, "You are exaggerators, and our ancestors were ignorant. Nations are exposed to too many revolutions to permit their keeping a series of four thousand seven hundred and thirty-six centuries of astronomical calculations. And, with respect to Atlas, King of the Moors, no one knows at what time he lived. Pythagoras might pretend to have been a cock, just as reasonably as you may boast of such a series of observations."

The great point of ridicule in all fantastic chronologies is, the arrangement of all the great events of a man's life in precise order of time, without ascertaining that the man himself ever existed.

Langlet repeats after others, in his chronological compilation of universal history, that precisely in the time of Abraham, and six years after the death of Sarah, who was little known to the Greeks, Jupiter, at the age of sixty-two, began to reign in Thessaly; that his reign lasted sixty years; that he married his sister Juno; that he was obliged to cede the maritime coasts to his brother Neptune; and that the Titans made war against him. But was there ever a Jupiter? It never occurred to him that with this question he should have begun.

CHURCH.

Summary of the History of the Christian Church.

We shall not extend our views into the depths of theology. God preserve us from such presumption. Humble faith alone is enough for us. We never assume any other part than that of mere historians.

In the years which immediately followed Jesus Christ, who was at once God and man, there existed among the Hebrews nine religious schools or societies,—Pharisees, Sadducees, Essenians, Judaites, Therapeutæ, Recabites, Herodians, the disciples of John, and the disciples of Jesus, named the "brethren,"—the "Galileans,"—the "believers," who did not assume the name of Christians till about the sixteenth year of our era, at Antioch; being directed to its adoption by God himself, in ways unknown to men.

The Pharisees believed in the metempsychosis. The Sadducees denied the immortality of the soul, and the existence of spirits, yet believed in the Pentateuch.

Pliny, the naturalist, (relying, evidently, on the authority of Flavius Josephus,) calls the Essenians "gens æterna in qua nemo nascitur;"—"a perpetual family, in which no one is ever born;" because the Essenians very rarely married. The description has been since applied to our monks.

It is difficult to decide whether the Essenians or the Judaites are spoken of by Josephus in the following passage:—"They despise the evils of the world; their constancy enables them to triumph over torments; in an honourable cause, they prefer death to life. They have undergone fire and sword, and submitted to having their very bones crushed, rather than utter a syllable against their legislator, or eat forbidden food."

It would seem, from the words of Josephus, that the above portrait applies to the Judaites, and not to the Essenians "Judas was the author of a new sect, completely different from the other three."

that is, the Sadducees, the Pharisees, and the Essenians. "They are," he goes on to say, "Jews by nation; they live in harmony with each other, and consider pleasure to be a vice." The natural meaning of this language would induce us to think that he is speaking of the Judaites.

However that may be, these Judaites were known before the disciples of Christ began to possess consideration and consequence in the world. Some weak people have supposed them to be heretics, who adored Judas Iscariot.

The Therapeutæ were a society different from the Essenians and the Judaites. They resembled the Gymnosophists and Brahmins of India. "They possess," says Philo, "a principle of divine love, which excites in them an enthusiasm like that of the Bacchantes and the Corybantes, and which forms them to that state of contemplation to which they aspire. This sect originated in Alexandria, which was entirely filled with Jews, and prevailed greatly throughout Egypt."

The Recabites still continued as a sect. They vowed never to drink wine, and it is, possibly, from their example, that Mahomet forbade that liquor to his followers.

The Herodians regarded Herod, the first of that name, as a Messiah, a messenger from God, who had rebuilt the temple. It is clear that the Jews at Rome celebrated a festival in honour of him, in the reign of Nero, as appears from the lines of Persius—"Herodis venere dies," &c. (Sat. v. 180.)

"King Herod's feast, when each Judean vile,
Trims up his lamp with tallow or with oil."

The disciples of John the Baptist had spread themselves a little in Egypt, but principally in Syria, Arabia, and towards the Persian Gulph. They are recognised, at the present day, under the name of the Christians of St. John. There were some also in Asia Minor. It is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles (chap. xix.), that Paul met with many of them at Ephesus. "Have you received," he asked them, "the holy spirit?" They answered him, "We have not heard even that there is a holy spirit." "What baptism, then," says he, "have you received?" They answered him, "The baptism of John."

In the meantime, the true Christians, as is well known, were laying the foundation of the only true religion.

He who contributed most to strengthen this rising society was Paul, who had himself persecuted it with the greatest violence. He was born at Tarsus in Cilicia, and was educated under one of the most celebrated professors among the Pharisees—Gamaliel, a disciple of Hillel. The Jews pretend that he quarrelled with Gamaliel, who refused to let him have his daughter in marriage. Some traces of this anecdote are to be found in the sequel to the Acts of St. Thecla. These Acts relate that he had a large forehead, a bald head, united eyebrows, an aquiline nose, a short and clumsy figure, and crooked legs. Lucian, in his dialogue "Philopatres," seems to give a very similar portrait of him. It has been doubted whether he was a Roman citizen, for at that time the title was not given to any Jew; they had been expelled from Rome by Tiberius; and Tarsus did not become a Roman colony till nearly a hundred years afterwards, under Caracalla; as Cellarius remarks in his Geography (book iii.), and Grotius in his Commentary on the Acts, to whom alone we need refer.

God, who came down upon earth to be an example in it of humanity and poverty, gave to his church the most feeble infancy, and conducted it in a state of humiliation similar to that in which he had himself chosen to be born. All the first believers were obscure persons. They all laboured with their hands. The apostle St. Paul himself acknowledges that he gained his livelihood by making tents. St. Peter raised from the dead Dorcas, a sempstress, who made clothes for the "brethren." The assembly of believers met at Joppa, at the house of a tanner called Simon, as appears from the ninth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

The believers spread themselves secretly in Greece; and some of them went from Greece to Rome, among the Jews, who were permitted by the Romans to have a synagogue. They did not, at first, separate themselves from the Jews. They practised circumcision; and, as we have elsewhere remarked, the first fifteen obscure bishops of Jerusalem were all circumcised, or at least were all of the Jewish nation.

When the apostle Paul took with him Timothy, who was the son of a heathen father, he circumcised him himself, in the small city of Lystra. But Titus, his other disciple, could not be induced to submit to circumcision. The brethren, or the disciples of Jesus, continued united with the Jews until the time when St. Paul experienced a persecution at Jerusalem, on account of his having introduced strangers into the temple. He was accused by the Jews of endeavouring to destroy the law of Moses by that of Jesus Christ. It was with a view to his clearing himself from this accusation, that the apostle St. James proposed to the apostle Paul, that he should shave his head, and go and purify himself in the temple, with four Jews, who had made a vow of being shaved. "Take them with you," says James to him (chap. xxi., Acts of the Apostles), purify yourself with them, and let the whole world know that what has been reported concerning you is false, and that you continue to obey the law of Moses." Thus, then, Paul, who had been at first the most summary persecutor of the holy society established by Jesus—Paul, who afterwards endeavoured to govern that rising society—Paul the Christian, judaises, "that the world may know that he is calumniated when he is charged with no longer following the law of Moses"

St. Paul was equally charged with impiety and heresy, and the persecution against him lasted a long time; but it is perfectly clear, from the nature of the charges, that he had travelled to Jerusalem, in order to fulfil the rites of Judaism.

He addressed to Faustus these words (Acts, xxv.), "I have neither offended against the Jewish law, nor against the temple."

The apostles announced Jesus Christ as a just man wickedly persecuted, a prophet of God, a son of God, sent to the Jews for the reformation of manners.

"Circumcision," says the apostle Paul, "is good, if you observe the law; but if you violate the law, your circumcision becomes uncircumcision. If an uncircumcised person keep the law, he will be as if circumcised. The true Jew is one that is so inwardly."

When this apostle speaks of Jesus Christ in his epistles, he does not reveal the ineffable mystery of his consubstantiality with God. "We are delivered by him," says he (Romans, chap. v.), "from the wrath of God. The gift of God hath been shed upon us by the grace bestowed on one man, who is Jesus Christ.... Death reigned through the sin of one man; the just shall reign in life by one man, who is Jesus Christ."

And, in the eighth chapter—"We are heirs of God, and joint-heirs of Christ;" and in the sixteenth chapter—"To God, who is the only wise, be honour and glory, through Jesus Christ.... You are Jesus Christ's, and Jesus Christ is God's." (1 Cor. chap. iii.)

And, in 1 Cor. xv. 27—"Everything is made subject to him, undoubtedly excepting God, who made all things subject to him."

Some difficulty has been found in explaining the following part of the epistle of the Philippians—"Do nothing through vain glory. Let each humbly think others better than himself. Be of the same mind with Jesus Christ, *who, being in the likeness of God, assumed not to equal himself to God.*" This passage appears exceedingly well investigated and elucidated in a letter, still extant, of the churches of Vienna and Lyons, written in the year 117, and which is a valuable monument of antiquity. In this letter, the modesty of some believers is praised. "They did

not wish," says the letter, "to assume the lofty title of martyrs, in consequence of certain tribulations; after the example of Jesus Christ, who, being in the likeness of God, did not assume the quality of being equal to God." Origen, also, in his commentary on John, says—"The greatness of Jesus shines out more splendidly, in consequence of his self-humiliation, than if he had assumed equality with God." In fact, the opposite interpretation would be a solecism. What sense would there be in this exhortation—"Think others superior to yourselves; imitate Jesus, who did not think it an *assumption* to be equal to God?" It would be an obvious contradiction; it would be putting an example of full pretension for an example of modesty: it would be an offence against logic.

Thus did the wisdom of the apostles establish the rising church. That wisdom did not change its character in consequence of the dispute which took place between the apostles Peter, James, and John, on one side, and Paul on the other. This contest occurred at Antioch. The apostle Peter—formerly Cephas, or Simon Barjonas—ate with the converted gentiles, and among them did not observe the ceremonies of the law and the distinction of meats. He and Barnabas, and the other disciples, ate indifferently of pork, of animals which had been strangled, or which had cloven feet, or which did not chew the cud; but many Jewish Christians having arrived, St. Peter joined with them in abstinence from forbidden meats, and in the ceremonies of the Mosaic law.

This conduct appeared very prudent: he wished to avoid giving offence to the Jewish Christians, his companions; but St. Paul attacked him on the subject with considerable severity. "I withstood him," says he, "to his face, because he was blameable." (Gal. chap. ii.)

This quarrel appears the most extraordinary on the part of St. Paul. Having been at first a persecutor, he might have been expected to have acted with moderation; especially as he had himself gone to Jerusalem to sacrifice in the temple, had circumcised his disciple Timothy, and strictly complied with the Jewish rites, for which very compliance he now reproached Cephas. St. Jerome imagines that this quarrel between Paul and Cephas was a pretended one. He says, in his first homily (vol. iii.), that they acted like two advocates, who work themselves up to an appearance of great zeal and exasperation against each other, to gain credit with their respective clients. He says that Peter (Cephas), being appointed to preach to the Jews, and Paul to the Gentiles, they assumed the appearance of quarrelling—Paul to gain the Gentiles, and Peter to gain the Jews. But St. Augustine is by no means of the same opinion. "I grieve," says he, in his epistle to Jerome, "that so great a man should be the patron of a lie,"—(*patronum mendacii*)

This dispute between St. Jerome and St. Augustine ought not to diminish our veneration for them, and still less for St. Paul and St. Peter.

As to what remains, if Peter was destined for the Jews, who were after their conversion likely to judaise, and Paul for strangers, it appears probable that Peter never went to Rome. The Acts of the Apostles makes no mention of Peter's journey to Italy.

However that may be, it was about the sixtieth year of our era that Christians began to separate from the Jewish communion; and it was this which drew upon them so many quarrels and persecutions from the various synagogues of Rome, Greece, Egypt, and Asia. They were accused of impiety and atheism by their Jewish brethren, who excommunicated them in their synagogues three times every Sabbath-day. But in the midst of their persecutions God always supported them

By degrees many churches were formed, and the separation between Jews and Christians was complete before the close of the first century. This separation was unknown by the Roman government.

Neither the senate nor the emperors of Rome interested themselves in those quarrels of a small flock of mankind, which God had hitherto guided in obscurity, and which he exalted by insensible gradations.

Christianity became established in Greece and at Alexandria. The Christians had there to contend with a new set of Jews, who, in consequence of intercourse with the Greeks, had become philosophers. This was the sect of *gnosis*, or *gnostics*. Among them were some of the new converts to Christianity. All these sects, at that time, enjoyed complete liberty to dogmatise, discourse, and write, whenever the Jewish courtiers, settled at Rome and Alexandria, did not bring any charge against them before the magistrates. But, under Domitian, Christianity began to give some umbrage to the government.

The zeal of some Christians, which was not according to knowledge, did not prevent the church from making that progress which God destined from the beginning. The Christians, at first, celebrated their mysteries in sequestered houses, and in caves, and during the night. Hence, according to Minutius Felix, the title given them of *lucifugaces*. Philo calls them Gesséens. The names most frequently applied to them by the heathens, during the first four centuries, were "Galileans," and "Nazarenes;" but that of "Christians" has prevailed above all the others.

Neither the hierarchy, nor the services of the church, were established all at once: the apostolic times were different from those which followed

The mass now celebrated at matins, was the supper performed in the evening: these usages changed in proportion as the church strengthened. A more numerous society required more regulations, and the prudence of the pastors accommodated itself to times and places.

St. Jerome and Eusebius relate, that when the churches received a regular form, five different orders might be soon perceived to exist in them:—superintendents, *episcopoi*, whence originate the bishops; elders of the society, *presbyteroi*, priests; *diaconoi*, servants or deacons; *pistoi*, believers, the initiated—that is, the baptised, who participated in the suppers of the agapæ, or love-feasts; the *catechumens*, who were awaiting baptism; and the *energumens*, who awaited their being exorcised of demons. In these five orders, no one had garments different from the others, no one was bound to celibacy: witness Tertullian's book, dedicated to his wife, and witness also the example of the apostles. No paintings or sculptures were to be found in their assemblies, during the first two centuries; no altars; and, most certainly, no tapers, incense, and lustral water. The Christians carefully concealed their books from the Gentiles: they entrusted them only to the initiated. Even the catechumens were not permitted to recite the Lord's Prayer.

Of the power of expelling Devils, given to the Church.

That which most distinguished the Christians, and which has continued nearly to our own times, was the power of expelling devils with the sign of the cross. Origen, in his treatise against Celsus, declares, (at No. 133,) that Antinous, who had been deified by the emperor Adrian, performed miracles in Egypt, by the power of charms and magic; but he says that the devils came out of the bodies of the possessed on the mere utterance of the name of Jesus.

Tertullian goes farther; and from the recesses of Africa, where he resided, he says, in his Apology (chap. xxiii.)—"If your gods do not confess themselves to be devils, in the presence of a true Christian, we give you full liberty to shed that Christian's blood." Can any demonstration be possibly clearer?

In fact, Jesus Christ sent out his apostles to expel demons. The Jews, likewise, in his time, had the power of expelling them; for, when Jesus had delivered some possessed persons, and sent the devils into the bodies of a very numerous herd of swine, and had per-

formed many other similar cures, the Pharisees said—"He expels devils through the power of Belzebub." Jesus replied—"By whom do your sons expel them?" It is incontestible that the Jews boasted of this power. They had exorcists and exorcisms. They invoked the name of God, of Jacob, and of Abraham. They put consecrated herbs into the nostrils of the demoniacs. (Josephus relates a part of these ceremonies.) This power over devils, which the Jews have lost, was transferred to the Christians, who seem likewise to have lost it in their turn.

The power of expelling demons comprehended that of destroying the operations of magic; for magic has been always prevalent in every nation. All the fathers of the church bear testimony to magic. Saint Justin, in his Apology (book iii.) acknowledges that the souls of the dead are frequently evoked, and thence draws an argument in favour of the immortality of the soul. Lactantius, in the seventh book of his Divine Institutions, says—"that if any one ventured to deny the existence of souls after death, the magician would convince him of it by making them appear." Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, Cyprian the bishop, all affirm the same. It is true that, at present, all is changed, and that there are now no more magicians than there are demoniacs. But God has the sovereign power of admonishing mankind by prodigies at some particular seasons, and of discontinuing those prodigies at others.

Of the Martyrs of the Church.

When Christians became somewhat numerous, and many arrayed themselves against the worship established in the Roman empire, the magistrates began to exercise severity against them, and the people more particularly persecuted them. The Jews, who possessed particular privileges, and who confined themselves to their synagogues, were not persecuted. They were permitted the free exercise of their religion, as is the case at Rome at the present day. All the different kinds of worship scattered over the empire were tolerated, although the senate did not adopt them.

But the Christians, declaring themselves enemies to every other worship than their own, and more especially so to that of the empire, were often exposed to these cruel trials.

One of the first and most distinguished martyrs was Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, who was condemned by the Emperor Trajan himself, at that time in Asia, and sent to Rome by his orders, to be exposed to wild beasts, at a time when other Christians were not persecuted at Rome. It is not precisely known what charges were alleged against him before that emperor, otherwise so renowned for his clemency. St. Ignatius must, necessarily, have had violent enemies. Whatever were the particulars of the case, the history of his martyrdom relates that the name of Jesus Christ was found engraved on his heart in letters of gold; and from this circumstance it was that Christians, in some places, assumed the name of Theophores, which Ignatius had given himself.

A letter of his has been preserved, in which he entreats the bishops and Christians to make no opposition to his martyrdom, whether at the time they might be strong enough to effect his deliverance, or whether any among them might have influence enough to obtain his pardon. Another remarkable circumstance is, that when he was brought to Rome, the Christians of that capital went to visit him; which would clearly prove that the individual was punished, and not the sect.

The persecutions were not continued. Origen, in his third book against Celsus, says—"The Christians who have suffered death on account of their religion, may easily be numbered, for there were only a few of them, and merely at intervals."

God was so mindful of his church

that notwithstanding its enemies, he so ordered circumstances that it held five councils in the first century, sixteen in the second, and thirty in the third; that is, including both secret and tolerated ones. Those assemblies were sometimes forbidden, when the weak prudence of the magistrates feared that they might become tumultuous. But few genuine documents of the proceedings before the proconsuls and prætors, who condemned the Christians to death, have been delivered down to us. Such would be the only authorities which would enable us to ascertain the charges brought against them, and the punishments they suffered.

We have a fragment of Dionysius of Alexandria, in which he gives the following extract of a register, or of records, of a proconsul of Egypt, under the Emperor Valerian: — "Dionysius, Faustus Maximus, Marcellus, and Cheremon, having been admitted to the audience, the prefect Emilian thus addressed them: "You are sufficiently informed, through the conferences which I have had with you, and all that I have written to you, of the good-will which our princes have entertained towards you. I wish thus to repeat it to you once again. They make the continuance of your safety to depend upon yourselves, and place your destiny in your own hands. They require of you only one thing, which reason demands of every reasonable person, namely, that you adore the gods who protect their empire, and abandon that different worship, so contrary to sense and nature."

Dionysius replied, "All have not the same gods; and all adore those whom they think to be the true ones."

The prefect Emilian replied: "I see clearly that you ungratefully abuse the goodness which the emperors have shown you. This being the case, you shall no longer remain in this city; and I now order you to be conveyed to Cephro, in the heart of Lybia. Agreeably to the command I have received from our emperor, that shall be the place of your banishment. As to what remains, think not to hold your assemblies there, nor to offer up your prayers in what you call cemeteries. This is possitively forbidden. I will allow it to none."

Nothing bears a stronger impress of truth than this document. We see from it, that there were times when assemblies were prohibited. Thus the Calvinists were forbidden to assemble in France. Sometimes, ministers or preachers, who held assemblies in violation of the laws, have suffered even by the altar and the rack: and since 1745, six have been executed on the gallows. Thus, in England and Ireland, Roman Catholics are forbidden to hold assemblies; and, on certain occasions, the delinquents have suffered death.

Notwithstanding these prohibitions declared by the Roman laws, God inspired many of the emperors with indulgence towards the Christians. Even Dioclesian, whom the ignorant consider as a persecutor—Dioclesian, the first year of whose reign is still regarded as constituting the commencement of the era of martyrdom, was, for more than eighteen years, the declared protector of Christianity, and many Christians held offices of high consequence about his person. He even married a Christian; and, in Nicomedia, the place of his residence, he permitted a splendid church to be erected opposite his palace.

The Cæsar Galerius having unfortunately taken up a prejudice against the Christians, of whom he thought he had reason to complain, influenced Dioclesian to destroy the cathedral of Nicomedia. One of the Christians, with more zeal than prudence, tore the edict of the emperor to pieces; and hence arose that famous persecution, in the course of which more than two hundred persons were executed in the Roman empire, without reckoning those whom the rage of the common people, always fanatical and always cruel, destroyed without even the form of law.

So great has been the number of ac-

tual martyrs, that we ought to be careful how we shake the truth of the history of those genuine confessors of our holy religion, by a dangerous mixture of fables and of false martyrs.

The Benedictine Prior (Dom) Ruinart, for example, a man otherwise as well informed as he was respectable and devout, should have selected his genuine records, his "Actes sinceres," with more discretion. It is not sufficient that a manuscript, whether taken from the Abbey of St. Benoit on the Loire, or from a convent of Celestins at Paris, corresponds with a manuscript of the Feuillans, to show that the record is authentic; the record should possess a suitable antiquity; should have been evidently written by contemporaries; and, moreover, should bear all the characters of truth.

He might have dispensed with relating the adventure of young Romanus, which occurred in 303. This young Romanus had obtained the pardon of Dioclesian, at Antioch. However, Ruinart states, that the judge Asclepiades condemned him to be burnt. The Jews, who were present at the spectacle, derided the young saint and reproached the Christians, that their God, who had delivered Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego out of the furnace, left *them* to be burnt; that immediately, although the weather had been as calm as possible, a tremendous storm arose and extinguished the flames; that the judge then ordered young Romanus's tongue to be cut out; that the principal surgeon of the emperor, being present, eagerly acted the part of executioner, and cut off the tongue at the root; that instantly the young man, who, before, had an impediment in his speech, spoke with perfect freedom; that the emperor was astonished that any one could speak so well without a tongue; and that the surgeon, to repeat the experiment, directly cut out the tongue of some by-stander, who died on the spot.

Eusebius, from whom the Benedictine Ruinart drew his narrative, should have so far respected the real miracles performed in the Old and New Testament (which no one can ever doubt) as not to have associated with them relations so suspicious, and so calculated to give offence to weak minds.

This last persecution did not extend through the empire. There was at that time some Christianity in England, which was soon eclipsed, to re-appear afterwards under the Saxon kings. The southern districts of Gaul and Spain abounded with Christians. The Cæsar Constantius Chlorus afforded them great protection in all his provinces. He had a concubine who was a Christian, and who was the mother of Constantine, known under the name of St. Helena; for no marriage was ever proved to have taken place between them: he even divorced her in the year 292, when he married the daughter of Maximilian Hercules; but she had preserved great ascendancy over his mind, and had inspired him with a great attachment to our holy religion.

Of the Establishment of the Church under Constantine.

Thus did divine Providence prepare the triumph of its church, by ways apparently conformable to human causes and events.

Constantius Chlorus died in 306, at York, in England, at a time when the children he had by the daughter of a Cæsar were of tender age, and incapable of making pretensions to the empire. Constantine boldly got himself elected at York, by five or six thousand soldiers, the greater part of whom were French and English. There was no probability that this election, effected without the consent of Rome, of the senate and the armies, could stand; but God gave him the victory over Maxentius, who had been elected at Rome, and delivered him at last from all his colleagues. It is not to be dissembled, that he at first rendered himself unworthy of the favours of heaven, by murdering all his relations, and at length even his own wife and son.

We may be permitted to doubt what Zosimus relates on this subject. He states that Constantine, under the tortures of remorse from the perpetration of so many crimes, enquired of the pontiffs of the empire, whether it were possible for him to obtain any expiation, and that they informed him that they knew of none. It is perfectly true, that none was found for Nero, and that he did not venture to assist at the sacred mysteries in Greece. However, the Taurobolia were still observed, and it is difficult to believe that an emperor, supremely powerful, could not obtain a priest who would willingly indulge him in expiatory sacrifices. Perhaps, indeed, it is less easy to believe that Constantine, occupied as he was with war, politic enterprises, and ambition, and surrounded by flatterers, had time for remorse at all. Zosimus adds, that an Egyptian priest, who had access to his gate, promised him the expiation of all his crimes in the Christian religion. It has been suspected, that this priest was Ozius, Bishop of Cordova.

However this might be, God reserved Constantine for the purpose of enlightening his mind, and to make him the protector of the church. This prince built the city of Constantinople, which became the centre of the empire and of the Christian religion. The church then assumed a form of splendor. And we may hope that, being purified by his baptism, and penitent at his death, he may have found mercy, although he died an Arian. It would be not a little severe, were all the partisans of both the bishops of the name of Eusebius to incur damnation.

In the year 314, before Constantine resided in his new city, those who had persecuted the Christians were punished by them for their cruelties. The Christians threw Maxentius's wife into the Orontes; they cut the throats of all his relations, and they massacred, in Egypt and Palestine, those magistrates who had most strenuously declared against Christianity. The widow and daughter of Dioclesian, having concealed themselves at Thessalonica, were recognised, and their bodies thrown into the sea. It would certainly have been desirable that the Christians should less eagerly have followed the cry of vengeance; but it was the will of God, who punishes according to justice, that, as soon as the Christians were able to act without restraint, their hands should be dyed in the blood of their persecutors.

Constantine summoned to meet at Nice, opposite Constantinople, the first œcumenical council, of which Ozius was president. Here was decided the grand question which agitated the church, relating to the divinity of Jesus Christ.

It is well known how the church, having contended for three hundred years against the rights of the Roman empire, at length contended against itself, and was always militant and triumphant.

In the course of time, almost the whole of the Greek church, and the whole African church, became slaves under the Arabs, and afterwards under the Turks, who erected the Mahometan religion on the ruins of the Christian. The Roman church subsisted, but always reeking with blood, through more than six centuries of discord between the western empire and the priesthood. Even these quarrels rendered her very powerful. The bishops and abbots in Germany all became princes; and the popes gradually acquired absolute dominion in Rome, and throughout a considerable territory. Thus has God proved his church, by humiliations, by afflictions, by crimes, and by splendor.

This Latin church, in the sixteenth century, lost half of Germany, Denmark, Sweden, England, Scotland, Ireland, and the greater part of Switzerland and Holland. She gained more territory in America by the conquests of the Spaniards than she lost in Europe; but, with more territory, she has much fewer subjects.

Divine Providence seemed to call upon Japan, Siam, India, and China, to place themselves under obedience to the pope, in order to recompense him for Asia

Minor, Syria, Greece, Egypt, Africa, Russia, and the other lost states which we mentioned. St. Francis Xavier, who carried the holy gospel to the East Indies and Japan, when the Portuguese went thither upon mercantile adventure, performed a very great number of miracles, all attested by the R. R. P. P. Jesuits. Some state that he resuscitated nine dead persons. But R. P. Ribadeneira, in his "Flower of the Saints," limits himself to asserting, that he resuscitated only four. That is sufficient. Providence was desirous that, in less than a hundred years, there should have been thousands of catholics in the islands of Japan. But the devil sowed his tares among the good grain. The Jesuits, according to what is generally believed, entered into a conspiracy, followed by a civil war, in which all the Christians were exterminated in 1638. The nation then closed its ports against all foreigners except the Dutch, who were considered as merchants and not as Christians, and were first compelled to trample on the cross, in order to gain leave to sell their wares in the prison in which they are shut up, when they land at Nangazaki.

The Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion has become proscribed in China in our own time, but with circumstances of less cruelty. The R. R. P. P. Jesuits had not, indeed, resucitated the dead at the court of Pekin; they were contented with teaching astronomy, casting cannon, and being mandarins. Their unfortunate disputes with the Dominicans and others gave such offence to the great emperor Yonchin, that that prince, who was justice and goodness personified, was blind enough to refuse permission any longer to teach our holy religion, in respect to which our missionaries so little agreed. He expelled them, but with a kindness truly paternal, supplying them with means of subsistence, and conveyance to the confines of his empire.

All Asia, all Africa, the half of Europe, all that belongs to the English and Dutch in America, all the unconquered American tribes, all the southern climes, which constitute a fifth portion of the globe, remain the prey of the demon, in order to fulfil those sacred words, "many are called, but few are chosen." Matt. xx. 16.)

Of the Signification of the Word "Church" Picture of the primitive Church. Its Degeneracy. Examination into those Societies which have attempted to re-establish the primitive Church, and particularly into that of the Primitives called Quakers.

This term among the Greeks, signified the assembly of the people. When the Hebrew books were translated into Greek, "synagogue" was rendered by "church;" and the same term was employed to express the "Jewish society," the "political congregation," the "Jewish assembly," the "Jewish people." Thus it is said in the book of Numbers, "Why hast thou conducted the church into the wilderness;" and in Deuteronomy, "The eunuch, the Moabite, and the Ammonite, shall not enter the church; the Idumeans and the Egyptians shall not enter the church, even to the third generation."

Jesus Christ says, in St. Matthew, "If thy brother have sinned against thee [have offended thee] rebuke him, between yourselves. Take with you one or two witnesses, that, from the mouth of two or three witnesses, everything may be made clear; and, if he hear not them, complain to the assembly of the people, to the church; and, if he hear not the church, let him be to thee as a heathen or a publican. Verily, I say unto you, so shall it come to pass, whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." An allusion to the keys of doors which close and unclose the latch.

The case is here, that of two men, one of whom has offended the other, and persists. He could not be made to appear in the assembly, in the Christian church;

as yet there was none: the person against whom his companion complained could not be judged by a bishop and priests who were not in existence; besides which, it is to be observed, that neither Jewish priests nor Christian priests ever became judges in quarrels between private persons. It was a matter of police. Bishops did not become judges till about the time of Valentinian III.

The commentators have therefore concluded, that the sacred writer of this gospel makes our Lord speak in this passage by anticipation,—that it is an allegory, a prediction of what would take place when the Christian church should be formed and established.

Selden makes an important remark on this passage, that, among the Jews, publicans or collectors of the royal monies were not excommunicated. The populace might detest them, but as they were indispensable officers, appointed by the prince, the idea had never occurred to any one of separating them from the assembly. The Jews were at that time under the administration of the proconsul of Syria, whose jurisdiction extended to the confines of Galilee, and to the island of Cyprus, where he had deputies. It would have been highly imprudent in any to show publicly their abomination of the legal officers of the proconsul. Injustice, even, would have been added to imprudence; for the Roman knights (equestrians), who farmed the public domain and collected Cæsar's money, were authorised by the laws.

St. Augustin, in his eighty-first sermon, may perhaps suggest reflections for comprehending this passage. He is speaking of those who retain their hatred, who are slow to pardon.

"Cepisti habere fratrem tuum tanquam publicanum. Ligas illum in terra; sed ut juste alliges vide: nam injusta vincula dirsumpit justitia. Cum autem correxeris et concordaveris cum fratre tuo solvisti eum in terra." You began to regard your brother as a publican; that is, to bind him on the earth. But be cautious that you bind him justly; for justice breaks unjust bonds. But when you have corrected, and afterwards agreed with your brother, you have loosed him on earth.

From St. Augustin's interpretation, it seems that the person offended shut up the offender in prison; and that it is to be understood that, if the offender is put in bonds on earth, he is also in heavenly bonds; but that if the offended person is inexorable, he becomes bound himself. In St. Augustine's explanation, there is nothing whatever relating to the church. The whole matter relates to pardoning or not pardoning an injury. St. Augustin is not speaking here of the sacerdotal power of remitting sins in the name of God. That is a right recognised in other places; a right derived from the sacrament of confession. St. Augustin, profound as he is in types and allegories, does not consider this famous passage as alluding to the absolution given or refused by the ministers of the Roman Catholic church, in the sacrament of penance.

Of the "Church," in Christian Societies.

In the greater part of Christian states we perceive no more than four churches —the Greek, the Roman, the Lutheran, and the reformed or Calvinistic. It is thus in Germany: the Primitives or Quakers, the Anabaptists, the Socinians, the Memnonists, the Pietists, the Moravians, the Jews, and others, do not form a church. The Jewish religion has preserved the designation of synagogue. The Christian sects which are tolerated have only private assemblies, "conventicles." It is the same in London.

We do not find the Catholic church in Sweden, nor in Denmark, nor in the north of Germany, nor in Holland, nor in three quarters of Switzerland, nor in the three kingdoms of Great Britain.

Of the Primitive Church, and of those who have endeavoured to re-establish it.

The Jews, as well as all the different people of Syria, were divided into many

different congregations, as we have already seen. All aimed at a mystical perfection.

A ray of purer light shone upon the disciples of St. John, who still subsist near Mosul. At last, the Son of God, announced by St. John, appeared on earth, whose disciples were always on a perfect equality. Jesus had expressly enjoined them, "There shall not be any of you either first or last.... I came to serve, not to be served.... He who strives to be master over others shall be their servant."

One proof of equality is, that the Christians at first took no other designation than that of "brethren." They assembled in expectation of the spirit. They prophesied when they were inspired. St. Paul, in his first letter to the Corinthians, says to them, "If, in your assembly, any one of you have the gift of a psalm, a doctrine, a revelation, a language, an interpretation, let all be done for edification. If any speak languages, as two or three may do in succession, let there be an interpreter."

"Let two or three prophets speak, and the others judge; and if anything be revealed to another while one is speaking, let the latter be silent; for you may all prophesy one by one, that all may learn and all exhort: the spirit of prophecy is subject to the prophets; for the Lord is a God of peace.... Thus, then, my brethren, be all of you desirous of prophesying; and hinder not the speaking of languages."

I have translated literally, both out of reverence for the text, and to avoid any disputes about words.

St. Paul, in the same epistle, admits that women may prophesy; although, in the fourteenth chapter, he forbids their speaking in the assemblies. "Every woman," says he, "praying or prophesying without having a veil over her head, dishonoureth her head, for it is the same as if she were shaven."

It is clear, from all these passages and from many others, that the first Christians were all equal, not merely as brethren in Jesus Christ, but as having equal gifts. The spirit was communicated to them equally. They equally spoke different languages; they had equally the gift of prophesying, without distinction of rank, age, or sex.

The apostles who instructed the neophytes, possessed over them, unquestionably, that natural pre-eminence which the preceptor has over the scholar; but of jurisdiction, of temporal authority, of what the world calls "honours," of distinction in dress, of emblems of superiority, assuredly neither they, nor those who succeeded them, had any. They possessed another, and a very different superiority, that of persuasion.

The brethren put their money into one common stock. Seven persons were chosen by themselves out of their own body, to take charge of the tables, and to provide for the common wants. They chose, in Jerusalem itself, those whom we call Stephen, Philip, Procorus, Nicanor, Timon, Parmenas, and Nicholas. It is remarkable that, among seven persons chosen by a Jewish community, six were Greeks.

After the time of the apostles, we find no example of any Christian who possessed any other power over other Christians than that of instructing, exhorting, expelling demons from the bodies of "Energumens," and performing miracles. All is spiritual; nothing savours of worldly pomp. It was only in the third century that the spirit of pride, vanity, and interest, began to be manifested among the believers on every side.

The agapæ were now become splendid festivals, and attracted reproach for the luxury and profusion which attended them. Tertullian acknowledges it. "Yes," says he, "we make splendid and plentiful entertainments, but was not the same done at the mysteries of Athens and of Egypt? Whatever learning we display, it is useful and pious, as the poor benefit by it." *Quantiscumque sumptibus constet, lucrum est pietatis, si quidem inopes refrigerio isto juvamus.*

About this very period, certain societies

of Christians, who pronounced themselves more perfect than the rest, the Montanists, for example, who boasted of so many prophecies and so austere a morality; who regarded second nuptials as absolute adulteries, and flight from persecution as apostacy; who had exhibited in public holy convulsions and extasies, and pretended to speak with God face to face; were convicted, it was said, of mixing the blood of an infant, a year old, with the bread of the eucharist. They brought upon the true Christians this dreadful reproach, which exposed them to persecutions.

Their method of proceeding, according to St. Augustin, was this:—they pricked the whole body of the infant with pins, and kneading up flour with the blood, made bread of it. If any one died by eating it, they honoured him as a martyr.

Manners were so corrupted, that the holy fathers were incessantly complaining of it. Hear what St. Cyprian says, in his book concerning tombs:—"Every priest," says he, "seeks for wealth and honour with insatiable avidity. Bishops are without religion; women without modesty; knavery is general; profane swearing and perjury abound; animosities divide Christians asunder; bishops abandon their pupils to attend the exchange, and obtain opulence by merchandise; in short, we please ourselves alone, and excite the disgust of all the rest of the world."

Before the occurrence of these scandals, the priest Novatian had been the cause of a very dreadful one to the people of Rome. He was the first anti-pope. The bishopric of Rome, although secret, and liable to persecution, was an object of ambition and avarice, on account of the liberal contributions of the Christians, and the authority attached to that high situation.

We will not here describe again what is contained in so many authentic documents, and what we every day hear from the mouths of persons correctly informed;—the prodigious number of schisms and wars; the six hundred years of fierce hostility between the empire and the priesthood; the wealth of nations, flowing through a thousand channels, sometimes into Rome, sometimes into Avignon, when the popes, for two and seventy years together, fixed their residence in that place; the blood rushing in streams throughout Europe, either for the interest of a tiara utterly unknown to Jesus Christ, or on account of unintelligible questions which he never mentioned. Our religion is not less sacred or less divine for having been so defiled by guilt and steeped in carnage.

When the frenzy of domination, that dreadful passion of the human heart, had reached its greatest excess; when the monk Hildebrand, elected Bishop of Rome against the laws, wrested that capital from the emperors, and forbad all the bishops of the west from bearing the name of pope, in order to appropriate it to himself alone; when the bishops of Germany, following his example, made themselves sovereigns, which all those of France and England also attempted;—from those dreadful times down even to our own, certain Christian societies have arisen, which, under a hundred different names, have endeavoured to re-establish the primitive equality in Christendom.

But what had been practicable in a small society, concealed from the world, was no longer so in extensive kingdoms. The church militant and triumphant could no longer be the church humble and unknown. The bishops, and the large, rich, and powerful monastic communities, uniting under the standards of the new pontificate of Rome, fought at that time *pro aris et focis*, for their hearths and altars. Crusades, armies, sieges, battles, rapine, tortures, assassinations by the hand of the executioner, assassinations by the hands of priests of both the contending parties, poisonings, devastations by fire and sword—all were employed to support and to pull down the new ecclesiastical administration; and the cradle of the primitive church was so

hidden, as to be scarcely discoverable under the blood and bones of the slain.

Of the Primitives called Quakers.

The religious and civil wars of Great Britain having desolated England, Scotland, and Ireland, in the unfortunate reign of Charles I., William Penn, son of a vice-admiral, resolved to go and establish what he called the primitive church on the shores of North America, in a climate which appeared to him to be mild, and congenial to his own manners. His sect went under the denomination of "Quakers," a ludicrous designation; but which they merited, by the trembling of the body which they affected when preaching, and by a nasal pronunciation, such as peculiarly distinguished one species of monks in the Roman church, the Capuchins. But men may both snuffle and shake, and yet be meek, frugal, modest, just, and charitable. No one denies that this society of Primitives displayed an example of all those virtues.

Penn saw that the English bishops and the Presbyterians had been the cause of a dreadful war on account of a surplice, lawn sleeves, and a liturgy. He would have neither liturgy, lawn, nor surplice. The apostles had none of them. Jesus Christ had baptised none. The associates of Penn declined baptism.

The first believers were equal: these new comers aimed at being so, as far as possible. The first disciples received the spirit, and spoke in the assembly: they had no altars, no temples, no ornaments, no tapers, incense, or ceremonies. Penn and his followers flattered themselves that they received the spirit, and they renounced all pomp and ceremony. Charity was in high esteem with the disciples of the Saviour: those of Penn formed a common purse for assisting the poor. Thus these imitators of the Essenians and first Christians, although in error with respect to doctrines and ceremonies, were an astonishing model of order and morals to every other society of Christians.

At length this singular man went, with five hundred of his followers, to form an establishment in what was at that time the most savage district of America. Queen Christina of Sweden had been desirous of founding a colony there, which, however, had not prospered. The Primitives of Penn were more successful.

It was on the banks of the Delaware, near the fortieth degree of latitude. This country belonged to the King of England only because there were no others who claimed it; and because the people whom we call savages, and who might have cultivated it, had always remained far distant in the recesses of the forests. If England had possessed this country merely by right of conquest, Penn and his Primitives would have held such an asylum in horror. They looked upon the pretended right of conquest only as a violation of the right of nature, and as absolute robbery.

King Charles II. made Penn sovereign of all this desert country by a charter granted March 4, 1681. In the following year, Penn promulgated his code of laws. The first was, complete civil liberty; in consequence of which, every colonist possessing five acres of land became a member of the legislature. The next was, an absolute prohibition against advocates and attornies ever taking fees. The third was, the admission of all religions; and even the permission to every inhabitant to worship God in his own house, without ever taking part in public worship.

This is the law last mentioned, in the terms of its enactment:—

"Liberty of conscience being a right which all men have received from nature with their very being, and which all peaceable persons ought to maintain, it is positively established that no person shall be compelled to join in any public exercise of religion.

"But every one is expressly allowed full power to engage freely in the public or private exercise of his religion, without incurring thereby any trouble or impediment, under any pretext; provided

that he acknowledge his belief in one only eternal God Almighty, the creator, preserver, and governor of the universe, and that he fulfil all the duties of civil society which he is bound to perform to his fellow-citizens."

This law is even more indulgent, more humane, than that which was given to the people of Carolina by Locke, the Plato of England, so superior to the Plato of Greece. Locke permitted no public religions but such as should be approved by seven fathers of families. This is a different sort of wisdom from Penn's.

But that which reflects immortal honour on both legislators, and which should operate as an eternal example to mankind, is, that this liberty of conscience has not occasioned the least disturbance. It might on the contrary be said, that God had showered down the most distinguished blessings on the colony of Pennsylvania. It consisted, in 1682, of five hundred persons, and in less than a century, its population had increased to nearly three hundred thousand. One half of the colonists are of the primitive religion: twenty different religions comprise the other half. There are twelve fine chapels in Philadelphia, and in other places every house is a chapel. This city has deserved its name, "Brotherly Love." Seven other cities, and innumerable small towns, flourish under this law of concord. Three hundred vessels leave the port in the course of every year.

This state, which seems to deserve perpetual duration, was very nearly destroyed in the fatal war of 1755, when the French with their savage allies, on one side, and the English with theirs, on the other, began with disputing about some frozen districts of Nova Scotia. The Primitives, faithful to their pacific system of Christianity, declined taking arms. The savages killed some of their colonists on the frontier: the Primitives made no reprisals. They even refused, for a long time, to pay the troops. They addressed the English general in these words:—"Men are like pieces of clay, which are broken to pieces one against another. Why should we aid in breaking one another to pieces?"

At last, in the general assembly of the legislature of Pennsylvania, the other religions prevailed; militia were raised; the Primitives contributed money, but declined becoming armed. They obtained their object, which was peace with their neighbours. These pretended savages said to them, "Send us a descendant of the great Penn, who never deceived us: with him we will treat." A grandson of that great man was deputed, and peace was concluded.

Many of the Primitives had negro slaves to cultivate their estates. But they blushed at having in this instance imitated other Christians. They gave liberty to their slaves in 1769.

At present, all the other colonists imitate them in liberty of conscience; and, although there are among them Presbyterians and persons of the high church party, no one is molested about his creed. It is this which has rendered the English power in America equal to that of Spain, with all its mines of gold and silver. If any method could be devised to enervate the English colonies, it would be to establish in them the Inquisition.

The example of the Primitives called "Quakers," has given rise in Pennsylvania to a new society, in a district which it calls Euphrates. This is the sect of Dunkers or Dumpers; a sect much more secluded from the world than Penn's; a sort of religious hospitallers, all clothed uniformly. Married persons are not permitted to reside in the city of Euphrates: they reside in the country, which they cultivate. The public treasury supplies all their wants in times of scarcity. This society administers baptism only to adults. It rejects the doctrine of original sin as impious, and that of the eternity of punishment as barbarous. The purity of their lives permits them not to imagine that God will torment his creatures cruelly or eternally. Gone astray in a corner of the new world, far from the great flock of

the Catholic church, they are, up to the present hour, notwithstanding this unfortunate error, the most just and most inimitable of men.

Quarrel between the Greek and Latin Churches in Asia and Europe.

It has been a matter of lamentation to all good men, for nearly fourteen centuries, that the Greek and Latin churches have always been rivals, and that the robe of Jesus Christ, which was without a seam, has been continually rent asunder. This opposition is perfectly natural. Rome and Constantinople hate each other. When masters cherish a mutual aversion, their dependents entertain no mutual regard. The two communions have disputed on the superiority of language, the antiquity of sees, on learning, eloquence, and power.

It is certain that, for a long time, the Greeks possessed all the advantage. They boasted that they had been the masters of the Latins, and that they had taught them everything! The gospels were written in Greek. There was not a doctrine, a rite, a mystery, a usage, which was not Greek; from the word "baptism" to the word "eucharist," all was Greek. No fathers of the church were known, but among the Greeks, till St. Jerome; and even he was not a Roman, but a Dalmatian. St. Augustin, who flourished soon after St. Jerome, was an African. The seven great œcumenical councils were held in Greek cities: the bishops of Rome were never present at them, because they were acquainted only with their own Latin language, which was already exceedingly corrupted.

The hostility between Rome and Constantinople broke out in 452, at the council of Chalcedon, which had been assembled to decide whether Jesus Christ had possessed two natures and one person, or two persons with one nature. It was there decided, that the church of Constantinople was in every respect equal to that of Rome, as to honours; and the patriarch of the one equal in every respect to the patriarch of the other. The pope, St. Leo, admitted the two natures; but neither he nor his successors admitted the equality. It may be observed that, in this dispute about rank and pre-eminence, both parties were in direct opposition to the injunction of Jesus Christ, recorded in the gospel:—"There shall not be among you first or last." Saints are saints, but pride will insinuate itself everywhere. The same disposition which made a mason's son, who had been raised to a bishopric, foam with rage because he was not addressed by the title of "my lord," has set the whole Christian world in flames.

The Romans were always less addicted to disputation, less subtle, than the Greeks; but they were much more politic. The bishops of the east, while they argued, yet remained subjects: the Bishop of Rome, without arguments, contrived eventually to establish his power on the ruins of the western empire. And what Virgil said of the Scipios and Cæsars, might be said of the popes:—

> Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam.
>
> Virg. *Æneid*, i. 282.

This mutual hatred led, at length, to actual division, in the time of Photius, papa or overseer of the Byzantine church, and Nicholas I., papa or overseer of the Roman church. As, unfortunately, an ecclesiastical quarrel scarcely ever occurs without something ludicrous being attached to it, it happened, in this instance, that the contest began between two patriarchs, both of whom were eunuchs: Ignatius and Photius, who disputed the chair of Constantinople, were both emasculated. This mutilation depriving them of the power of becoming natural fathers, they could become fathers only of the church.

It is observed, that persons of this unfortunate description are meddling, malignant, and plotting. Ignatius and Photius kept the whole Greek court in a state of turbulence.

The Latin, Nicholas I., having taken

the part of Ignatius, Photius declared him a heretic, on account of his admitting the doctrine that the breath of God, or the holy spirit, proceeded from the Father and the Son, contrary to the unanimous decision of the whole church, which had decided that it proceeded from the Father only.

Besides this heretical doctrine respecting the procession, Nicholas ate, and permitted to be eaten, eggs and cheese in Lent. In fine, as the very climax of unbelief, the Roman papa had his beard shaved, which, to the Greek papas, was nothing less than downright apostacy; as Moses, the patriarchs, and Jesus Christ, were always, by the Greek and Latin painters, drawn with beards.

When, in 879, the patriarch Photius was restored to his seat by the eighth œcumenical council—consisting of four hundred bishops, three hundred of whom had condemned him in the preceding council—he was acknowledged by Pope John as his brother. Two legates, dispatched by him to this council, joined the Greek church, and declared that whoever asserted the holy spirit proceeded from the Father and the Son was a Judas. But the practice of shaving the chin and eating eggs in Lent being persisted in, the two churches always remained divided.

The schism was completed in 1053 and 1054, when Michael Cerularius, patriarch of Constantinople, publicly condemned the Bishop of Rome, Leo IX., and all the Latins, adding to all the reproaches against them by Photius, that, contrary to the practice of the apostles, they dared to make use of unleavened bread in the eucharist; that they wickedly ate blood puddings, and twisted the necks, instead of cutting off the heads, of pigeons intended for the table. All the Latin churches in the Greek empire were shut up; and all intercourse with those who ate blood puddings was forbidden.

Pope Leo IX. entered into serious negociation on this matter with the Emperor Constantine Monomachus, and obtained some mitigations. It was precisely at this period that those celebrated Norman gentlemen, the sons of Tancred de Hauteville, despising at once the pope and the Greek emperor, plundered every thing they could in Apulia and Calabria, and ate blood-puddings with the utmost hardihood. The Greek emperor favoured the pope as much as he was able; but nothing could reconcile the Greeks with the Latins. The Greeks regarded their adversaries as barbarians, who did not know a single word of Greek.

The irruption of the Crusaders, under pretence of delivering the Holy Land, but in reality to gain possession of Constantinople, completed the hatred entertained against the Romans.

But the power of the Latin church increased every day, and the Greeks were at length gradually vanquished by the Turks. The popes, long since, became powerful and wealthy sovereigns; the whole Greek church became slaves from the time of Mahomet II., excepting Russia, which was then a barbarous country, and in which the church was of no account.

Whoever is but slightly informed of the state of affairs in the Levant, knows that the sultan confers the patriarchate of the Greeks by the cross and a ring, without any apprehension of being excommunicated, as some of the German emperors were by the popes, for this same ceremony.

It is certainly true, that the church of Stamboul has preserved, in appearance, the liberty of choosing its archbishop; but it never, in fact, chooses any other than the person pointed out by the Ottoman court. This preferment costs, at present, about eighty thousand francs, which the person chosen contrives to get refunded from the Greeks. If any canon of wealth and influence comes forward, and offers the Grand Vizier a larger sum, the titular possessor is deprived, and the place given to the last bidder; precisely as the See of Rome was disposed of, in the tenth century, by Marozia and Theodora. If the titular patriarch resists, he

receives fifty blows on the soles of his feet, and is banished. Sometimes he is beheaded, as was the case with Lucas Cyrille, in 1638.

The Grand Turk disposes of all the other bishoprics, in the same manner, for money; and the price charged for every bishopric under Mahomet II. is always stated in the patent; but the additional sum paid is not mentioned in it. It is not exactly known what a Greek priest gives for his bishopric.

These patents are rather diverting documents:—"I grant to N...., a Christian priest, this order, for the perfection of his felicity. I command him to reside in the city herein named, as bishop of the infidel Christians, according to their ancient usage, and their vain and extravagant ceremonies, willing and ordaining that all Christians of that district shall acknowledge him; and that no monk or priest shall marry without his permission." That is to say, without paying for the same.

The slavery of this church is equal to its ignorance. But the Greeks have only what they deserve. They were wholly absorbed in disputes about the light on Mount Tabor, and the umbilical cord, at the very time of the taking of Constantinople.

While recording these melancholy truths, we entertain the hope that the Empress Catherine II. will give the Greeks their liberty. Would she could restore to them that courage and that intellect which they possessed in the days of Miltiades and Themistocles; and that Mount Athos supplied good soldiers and fewer monks!

Of the present Greek Church.

The Greek church has scarcely deserved the toleration which the Mussulmen granted it. The following observations are from Mr. Porter, the English ambassador in Turkey:

"I am inclined to draw a veil over those scandalous disputes between the Greeks and Romans, on the subject of Bethlem and the holy land, as they denominate it. The unjust and odious proceedings which these have occasioned between them are a disgrace to the Christian name. In the midst of these debates, the ambassador appointed to protect the Romish communion, becomes, with all high dignity, an object of sincere compassion.

"In every country where the Roman Catholic prevails, immense sums are levied in order to support against the Greek's equivocal pretensions to the precarious possession of a corner of the world reputed holy; and to preserve in the hands of the monks of the Latin communion, the remains of an old stable at Bethlem, where a chapel has been erected, and where, on the doubtful authority of oral tradition, it is pretended that Christ was born; as also a tomb, which may be, and most probably may not be, what is called his sepulchre; for the precise situation of these two places is as little ascertained as that which contains the ashes of Cæsar."

What renders the Greeks yet more contemptible in the eyes of the Turks, is the miracle which they perform every year at Easter. The poor bishop of Jerusalem is inclosed in a small cave, which is passed off for the tomb of our Lord Jesus Christ, with packets of small wax tapers; he strikes fire, lights one of these little tapers, and comes out of his cave, exclaiming, "The fire is come down from heaven, and the holy taper is lighted." All the Greeks immediately buy up these tapers, and the money is divided between the Turkish commander and the bishop.

The deplorable state of this church, under the dominion of the Turk, may be judged of from this single trait.

The Greek church in Russia has of late assumed a much more respectable consistency, since the Empress Catherine II. has delivered it from its secular cares; she has taken from it four hundred thousand slaves, which it possessed. It is now paid out of the imperial treasury,

entirely dependent on the government, and restricted by wise laws; it can effect nothing but good; and is every day becoming more learned and useful. It possesses a preacher of the name of Plato, who has composed sermons which the Plato of antiquity would not have disdained.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

ENGLAND is the country of sects; "multæ sunt mansiones in domo patris mei:" an Englishman, like a free man, goes to heaven which way he pleases. However, although every one can serve God in his own way, the national religion —that in which fortunes are made—is the episcopal, called the Church of England, or emphatically, "The Church." No one can have employment of any consequence, either in England or Ireland, without being members of the establishment. This reasoning, which is highly demonstrative, has converted so many non-conformists, that at present there is not a twentieth part of the nation out of the bosom of the dominant church.

The English clergy have retained many Catholic ceremonies, and above all, that of receiving tithes with a very scrupulous attention. They also possess the pious ambition of ruling the people; for what village rector would not be a pope if he could?

With regard to manners, the English clergy are more decorous than those of France, chiefly because the ecclesiastics are brought up in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, far from the corruption of the metropolis. They are not called to the dignities of the church until very late; and at an age when men, having no other passion than avarice, their ambition is less aspiring. Employments are in England the recompense of long services in the church, as well as in the army. You do not *there* see young men become bishops or colonels, on leaving college; and, moreover, almost all the priests are married. The pedantry and awkwardness of manners, acquired in the universities, and the little commerce they have with women, generally oblige a bishop to be contented with the one which belongs to him. The clergy go sometimes to the tavern, because custom permits it; and if they get "Bacchi plenum," it is in the college style, gravely and with due decorum.

That indefinable character which is neither ecclesiastical nor secular, which we call Abbé, is unknown in England; the ecclesiastics there are generally respected, and for the greater part pedants. When the latter learn, that in France young men distinguished by their debaucheries, and raised to the prelacy by the intrigues of women, publicly make love; vie with each other in the composition of love songs; give luxurious suppers every day, from which they arise to implore the light of the Holy Spirit, and boldly call themselves the apostles' successors—they thank God that they are protestants. But what then? They are vile heretics, and fit only for burning, as master Francis Rabelais says, "with all the devils." Hence I drop the subject.

CHURCH PROPERTY.

THE gospel forbids those who would attain to perfection, to amass treasures, and to preserve their temporal goods: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."—"If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor."—"And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

The apostles and their first successors would not receive estates; they only accepted the value, and, after having provided what was necessary for their subsistence, they distributed the rest among the poor. Sapphira and Ananias did not give their goods to St. Peter, but they

sold them and brought him the price:—"Vende quæ habes et da pauperibus."

The church already possessed considerable property at the close of the third century, since Dioclesian and Maximin had pronounced the confiscation of it, in 302.

As soon as Constantine was upon the throne, he permitted the churches to be endowed like the temples of the ancient religion, and from that time the church acquired rich estates. St. Jerome complains of it in one of his letters to Eustochius: "When you see them," says he, "accost the rich widows whom they meet with a soft and sanctified air, you would think that their hands were only extended to give them their blessing; but it is, on the contrary, to receive the price of their hypocrisy."

The holy priests received without claiming. Valentinian I. thought it right to forbid the ecclesiastics from receiving anything from widows and women, by will or otherwise. This law, which is found in the Theodosian code, was revoked by Marcian and Justinian.

Justinian, to favour the ecclesiastics, forbad the judges, by his new code xviii. chap. ii, to annul the wills made in favour of the church, even when executed without the formalities prescribed by the laws.

Anastasius had enacted in 471, that church property should be held by a prescription, or title, of forty years' duration. Justinian inserted this law in his code; but this prince, who was continually changing his jurisprudence, subsequently extended this prescription to a century. Immediately, several ecclesiastics, unworthy of their profession, forged false titles, and drew out of the dust old testaments, void by the ancient laws, but valid according to the new. Citizens were deprived of their patrimonies by fraud; and possessions, which until then were considered inviolable, were usurped by the church. In short, the abuse was so crying, that Justinian himself was obliged to re-establish the dispositions of the law of Anastasius, by his novel cxxxi. chap. vi.

The possessions of the church during the five first centuries of our era were regulated by deacons, who distributed them to the clergy and to the poor. This community ceased at the end of the fifth century, and church property was divided into four parts; one being given to the bishops, another to the clergy, a third to the place of worship, and the fourth to the poor. Soon after this division, the bishops alone took charge of the whole four portions, and this is the reason why the inferior clergy are generally very poor.

Monks possessing Slaves.

What is still more melancholy, the Benedictines, Bernardines, and even the Chartreux are permitted to have mortmains and slaves. Under their domination in several provinces of France and Germany are still recognised—

Personal slavery,

Slavery of property, and

Slavery of person and property.

Slavery of the person consists in the incapacity of a man's disposing of his property in favour of his children, if they have not always lived with their father in the same house, and at the same table, in which case all belongs to the monks. The fortune of an inhabitant of Mount Jura, put into the hands of a notary, becomes, even in Paris, the prey of those who have originally embraced evangelical poverty at Mount Jura. The son asks alms at the door of the house which his father has built; and the monks, far from giving them, even arrogate to themselves the right of not paying his father's creditors, and of regarding as void all the mortgages on the house of which they take possession. In vain the widow throws herself at their feet, to obtain a part of her dowry. This dowry, these debts, this paternal property, all belong, by divine right, to the monks. The creditors, the widow, and the children, are all left to die in beggary.

Real slavery is that which is effected by residence. Whoever occupies a house within the domain of these monks, and lives in it a year and a day, becomes their serf for life. It has sometimes happened that a French merchant, and father of a family, led by his business into this barbarous country, has taken a house for a year. Dying afterwards in his own country, in another province of France, his widow and children have been quite astonished to see officers, armed with writs, come and take away their furniture, sell it in the name of St. Claude, and drive away a whole family from the house of their father.

Mixed slavery is that which, being composed of the two, is, of all that rapacity has ever invented, the most execrable, and beyond the conception even of freebooters.

There are, then, Christian people groaning in a triple slavery under monks, who have taken the vow of humility and poverty. You will ask how governments suffer these fatal contradictions? It is because the monks are rich and the vassals are poor. It is because the monks, to preserve their Hunnish rights, make presents to their commissaries and to the mistresses of those who might interpose their authority to put down their oppression. The strong always crush the weak: but why must monks be the strongest?

CICERO.

It is at a time when, in France, the fine arts are in a state of decline; in an age of paradox, and amidst the degradation and persecution of literature and philosophy; that an attempt is made to tarnish the name of Cicero. And who is the man who thus endeavours to throw disgrace upon his memory? It is one who lends his services in defence of persons accused like himself; it is an advocate, who has studied eloquence under that great master; it is a citizen who appears to be, like Cicero, animated by devotion to the public good.

In a book entitled "Navigable Canals," a book abounding in grand and patriotic rather than practical views, we feel no small astonishment at finding the following philippic against Cicero, who was never concerned in digging canals:—

"The most glorious trait in the history of Cicero is the destruction of Catiline's conspiracy; which, regarded in its true light, produced little sensation at Rome, except in consequence of his affecting to give it importance. The danger existed much more in his discourses than in the affair itself. It was an enterprise of debauchees, which it was easy to disconcert. Neither the principal nor the accomplices had taken the slightest measure to ensure the success of their guilty attempt. There was nothing astonishing in this singular matter, but the blustering which attended all the proceedings of the consul, and the facility with which he was permitted to sacrifice to his self-love so many scions of illustrious families.

"Besides, the life of Cicero abounds in traits of meanness. His eloquence was as venal as his soul was pusillanimous. If his tongue was not guided by interest, it was guided by fear or hope. The desire of obtaining partisans led him to the tribune, to defend, without a blush, men more dishonourable, and incalculably more dangerous, than Catiline. His clients were nearly all of them miscreants; and, by a singular exercise of divine justice, he at last met death from the hands of one of those wretches whom his skill had extricated from the fangs of human justice."

We answer, that, "regarded in its true light," the conspiracy of Catiline excited at Rome somewhat more than a "slight sensation;" it plunged her into the greatest disturbance and danger. It was terminated only by a battle so bloody, that there is no example of equal carnage, and scarcely any of equal valour. All the soldiers of Catiline, after having killed half of the army of Petreius, were killed, to the last man. Catiline pe-

rished, covered with wounds, upon a heap of the slain; and all were found with their countenances sternly glaring upon the enemy. This was not an enterprise so wonderfully easy as to be disconcerted: Cæsar encouraged it; Cæsar learnt from it to conspire on a future day more successfully against his country.

"Cicero defended, without a blush, men more dishonourable, and incalculably more dangerous, than Catiline!"—Was this when he defended in the tribune Sicily against Verres, and the Roman republic against Anthony? Was it when he exhorted the clemency of Cæsar in favour of Ligarius and King Deiotarus? or when he obtained the right of citizenship for the poet Archias? or when, in his exquisite oration for the Manilian law, he obtained every Roman suffrage on behalf of the great Pompey?

He pleaded for Milo, the murderer of Clodius; but Clodius had deserved the tragical end he met with by his outrages. Clodius had been involved in the conspiracy of Catiline; Clodius was his mortal enemy. He had irritated Rome against him, and had punished him for having saved Rome: Milo was his friend.

What! is it in our time that any one ventures to assert, that God punished Cicero for having defended a military tribune called Popilius Lena, and that divine vengeance made this same Popilius Lena the instrument of his assassination! No one knows whether Popilius Lena was guilty of the crime of which he was acquitted, after Cicero's defence of him upon his trial; but all know that the monster was guilty of the most horrible ingratitude, the most infamous avarice, and the most detestable cruelty, to obtain the money of three wretches like himself. It was reserved for our times, to hold up the assassination of Cicero as an act of divine justice. The triumvirs would not have dared to do it. Every age, before the present, has detested and deplored the manner of his death.

Cicero is reproached with too frequently boasting that he had saved Rome, and with being too fond of glory. But his enemies endeavoured to stain his glory. A tyrannical faction condemned him to exile, and razed his house, because he had preserved every house in Rome from the flames which Catiline had prepared for them. Men are permitted and even bound to boast of their services, when they meet with forgetfulness or ingratitude, and more particularly when they are converted into crimes.

Scipio is still admired for having answered his accusers in these words:—"This is the anniversary of the day on which I vanquished Hannibal; let us go and return thanks to the gods." The whole assembly followed him to the Capitol, and our hearts follow him thither also, as we read the passage in history; though, after all, it would have been better to have delivered in his accounts, than to extricate himself from the attack by a bon-mot.

Cicero, in the same manner, excited the admiration of the Roman people, when, on the day in which his consulship expired, being obliged to take the customary oaths, and preparing to address the people as was usual, he was hindered by the tribune Matellus, who was desirous of insulting him. Cicero had begun with these words—"I swear,"—the tribune interrupted him, and declared that he would not suffer him to make a speech. A great murmuring was heard. Cicero paused a moment, and elevating his full and melodious voice, he exclaimed, as a short substitute for his intended speech, "I swear that I have saved the country." The assembly cried out with delight and enthusiasm, "We swear that he has spoken the truth." That moment was the most brilliant of his life. This is the true way of loving glory.

I do not know where I have read these unknown verses:—

Romains, j'aime la gloire, et ne veux point m'en taire
Des travaux des humains c'est le digne salaire,
Ce n'est qu'en vous qu'il la faut acheter;
Qui n'ose la vouloir, n'ose la meriter.

Romans, I own that glory I regard
Of human toil the only just reward;
Placed in your hands th' immortal guerdon lies,
And he will ne'er deserve who slights the prize.

Can we despise Cicero, if we consider his conduct in his government of Cilicia, which was then one of the most important provinces of the Roman empire, in consequence of its contiguity to Syria and the Parthian empire. Laodicea, one of the most beautiful cities of the east, was the capital of it. This province was then as flourishing as it is at the present day degraded under the government of the Turks, who never had a Cicero.

He begins by protecting Ariobarzanes, King of Cappadocia, and he refuses the presents which that king desires to make him. The Parthians come and attack Antioch in a state of perfect peace. Cicero hastily marches towards it, comes up with the Parthians by forced marches at Mount Taurus, routs them, pursues them in their retreat; and Arsaces, their general, is slain, with a part of his army.

Thence he rushes on Pendenissum, the capital of a country in alliance with the Parthians, and takes it, and the province is reduced to submission. He instantly directs his forces against the tribes of people called Tiburanians, and defeats them, and his troops confer on him the title of Imperator, which he preserved all his life. He would have obtained the honours of a triumph at Rome, if he had not been opposed by Cato, who induced the senate merely to decree public rejoicings and thanks to the gods, when, in fact, they were due to Cicero.

If we picture to ourselves the equity and disinterestedness of Cicero in his government; his activity, his affability—two virtues so rarely compatible; the benefits which he accumulated upon the people over whom he was an absolute sovereign; it will be extremely difficult to withhold from such a man our esteem.

If we reflect that this is the same man who first introduced philosophy into Rome; that his "Tusculan Questions," and his book "On the Nature of the Gods," are the two noblest works that ever were written by mere human wisdom; and that his treatise "De Officiis," is the most useful one that we possess in morals; we shall find it still more difficult to despise Cicero. We pity those who do not read him; we pity still more those who refuse to do him justice.

To the French detractor we may well oppose the lines of the Spanish Martial, in his epigram against Anthony (book v., epig. 69, v. 7.)—

Quid prosunt sacræ pretiosa silentia linguae?
Incipient omnes pro Cicerone loqui.

Why still his tongue with vengeance weak,
For Cicero all the world will speak!

See, likewise, what is said by Juvenal (sat. iv., v. 244)—

Roma patrem patriae Ciceronem libera dixit.

Freed Rome, him father of his country call'd.

CIRCUMCISION.

When Herodotus narrates what he was told by the barbarians among whom he travelled, he narrates fooleries, after the manner of the greater part of travellers. Thus, it is not to be supposed that he expects to be believed in his recital of the adventure of Gyges and Candaules; of Arion, carried on the back of a dolphin; of the oracle which was consulted on what Crœsus was at the time doing, that he was then going to dress a tortoise in a stew-pan; of Darius's horse, which, being the first out of a certain number to neigh, in fact proclaimed his master a king; and of a hundred other fables, fit to amuse children, and to be compiled by rhetoricians. But when he speaks of what he has seen, of the customs of people he has examined, of their antiquities which he has consulted, he then addresses himself to men.

"It appears," says he, in his book Euterpe, "that the inhabitants of Colchis sprang from Egypt. I judge so from my own observations rather than from hearsay; for I found that, at Colchis, the ancient Egyptians were more frequently recalled to my mind, than the ancient

customs of Colchis were when I was in Egypt.

"These inhabitants of the shores of the Euxine sea stated themselves to be a colony founded by Sesostris. As for myself, I should think this probable, not merely because they are dark and woolly-haired, but because the inhabitants of Colchis, Egypt, and Ethiopia, are the only people in the world who, from time immemorial, have practised circumcision: for the Phenicians, and the people of Palestine, confess that they adopted the practice from the Egyptians. The Syrians, who at present inhabit the banks of Thermodon, acknowledge that it is, comparatively, but recently that they have conformed to it. It is principally from this usage that they are considered of Egyptian origin.

"With respect to Ethiopia and Egypt, as this ceremony is of great antiquity in both nations, I cannot by any means ascertain which has derived it from the other. It is, however, probable, that the Ethiopians received it from the Egyptians; while, on the contrary, the Phenicians have abolished the practice of circumcising new-born children since the enlargement of their commerce with the Greeks."

From this passage of Herodotus it is evident, that many people had adopted circumcision from Egypt; but no nation ever pretended to have received it from the Jews. To whom, then, can we attribute the origin of this custom; to a nation from whom five or six others acknowledge they took it, or to another nation, much less powerful, less commercial, less warlike, hid away in a corner of Arabia Petræa, and which never communicated any one of its usages to any other people?

The Jews admit that they were, many ages since, received in Egypt out of charity. Is it not probable that the lesser people imitated a usage of the superior one, and that the Jews adopted some customs from their masters?

Clement of Alexandria relates, that Pythagoras, when travelling among the Egyptians, was obliged to be circumcised, in order to be admitted to their mysteries. It was, therefore, absolutely necessary to be circumcised, to be a priest in Egypt. Those priests existed when Joseph arrived in Egypt. The government was of great antiquity, and the ancient ceremonies of the country were observed with the most scrupulous exactness.

The Jews acknowledge, that they remained in Egypt two hundred and five years. They say that, during that period, they did not become circumcised. It is clear, then, that for two hundred and five years, the Egyptians did not receive circumcision from the Jews. Would they have adopted it from them after the Jews had stolen the vessels which they had lent them, and, according to their own account, fled with their plunder into the wilderness? Will a master adopt the principal symbol of the religion of a robbing and runaway slave? It is not in human nature.

It is stated in the book of Joshua, that the Jews were circumcised in the wilderness. "I have delivered you from what constituted your reproach among the Egyptians." But what could this reproach be, to a people living between Phenicians, Arabians, and Egyptians, but something which rendered them contemptible to these three nations? How effectually is that reproach removed by abstracting a small portion of the prepuce? Must not this be considered the natural meaning of the passage?

The book of Genesis relates, that Abraham had been circumcised before. But Abraham travelled in Egypt, which had been long a flourishing kingdom, governed by a powerful king. There is nothing to prevent the supposition that circumcision was, in this very ancient kingdom, an established usage. Moreover, the circumcision of Abraham led to no continuation; his posterity were not circumcised till the time of Joshua.

But, before the time of Joshua, the

Jews, by their own acknowledgment, adopted many of the customs of the Egyptians. They imitated them in many sacrifices, in many ceremonies; as, for example, in the fasts observed on the eves of the feasts of Isis; in ablutions; in the custom of shaving the heads of the priests; in the incence, the branched candlestick, the sacrifice of the red-haired cow, the purification with hyssop, the abstinence from swine's flesh, the dread of using the kitchen utensils of foreigners; everything testifies, that the little people of Hebrews, notwithstanding its aversion to the great Egyptian nation, had retained a vast number of the usages of its former masters. The goat Azazel, which was despatched into the wilderness laden with the sins of the people, was a visible imitation of an Egyptian practice. The rabbis are agreed, even, that the word Azazel is not Hebrew. Nothing, therefore, could exist to have prevented the Hebrews from imitating the Egyptians in circumcision, as the Arabs their neighbours did.

It is by no means extraordinary that God, who sanctified baptism, a practice so ancieni among the Asiatics, should also have sanctified circumcision, not less ancient among the Africans. We have already remarked, that he has a sovereign right to attach his favours to any symbol that he chooses.

As to what remains since the time when, under Joshua, the Jewish people became circumcised, it has retained that usage down to the present day: the Arabs, also, have faithfully adhered to it: but the Egyptians, who, in the earlier ages, circumcised both their males and females, in a course of time abandoned the practice entirely as to the latter, and at last applied it solely to priests, astrologers, and prophets. This we learn from Clement of Alexandria, and Origen. In fact, it is not clear that the Ptolemies ever received circumcision.

The Latin authors, who treat the Jews with such profound contempt as to apply to them in derision the expressions, "curtus Apella," — "credat Judæus Apella,"—"curti Judæi," never apply such epithets to the Egyptians. The whole population of Egypt is at present circumcised, but for another reason than what operated formerly; namely, because Mahometanism adopted the ancient circumcision of Arabia. It is this Arabian circumcision which has extended to the Ethiopians, among whom males and females are both still circumcised.

We must acknowledge that this ceremony appears at first a very strange one; but we should remember that, from the earliest times, the oriental priests consecrated themselves to their deities by peculiar marks. An ivy leaf was indented with a graver on the priests of Bacchus. Lucian tells us, that those devoted to the goddess Isis, impressed characters upon their wrist and neck. The priests of Cybele made themselves eunuchs.

It is highly probable that the Egyptians, who revered the instrument of human production, and bore its image in pomp in their processions, conceived the idea of offering to Isis and Osiris, through whom everything on earth was produced, a small portion of that organ with which these deities had connected the perpetuation of the human species. Ancient oriental manners are so prodigiously different from our own, that scarcely anything will appear extraordinary to a man of even but little reading. A Parisian is excessively surprised when he is told that the Hottentots deprive their male children of one of the evidences of virility. The Hottentots are perhaps surprised that the Parisians preserve both.

CLERK—CLERGY.

There may be something perhaps still remaining for remark under this head, even after Du Cange's Dictionary and the Encyclopedia. We may observe, for instance, that so wonderful was the respect paid to learning about the eleventh and twelfth centuries, that a custom was introduced and followed in France, in Germany, and in England, of remitting the punishment of the halter to every con-

demned criminal who was able to read. So necessary to the state was every man who possessed such an extent of knowledge.

William the Bastard, the conqueror of England, carried thither this custom. It was called *benefit of clergy*—"beneficium clericorum aut clergicorum."

We have remarked, in more places than one, that old usages lost in other countries are found again in England, as in the island of Samothrace were discovered the ancient mysteries of Orpheus. To this day, the benefit of clergy subsists among the English, in all its vigour, for manslaughter, and for any theft not exceeding a certain amount of value, and being the first offence. The prisoner who is able to read demands his "benefit of clergy," which cannot be refused him. The judge refers to the chaplain of the prison, who presents a book to the prisoner, upon which the judge puts the question to the chaplain, "*Legit?*" "Does he read?" The chaplain replies, "*Legit ut clericus.*" "He reads like a clergyman." After this, the punishment of the prisoner is restricted to the application of a hot branding iron to the palm of his hand.

Of the Celibacy of the Clergy.

It is asked, whether, in the first ages of the church, marriage was permitted to the clergy, and when it was forbidden?

It is unquestionable, that the clergy of the Jewish religion, far from being bound to celibacy, were, on the contrary, urged to marriage, not merely by the example of their patriarchs, but by the disgrace attached to not leaving posterity.

In the times, however, that preceded the first calamities which befel the Jews, certain sects of rigorists arose: Essenians, Judaites, Therapeutæ, and Herodians; in some of which—the Essenians and Therapeutæ, for examples—the most devout of the sect abstained from marriage. This continence was an imitation of the chastity of the vestals, instituted by Numa Pompilius; of the daughter of Pythagoras, who founded a convent; of the priests of Diana; of the Pythia of Delphos; and, in more remote antiquity, of the priestesses of Apollo, and even of the priestesses of Bacchus.

The priests of Cybele not only bound themselves by vows of chastity, but, to preclude the violation of their vows, became eunuchs.

Plutarch, in the eighth question of his "Table-talk," informs us that, in Egypt, there are colleges of priests which renounce marriage.

The first Christians, although professing to lead a life as pure as that of the Essenians and Therapeutæ, did not consider celibacy as a virtue. We have seen that nearly all the apostles and disciples were married. St. Paul writes to Titus: "Chuse for a priest him who is the husband of one wife, having believing children, and not under accusation of dissoluteness."

He says the same to Timothy:—"Let the superintendant be the husband of one wife."

He seems to deem so highly of marriage, that, in the same epistle to Timothy, he says:—"The wife, notwithstanding her prevarication, shall be saved in child-bearing."

The proceedings of the council of Nice, on the subject of married priests, deserve great attention. Some bishops, according to the relations of Sozomen and Socrates, proposed a law commanding bishops and priests thenceforward to abstain from their wives; but St. Paphnucius the Martyr, Bishop of Thebes, in Egypt, strenuously opposed it; observing, "that marriage was chastity;" and the council adopted his opinion.

Suidas, Gelasius, Cesicenus, Cassiodorus, and Nicephorus Calistus, record precisely the same thing.

The council merely forbade the clergy from living with agapetæ, or female associates besides their own wives, except their mothers, sisters, aunts, and others whose age would preclude suspicion.

After that time the celibacy of the clergy was recommended, without being commanded. St. Jerome, a devout re-

cluse, was, of all the fathers, highest in his eulogiums of the celibacy of priests; yet he resolutely supports the cause of Carterius, a Spanish bishop, who had been married twice. "Were I," says he, "to enumerate all the bishops who have entered into second nuptials, I should name as many as were present at the council of Rimini."—"Tantus numerus congregabitur ut Riminensis synodus superetur."

The examples of clergymen married, and living with their wives, are innumerable. Sydonius, Bishop of Clermont, in Auvergne, in the fifth century, married Papianilla, daughter of the Emperor Avitus, and the house of Polignac claims descent from this marriage. Simplicius, Bishop of Bourges, had two children by his wife Palladia.

St. Gregory of Nazianzen was the son of another Gregory, Bishop of Nazianzen, and of Nonna, by whom that bishop had three children,—Cesarius, Gorgonia, and the saint.

In the Roman decretals, under the canon Osius, we find a very long list of bishops who were the sons of priests. Pope Osius himself was the son of a subdeacon Stephen; and Pope Boniface I. son of the priest Jocondo. Pope Felix III. was the son of Felix, a priest, and was himself one of the grandfathers of Gregory the Great. The priest Projectus was the father of John II.; and Gordian, the father of Agapet. Pope Sylvester was the son of Pope Hormisdas. Theodore I. was born of a marriage of Theodore, Patriarch of Jerusalem: a circumstance which should produce the reconciliation of the two churches.

At length, after several councils had been held without effect, on the subject of the celibacy which ought always to accompany the priesthood, Pope Gregory excommunicated all married priests; either to add respectability to the church, by the greater rigour of its discipline, or to attach more closely to the court of Rome the bishops and priests of other countries, who would thus have no other family than the church.

This law was not established without great opposition.

It is a very remarkable circumstance, that the council of Basil, having deposed, at least nominally, Pope Eugenius IV. and elected Amadeus of Savoy, many bishops, having objected against that prince that he had been married, Eneas Sylvius, who was afterwards pope, under the name of Pius II. supported the election of Amadeus in these words—"Non solum qui uxorem habuit, sed uxorem habens, potest assume."—"Not only may he be made a pope who *has been* married, but also he who *is* so."

This Pius II. was consistent. Peruse his letters to his mistress, in the collection of his works. He was convinced, that to defraud nature of her rights was absolute insanity, and that it was the duty of man not to destroy, but to control her.

However this may be, since the council of Trent there has no longer been any dispute about the celibacy of the Roman Catholic clergy; there have been only desires.

All protestant communions are, on this point, in opposition to Rome.

In the Greek church, which at present extends from the frontiers of China to Cape Matapan, the priests may marry once. Customs everywhere vary; discipline changes conformably to time and place. We here only record facts; we enter into no controversy.

Of Clerks of the Closet (Clerks du Secret), *since denominated Secretaries of State and Ministers.*

Clerks of the closet, clerks of the king, more recently denominated secretaries of state, in France and England, were originally the "king's notaries." They were afterwards called "secretaries of orders"—(*secrétaires des commandémens*). This we are informed of by the learned and laborious Pasquier. His authority

is unquestionable, as he had under his inspection the registers of the chamber of accompts, which, in our own times, have been destroyed by fire.

At the unfortunate peace of Chateau Cambresis, a clerk of Philip II. having taken the title of secretary of state, L'Aubepine, who was secretary of orders to the king of France, and his notary, took that title likewise, that the honours of both might be equal, whatever might be the case with their emoluments.

In England, before the reign of Henry VIII., there was only one secretary of the king, who stood while he presented memorials and petitions to the council. Henry VIII. appointed two, and conferred on them the same titles and prerogatives as in Spain. The great nobles did not, at that period, accept these situations; but, in time, they have become of so much consequence, that peers of the realm and commanders of armies are now invested with them. Thus every thing changes. There is at present no relic in France of the government of Hugh Capet, nor in England of the administration of William the bastard.

CLIMATE.

It is certain that the sun and atmosphere mark their empire on all the productions of nature, from man to mushrooms.

In the grand age of Louis XIV. the ingenious Fontenelle remarked:

"One might imagine that the torrid and two frigid zones are not well suited to the sciences. Down to the present day, they have not travelled beyond Egypt and Mauritania, on the one side, nor on the other beyond Sweden. Perhaps it is not owing to mere chance that they are retained within Mount Atlas and the Baltic Sea. We know not whether these may not be the limits appointed to them by nature, or whether we may ever hope to see great authors among Laplanders or negroes."

Chardin, one of those travellers who reason and investigate, goes still farther than Fontenelle, when speaking of Persia. "The temperature of warm climates," says he, "enervates the mind as well as the body, and dissipates that fire which the imagination requires for invention. In such climates men are incapable of the long studies and intense application which are necessary to the production of first-rate works in the liberal and mechanic arts," &c.

Chardin did not consider that Sadi and Lokman were Persians. He did not recollect that Archimedes belonged to Sicily, where the heat is greater than in three-fourths of Persia. He forgot that Pythagoras formerly taught geometry to the Brahmins.

The Abbé Dubos supported and developed, as well as he was able, the opinion of Chardin.

One hundred and fifty years before them, Bodin made it the foundation of his system, in his "Republic" and in his "Method of History;" he asserts that the influence of climate is the principle both of the government and the religion of nations.

Diodorus of Sicily was of the same opinion long before Bodin.

The author of the "Spirit of Laws," without quoting any authority, carried this idea farther than Chardin and Bodin. A certain part of the nation believed him to have first suggested it, and imputed it to him as a crime. This was quite in character with that part of the nation alluded to. There are everywhere men who possess more zeal than understanding.

We might ask those who maintain that climate does everything, why the Emperor Julian, in his Misopogon, says, that what pleased him in the Parisians, was the gravity of their characters and the severity of their manners; and why these Parisians, without the slightest change of climate, are now like playful children at whom the government punishes and smiles at the same moment, and who themselves, the moment after, also,

smile and sing lampoons upon their masters.

Why are the Egyptians, who are described as having been still more grave than the Parisians, at present the most lazy, frivolous, and cowardly of people, after having, as we are told, conquered the whole world for their pleasure, under a king called Sesostris?

Why are there no longer Anacreons, Aristotles, or Zeuxises at Athens?

Whence comes it that Rome, instead of its Ciceros, Catos, and Livys, has merely citizens who dare not speak their minds, and a brutalized populace, whose supreme happiness consist in having oil cheap, and in gazing at processions?

Cicero, in his letters, is occasionally very jocular upon the English. He desires his brother Quintus, Cæsar's lieutenant, to inform him whether he has found any great philosophers among them, in his expedition to Britain. He little suspected that that country would one day produce mathematicians whom he could not understand. Yet the climate has not at all changed, and the sky of London is as cloudy now as it was then.

Everything changes, both in bodies and minds, by time. Perhaps the Americans will in some future period cross the sea to instruct Europeans in the arts.

Climate has some influence, government a hundred times more; religion and government combined more still.

Influence of Climate.

Climate influences religion in respect to ceremonies and usages. A legislator could have experienced no difficulty in inducing the Indians to bathe in the Ganges at certain appearances of the moon; it is a high gratification to them. Had any one proposed a like bath to the people who inhabit the banks of the Dwina, near Archangel, he would have been stoned. Forbid pork to an Arab, who after eating this species of animal food (the most miserable and disgusting in his own country) would be affected by leprosy, he will obey you with joy; prohibit it to a Westphalian, and he will be tempted to knock you down.

Abstinence from wine is a good precept of religion in Arabia, where orange, citron, and lemon waters, are necessary to health. Mahomet would not have forbidden wine in Switzerland, especially before going to battle.

There are usages merely fanciful. Why did the priests of Egypt devise circumcision? It was not for the sake of health. Cambyses, who treated as they deserved both them and their bull Apis, the courtiers of Cambyses, and his soldiers, enjoyed perfectly good health without any such mutilation. Climate has no peculiar influence over this particular portion of the person of a priest. The offering in question was made to Isis, probably on the same principle as the firstlings of the fruits of the earth were everywhere offered. It was typical of an offering of the first fruits of life.

Religions have always turned upon two pivots,—forms or ceremonies, and faith; forms and ceremonies depend much on climate; faith not at all. A doctrine will be received with equal facility under the equator or near the pole. It will be afterwards equally rejected at Batavia and the Orcades, while it will be maintained, *unguibus et rostro* — with tooth and nail—at Salamanca. This depends not on sun and atmosphere, but solely upon opinion, that fickle empress of the world.

Certain libations of wine will be naturally enjoined in a country abounding in vineyards; and it would never occur to the mind of any legislator to institute sacred mysteries, which could not be celebrated without wine, in such a country as Norway.

It will be expressly commanded to burn incense in the court of a temple where beasts are killed in honour of the divinity, and for the priests' supper. This slaughter-house, called a temple, would be a place of abominable infection,

if it were not continually purified; and without the use of aromatics, the religion of the ancients would have introduced the plague. The interior of the temple was even festooned with flowers to sweeten the air.

The cow will not be sacrificed in the burning territory of the Indian peninsula, because it supplies the necessary article of milk, and is very rare in arid and barren districts, and because its flesh, being dry and tough, and yielding but little nourishment, would afford the Brahmins but miserable cheer. On the contrary, the cow will be considered sacred, in consequence of its rareness and utility.

The temple of Jupiter Ammon, where the heat is excessive, will be entered only with bare feet. To perform his devotions at Copenhagen, a man requires his feet to be warm and well covered.

It is not thus with doctrine. Polytheism has been believed in all climates; and it is equally easy for a Crim Tartar and an inhabitant of Mecca to acknowledge one only incommunicable God, neither begotten nor begetting. It is by doctrine, more than by rites, that a religion extends from one climate to another. The doctrine of the unity of God passed rapidly from Medina to Mount Caucasus. Climate, then, yields to opinion.

The Arabs said to the Turks: "We practised the ceremony of circumcision in Arabia without very well knowing why. It was an ancient usage of the priests of Egypt to offer to Oshiret, or Osiris, a small portion of what they considered most valuable. We had adopted this custom three thousand years before we became Mahometans. You will become circumcised like us; you will bind yourself to sleep with one of your wives every Friday, and to give two and a half per cent. of your income annually to the poor. We drink nothing but water and sherbet: all intoxicating liquors are forbidden us. In Arabia they are pernicious. You will embrace the same regimen, although you should be passionately fond of wine; and even although, on the banks of the Phases and Araxes, it should often be necessary for you. In short, if you wish to go to heaven, and to obtain good places there, you will take the road through Mecca."

The inhabitants north of the Caucasus subject themselves to these laws, and adopt, in its fullest extent, a religion which was never framed for them.

In Egypt the emblematical worship of animals succeeded to the doctrines of Thaut. The gods of the Romans afterwards shared Egypt with the dogs, the cats, and the crocodiles. To the Roman religion succeeded Christianity; that was completely banished by Mahometanism, which will perhaps be superseded by some new religion.

In all these changes climate has effected nothing; government has done everything. We are here considering only second causes, without raising our unhallowed eyes to that Providence which directs them. The Christian religion, which received its birth in Syria, and grew up towards its fulness of stature in Alexandria, inhabits now those countries where Teutat and Irminsul, Freya and Odin, were formerly adored.

There are some nations whose religion is not the result either of climate or of government. What cause detached the north of Germany, Denmark, three parts of Switzerland, Holland, England, Scotland, and Ireland, from the Romish communion? — Poverty. Indulgences, and deliverance from purgatory for the souls of those whose bodies were at that time in possession of very little money, were sold too dear. The prelates and monks absorbed the whole revenue of a province. People adopted a cheaper religion. In short, after numerous civil wars, it was concluded that the pope's religion was a good one for nobles, and the reformed one for citizens. Time will show whether the religion of the Greeks or of the Turks will prevail on the coasts of the Euxine and Ægean seas.

COHERENCE—COHESION—ADHESION.

The power by which the parts of bodies are kept together. It is a phenomenon the most common, but the least understood. Newton derides the hooked atoms, by means of which it has been attempted to explain coherence; for it still remained to be known why they are hooked, and why they cohere. He treats with no greater respect those who have explained cohesion by rest. "It is," says he, "an occult quality."

He has recourse to an attraction. But is not this attraction, which may indeed exist, but is by no means capable of demonstration, itself an occult quality? The grand attraction of the heavenly bodies is demonstrated and calculated. That of adhering bodies is incalculable. But how can we admit a force that is immeasurable to be of the same nature as one that can be measured?

Nevertheless, it is demonstrated that the force of attraction acts upon all the planets and all heavy bodies, in proportion to their solidity; but it acts, therefore, on all the particles of matter; it is, therefore, very probable that, while it exists in every part in reference to the whole, it exists also in every part in reference to cohesion: coherence, therefore, may be the effect of attraction.

This opinion appears admissible till a better can be found, and that better is not easily to be met with.

COMMERCE.

Since the fall of Carthage, no people had been powerful in commerce and arms at the same time, until Venice set the example. The Portuguese having passed the Cape of Good Hope, were, for some time, great lords on the coast of India, and even formidable in Europe. The United Provinces have only been warriors in spite of themselves, and it was not as united between themselves, but as united with England, that they assisted to hold the balance of Europe at the commencement of the eighteenth century.

Carthage, Venice, and Amsterdam, have been powerful; but they have acted like those people among us, who, having amassed money by trade, buy lordly estates. Neither Carthage, Venice, Holland, nor any people, have commenced by being warriors, and even conquerors, to finish by being merchants. The English only answer this description: they had fought a long time before they knew how to reckon. They did not know, when they gained the battles of Agincourt, Cressy, and Poictiers, that they were able to deal largely in corn, and fabricate broad cloth, which would be of much more value to them than such victories. The knowledge of these arts alone has augmented, enriched, and strengthened the nation. It is only because the English have become merchants, that London exceeds Paris in extent and number of citizens; that they can spread two hundred ships of war over the seas, and keep royal allies in pay.

When Louis XIV. made Italy tremble, and his armies, already masters of Savoy and Piedmont, were ready to take Turin, Prince Eugene was obliged to march to the skirts of Germany, to the succour of the Duke of Savoy. Having no money, without which he could neither take nor defend towns, he had recourse to the English merchants. In half an hour, they advanced him the sum of five millions (of livres), with which he delivered Turin, beat the French, and wrote this little billet to those who had lent it him: "Gentlemen, I have received your money, and I flatter myself that I have employed it to your satisfaction." All this excites just pride in an English merchant, and makes him venture to compare himself, and not without reason, to a Roman citizen. Thus the younger sons of a peer of the realm disdain not to be merchants. Lord Townsend, Minister of State, had a brother who was contented with being a merchant in the city. At the time that Lord Orford governed England, his

younger brother was a factor at Aleppo, whence he would not return, and where he died. This custom—which, however, begins to decline—appeared monstrous to the petty German princes. They could not conceive how the son of a peer of England was only a rich and powerful trader, while in Germany they are all princes. We have seen nearly thirty highnesses of the same name, having nothing for their fortunes but old armouries and aristocratical hauteur. In France, anybody may be a marquis that likes; and whoever arrives at Paris from a remote province, with money to spend, and a name ending in *ac* or *ille*, may say—"A man like me!" "A man of my quality!" and sovereignly despise a merchant; while the merchant so often hears his profession spoken of with disdain, that he is weak enough to blush at it. Which is the most useful to a state—a well-powdered lord, who knows precisely at what hour the king rises and retires, and who gives himself airs of greatness, while playing the part of a slave in the anti-chamber of a minister; or a merchant, who enriches his country, sends orders from his closet to Surat and Aleppo, and contributes to the happiness of the world?

COMMON SENSE.

There is sometimes in vulgar expressions an image of what passes in the heart of all men. "Sensus communis," signified among the Romans not only common sense, but also humanity and sensibility. As we are not equal to the Romans, this word with us conveys not half what it did with them. It signifies only good sense—plain, straight-forward reasoning—the first notion of ordinary things—a medium between dullness and intellect. To say, "That man has not common sense," is a gross insult; while the expression, "That man has common sense," is an affront also; it would imply, that he was not quite stupid, but that he wanted intellect. But what is the meaning of common sense, if it be not sense? Men, when they invented this term, supposed that nothing entered the mind except by the senses; otherwise would they have used the word sense to signify the result of the common faculty of reason?

It is said, sometimes, that common sense is very rare. What does this expression mean? That, in many men, dawning reason is arrested in its progress by some prejudices; that a man who judges reasonably on one affair will deceive himself grossly in another. The Arab, who, besides being a good calculator, was a learned chemist and an exact astronomer, nevertheless believed that Mahomet put half of the moon into his sleeve.

How is it that he was so much above common sense in the three sciences above mentioned, and beneath it when he proceeded to the subject of half the moon? It is because, in the first case, he had seen with his own eyes, and perfected his own intelligence; and, in the second, he had used the eyes of others, by shutting his own, and perverting the common sense within him.

How could this strange perversion of mind operate? How could the ideas which had so regular and firm a footing in his brain, on many subjects, halt on another a thousand times more palpable and easy to comprehend? This man had always the same principles of intelligence in him; he must have therefore possessed a vitiated organ, as it sometimes happens that the most delicate epicure has a depraved taste in regard to a particular species of nourishment.

How did the organ of this Arab, who saw half of the moon in Mahomet's sleeve, become disordered?—By fear. It had been told him, that if he did not believe in this sleeve, his soul, immediately after his death, in passing over the narrow bridge, would fall for ever into the abyss. He was told much worse—if ever you doubt this sleeve, one dervise will treat you with ignominy; another will prove you mad, because, having all possible motives for credibility, you will not sub-

mit your superb reason to evidence; a third will refer you to the little divan of a small province, and you will be legally impaled.

All this produces a panic in the good Arab, his wife, sister, and all his little family. They possess good sense in all the rest, but on this article their imagination is diseased like that of Pascal, who continually saw a precipice near his couch. But did our Arab really believe in the sleeve of Mahomet? No; he endeavoured to believe it; he said, "It is impossible, but true—I believe that which I do not credit." He formed a chaos of ideas in his head, in regard to this sleeve, which he feared to disentangle; and he gave up his common sense.

CONFESSION.

Repentance for one's faults is the only thing that can repair the loss of innocence: and to appear to repent of them, we must begin by acknowledging them. Confession, therefore, is almost as ancient as civil society.

Confession was practised in all the mysteries of Egypt, Greece, and Samothrace. We are told, in the life of Marcus Aurelius, that when he deigned to participate in the Eleusinian mysteries, he confessed himself to the hierophant; though no man had less need of confession than himself.

This might be a very salutary ceremony; it might also become very detrimental; for such is the case with all human institutions. We know the answer of the Spartan whom an hierophant would have persuaded to confess himself: "To whom should I acknowledge my faults? to God, or to thee?" "To God," said the priest. "Retire, then, O man."

It is hard to determine at what time this practice was established among the Jews, who borrowed a great many of their rites from their neighbours. The Mishna, which is the collection of the Jewish laws, says, that often, in confessing, they placed their hand upon a calf belonging to the priest; and this was called "the confession of calves."

It is said in the same Mishna, that every culprit under sentence of death, went and confessed himself before witnesses, in some retired spot, a short time before his execution. If he felt himself guilty, he said, "May my death atone for all my sins!" If innocent, he said, "May my death atone for all my sins! excepting that of which I am now accused."

On the day of the feast which was called by the Jews *the solemn atonement*, the devout among them confessed to one another, specifying their sins. The confessor repeated three times thirteen words of the seventy-seventh psalm, at the same time giving the confessed thirty-nine stripes, which the latter returned, and they went away quits. It is said that this ceremony is still in use.

St. John's reputation for sanctity brought crowds to confess to him, as they came to be baptised by him with the baptism of justice: but we are not informed that St. John gave his penitents thirty-nine stripes.

Confession was not then a sacrament; for this there are several reasons. The first is, that the word sacrament was at that time unknown; which reason is of itself sufficient. The Christians took their confession from the Jewish rites, and not from the mysteries of Isis and Ceres. The Jews confessed to their associates, and the Christians did so too. It afterwards appeared more convenient that this should be the privilege of the priests. No rite, no ceremony, can be established, but in process of time. It was hardly possible that some trace should not remain of the ancient usage of the laity of confessing to one another.

In Constantine's reign, it was at first the practice publicly to confess public offences.

In the fifth century, after the schism of Novatus and Novatian, penitentiaries were instituted for the absolution of such as had fallen into idolatry. This confession to

penitentiary priests was abolished under the Emperor Theodosius. A woman having accused herself aloud, to the penitentiary of Constantinople, of lying with the deacon, this indiscretion caused so much scandal and disturbance throughout the city, that Nectarius permitted all the faithful to approach the holy table without confession, and to communicate in obedience to their consciences alone. Hence these words of St. John Chrysostom, who succeeded Nectarius:—"Confess yourselves continually to God; I do not bring you forward on a stage, to discover your faults to your fellow-servants; show your wounds to God, and ask of him their cure; acknowledge your sins to him who will not reproach you before men; it were vain to strive to hide them from him who knows all things," &c.

It is said that the practice of auricular confession did not begin in the west until about the seventh century, when it was instituted by the abbots, who required their monks to come and acknowledge their offences to them twice a-year. These abbots it was who invented the formula—"I absolve thee to the utmost of my power and thy need." It would surely have been more respectful towards the Supreme Being, as well as more just to say, "May he forgive both thy faults and mine!"

The good which confession has done is, that it has sometimes procured restitution from petty thieves. The ill is, that, in the internal troubles of states, it has sometimes forced the penitents to be conscientiously rebellious and bloodthirsty. The Guelph priests refused absolution to the Ghibelines, and the Ghibelines to the Guelphs.

The counsellor of state Lénet relates, in his Memoirs, that all he could do in Burgundy to make the people rise in favour of the Prince Condé, detained at Vincennes by Cardinal Mazarine, was, "to let loose the priests in the confessionals"—speaking of them as bloodhounds, who were to fan the flame of civil war in the privacy of the confessional.

At the siege of Barcelona, the monks refused absolution to all who remained faithful to Philip V.

In the last revolution of Genoa, it was intimated to all consciences, that there was no salvation for whosoever should not take up arms against the Austrians.

This salutary remedy has in every age been converted into a poison. Whether a Sforza, a Medicis, a Prince of Orange, or a King of France was to be assassinated, the parricide always prepared himself by the sacrament of confession.

Louis XI. and the Marchioness de Brinvilliers always confessed as soon as they had committed any great crime; and they confessed often, as gluttons take medicines to increase their appetite.

The Disclosure of Confessions.

Jaurigini and Balthazar Gérard, the assassins of William I. Prince of Orange, the dominican Jacques Clément, Jean Châtel, the Feuillant Ravaillac, and all the other parricides of that day, confessed themselves before committing their crimes. Fanaticism, in those deplorable ages, had arrived at such a pitch, that confession was but an additional pledge for the consummation of villainy. It became sacred, for this reason—that confession is a sacrament.

Strada himself says: "Jaurigni non ante facinus aggredi sustinuit, quàm expiatam noxis animam apud Dominicanum sacerdotem cælesti pane firmaverit."—"Jaurigni did not venture upon this act until he had purged his soul by confesssion at the feet of a Dominican, and fortified it by the celestial bread."

We find, in the interrogatory of Ravaillac, that the wretched man, quitting the Feuillans, and wishing to be received among the Jesuits, applied to the Jesuit D'Aubigni, and, after speaking of several apparitions that he had seen, showed him a knife, on the blade of which was engraven a heart and a cross, and said, "This heart indicates that the king's

heart must be brought to make war upon the Hugunots."

Perhaps, if this D'Aubigny had been zealous and prudent enough to have informed the king of these words, and given him a faithful picture of the man who had uttered them, the best of kings would not have been assassinated.

On the 20th of August, 1610, three months after the death of Henry IV., whose wounds yet bleed in the heart of every Frenchman, the advocate-general Sirvin, still of illustrious memory, required that the Jesuits should be made to sign the four following rules:—

1. That the council is above the pope.

2. That the pope cannot deprive the king of any of his rights by excommunication.

3. That ecclesiastics, like other persons, are entirely subject to the king.

4. That a priest who is made acquainted, by confession, with a conspiracy against the king and the state, must disclose it to the magistrates.

On the 22nd, the parliament passed a decree, by which it forbade the Jesuits to instruct youth before they had signed these four articles; but the court of Rome was then so powerful, and that of France so feeble, that this decree was of no effect.

A fact worthy of attention is, that this same court of Rome, which did not choose that confession should be disclosed when the lives of sovereigns were endangered, obliged its confessors to denounce to the inquisitors those whom their female penitents accused in confession of having seduced and abused them. Paul IV., Pius IV., Clement VIII., and Gregory XV. ordered these disclosures to be made.

This was a very embarrassing snare for confessors and female penitents; it was making the sacrament a register of informations, and even of sacrileges. For, by the ancient canons, and especially by the council of Lateran under Innocent III., every priest that disclosed a confession, of what nature soever, was to be interdicted and condemned to perpetual imprisonment.

But this is not the worst: here are four popes, of the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries, ordering the disclosure of a sin of impurity, but not permitting that of a parricide. A woman, in the sacrament, declares or pretends before a carmelite, that a cordelier has seduced her; and the carmelite must denounce the cordelier. A fanatical assassin, thinking that he serves God by killing his prince, comes and consults a confessor on this case of conscience; and the confessor commits a sacrilege if he saves his sovereign's life.

This absurd and horrible contradiction is one unfortunate consequence of the constant opposition existing for so many centuries between the civil and ecclesiastical laws. The citizen finds himself, on fifty occasions, placed without alternative between sacrilege and high treason. The rules of good and evil being not yet drawn from beneath the chaos under which they have so long been buried.

The Jesuit Coton's reply to Henry IV. will endure longer than his order. Would you reveal the confession of a man who had resolved to assassinate me? "No; but I would throw myself betwixt him and you."

Father Coton's maxim has not always been followed. In some countries there are state mysteries unknown to the public, of which revealed confessions form no inconsiderable part. By means of suborned confessors the secrets of prisoners are learned. Some confessors, to reconcile their conscience with their interest, make use of a singular artifice. They give an account, not precisely of what the prisoner has told them, but of what he has not told them. If, for example, they are employed to find out whether an accused person has for his accomplice a Frenchman or an Italian, they say to the man who employs them, the prisoner has sworn to me that no

Italian was informed of his designs; whence it is concluded that the suspected Frenchman is guilty.

Bodin thus expresses himself, in his book *de la République*: "Nor must it be concealed, if the culprit is discovered to have conspired against the life of the sovereign, or even to have willed it only; as in the case of a gentleman of Normandy, who confessed to a monk that he had a mind to kill Francis I. The monk apprised the king, who sent the gentleman to the court of parliament, where he was condemned to death; as I learned from M. Canage, an advocate in parliament."

The writer of this article was himself almost witness to a disclosure still more important and singular.

It is known how the Jesuit Daubenton betrayed Philip V. King of Spain, to whom he was confessor. He thought, from a very mistaken policy, that he ought to report the secrets of his penitent to the Duke of Orleans, regent of the kingdom, and had the imprudence to write to him what he ought not, even verbally, to communicate to any one. The Duke of Orleans sent his letter to the King of Spain: The Jesuit was discarded, and died a short time after. This is an authenticated fact.

It is still a grave and perplexing question, in what cases confessions should be disclosed. For, if we decide that it should be in cases of human high treason, this treason may be made to include any direct offence against majesty, even the smuggling of salt or muslins. Much more should high treasons against the Divine Majesty be disclosed; and these may be extended to the smallest faults, as having missed evening service.

It would, then, be very important to come to a perfect understanding about what confessions should be disclosed, and what should be kept secret. Yet would such a decision be very dangerous: for how many things are there which must not be investigated!

Pontas, who, in three folio volumes, decides on all the possible cases of conscience in France, and is unknown to the rest of the world, says, that on no occasion should confession be disclosed. The parliaments have decided the contrary. Which are we to believe? Pontas, or the guardians of the laws of the realm, who watch over the lives of princes and the safety of the state?

Whether Laymen and Women have been Confessors?

As, in the old law, the laity confessed to one another; so, in the new law, they long had the same privilege by custom. In proof of this, let it suffice to cite the celebrated Joinville, who expressly says, that "the constable of Cyprus confessed himself to him, and he gave him absolution, according to the right which he had so to do."

St. Thomas, in his dream, expresses himself thus: "Confessio ex defectu sacerdotis laico facta, sacramentalis est quodam modo"—"Confession made to a layman, in default of a priest, is in some sort sacramental."

We find in the life of St. Burgundosarius, and in the rule of an unknown saint, that the nuns confessed their very grossest sins to their abbess. The rule of St. Donatus ordains that the nuns shall discover their faults to their superior three times a-day. The capitulars of our kings say, that abbesses must be forbidden the exercise of the right which they have arrogated, against the custom of the holy church, of giving benediction, and imposing hands, which seems to signify the pronouncing of absolution, and supposes the confession of sins. Marcus, Patriarch of Alexandria, asks Balzamon, a celebrated canonist of his time, whether permission should be granted to abbesses to hear confessions, to which Balzamon answers in the negative. We have, in the canon law, a decree of Pope Innocent III., enjoining the bishops of Valentia and Burgos, in Spain, to prevent certain abbesses from blessing their nuns, from confessing, and

from public preaching:—"Although," says he, "the blessed Virgin Mary was superior to all the apostles in dignity and in merit, yet it is not to her, but to the apostles, that the Lord has confided the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

So ancient was this right, that we find it established in the rules of St. Basil. He permits abbesses to confess their nuns, conjointly with a priest.

Father Martène, in his Rights of the Church, allows that, for a long time, abbesses confessed their nuns; but, adds he, they were so *curious*, that it was found necessary to deprive them of this privilege.

The ex-Jesuit Nonotte ought to confess himself and do penance; not for having been one of the most ignorant of daubers on paper, for that is no crime; not for having given the name of *errors* to truths which he did not understand; but for having, with the most insolent stupidity, calumniated the author of this article, and called his brother *raca* (a fool), while he denied these facts and many others, about which he knew not one word. He has put himself in danger of hell fire: let us hope that he will ask pardon of God for his enormous folly. We desire not the death of a sinner, but that he turn from his wickedness and live.

It has long been debated why men, very famous in this part of the world where confession is in use, have died without that sacrament. Such are Leo X., Pélisson, and Cardinal Dubois.

The cardinal had his perineum opened by La Peyronie's bistoury; but he might have confessed and communicated before the operation.

Pélisson, who was a Protestant until he was forty years old, became a convert that he might be made master of requests and have benefices.

As for Pope Leo X., when surprised by death, he was so much occupied with temporal concerns, that he had no time to think of spiritual ones.

Confession Tickets.

In Protestant countries, confession is made to God; in Catholic ones, to man. The Protestants say, you can hide nothing from God, whereas man knows only what you choose to tell him. As we shall never meddle with controversy, we shall not enter here into this old dispute. Our literary society is composed of Catholics and Protestants, united by the love of letters: we must not suffer ecclesiastical quarrels to sow dissension amongst us.

We will content ourselves with once more repeating the fine answer of the Greek already mentioned, to the priest who would have had him confess in the mysteries of Ceres: "Is it to God, or to thee, that I am to address myself?"—"To God."—"Depart then, O man."

In Italy, and in all the countries of obedience, every one, without distinction, must confess and communicate. If you have a stock of enormous sins on hand, you have also grand penitentiaries to absolve you. If your confession is worth nothing, so much the worse for you. At a very reasonable rate, you get a printed receipt, which admits you to communion; and all the receipts are thrown into a pix: such is the rule.

These bearers' tickets were unknown at Paris until about the year 1750, when an archbishop of Paris bethought himself of introducing a sort of spiritual bank, to extirpate Jansenism and ensure the triumph of the bull *Unigenitus*. It was his pleasure that extreme unction and the viaticum should be refused to every sick person who did not produce a ticket of confession, signed by a constitutionary priest.

This was refusing the sacrament to nine-tenths of Paris. In vain was he told: "Think what you are doing: either these sacraments are necessary, to escape damnation; or salvation may be obtained without them, by faith, hope, charity, good works, and the merits of our Saviour. If salvation be attainable

without this viaticum, your tickets are useless: if the sacraments be absolutely necessary, you damn all whom you deprive of them; you consign to eternal fire seven hundred thousand souls, supposing you live long enough to bury them:—this is violent: calm yourself, and let each one die as well as he can."

In this dilemma he gave no answer, but persisted. It is horrible to convert religion, which should be man's consolation, into his torment. The parliament, in whose hands is the high police, finding that society was disturbed, opposed (according to custom) decrees to mandaments. But ecclesiastical discipline would not yield to legal authority. The magistracy were under the necessity of using force, and to send archers to obtain for the Parisians confession, communion, and interment.

By this excess of absurdity, men's minds were soured; and cabals were formed at court, as if there had been a farmer-general to be appointed, or a minister to be disgraced. In the discussion of a question, there are always incidents mixed up which have no radical connection with it; and in this case so much so, that all the members of the parliament were exiled, as was also the archbishop in his turn.

These confession tickets would, in the times preceding, have occasioned a civil war; but happily, in our days, they produced only civil cavils. The spirit of philosophy, which is no other than reason, has become, with all honest men, the only antidote against these epidemic disorders.

CONFISCATION.

It is well observed, in the Dictionnaire Encyclopédique, in the article Confiscation, that the *fisc*, whether public, or royal, or seignorial, or imperial, or disloyal, was a small basket of reeds or osiers, in which was put the little money that was received or could be extorted. We now use bags: the royal *fisc* is the royal *bag*.

In several countries of Europe it is a received maxim, that whosoever confiscates the body, confiscates the goods also. This usage is established in those countries in particular where custom holds the place of law; and in all cases, an entire family is punished for the fault of one man only.

To confiscate the body, is not to put a man's body into his sovereign lord's basket: this phrase, in the barbarous language of the bar, means to get possession of the body of a citizen, in order either to take away his life, or to condemn him to banishment for life. If he is put to death, or escapes death by flight, his goods are seized.

Thus it is not enough to put a man to death for his offences; his children, too, must be deprived of the means of living.

In more countries than one, the rigour of custom confiscates the property of a man who has voluntarily released himself from the miseries of this life, and his children are reduced to beggary because their father is dead.

In some Roman catholic provinces, the head of a family is condemned to the gallies for life, by an arbitrary sentence, for having harboured a preacher in his house, or for having heard one of his sermons in some cavern or desert place, and his wife and family are forced to beg their bread.

This jurisprudence, which consists in depriving orphans of their food, was unknown to the Roman commonwealth. Sylla introduced it in his proscriptions; and it must be acknowledged that a rapine invented by Sylla, was not an example to be followed. Nor was this law, which seems to have been dictated by inhumanity and avarice alone, followed either by Cæsar, or by the good emperor Trajan, or by the Antonines, whose names are still pronounced in every nation with love and reverence. Even under Justinian, confiscations took place only in cases of high treason. Those who were accused having been, for the most part, men of great possessions, it

seems that Justinian made this ordinance through avarice alone. It also appears that, in the times of feudal anarchy, the princes and lords of lands, being not very rich, sought to increase their treasure by the condemnation of their subjects. They were allowed to draw a revenue from crime. Their laws being arbitrary, and the Roman jurisprudence unknown among them, their customs, whether whimsical or cruel, prevailed. But now that the power of sovereigns is founded on immense and assured wealth, their treasure needs no longer to be swelled by the slender wreck of the fortunes of some unhappy family. It is true that the goods so appropriated are abandoned to the first who asks for them. But is it for one citizen to fatten on the remains of the blood of another citizen?

Confiscation is not admitted in countries where the Roman law is established, except within the jurisdiction of the parliament of Toulouse. It was formerly established at Calais, where it was abolished by the English, when they were masters of that place.

It appears very strange, that the inhabitants of the capital live under a more rigorous law than those of the smaller towns: so true is it, that jurisprudence has often been established by chance, without regularity, without uniformity, as the huts are built in a village.

The following was spoken by advocate-general Omer Talon, in full parliament, at the most glorious period in the annals of France, in 1673, concerning the property of one Mademoiselle de Canillac, which had been confiscated. Reader, attend to this speech: it is not in the style of Cicero's oratory, but it is curious.

"In the thirteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, God says—'If thou shalt find a city where idolatry prevails, thou shalt surely smite the inhabitants of that city with the edge of the sword, destroying it utterly, and all that is therein. And thou shalt gather all the spoil of it into the midst of the street thereof, and shalt burn with fire the city and all the spoil thereof, every whit, for the Lord thy God.'

"So in the crime of high treason, the king seized the property, and the children were deprived of it. Naboth having been proceeded against, 'quia maledixerat regi,' King Ahab took possession of his inheritance. David, being apprised that Mephibosheth had taken part in the rebellion, gave all his goods to Sheba, who brought him the news—'Tibi sunt omnia quæ fuerunt Mephibosheth.'"

The question here was, who should inherit the property of Mademoiselle de Canillac—property formerly confiscated from her father, abandoned by the king to a keeper of the royal treasure, and afterwards given by this keeper of the royal treasure to the testatrix. And in this case of a woman of Auvergne a lawyer refers us to that of Ahab, one of the petty kings of a part of Palestine, who confiscated Naboth's vineyard, after assassinating its proprietor with the poniard of Jewish justice—an abominable act, which has become a proverb, to inspire men with a horror for usurpation? Assuredly, Naboth's vineyard has no connection with Mademoiselle de Canillac's inheritance. Nor do the murder and confiscation of the goods of Mephibosheth, grandson of King Saul, and son of David's friend Jonathan, bear a much greater affinity to this lady's will.

With this pedantry, this rage for citations foreign to the subject; with this ignorance of the first principles of human nature; with these ill conceived and ill adapted prejudices, has jurisprudence been treated on by men who, in their sphere, have had some reputation.

CONSCIENCE.

SECTION I.

Of the Conscience of Good and of Evil.

Locke has demonstrated (if we may use that term in morals and metaphysics) that we have no innate ideas or princi-

ples. He was obliged to demonstrate this position at great length, as the contrary was at that time universally believed.

It hence clearly follows, that it is necessary to instil just ideas and good principles into the mind as soon as it acquires the use of its faculties.

Locke adduces the example of savages, who kill and devour their neighbour without any remorse of conscience; and of Christian soldiers, decently educated, who, on the taking of a city by assault, plunder, slay, and violate, not merely without remorse, but with rapture, honour, and glory, and with the applause of all their comrades.

It is perfectly certain that, in the massacres of Saint Bartholomew, and in the "autos-da-fe," the holy acts of faith of the Inquisition, no murderer's conscience ever upbraided him with having massacred men, women, and children, or with the shrieks, faintings, and dying tortures of his miserable victims, whose only crime consisted in keeping Easter in a manner different from that of the inquisitors.

It results, therefore, from what has been stated, that we have no other conscience than what is created in us by the spirit of the age, by example, and by our own dispositions and reflections.

Man is born without principles, but with the faculty of receiving them. His natural disposition will incline him either to cruelty or kindness; his understanding will in time inform him that the square of twelve is a hundred and forty-four, and that he ought not to do to others what he would not that others should do to him; but he will not, of himself, acquire these truths in early childhood. He will not understand the first, and he will not feel the second.

A young savage who, when hungry, has received from his father a piece of another savage to eat, will, on the morrow, ask for the like meal, without thinking about any obligation not to treat a neighbour otherwise than he would be treated himself. He acts, mechanically and irresistibly, directly contrary to the eternal principle.

Nature has made a provision against such horrors. She has given to man a disposition to pity, and the power of comprehending truth. These two gifts of God constitute the foundation of civil society. This is the cause that there have ever been but few cannibals; and which renders life, among civilized nations, a little tolerable. Fathers and mothers bestow on their children an education which soon renders them social, and this education confers on them a conscience.

Pure religion and morality early inculcated, so strongly impress the human heart, that, from the age of sixteen or seventeen, a single bad action will not be performed without the upbraidings of conscience. Then rush on those headlong passions which war against conscience, and sometimes destroy it. During the conflict, men hurried on by the tempest of their feelings, on various occasions, consult the advice of others; as, in physical diseases, they ask it of those who appear to enjoy good health.

This it is which has produced casuists; that is, persons who decide on cases of conscience. One of the wisest casuists was Cicero. In his book of "Offices," or "Duties" of man, he investigates points of the greatest nicety; but long before him Zoroaster had appeared in the world to guide the conscience by the most beautiful precept—"If you *doubt* whether an action be good or bad, abstain from doing it." We treat of this elsewhere.

Whether a Judge should decide according to his Conscience, or according to the Evidence.

Thomas Aquinas, you are a great saint, and a great divine, and no Dominican has a greater veneration for you than I have; but you have decided, in your "Summary," that a judge ought to give sentence according to the evidence produced against the person accused, although he knows that person to be per-

fectly innocent. You maintain that the deposition of witnesses, which must inevitably be false, and the pretended proofs resulting from the process, which are impertinent, ought to weigh down the testimony of his own senses. He saw the crime committed by another; and yet, according to you, he ought in conscience to condemn the accused, although his conscience tells him the accused is innocent.

According to your doctrine, therefore, if the judge had himself committed the crime in question, his conscience ought to oblige him to condemn the man falsely accused of it.

In my conscience, great Saint, I conceive that you are most absurdly and most dreadfully deceived. It is a pity, that while possessing such a knowledge of canon law, you should be so ill acquainted with natural law. The duty of a magistrate to be just, precedes that of being a formalist. If, in virtue of evidence which can never exceed probability, I were to condemn a man whose innocence I was otherwise convinced of, I should consider myself a fool and an assassin.

Fortunately all the tribunals of the world think differently from you. I know not whether Farinaceus and Grillandus may be of your opinion. However that may be, if ever you meet with Cicero, Ulpian, Trebonian, Demoulin, the Chancellor De l'Hospital, or the Chancellor D'Aguesseau, in the shades, be sure to ask pardon of them for falling into such an error.

Of a Deceitful Conscience.

The best thing perhaps that was ever said upon this important subject, is in the witty work of Tristram Shandy, written by a clergyman of the name of Sterne, the second Rabelais of England: it resembles those small satires of antiquity, the essential spirit of which is so piquant and precious.

An old half-pay captain and his corporal, assisted by Doctor Slop, put a number of very ridiculous questions. In these questions the French divines are not spared. Mention is particularly made of a memoir presented to the Sorbonne by a surgeon, requesting permission to baptize unborn children by means of a clyster-pipe, which might be introduced into the womb, without injuring either the mother or child.

At length the corporal is directed to read to them a sermon, composed by the same clergyman, Sterne.

Among many particulars, superior even to those of Rembrandt and Calot, it describes a gentleman, a man of the world, spending his time in the pleasures of the table, in gaming, and debauchery, yet doing nothing to expose himself to the reproaches of what is called good company, and consequently never incurring his own. His conscience and his honour accompany him to the theatres, to the gaming houses, and are more particularly present when he liberally pays his lady under protection. He punishes severely, when in office, the petty larcenies of the vulgar, lives a life of gaiety, and dies without the slightest feeling of remorse.

Doctor Slop interrupts the reading to observe, that such a case was impossible with respect to a follower of the church of England, and could happen only among papists.

At last the sermon adduces the example of David, who sometimes possessed a conscience tender and enlightened, at others hardened and dark.

When he has it in his power to assassinate his king in a cavern, he scruples going beyond cutting off a corner of his robe—here is the tender conscience. He passes an entire year without feeling the slightest compunction for his adultery with Bathsheba and his murder of Uriah—here is the same conscience in a state of obduracy and darkness.

Such, says the preacher, are the greater number of mankind. We concede to this clergyman that the great ones of the world are very often in this state: the

torrent of pleasures and affairs urges them almost irresistibly on: they have no time to keep a conscience. Conscience is proper enough for the people; but even the people dispense with it, when the question is how to gain money. It is judicious, however, at times, to endeavour to awaken conscience both in mantua-makers and in monarchs, by the incalculation of a morality calculated to make an impression upon both; but, in order to make this impression, it is necessary to preach better than modern preachers usually do, who seldom talk effectively to either.

Liberty of Conscience.

[Translated from the German.]

[We do not adopt the whole of the following article; but, as it contains some truths, we did not consider ourselves obliged to omit it; and we do not feel ourselves called upon to justify what may be advanced in it with too great rashness or severity.—*Author*.]

"The almoner of Prince ———, who is a Roman Catholic, threatened an anabaptist that he would get him banished from the small estates which the prince governed; he told him that there were only three authorised sects in the empire—that which eats Jesus Christ, by faith alone, in a morsel of bread, while drinking out of a cup; that which eats Jesus Christ with bread alone; and that which eats Jesus Christ in body and in soul, without either bread or wine; and that as for the anabaptist who does not in any way eat God, he was not fit to live in monseigneur's territory. At last, the conversation, kindling into greater violence, the almoner fiercely threatened the Anabaptist that he would get him hanged. 'So much the worse for his highness,' replied the anabaptist; 'I am a large manufacturer; I employ two hundred workmen; I occasion the influx of two hundred thousand crowns a-year into his territories; my family will go and settle somewhere else; monseigneur will in consequence be a loser.'

"'But suppose monseigneur hangs up your two hundred workmen and your family,' rejoined the almoner, 'and gives your manufacture to good Catholics?'

"'I defy him to do it,' says the old gentleman. 'A manufacture is not to be given like a farm; because industry cannot be given. It would be more silly for him to act so, than to order all his horses to be killed, because, being a bad horseman, one may have thrown him off his back. The interest of monseigneur does not consist in my swallowing the godhead in a wafer, but in my procuring something to eat for his subjects, and increasing the revenues by my industry. I am a gentleman; and although I had the misfortune not to be born such, my occupation would compel me to become one; for mercantile transactions are of a very different nature from those of a court, and from your own. There can be no success in them without probity. Of what consequence is it to you that I was baptised at what is called the age of discretion, and you while you were an infant? Of what consequence is it to you that I worship God after the manner of my fathers? Were you able to follow up your wise maxims, from one end of the world to the other, you will hang up the Greek, who does not believe that the spirit proceeds from the father and the son; all the English, all the Hollanders, Danes, Swedes, Icelanders, Prussians, Hanoverians, Saxons, Holsteiners, Hessians, Wurtemburghers, Bernese, Hamburghers, Cossacks, Wallachians, and Russians, none of whom believe the pope to be infallible; all the Mussulmen, who believe in one God, and who give him neither father nor mother; the Indians, whose religion is more ancient than the Jewish; and the lettered Chinese, who, for the space of four thousand years, have served one only God without superstition and without fanaticism. This then is what you would perform had you but the power' 'Most assuredly,' says the monk, 'for

the zeal of the house of the Lord devours me.' 'Zelus domus suæ comedit me.'

"'Just tell me now, my good almoner,' resumed the Anabaptist, 'are you a Dominican, or a Jesuit, or a devil?' 'I am a Jesuit,' says the other. 'Alas,' my friend, if you are not a devil, why do you advance things so utterly diabolical?'

"'Because the reverend father, the rector, has commanded me to do so.'

"'And who commanded the reverend father, the rector, to commit such an abomination?'

"'The provincial.'

"'From whom did the provincial receive the command?'

"'From our general; and all to please the pope.'

"The poor Anabaptist exclaimed:—"Ye holy popes, who are at Rome in possession of the throne of the Cæsars—archbishops, bishops, and abbés, become sovereigns, I respect and I fly you; but if, in the recesses of your heart, you confess that your opulence and power are founded only on the ignorance and stupidity of our fathers, at least enjoy them with moderation. We do not wish to dethrone you; but do not crush us. Enjoy yourselves, and let us be quiet. If otherwise, tremble, lest at last people should lose their patience, and reduce you, for the good of your souls, to the condition of the apostles, of whom you pretend to be the successors.'

"'Wretch! you would wish the pope and the Bishop of Wurtemburgh to gain heaven by evangelical poverty!'

"'You, reverend father, would wish to have me hanged!'"

CONSEQUENCE.

What is our real nature, and what sort of a curious and contemptible understanding do we possess? A man may, it appears, draw the most correct and luminous conclusions, and yet be destitute of common sense. This is, in fact, too true. The Athenian fool, who believed that all the vessels which came into the port belonged to him, could calculate to a nicety what the cargoes of those vessels were worth, and within how many days they would arrive from Smyrna at the Pireus.

We have seen ideots who could calculate and reason in a still more extraordinary manner. They were not idiots, then, you tell me. I ask your pardon—they certainly were. They rested their whole superstructure on an absurd principle; they regularly strung together chimeras. A man may walk well, and go astray at the same time; and, then, the better he walks the farther astray he goes.

The Fo of the Indians was son to an elephant, who condescended to produce offspring by an Indian princess, who, in consequence of this species of left-handed union, was brought to bed of the god Fo. This princess was own sister to an emperor of the Indies: Fo, then, was the nephew of that emperor, and the grandson of the elephant and the monarch were cousin-germans; therefore, according to the laws of the state, the race of the emperor being extinct, the descendants of the elephant become the rightful successors. Admit the principle, and the conclusion is perfectly correct.

It is said that the divine elephant was nine standard feet in height. You reasonably suppose that the gate of his stable ought to be above nine feet high, in order to admit his entering with ease. He consumed twenty pounds of rice every day, and twenty pounds of sugar, and drank twenty-five pounds of water. You find, by using your arithmetic, that he swallowed thirty-six thousand five hundred pounds weight in the course of a year; it is impossible to reckon more correctly. But did your elephant ever, in fact, exist? Was he the emperor's brother-in-law? Had his wife a child by this left-handed union! This is the matter to be investigated. Twenty different authors, who lived at Cochin China, have successively written about it; it is incumbent upon you to collate these twenty authors, to

weigh their testimonies, to consult ancient records, to see if there is any mention of this elephant in the public registers; to examine whether the whole account is not a fable, which certain impostors have an interest in sanctioning. You proceed upon an extravagant principle, but draw from it correct conclusions.

Logic is not so much wanting to men as the source of logic. It is not sufficient for a madman to say, six vessels which belong to me carry two hundred tons each; the ton is two thousand pounds weight; I have therefore twelve hundred thousand pounds weight of merchandize in the port of the Piræus. The great point is, are those vessels yours? That is the principle upon which your fortune depends; when that is settled, you may estimate and reckon up afterwards.

An ignorant man, who is a fanatic, and who at the same time strictly draws his conclusions from his premises, ought sometimes to be smothered to death as a madman. He has read that Phineas, transported by a holy zeal, having found a Jew in bed with a Midianitish woman, slew them both, and was imitated by the Levites, who massacred every household that consisted one half of Midianites and the other of Jews. He learns that Mr. ——, his Catholic neighbour, intrigues with Mrs. ——, another neighbour, but a Hugunot, and he will kill both of them without scruple. It is impossible to act in greater consistency with principle;—but what is the remedy for this dreadful disease of the soul? It is to accustom children betimes to admit nothing which shocks reason, to avoid relating to them histories of ghosts, apparitions, witches, demoniacal possessions, and ridiculous prodigies. A girl of an active and susceptible imagination hears a story of demoniacal possessions; her nerves become shaken, she falls into convulsions, and believes herself possessed by a demon or devil. I actually saw one young woman die in consequence of the shock her frame received from these abominable histories.

CONSTANTINE.

SECTION I.

Of the Age of Constantine.

Among the ages which followed the Augustan, that of Constantine merits particular distinction. It is immortalised by the great changes which it ushered into the world. It commenced, it is true, with bringing back barbarism. Not merely were there no Ciceros, Horaces, and Virgils, any longer to be found, but there was not even a Lucan or a Seneca; there was not even a philosophic and accurate historian. Nothing was to be seen but equivocal satires or mere random panegyrics.

It was at that time that the Christians began to write history, but they took not Titus Livy or Thucydides as their models. The followers of the ancient religion wrote with no greater eloquence or truth. The two parties, in a state of mutual exasperation, did not very scrupulously investigate the charges which they heaped upon their adversaries; and hence it arises that the same man is sometimes represented as a god and sometimes as a monster.

The decline of everything, even in the commonest mechanic arts, as well as in eloquence and virtue, took place after the reign of Marcus Aurelius. He was the last emperor of the sect of stoics, who elevated man above himself by rendering him severe to himself only, and compassionate to others. After the death of this emperor, who was a genuine philosopher, there was nothing but tyranny and confusion. The soldiers frequently disposed of the empire. The senate had fallen into such complete contempt that, in the time of Galienus, an express law was enacted to prevent senators from engaging in war. Thirty heads of parties were seen, at one time, assuming the title of emperor in thirty provinces of the empire. The barbarians already poured in, on every side, in the middle of the third century, on this rent and lacerated empire.

Yet it was held together by the mere military discipline on which it had been founded.

During all these calamities, Christianity gradually established itself, particularly in Egypt, Syria, and on the coasts of Asia Minor. The Roman empire admitted all sorts of religions, as well as all sects of philosophy. The worship of Osiris was permitted, and even the Jews were left in the enjoyment of considerable privileges, notwithstanding their revolts. But the people in the provinces frequently rose up against the Christians. The magistrates persecuted them, and edicts were frequently obtained against them from the emperors. There is no ground for astonishment at the general hatred in which Christians were at first held, while so many other religions were tolerated. The reason was, that neither Egyptians nor Jews, nor the worshippers of the goddess of Syria and so many other foreign deities, ever declared open hostility to the gods of the empire. They did not array themselves against the established religion; but one of the most imperious duties of the Christians was to exterminate the prevailing worship. The priests of the gods raised a clamour on perceiving the diminution of sacrifices and offerings; and the people, ever fanatical and impetuous, were stirred up against the Christians, while in the meantime many emperors protected them. Adrian expressly forbade the persecution of them. Marcus Aurelius commanded that they should not be prosecuted on account of religion. Caracalla, Heliogabalus, Alexander, Philip, and Galienus, left them entire liberty. They had, in the third century, public churches numerously attended and very opulent; and so great was the liberty they enjoyed, that, in the course of that century, they held sixteen councils. The road to dignities was shut up against the first Christians, who were nearly all of obscure condition, and they turned their attention to commerce, and some of them amassed great affluence. This is the resource of all societies who cannot have access to offices in the state. Such has been the case with the Calvinists in France, all the Nonconformists in England, the Catholics in Holland, the Armenians in Persia, the Banians in India, and the Jews all over the world. However, at last, the toleration was so great, and the administration of the goverment so mild, that the Christians gained access to all the honours and dignities of the state. They did not sacrifice to the gods of the empire; they were not molested, whether they attended or avoided the temples; there was at Rome the most perfect liberty with respect to the exercises of their religion; none were compelled to engage in them. The Christians, therefore, enjoyed the same liberty as others. It is so true that they attained to honours, that Dioclesian and Galerius deprived no fewer than three hundred and three of them of those honours, in the persecution of which we shall have to speak.

It is our duty to adore Providence in all its dispensations; but I confine myself to political history. Manes, under the reign of Probus, about the year 278, formed a new religion in Alexandria. The principles of this sect were made up of some ancient doctrines of the Persians and certain tenets of Christianity. Probus, and his successor Carus, left Manes and the Christians in the enjoyment of peace. Numerien permitted them entire liberty. Dioclesian protected the Christians, and tolerated the Manicheans, during twelve years; but in 296, he issued an edict against the Manicheans, and proscribed them as enemies to the empire and adherents of the Persians. The Christians were not comprehended in the edict; they continued in tranquillity under Dioclesian, and made open profession of their religion throughout the whole empire until the latter years of that prince's reign.

To complete the sketch, it is necessary to describe of what at that period the Roman empire consisted. Notwithstanding internal and foreign shocks, notwithstanding the incursions of barbarians, it com-

prised all the possessions of the Grand Seignor at the present day, except Arabia; all that the house of Austria possesses in Germany, and all the German provinces as far as the Elbe; Italy, France, Spain, England, and half of Scotland; all Africa as far as the Desert of Sarah, and even the Canary Isles. All these nations were retained under the yoke by bodies of military less considerable than would be raised by Germany and France at the present day, when in actual war.

This immense power became more confirmed and enlarged, from Cæsar down to Theodosius, as well by laws, police, and real services conferred on the people, as by arms and terror. It is even yet a matter of astonishment that none of these conquered nations have been able, since they became their own rulers, to form such highways, and to erect such amphitheatres and public baths, as their conquerors bestowed upon them. Countries which are at present nearly barbarous and deserted, were then populous and well governed. Such were Epirus, Macedonia, Thessaly, Illyria, Pannonia, with Asia Minor, and the coasts of Africa; but, it must also be admitted that Germany, France, and Britain, were then very different from what they are now. These three states are those which have most benefited by governing themselves; yet it required nearly twelve centuries to place those kingdoms in the flourishing situation in which we now behold them; but it must be acknowledged that all the rest have lost much by passing under different laws. The ruins of Asia Minor and Greece, the depopulation of Egypt, and the barbarism of Africa, are still existing testimonials of Roman greatness. The great number of flourishing cities which covered those countries, are now become miserable villages; and the soil is become barren under the hands of a brutalised population.

SECTION II.

Character of Constantine.

I will not here speak of the confusion which agitated the empire after the abdication of Dioclesian. There were after his death six emperors at once. Constantine triumphed over them all, changed the religion of the empire, and was not merely the author of that great revolution, but of all those which have since occurred in the west. What was his character? Ask it of Julian, of Zozimus, of Sozomen, and of Victor; they will tell you that he acted at first like a great prince, afterwards as a public robber, and that the last stage of his life was that of a sensualist, a trifler, and a prodigal. They will describe him as ever ambitious, cruel, and sanguinary. Ask his character of Eusebius, of Gregory Nazianzen, and Lactantius, they will inform you that he was a perfect man. Between these two extremes authentic facts alone can enable us to obtain the truth. He had a father in-law, whom he impelled to hang himself; he had a brother-in-law, whom he ordered to be strangled; he had a nephew twelve or thirteen years old, whose throat he ordered to be cut; he had an eldest son, whom he beheaded; he had a wife, whom he ordered to be suffocated in a bath. An old Gallic author said, that "he loved to make a clear house."

If you add to all these domestic acts, that, being on the banks of the Rhine in pursuit of some hordes of Franks who resided in those parts, and having taken their kings, who probably were of the family of our Pharamond or Clodion *le Chevelu*, he exposed them to beasts for his diversion; you may infer from all this, without any apprehension of being deceived, that he was not the most courteous and accommodating personage in the world.

Let us examine, in this place, the principal events of his reign. His father Constantius Chlorus was in the heart of Britain, where he had for some months assumed the title of emperor. Constantine was at Nicomedia, with the Emperor Galerius. He asked permission of the emperor to go to see his father, who was ill. Galerius granted it, without difficulty. Constantine set off

with government relays, called *veredarii*. It might be said to be as dangerous to be a post-horse as to be a member of the family of Constantine, for he ordered all the horses to be hamstrung after he had done with them, fearful lest Galerius should revoke his permission and order him to return to Nicomedia. He found his father at the point of death, and caused himself to be recognised emperor by the small number of Roman troops at that time in Britain.

An election of a Roman emperor at York, by five or six thousand men, was not likely to be considered legitimate at Rome. It wanted, at least the formula of "Senatus populusque Romanus." The senate, the people, and the prætorian bands, unanimously elected Maxentius, son of the Cæsar Maximilian Hercules, who had been already Cæsar, and brother of that Fausta whom Constantine had married, and whom he afterwards caused to be suffocated. This Maxentius is called a tyrant and usurper by our historians, who are uniformly the partisans of the successful. He was the protector of the Pagan religion against Constantine, who already began to declare himself for the Christians. Being both Pagan and vanquished, he could not but be an abominable man.

Eusebius tells us that Constantine, when going to Rome to fight Maxentius, saw in the clouds, as well as his whole army, the grand imperial standard called the *laburum*, surmounted with a Latin P. or a large Greek R. with a cross in "saltier," and certain Greek words which signified, "By this sign thou shalt conquer." Some authors pretend that this sign appeared to him at Basinçon, others at Cologne, some at Treves, and other at Troyes. It is strange that in all these places heaven should have expressed its meaning in Greek. It would have appeared more natural to the weak understandings of men that this sign should have appeared in Italy on the day of the battle; but then it would have been necessary that the inscription should have been in Latin. A learned antiquary, of the name of Loisel, has refuted this narrative; but he was treated as a reprobate.

It might, however, be worth while to reflect, that this war was not a war of religion, that Constantine was not a saint, that he died suspected of being an Arian, after having persecuted the orthodox; and, therefore, that there is no very obvious motive to support this prodigy.

After this victory, the senate hastened to pay its devotion to the conqueror, and to express its detestation of the memory of the conquered. The triumphal arch of Marcus Aurelius was speedily dismantled to adorn that of Constantine. A statue of gold was prepared for him, an honour which had never been shown except to the Gods. He received it, notwithstanding the *laburum*, and received further the title of Pontifex Maximus, which he retained all his life. His first care, according to Zozimus, was to exterminate the whole race of the tyrant, and his principal friends; after which he assisted very graciously at the public spectacles and games.

The aged Dioclesian was at that time dying in his retreat at Salona. Constantine should not have been in such haste to pull down his Statues at Rome; he should have recollected that the forgotten emperor had been the benefactor of his father, and that he was indebted to him for the empire. Although he had conquered Maxentius, Licinius his brother-in-law, an Augustus like himself, was still to be got rid of; and Licinius was equally anxious to be rid of Constantine, if he had it in his power. However, their quarrels not having yet broken out in hostility, they issued conjointly at Milan, in 313, the celebrated edict of liberty of conscience. "We grant," they say, "to all the liberty of following whatever religion they please, in order to draw down the blessing of heaven upon us and our subjects; we declare that we have granted to the Christians the free and full power of exercising their religion; it

being understood that all others shall enjoy the same liberty, in order to preserve the tranquillity of our government." A volume might be written upon such an edict, but I shall merely venture a few lines.

Constantine was not as yet a Christian; nor, indeed, was his colleague Licinius one. There was still an emperor or a tyrant to be exterminated; this was a determined pagan, of the name of Maximin. Licinius fought with him before he fought with Constantine. Heaven was still more favourable to him than to Constantine himself; for the latter had only the apparition of a standard, but Licinius that of an angel. This angel taught him a prayer, by means of which he would be sure to vanquish the barbarian Maximin. Licinius wrote it down, ordered it to be recited three times by his army, and obtained a complete victory. If this same Licinius, the brother-in-law of Constantine, had reigned happily, we should have heard of nothing but his angel; but Constantine having had him hanged, and his son slain, and become absolute master of everything, nothing therefore has been talked of but Constantine's *labarum*.

It is believed that he put to death his eldest son Crispus, and his own wife Fausta, the same year that he convened the council of Nice. Zozimus and Sozomen pretend that, the heathen priests having told him that there were no expiations for such great crimes, he then made open profession of Christianity, and demolished many temples in the east. It is not very probable that the pagan pontiffs should have omitted so fine an opportunity of getting back their grand pontiff, who had abandoned them. However, it is by no means impossible that there might be among them some severe men; scrupulous and austere persons are to be found everywhere. What is more extraordinary is, that Constantine, after becoming a Christian, performed no penance for his parricide. It was at Rome that he exercised that cruelty, and from that time residence at Rome became hateful to him; he quitted it for ever, and went to lay the foundations of Constantinople. How durst he say, in one of his rescripts, that he transferred the seat of empire to Constantinople, "by the command of God himself?" Is it anything but an impudent mockery of God and man? If God had given him any command, would it not have been—not to assassinate his wife and son?

Dioclesian had already furnished an example of transferring the empire towards Asia. The pride, the despotism, and the general manners of the Asiatics, disgusted the Romans, depraved and slavish as they had become. The emperors had not ventured to require, at Rome, that their feet should be kissed, nor to introduce a crowd of eunuchs into their palaces. Dioclesian began in Nicomedia, and Constantine completed the system at Constantinople, to assimilate the Roman court to the courts of the Persians. The city of Rome from that time languished in decay; and the old Roman spirit declined with her. Constantine thus effected the greatest injury to the empire that was in his power.

Of all the emperors, he was unquestionably the most absolute. Augustus had left an image of liberty; Tiberius, and even Nero, had humoured the senate and people of Rome: Constantine humoured none. He had at first established his power in Rome by disbanding those haughty prætorians who considered themselves the masters of the emperors. He made an entire separation between the gown and the sword. The depositories of the laws, kept down under military power, were only jurists in chains. The provinces of the empire were governed upon a new system.

The grand object of Constantine was to be master in everything; he was so in the church as well as in the state. We behold him convoking and opening the council of Nice; advancing into the midst of the assembled fathers, covered over with jewels, and with the diadem upon his head, seating himself in the

highest place, and banishing unconcernedly sometimes Arius and sometimes Athanasius. He put himself at the head of Christianity without being a Christian; for at that time baptism was essential to any person's becoming one; he was only a catechumen. The usage of waiting for the approach of death before immersing in the water of regeneration, was beginning to decline with respect to private individuals. If Constantine, by delaying his baptism till near the point of death, entertained the notion that he might commit every act with impunity in the hope of a complete expiation, it was unfortunate for the human race that such an opinion should have ever suggested itself to the mind of a man in possession of uncontrolled power.

CONTRADICTIONS.

SECTION I.

The more we see of the world, the more we see it abounding in contradictions and inconsistencies. To begin with the Grand Turk; he orders every head that he dislikes to be struck off, and can very rarely preserve his own.

If we pass from the Grand Turk to the Holy Father, he confirms the election of emperors, and has kings among his vassals; but he is not so powerful as a duke of Savoy. He expedites orders for America and Africa, yet could not withhold the slightest of its privileges from the republic of Lucca. The emperor is the king of the Romans; but the right of their king consists in holding the pope's stirrup, and handing the water to him at mass.

The English serve their monarch upon their knees, but they depose, imprison, and behead him.

Men who make a vow of poverty, gain in consequence an income of about two hundred thousand crowns; and, in virtue of their vow of humility, they become absolute sovereigns. The plurality of benefices with care of souls is severely denounced at Rome, yet every day it dispatches a bull to some German, to enable him to hold five or six bishoprics at once. The reason, we are told, is, that the German bishops have no cure of souls. The chancellor of France is the first person in the state; but he cannot sit at table with the king, at least he could not till lately, although a colonel, who is scarcely perhaps a gentleman (*gentilhomme*), may enjoy that distinction. The wife of a provincial governor is a queen in the province, but merely a citizen's wife at court.

Persons convicted of the crime of nonconformity are publicly roasted, and in all our colleges the second eclogue of Virgil is explained with great gravity, including Corydon's declarations of love to the beautiful Alexis; and it is remarked to the boys, that although Alexis be fair and Amyntas brown, yet Amyntas may still deserve the preference.

If an unfortunate philosopher, without intending the least harm, takes it into his head that the earth turns round, or to imagine that light comes from the sun, or to suppose that matter may contain some other properties than those we are acquainted with, he is cried down as a blasphemer, and a disturber of the public peace; and yet there are translations *in usum Delphini* of the "Tusculan Questions" of Cicero, and of Lucretius, which are two complete courses of irreligion.

Courts of justice no longer believe that persons are possessed by devils, and laugh at sorcerers; but Gauffredi and Grandier were burnt for sorcery; and one half of a parliament wanted to sentence to the stake a monk accused of having bewitched a girl of eighteen by breathing upon her.

The sceptical philosopher Bayle was persecuted, even in Holland. La Motte le Vayer, more of a sceptic but less of a philosopher, was preceptor of the king Louis XIV., and of the king's brother. Gourville was hanged in effigy at Paris, while a French minister in Germany.

The celebrated atheist Spinoza lived and died in peace. Vanini, who had merely written against Aristotle, was burnt

as an atheist: he has, in consequence, obtained the honour of making one article in the histories of the learned, and in all the dictionaries, which in fact constitute immense repositories of lies, mixed up with a very small portion of truth. Open these books, and you will there find not merely that Vanini publicly taught atheism in his writings, but that twelve professors of his sect went with him to Naples with the intention of everywhere making proselytes. Afterwards, open the books of Vanini, and you will be astonished to find in them nothing but proofs of the existence of God. Read the following passage, taken from his "Amphitheatrum," a work equally unknown and condemned:—"God is his own original and boundary, without end and without beginning, requiring neither the one nor the other, and Father of all beginning and end; he ever exists, but not in time; to him there has been no past, and will be no future; he reigns everywhere, without being in any place; immoveable without rest, rapid without motion; he is all, and out of all; he is in all, without being enclosed; out of everything, without being excluded from anything; good, but without quality; entire, but without parts; immutable, while changing the whole universe: his will is his power; absolute, there is nothing of him of what is merely possible, all in him is real; he is the first, the middle, and the last; finally, although constituting all, he is above all beings, out of them, within them, beyond them, before them, and after them." It was after such a profession of faith that Vanini was declared an atheist. Upon what grounds was he condemned?—simply upon the deposition of a man named Francon. In vain did his books depose in favour of him; a single enemy deprived him of life, and stigmatised his name throughout Europe.

The little book called "Cymbalum Mundi," which is merely a cold imitation of Lucian, and which has not the most slight or remote reference to Christianity, was condemned to be burnt. But Rabelais was printed "cum privilegio;" and a free course was allowed to the "Turkish Spy," and even to the "Persian Letters;" that volatile, ingenious, and daring work, in which there is one whole letter in favour of suicide; another, in which we find these words, "If we suppose such a thing as religion;" a third, in which it is expressly said, that "the bishops have no other functions than dispensing with the observance of the laws;" and, finally, another in which the pope is said to be a magician, who makes people believe that three are one, and that the bread we eat is not bread, &c. &c.

The Abbé St. Pierre, a man who could frequently deceive himself, but who never wrote without a view to the public good, and whose works were called by Cardinal Dubois, "The dreams of an honest citizen;"—the Abbè St. Pierre, I say, was unanimously expelled from the French academy, for having, in some political work, preferred the establishment of councils under the regency, to that of secretaries of state under Louis the Fourteenth; and for saying that, towards the close of that glorious reign, the finances were wretchedly conducted. The author of the Persian Letters has not mentioned Louis XIV. in his book, except to say, that he was a magician who could make his subjects believe that paper was money; that he liked no government but that of Turkey; that he preferred a man who handed him a napkin, to a man who had gained him battles; that he had conferred a pension on a man who had run away two leagues, and a government upon another who had run away four; that he was overwhelmed with poverty, although it is said, in the same letter, that his finances are inexhaustible. Observe then, I repeat, all that this writer, in the only work then known to be his, has said of Louis XIV., the patron of the French academy. We may add, too, as a climax of contradiction, that that society admitted him as a member for having turned them into ridicule; for, of all the books by which the public have been entertained

at the expense of the society, there is not one in which it has been treated more disrespectfully than in the Persian Letters. See that letter wherein he says, "The members of this body have no other business than incessantly to chatter; panegyric comes and takes its place as it were spontaneously in their eternal gabble," &c. After having thus treated this society, they praise him, on his introduction, for his skill in drawing likenesses.

Were I disposed to continue the research into the contrarieties to be found in the empire of letters, I might give the history of every man of learning or wit; just in the same manner as, if I were inclined to detail the contradictions existing in society, it would be necessary to write the history of mankind. An Asiatic, who should travel to Europe, might well consider us as Pagans: our week-days bear the names of Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, and Venus; and the nuptials of Cupid and Psyche are painted in the pope's palace: but, particularly, were this Asiatic to attend at our opera, he would not hesitate in concluding it to be a festival in honour of the Pagan deities. If he endeavoured to gain more precise information respecting our manners, he would experience still greater astonishment; he would see, in Spain, that a severe law forbids any foreigner from having the slightest share, however indirect, in the commerce of America; and that, notwithstanding, foreigners—through the medium of Spanish factors—carry on a commerce with it to the extent of fifteen millions a-year. Thus Spain can be enriched only by the violation of a law always subsisting and always evaded. He would see that, in another country, the government establish and encourage a company for trading to the Indies; while the divines of that country have declared the receiving a dividend upon the shares offensive in the sight of God. He would see, that the offices of a judge, a commander, a privy counsellor, are purchased; he would be unable to comprehend why it is stated in the patents appointing to such offices, that they have been bestowed gratis and without purchase, while the receipt for the sum given for them is attached to the commission itself. Would not our Asiatic be surprised, also, to see comedians salaried by sovereigns, and excommunicated by priests? He would enquire why a plebeian lieutenant-general, who had won battles, should be subject to the *taille*, like a peasant; and a sheriff (echevin) should be considered, at least in reference to this point, as noble as a Montmorency? Why, while regular dramas are forbidden to be performed during a week sacred to edification, merry-andrews are permitted to offend even the least delicate ears with their ribaldry? He would almost every where see our usages in opposition to our laws; and were we to travel to Asia, we should discover the existence of exactly similar contradictions.

Men are everywhere inconsistent alike. They have made laws by piece-meal, as breaches are repaired in walls. Here the eldest sons take everything they are able from the younger ones; there all share equally. Sometimes the church has ordered duels, sometimes it has anathematised them. The partisans and the opponents of Aristotle have been both excommunicated in their turn; as have, also, the wearers or long hair and short hair. There has been but one perfect law in the world, and that was designed to regulate a species of folly,—that is to say, play. The laws of play are the only ones which admit of no exception, relaxation, change or tyranny. A man who has been a lacquey, if he plays at lansquénet with kings, is paid with perfect readiness when he wins. In other cases the law is everywhere a sword, with which the strongest party cuts in pieces the weakest.

In the mean time, the world goes on as if everything was wisely arranged; irregularity is part of our nature. Our social world is like the natural globe, rude and unshapely, but possessing a principle of preservation: it would be folly to

wish that mountains, seas, and rivers were traced in regular and finished forms; it would be a still greater folly to expect from man the perfection of wisdom; it would be as weak as to wish to attach wings to dogs or horns to eagles.

Examples taken from History, from sacred Scripture, from numerous Authors, &c.

We have just been instancing a variety of contradictions in our usages, our manners, and our laws. but we have not yet said enough.

Everything, particularly in Europe, has been made in the same manner as harlequin's habit. His master, when he wanted to have a dress made for him, had not a piece of cloth, and therefore took old cuttings of all sorts of colours. Harlequin was laughed at, but then he was clothed.

The Germans are a brave nation, whom neither the Germanicuses nor the Trajans were ever able completely to subjugate. All the German nations that dwelt beyond the Elbe were invincible, although badly armed; and from these gloomy climes issued forth, in part, the avengers of the world. Germany, far from constituting the Roman empire, has been instrumental in destroying it.

This empire had found a refuge at Constantinople, when a German, (an Austracian) went from Aix la Chapelle to Rome, to strip the Greek Cæsars of the remainder of their possessions in Italy. He assumed the name of Cæsar, Imperator; but neither he nor his successors even ventured to reside at Rome. That capital could not either boast or regret that, from the time of Augustulus, the final excrement of the genuine Roman empire, a single Cæsar had lived and been buried within its walls.

It is difficult to suppose the empire can be "holy," as it professes three different religions, of which two are declared impious, abominable, damnable, and damned, by the court of Rome, which the whole imperial court consider in such cases to be supreme.

It is certainly not Roman, since the emperor has not any residence at Rome.

In England, people wait upon the king kneeling. The constant maxim is, "The king can do no wrong;" his ministers only can deserve blame; he is as infallible in his actions as the pope in his judgments. Such is the fundamental, the "salique" law of England. Yet the parliament sat in judgment on its king, Edward II., who had been vanquished and taken prisoner by his wife: he was declared to have done all possible "wroug," and deprived of all his rights to the crown. Sir William Tressel went to him in prison, and made him the following complimental address:

"I, William Tressel, as proxy for the parliament and the whole English nation, revoke the homage formerly paid you; I put you to defiance, and deprive you of royal power, and from this time forth we will hold no allegiance to you."

The parliament tried and sentenced King Richard II., grandson of the great Edward III. Thirty-one articles of accusation were brought against him, among which, two are not a little singular:—that he had borrowed money and not repaid it; and that he had asserted, before witnesses, that he was master of the lives and properties of his subjects.

The parliament deposed Henry VI., who, undoubtedly, was exceedingly wrong, but in a somewhat different sense: he was imbecile.

The parliament declared Edward IV. a traitor, and confiscated his goods; and afterwards, on his being successful, restored him.

As for Richard III. he undoubtedly committed more wrong than all the others: he was a Nero, but a bold one: and the parliament did not declare his wrongs till after he was slain.

The house of commons imputed to Charles I. more wrongs than he was justly chargeable with, and brought him

to the scaffold. Parliament voted that James II. had committed very gross flagrant wrongs, and particularly that of withdrawing himself from the kingdom. It declared the throne vacant; that is, it deposed him.

In the present day, Junius writes to the King of England, that he is faulty in being good and wise. If these are not contradictions, I know not where to find them.

Of Contradictions in certain Rites.

Next to those great political contradictions, which are subdivided into innumerable little ones, nothing more forcibly attracts our notice than the contradiction apparent in reference to some of our rites. We hate Judaism. No longer than fifteen years ago, Jews were still burnt at the stake. We consider them as murderers of our God, and yet we assemble every Sunday to chant Jewish psalms and canticles: it is only owing to our ignorance of the language, that we do not recite them in Hebrew. But the fifteen first bishops, the priests, deacons, and congregation of Jerusalem, which was the cradle of the Christian religion, always recited the Jewish psalms in the Jewish idiom of the Syriac language; and, till the time of the Caliph Omar, almost all the Christians, from Tyre to Aleppo, prayed in that Jewish idiom. At present, any one reciting the psalms as they were originally composed, or chanting them in the Jewish language, would be suspected of being a circumcised Jew, and might be burnt as one; at least, not more than twenty years since, that would have been his fate, although Jesus Christ was circumcised, as were also his apostles and disciples. I set aside the mysterious doctrines of our holy religion—everything that is an object of faith—everything that we ought to approach only with awe and submission. I look only at externals; I refer simply to observances: I ask if anything was ever more contradictory?

Of Contradictions in Things and Men.

If any literary society is inclined to undertake a history of contradictions, I will subscribe for twenty folio volumes.

The world displays nothing but contradictions. What would be necessary to put an end to them?—To assemble the states-general of the human race. But, according to the nature and constitution of mankind, it would be a new contradiction were they to agree. Bring together all the rabbis in the world, and there would not be two different minds among them.

I know only two descriptions of immoveable beings in the world—geometricians and brute animals; they are guided by two invariable rules—demonstration and instinct: some disputes, indeed, have occurred between geometricians, but brutes have never varied.

Of the Contradictions in Men and Things.

The contrasts, the lights and shades, in which men are represented in history, are not contradictions; they are faithful portraits of human nature.

Every day, both censure and admiration are applied to Alexander, the murderer of Clitus, but the avenger of Greece; the conqueror of Persia, and the founder of Alexandria:

To Cæsar, the debauchee, who robbed the public treasury of Rome to enslave his country; but whose clemency was equal to his valour, and whose genius was equal to his courage:

To Mahomet, the impostor and robber; but the only legislator of religion that ever displayed courage, or founded a great empire:

To the enthusiast Cromwell, at once knave and fanatic, the murderer of his king by form of law; but equally profound as a politician, and valiant as a warrior.

A thousand contrasts frequently present themselves at once to the mind, and these

contrasts are in nature. They are not more astonishing than a fine day followed by a tempest.

Of apparent Contradictions in Books.

We must accurately distinguish in books, and particularly the sacred ones, between apparent and real contradictions. It is said in the Pentateuch, that Moses was the meekest of men, and that he ordered twenty-three thousand Hebrews to be slain who had worshipped the golden calf, and twenty-four thousand more, who had, like himself, married Midianitish women. But sagacious commentators have adduced solid proofs that Moses possessed a most amiable temper, and that he only executed the vengeance of God in massacreing these forty-seven thousand Israelites, as just stated.

Some daring critics have pretended to perceive a contradiction in the narrative in which it is said that Moses changed all the waters of Egypt into blood, and that the magicians of Pharaoh afterwards performed the same prodigy—the book of Exodus leaving no interval of time between the miracle of Moses and the magical operation of the enchanters.

It appears, at first view, impossible that these magicians should change to blood that which was already made such; but the difficulty may be removed by supposing that Moses had allowed the waters to resume their original nature, in order to give Pharaoh time for reflection. This supposition is the more plausible, inasmuch as, if not expressly favoured by the text, the latter is not contrary to it.

The same sceptics enquire how, after all the horses were destroyed by hail, in the sixth plague, Pharaoh was able to pursue the Jewish nation with cavalry. But this contradiction is not even an apparent one, since the hail which killed all the horses that were out in the fields, could not fall on those which were in the stables.

One of the greatest contradictions which has been supposed to be found in the history of the kings, is the utter scarcity of offensive and defensive arms among the Jews at the time of the accession of Saul, compared with the army of three hundred and thirty thousand men, whom he conducted against the Ammonites who were besieging Jabesh Gilead.

It is in fact related that then, and even after that battle, there was not a lance, not even a single sword, among the whole Hebrew people; that the Philistines prevented the Hebrews from manufacturing swords and lances; that the Hebrews were obliged to have recourse to the Philistines for sharpening and repairing their plough-shares, mattocks, axes, and pruning-hooks.

This acknowledgment seems to prove that the Hebrews consisted only of a very small number, and that the Philistines were a powerful and victorious nation, who kept the Israelites under the yoke, and treated them as slaves; in short, that it was impossible for Saul to collect three hundred and thirty thousand fighting men, &c.

The reverend Father Calmet says, it is probable "that there is a little exaggeration in what is stated about Saul and Jonathan;" but that learned man forgets that the other commentators ascribe the first victories of Saul and Jonathan to one of those decided miracles which God so often condescended to perform in favour of his miserable people. Jonathan, with his armour-bearer only, at the very beginning, slew twenty of the enemy; and the Philistines, utterly confounded, turned their arms against each other. The author of the book of Kings positively declares, that it was a miracle of God:—"Accidit quasi miraculum a Deo." There is, therefore, no contradiction.

The enemies of the Christian religion, the Celsuses, the Porphyrys, and the Julians, have exhausted the sagacity of their understandings upon this subject. The Jewish writers have availed themselves of all the advantages they derived from their superior knowledge of the Hebrew

language, to explain these apparent contradictions. They have been followed even by Christians, such as Lord Herbert, Wollaston, Tindal, Toland, Collins, Shaftesbury, Woolston, Gordon, Bolingbroke, and many others of different nations. Freret, perpetual secretary of the Academy of Belles Lettres in France, the learned Le Clerc himself, and Simon of the Oratory, thought they perceived some contradictions which might be ascribed to the copyists. An immense number of other critics have endeavoured to remove or correct contradictions which appeared to them inexplicable.

We read in a dangerous little book, composed with much art:—"St. Matthew and St. Luke give each a genealogy of Christ different from the other; and lest it should be thought that the differences are only slight, such as might be imputed to neglect or over-sight, the contrary may easily be shown by reading the first chapter of Matthew and the third of Luke. We shall then see that fifteen generations more are enumerated in the one than in the other; that, from David, they completely separate; that they join again at Salathiel; but that, after his son, they again separate, and do not reunite again but in Joseph.

"In the same genealogy, St. Matthew again falls into a manifest contradiction, for he says that Uzziah was the father of Jotham; and in the "Paralipomena," book 1., chap. iii., v. 11, 12, we find three generations between them—Joas, Amazias, and Azarias—of whom Luke, as well as Matthew, make no mention. Farther, this genealogy has nothing to do with that of Jesus, since, according to our creed, Joseph had had no intercourse with Mary."

In order to reply to this objection, urged from the time of Origen, and renewed from age to age, we must read Julius Africanus. See the two genealogies reconciled in the following table, as we find it in the repository of ecclesiastical writers:—

Solomon and his descendants, enumerated by Saint Matthew.	DAVID.	Nathan and his descendants enumerated by Saint Luke.
Mathan, her first husband.	ESTHER.	Melchi, or rather Mathat, her second husband.
Jacob, son of Mathan, the first husband.	The wife of these two persons successively, married first to Heli, by whom she had no child, and afterwards to Jacob, his brother.	Heli.
Joseph, natural son of Jacob.		Legitimate son of Heli.

There is another method to reconcile the two genealogies, by St. Epiphanius.

According to him, Jacob Panther, descended from Solomon, is the father of Joseph and of Cleophas. Joseph has six children by his first wife; James, Joshua, Simeon, Jude, Mary, and Salome.

He then espouses the Virgin Mary, the mother of Jesus, and daughter of Joachim and Anne.

There are many other methods of explaining these two genealogies. See the "Dissertation" of Father Calmet, in which he endeavours to reconcile St. Matthew with St. Luke, on the genealogy of Jesus Christ.

The same learned sceptics, who make it their business to compare dates, to explore books and medals, to collate ancient authors, and to seek for truth by human skill and study, and who lose in their knowledge the simplicity of their faith, reproach St. Luke with contradicting the other evangelists, and in being mistaken in what he advances on the subject of our Lord's birth. The author of the "Analysis of the Christian Religion," thus rashly expresses himself on the subject, (p. 23):—

"St. Luke says that Cyrenius was the governor of Syria, when Augustus ordered the numbering of all the people of the empire. We will show how many decided falsehoods are contained in these few words. First—Tacitus and Suetonius, the most precise of historians, say not a single word of the pretended num-

bering of the whole empire, which certainly would have been a very singular event, since there never had been one under any emperor—at least, no author mentions such a case: secondly—Cyrenius did not arrive in Syria till ten years after the time fixed by St. Luke; it was then governed by Quintilius Varus, as Tertullian relates, and as is confirmed by medals."

We contend that, in fact, there never was a numbering of the whole Roman empire, but only a census of Roman citizens, according to usage; although it is possible that the copyists may have written "numbering" for "census." With regard to Cyrenius, whom the copyists have made Cirinus, it is certain that he was not governor of Syria at the time of the birth of Jesus Christ, the governor being Quintilius Varus; but it is very probable that Quintilius might send into Judea this same Cyrenius, who ten years after succeeded him in the government of Syria. We cannot dissemble, however, that this explanation still leaves some difficulties.

In the first place, the census made under Augustus does not correspond in time with the birth of Jesus Christ.

Secondly, the Jews were not comprised in that census. Joseph and his wife were not Roman citizens. Mary, therefore, it is said, being under no necessity, was not likely to go from Nazareth, which is at the extremity of Judea, within a few miles of Mount Tabor, in the midst of the desert, to lie in at Bethlem, which is eighty miles from Nazareth.

But it might easily happen that Cirinus, or Cyrenius, having been sent to Jerusalem by Quintilius Varus to impose a poll-tax, Joseph and Mary were summoned by the magistrate of Bethlem to go and pay the tax in the town of Bethlem, the place of their birth. In this there is nothing contradictory.

The critics may endeavour to weaken this solution by representing that it was Herod only who imposed taxes; that the Romans at that time levied nothing on Judea; that Augustus left Herod completely his own master for the tribute which that Idumean paid to the empire. But, in an emergency, it is not impossible to make some arrangement with a tributary prince, and send him an intendant to establish in concert with him the new tax.

We will not here say, like so many others, that copyists have committed many errors, and that in the version we possess there are to be found more than ten thousand—we had rather say, with the doctors of the church and the most enlightened persons, that the gospels were given us only to teach us to live holily, and not to criticise learnedly.

These pretended contradictions produced a dreadful impression on the much lamented John Meslier, rector of Etrepigni and But in Champagne. This truly virtuous and charitable, but at the same time melancholy man, being possessed of scarcely any other books than the Bible and some of the fathers, read them with a studiousness of attention that became fatal to him. Although bound by the duties of his office to inculcate docility upon his flock, he was not sufficiently docile himself. He saw apparent contradictions, and shut his eyes to the means suggested for reconciling them. He imagined that he perceived the most frightful contradictions between Jesus being born a Jew and afterwards recognised as God; in regard to that God known from the first as the son of Joseph the carpenter and the brother of James, yet descended from an empyreum which does not exist, to destroy sin upon earth that is still covered with crimes; in regard to that God, the son of a common artizan and a descendant of David on the side of his father, who was not in fact his father;—between the creator of all worlds, and the descendant of the adulterous Bathsheba, the prurient Ruth, the incestuous Thamar, the prostitute of Jericho, the wife of Abraham, so suspiciously attractive to a king of Egypt, and again at the age of ninety years to a king of Gerar.

Meslier expatiates with an impiety absolutely monstrous on these pretended contradictions, as they struck him, for which, however, he might easily have found an explanation, had he possessed only a small portion of docility. At length, his gloom so grew upon him in his solitude, that he actually became horror-struck at that holy religion which it was his duty both to preach and love; and, listening only to his seduced and wandering reason, he abjured Christianity by a will written in his own hand, of which he left three copies behind him at his death, which took place in 1732. The copy of this will has been often printed, and exhibits, in truth, a most cruel stumbling-block. A clergyman who, at the point of death, asks pardon of God and his parishioners for having taught the doctrines of Christianity! a charitable clergyman, who holds Christianity in execration because many who profess it are depraved; who is shocked at the pomp and pride of Rome, and exasperated by the difficulties of the sacred volume; a clergyman who speaks of Christianity like Porphyry, Jamblicus, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, and Julian! And this just as he is to make his appearance before God! How fatal a case for him, and for all who may be led astray by his example!

In a similar manner, the unfortunate preacher Anthony, misled by the apparent contradictions which he imagined he saw between the new and the old law—between the cultivated olive and the wild olive, wretchedly abandoned the Christian religion for the Jewish; and, more courageous than John Meslier, preferred death to recantation.

It is evident from the will of John Meslier, that the apparent contradictions of the gospels were the principal cause of unsettling the mind of that unfortunate pastor, who was, in other respects, a man of the strictest virtue, and whom it is impossible to think of without compassion. Meslier is deeply impressed by the two genealogies, which seem in direct opposition; he had not seen the method of reconciling them; he feels agitated and provoked to see that St. Matthew makes the father and mother of the child travel into Egypt, after having received the homage of the three eastern magi or kings, and while old King Herod, under the apprehension of being dethroned by an infant just born at Bethlem, causes the slaughter of all the infants in the country, in order to prevent such a revolution. He is astonished that neither St. Luke, nor St. Mark, nor St. John, make any mention of this massacre. He is confounded at observing that St. Luke makes Joseph, and the blessed Virgin Mary, and Jesus our Saviour, remain at Bethlem, after which they withdraw to Nazareth. He should have seen that the Holy Family might at first go into Egypt, and some time afterwards to Nazareth, which was their country.

If St. Matthew alone makes mention of the three magi, and of the star which guided them to Bethlem from the remote climes of the east, and of the massacre of the children; if the other evangelists take no notice of these events, they do not contradict St. Matthew: silence is not contradiction.

If the three first evangelists, St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke, make Jesus Christ to have lived but three months from his baptism in Galilee till his crucifixion at Jerusalem; and if St. John extends that time to three years and three months, it is easy to approximate St. John to the other evangelists, as he does not expressly state that Jesus Christ preached in Galilee for three years and three months, but only leaves it to be inferred from his narrative. Should a man renounce his religion upon simple inferences, upon points of controversy, upon difficulties in chronology?

It is impossible, says Meslier, to harmonise St. Mark and St. Luke; since the first says that Jesus, when he left the wilderness, went to Capernaum, and the second that he went to Nazareth.

St. John says that Andrew was the first

who became a follower of Jesus Christ; the three other evangelists say that it was Simon Peter.

He pretends, also, that they contradict each other with respect to the day when Jesus celebrated the Passover, the hour and place of his execution, the time of his appearance and resurrection. He is convinced that books which contradict each other cannot be inspired by the holy spirit; but it is not an article of faith to believe that the holy spirit inspired every syllable; it did not guide the hand of the copyists; it permitted the operation of secondary causes; it was sufficient that it condescended to reveal the principal mysteries, and that in the course of time it instituted a church for explaining them. All those contradictions with which the gospels have been so often and so bitterly reproached, are explained by sagacious commentators; far from being injurious, they mutually clear up each other—they present reciprocal helps in the concordances and harmony of the four gospels.

And if there are many difficulties which we cannot solve, mysteries which we cannot comprehend, adventures which we cannot credit, prodigies which shock the weakness of the human understanding, and contradictions which it is impossible to reconcile, it is in order to exercise our faith and to humiliate our reason.

Contradictions in Judgments upon Works of Literature or Art.

I have sometimes heard it said of a good judge on these subjects, and of exquisite taste. that man decides according to mere caprice. He yesterday described Poussin as an admirable painter; to-day he represents him as an ordinary one. The fact is, that Poussin has merited both praise and censure.

There is no contradiction in being enraptured by the delicious scenes of the Horatii and Curiatii, of the Cid, of Augustus and of Cinna, and afterwards in seeing, with disgust and indignation, fifteen tragedies in succession, containing no interest, no beauty, and not even written in French.

It is the author himself who is contradictory. It is he who has the misfortune to differ entirely from himself. The critic would contradict himself, if he equally applauded what is excellent and detestable. He will admire in Homer the description of the girdle of Venus; the parting of Hector and Andromache; the interview between Achilles and Priam. But will he equally applaud those passages which describe the gods as abusing, and fighting with each other; the uniformity in battles which decide nothing; the brutal ferocity of the heroes, and the avarice by which they are almost all actuated; in short, a poem which terminates with a truce of eleven days, unquestionably exciting an expectation of the continuation of the war and the taking of Troy, which however are not related?

A good critic will frequently pass from approbation to censure, however excellent the work may be which he is perusing.

CONTRAST.

Contrast, opposition of figures, situations, fortune, manners, &c. A modest shepherdess forms a beautiful contrast in a painting with a haughty princess. The part of the impostor and that of Aristes constitute an admirable contrast in the Tartuffe.

The little may contrast with the great, in painting, but cannot be said to be contrary to it. Oppositions of colours contrast; but there are also colours contrary to each other; that is, which produce an ill effect because they shock the eye when brought very near it.

"Contradictory," is a term to be used only in logic. It is contradictory for any thing to be and not be; to be in many places at once; to be of a certain number or size, and not to be so. An opinion, a discourse, or a decree, we may call contradictory.

The different fortunes of Charles XII.

have been contrary, but not contradictory; they form in history a beautiful contrast

It is a striking contrast—and the two things are perfectly contrary—but it is not contradictory, that the pope should be worshipped at Rome, and burnt at London, on the same day; that while he was called God's vicegerent in Italy, he should be represented in the streets of Moscow as a hog, for the amusement of Peter the Great.

Mahomet, stationed at the right hand of God over half the globe, and damned over the other half, is the greatest of contrasts.

Travel far from your own country, and everything will be contrast for you.

The white man who first saw a negro was much astonished; but the first who said that the negro was the offspring of a white pair astonishes me much more; I do not agree with him. A painter who represents white men, negroes, and olive-coloured people, may display fine contrasts.

CONVULSIONARIES.

About the year 1724, the cemetery of St. Medard abounded in amusement, and many miracles were performed there. The following epigram by the Duchess of Maine gives a tolerable account of the character of most of them:—

> Une decroteur à la Royale,
> Du talon gauche estropié,
> Obtint, pour grace speciale,
> D'être tortueux de l'autre pié.

> A Port-Royal shoe-black, who had one lame leg,
> To make both alike the Lord's favour did beg;
> Heav'n listened, and straightway a miracle came,
> For quickly he rose up, with *both* his legs lame.

The miracles continued, as is well known, until a guard was stationed at the cemetery.

> De par le roi, défense à Dieu
> De faire miracles en ce lieu.

> Louis to God:—To keep the peace,
> Here miracles must henceforth cease.

It is also well known that the Jesuits—being no longer able to perform similar miracles, in consequence of Xavier having exhausted their stock of grace and miraculous power, by resuscitating nine dead persons at one time—resolved, in order to counteract the credit of the Jansenists, to engrave a print of Jesus Christ dressed as a Jesuit. The Jansenists, on the other hand, in order to give a satisfactory proof that Jesus Christ had not assumed the habit of a Jesuit, filled Paris with convulsions, and attracted great crowds of people to witness them. The counsellor of parliament, Carré de Montgeron, went to present to the king a quarto collection of all these miracles, attested by a thousand witnesses. He was very properly shut up in a chateau, where attempts were made to restore his senses by regimen; but truth always prevails over persecution, and the miracles lasted for thirty years together, without interruption. Sister Rose, Sister Illuminée, and the sisters Promise and Comfitte, were scourged with great energy, without, however, exhibiting any appearance of the whipping next day. They were bastinadoed on their stomachs without injury, and placed before a large fire; but, being defended by certain pomades and preparations, were not burnt. At length, as every art is constantly advancing towards perfection, their persecutors concluded with actually thrusting swords through their chairs, and with crucifying them. A famous schoolmaster had also the benefit of crucifixion; all which was done to convince the world that a certain bull was ridiculous, a fact that might have been easily proved without so much trouble. However, Jesuits and Jansenists, all united against the "Spirit of Laws," and against.... and against.... and against.... and.. And after all this, we dare to ridicule Laplanders, Samoiedes, and Negroes!

CORN.

They must be sceptics indeed, who doubt that *pain* comes from *panis*. But to make bread we must have corn. The Gauls had corn in the time of Cæsar: but whence did they take the word *blé?* It is pretended that it is from *bladum*, a word employed in the barbarous Latin of

the middle age by the Chancellor Desvignes, or De Erneis, whose eyes, it is said, were torn out by order of the Emperor Frederick II.

But the Latin words of these barbarous ages, were only ancient Celtic or Teutonic words Latinised. *Bladum* then comes from our *blead*, and not our *blead* from *bladum*. The Italians call it *bioda*, and the countries in which the ancient Roman language is preserved, still say *blia*.

This knowledge is not infinitely useful; but we are curious to know where the Gauls and Teutones found corn to sow? We are told that the Tyrians brought it into Spain, the Spaniards into Gaul, and the Gauls into Germany. And where did the Tyrians get this corn?—Probably from the Greeks, in exchange for their alphabet.

Who made this present to the Greeks? It was the goddess Ceres, without doubt; and having ascended to Ceres, we can scarcely go any higher. Ceres must have descended from heaven expressly to give us wheat, rye, and barley.

However, as the credit of Ceres, who gave corn to the Greeks, and that of Ishet or Isis, who gratified the Egyptians with it, are at present very much decayed, we may still be said to remain in uncertainty as to the origin of corn.

Sanchoniathon tells us that Dagon or Dagan, one of the grandsons of Thaut, had the superintendence of the corn in Phœnicia. Now his Thaut was near the time of our Jared; from which it appears that corn is very ancient, and that it is of the same antiquity as grass. Perhaps this Dagon was the first who made bread; but that is not demonstrated.

What a strange thing that we should know positively that we are obliged to Noah for wine, and that we do not know to whom we owe the invention of bread. And what is still more strange, we are still so ungrateful to Noah, that while we have more than two thousand songs in honour of Bacchus, we scarcely sing one in honour of our benefactor Noah.

A Jew assured me that corn came without cultivation in Mesopotamia, as apples, wild pears, chesnuts, and medlars, in the west. It is as well to believe him, until we are sure of the contrary; for it is necessary that corn should grow spontaneously somewhere. It has become the ordinary and indispensable nourishment in the finest climates, and in all the north.

The great philosophers whose talents we estimate so highly, and whose systems we do not follow, have pretended, in the natural history of the dog (page 195), that men created corn; and that our ancestors, by means of sowing tares and cow-grass together, changed them into wheat. As these philosophers are not of our opinion on shells, they will permit us to differ from them on corn. We do not think that tulips could ever have been produced from jasmine. We find that the germ of corn is quite different from that of tares, and we do not believe in any transmutation. When it shall be proved to us, we will retract.

We have seen, in the article Bread-tree, that in three-quarters of the earth bread is not eaten. It is pretended that the Ethiopians laughed at the Egyptians, who lived on bread. But since corn is our chief nourishment, it has become one of the greatest objects of commerce and politics. So much has been written on this subject, that if a labourer sowed as many pounds of wheat as we have volumes on this commodity, he might expect a more ample harvest, and become richer than those who, in their painted and gilded saloons, are ignorant of the excess of his oppression and misery.

Egypt became the best country in the world for wheat, when, after several ages, which it is difficult to reckon exactly, the inhabitants found the secret of rendering a destructive river—which had always inundated the country, and was only useful to the rats, insects, reptiles, and crocodiles of Egypt—serviceable to the fecundity of the soil. Its waters, mixed with a black mud, were neither useful to quench the thirst of the inhabitants, nor

for ablution. It must have taken immense time and a prodigious labour to subdue the river, to divide it into canals, to found towns on lands formerly moveable, and to change the caverns of the rocks into vast buildings.

All this is more astonishing than the pyramids; for being accomplished, behold a people sure of the best corn in the world, without the necessity of labour! It is the inhabitant of this country who raises and fattens poultry superior to that of Caux, who is habited in the finest linen in the most temperate climate, and who have none of the real wants of other people.

Towards the year 1750, the French nation, surfeited with tragedies, comedies, operas, romances, and romantic histories—with moral reflections still more romantic, and with theological disputes on grace and on convulsionaries, began to reason upon corn. The even forgot the vine, in treating of wheat and rye. Useful things were written on agriculture, and every body read them except the labourers. The good people imagined, as they walked out of the comic opera, that France had a prodigious quantity of corn to sell, and the cry of the nation at last obtained of the government, in 1764, the liberty of exportation.

Accordingly they exported. The result was exactly what it had been in the time of Henry IV., they sold a little too much, and a barren year succeeding, Mademoiselle Bernard was obliged, for the second time, to sell her necklace to get linen and chemises. Now the complainants passed from one extreme to the other, and complained against the exportation that they had so recently demanded, which shows how difficult it is to please all the world and his wife.

Able and well-meaning people, without interest, have written with as much sagacity as courage, in favour of the unlimited liberty of the commerce in grain. Others, of as much mind, and with equally pure views, have written in the idea of limiting this liberty; and the Neapolitan Abbé Gagliana amused the French nation on the exportation of corn, by finding out the secret of making, even in French, dialogues as amusing as our best romances, and as instructive as our good serious books. If this work did not diminish the price of bread, it gave great pleasure to the nation, which was what it valued most. The partisans of unlimited exportation answered him smartly. The result was, that the readers no longer knew where they were, and the greater part took to reading romances, expecting that the three or four following years of abundance would enable them to judge. The ladies were no longer able to distinguish wheat from rye, while honest devotees continued to believe, that grain must lie and rot in the ground, in order to spring up again.

COUNCILS.

Meetings of Ecclesiastics, called together to resolve Doubts or Questions on Points of Faith or Discipline.

The use of councils was not unknown to the followers of the ancient religion of Zerdusht, whom we call Zoroaster. About the year 200 of our era, Ardeshir Babecan, King of Persia, called together forty thousand priests, to consult them touching some of his doubts about paradise and hell, which they call the *gehen*—a term adopted by the Jews during their captivity at Babylon, as they did the names of the angels and of the months. Erdoviraph, the most celebrated of the magi, having drunk three glasses of a soporific wine, had an extasy which lasted seven days and seven nights, during which his soul was transported to God. When the paroxysm was over, he re-assured the faith of the king, by relating to him the great many wonderful things he had seen in the other world, and having them written down.

We know that Jesus was called *Christ*, a Greek word signifying *anointed;* and his doctrine *Christianity*, or *gospel*, i. e. *good news*, because having, as was his custom, entered one sabbath day the

synagogue of Nazareth, where he was brought up, he applied to himself this passage of Isaiah, which he had just read: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor," They of the synagogue, did, to be sure, drive him out of their town, and carry him to a point of the hill, on which it was built, in order to throw him headlong from it; and his relatives "went out to lay hold on him," for they were told, and they said, "that he was beside himself." Nor is it less certain that Jesus constantly declared, he was come not to destroy the law or the prophecies, but to fulfil them.

But, as he left nothing written, his first disciples were divided on the famous question, whether the Gentiles were to be circumcised and ordered to keep the Mosaic law. The apostles and the priests, therefore, assembled at Jerusalem to examine this point; and, after many conferences, they wrote to the brethren among the Gentiles, at Antioch, in Syria, and in Cilicia, a letter of which we give the substance:—"It has seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us, not to impose upon you any obligations but those which are necessary, viz., to abstain from meats offered up to idols, from blood, from the flesh of choked animals, and from fornication."

The decision of this council did not prevent Peter, when at Antioch, from continuing to eat with the Gentiles, before some of the circumcised, who came from James, had arrived. But Paul, seeing that he did not walk straight in the path of gospel truth, resisted him to the face, saying to him before them all, "If thou, being a Jew, livest after the manner of Gentiles, and not as do the Jews, why compellest thou the Gentiles to live as do the Jews?" Indeed Peter had lived liked the Gentiles ever since he had seen, in a trance, "heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet, knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth: Wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air. And there came a voice to him, Rise, Peter, kill, and eat."

Paul, who so loudly reproved Peter for using this dissimulation to make them believe that he still observed the law, had himself recourse to a similar feint at Jerusalem. Being accused of teaching the Jews who were among the Gentiles to renounce Moses, he went and purified himself in the temple for seven days, in order that all might know that what they had heard of him was false, and that he continued to observe the law: this, too, was done by the advice of all the priests, assembled at the house of James,—which priests were the same who had decided, with the Holy Ghost, that these observations were unnecessary.

Councils were afterwards distinguished into general and particular. Particular councils are of three kinds—national, convoked by the prince, the patriarch, or the primate; provincial, assembled by the metropolitan or archbishop; and diocesan, or synods held by each bishop. The following is a decree of one of the councils held at Macon:—

"Whenever a layman met a priest or a deacon on the road, he shall offer him his arm: if the priest and the layman are both on horseback, the layman shall stop and salute the priest reverently; and if the priest be on foot, and the layman on horseback, the layman shall dismount, and shall not mount again until the ecclesiastic be at a certain distance:—all on pain of interdiction for as long a time as it shall please the metropolitan."

The list of the councils, in Moréri's Dictionary, occupies more than sixteen pages: but as authors are not agreed concerning the number of general councils, we shall here confine ourselves to the results of the first eight that were assembled by order of the emperors.

Two priests of Alexandria, seeking to know whether Jesus was God or creature, not only did the bishops and priests dis-

rute, but the whole people were divided, and the disorder arrived at such a pitch, that the Pagans ridiculed Christianity on the stage. The Emperor Constantine first wrote in these terms to Bishop Alexander and the priest Arius, the authors of the dissension:—"These questions, which are unnecessary, and spring only from unprofitable idleness, may be discussed in order to exercise the intellect; but they should not be repeated in the hearing of the people. Being divided on so small a matter, it is not just that you should govern according to your thoughts so great a multitude of God's people. Such conduct is mean and puerile, unworthy of the priestly office, and of men of sense. I do not say this to compel you entirely to agree on this frivolous question, whatever it is. You may, with a private difference, preserve unity, provided these subtleties and different opinions remain secret in your inmost thoughts."

The emperor, having learned that his letter was without effect, resolved, by the advice of the bishops, to convoke an œcumenical council—*i. e.* a council of the whole habitable earth, and chose for the place of meeting the town of Nicea, in Bithynia. There came thither two thousand and forty-eight bishops, who, as Eutychius relates, were all of different sentiments and opinions. This prince, having had the patience to hear them dispute on this point, was much surprised at finding among them so little unanimity; and the author of the Arabic preface to this council says, that the records of these disputes amounted to forty volumes.

This prodigious number of bishops will not appear incredible, when it is recollected that Usher, quoted by Selden, relates that St. Patrick, who lived in the fifth century, founded three hundred aud sixty-five churches, and ordained the like number of bishops; which proves that then each church had its bishop, that is, its over-looker.

In the council of Nice there was read a letter from Eusebius of Nicomedia, containing manifest heresy, and discovering the cabal of Arius's party. In it was said, amongst other things, that if Jesus were acknowledged to be the son of God uncreated, he must also be acknowledged to be consubstantial with the Father. Therefore it was that Athanasius, a deacon of Alexandria, persuaded the fathers to dwell on the word *consubstantial*, which had been rejected as improper by the council of Antioch, held against Paul of Samosata; but he took it in a gross sense, marking division; as we say, that several pieces of money are of the same metal: whereas the orthodox explained the term *consubstantial* so well, that the emperor himself comprehended that it involved no corporeal idea—signified no division of the absolutely immaterial and spiritual substance of the Father—but was to be understood in a divine and ineffable sense. They moreover showed the injustice of the Arians in rejecting this word on pretence that it was not in the scriptures—they who employ so many words which are not there to be found: and who say that the Son of God was brought out of nothing, and had not existed from all eternity.

Constantine then wrote two letters at the same time, to give publicity to the ordinances of the council, and make them known to such as had not attended it. The first, addressed to the churches in general, says, in so many words, that the question of the faith has been examined, and so well cleared up, that no difficulty remains. In the second, amongst others, the church of Alexandria is thus addressed:—"What three hundred bishops have ordained is no other than the seed of the only Son of God; the Holy Ghost has declared the will of God through these great men whom he inspired. Now, then, let none doubt—let none dispute, but each one return with all his heart into the way of truth."

The ecclesiastical writers are not agreed as to the number of bishops who subscribed to the ordinances of this council. Eusebius reckons only two hundred and fifty; Eustatius of Antioch, cited by

Theodoret, two hundred and seventy; St. Athanasius, in his epistle to the Solitaries, three hundred, like Constantine; while, in his letter to the Africans, he speaks of three hundred and eighteen. Yet these four authors were eye-witnesses, and worthy of great faith.

This number 318, which Pope St. Leo calls mysterious, has been adopted by most of the fathers of the church. St. Ambrose assures us, that the number of three hundred and eighteen bishops was a proof of the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ in his council of Nicea; because the cross designates three hundred, and the name of Jesus eighteen. St. Hilary, in his defence of the word *consubstantial*, approved in the council of Nice, though condemned fifty-five years before in the council of Antioch, reasons thus:—"Eighty bishops rejected the word *consubstantial*, but three hundred and eighteen have received it. Now this latter number seems to me a sacred number; for it is that of the men who accompanied Abraham, when, after his victory over the impious kings, he was blessed by him who is the type of the eternal priesthood." And Selden relates, that Dorotheus, metropolitan of Monembasis, said there were precisely three hundred and eighteen fathers at this council, because three hundred and eighteen years had elapsed since the Incarnation. All chronologists place this council in the year 325 of our modern era; but Dorotheus deducts seven years, to make his comparison complete: this, however, is a mere trifle. Besides, it was not until the council of Lestines, in 743, that the years began to be counted from the Incarnation of Jesus. Dionysius the Less had imagined this epoch in his solar cycle of the year 526; and Bede had made use of it in his Ecclesiastical History.

It will not be a subject of astonishment, that Constantine adopted the opinion of the three hundred or three hundred and eighteen bishops who held the divinity of Jesus, when it is born in mind that Eusebius of Nicomedia, one of the principal leaders of the Arian party, had been an accomplice in the cruelty of Licinius, in the massacres of the bishops, and the persecutions of the Christians. Of this the emperor himself accuses him, in the private letter which he wrote to the church of Nicomedia:—

"He sent spies about me," says he, "in the troubles, and did everything but take up arms for the tyrant. I have proofs of this from the priests and deacons of his train, whom I took. During the council of Nicea, with what eagerness and what impudence he maintained, against the testimony of his conscience, the error exploded on every side! repeatedly imploring my protection, lest, being convicted of so great a crime, he should lose his dignity. He shamefully circumvented and took me by surprise, and carried everything as he chose. Again, see what has been done but lately, by him and Theogenes."

Constantine here alludes to the fraud which Eusebius of Nicomedia and Theogenes of Nicea resorted to in subscribing. In the word "omoousios," they inserted an iota, making it "omoiousios," meaning of like substance; whereas the first means of *the same* substance. We hereby see that these bishops yielded to the fear of being displaced or banished; for the emperor had threatened with exile such as should not subscribe. The other Eusebius too, Bishop of Cæsarea, approved the word *consubstantial*, after condemning it the day before.

However, Theonas of Marmarica, and Secundas of Ptolemaïs continued obstinately attached to Arius; and, the council having condemned them with him, Constantine banished them, and declared by an edict, that whosoever should be convicted of concealing any of the writings of Arius instead of burning them, should be punished with death. Three months after, Eusebius of Nicomedia and Theogenes were likewise exiled into Gaul. It is said that, having gained over the individual who, by the emperor's order, kept the acts of the council, they had

erased their signatures, and begun to teach in public that the Son must not be believed to be consubstantial with the Father.

Happily, to replace their signatures and preserve entire the mysterious number three hundred and eighteen, the expedient was tried of laying the book, in which the acts were divided into sessions, on the tomb of Chrysanthus and Mysonius, who had died while the council was holding: the night was passed in prayer, and the next morning it was found that these two bishops had signed.

It was by an expedient nearly similar, that the fathers of the same council distinguished the authentic from the apocryphal books of scripture. Having placed them altogether upon the altar, the apocryphal books fell to the ground of themselves.

Two other councils, assembled by the emperor Constantine, in the year 359; the one, of upwards of four hundred bishops, at Rimini; the other, of more than a hundred and fifty, at Seleucia: after long debates, rejected the word *consubstantial*, already condemned, as we have before said by a council of Antioch. But these councils are recognised only by the Socinians.

The Nicene fathers had been so much occupied with the consubstantiality of the Son, that they had made no mention of the church in their symbol, but contented themselves with saying, We also believe in the Holy Ghost. This omission was supplied in the second general council, convoked at Constantinople in 381. by Theodosius. The Holy Ghost was there declared to be the Lord and giver of life, proceeding from the Father, who with the Father and Son is worshipped and glorified, who spake by the prophets. Afterwards the Latin church would have the Holy Ghost proceed from the Son also; and the "filioque" was added to the symbol: first in Spain, in 447; then in France, at the council of Lyons, in 1274; and lastly at Rome, notwithstanding the complaints made by the Greeks against this innovation.

The divinity of Jesus being once established, it was natural to give to his mother the title of Mother of God. However, Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople, maintained in his sermons that this would be justifying the folly of the Pagans, who gave mothers to their gods. Theodosius the younger, to have this great question decided, assembled the third general council at Ephesus, in the year 431, and in it Mary was acknowledged to be the Mother of God.

Another heresy of Nestorius, likewise condemned at Ephesus, was that of admitting two persons in Jesus. Nevertheless, the Patriarch Photius subsequently acknowledged two natures in Jesus. A monk named Eutyches, who had already exclaimed loudly against Nestorius, affirmed, the better to contradict them both, that Jesus had also but one nature. But this time the monk was wrong; although, in 449, his opinion had been maintained by blows in a numerous council at Ephesus. Eutyches was nevertheless anathematised, two years afterwards, by the fourth general council, held under the emperor Marcian at Chalcedon, in which two natures were assigned to Jesus.

It was still to be determined, with one person and two natures, how many wills Jesus was to have. The fifth general council, which in the year 553 quelled, by Justinian's order, the contentions about the doctrine of three bishops, had no leisure to settle this important point. It was not until the year 680, that the sixth general council, also convened at Constantinople by Constantine Pogonatus, informed us that Jesus had precisely two wills. This council, in condemning the monothelites, who admitted only one, made no exception from the anathema in favour of Pope Honorius I., who, in a letter given by Baronius, had said to the Patriarch of Constantinople—

"We confess in Jesus Christ one only will. We do not see that either the councils or the scriptures authorise us to think otherwise. But whether, from the

works of divinity and of humanity which are in him, we are to look for two operations, is a point of little importance, and one which I leave it to the grammarians to decide."

Thus, in this instance, with God's permission, the account between the Greek and Latin churches was balanced. As the Patriarch Nestorius had been condemned for acknowledging two persons in Jesus, so Pope Honorius was now condemned for admitting but one will in Jesus.

The seventh general council, or the second of Nice, was assembled in 787, by Constantine, son of Leo and Irene, to re-establish the worship of images. The reader must know, that two councils of Constantinople, the first in 730, under the emperor Leo, the other twenty-four years after, under Constantine Copronymus, had thought proper to proscribe images, conformably to the Mosaic law and to the usage of the early ages of Christianity. So also the Nicene decree, in which it is said, that "whosoever shall not render service and adoration to the images of the saints as to the Trinity, shall be deemed anathematised," at first encountered some opposition. The bishops who introduced it, in a council of Constantinople, held in 789, were turned out by soldiers. The same decree was also rejected with scorn by the council of Frankfort in 794, and by the Caroline books, published by order of Charlemagne. But the second council of Nice was at length confirmed at Constantinople under the Emperor Michæl and his mother Theodora, in the year 842, by a numerous council, which anathematised the enemies of holy images. Be it here observed, it was by two women, the Empresses Irene and Theodora, that the images were protected.

We pass on to the eighth general council. Under the Emperor Basilius, Photius, ordained Patriarch of Constantinople in place of Ignatius, had the Latin church condemned for the "filioque" and other practices, by a council of the year 866: but Ignatius being recalled the following year, another council removed Photius; and in the year 869, the Latins, in their turn, condemned the Greek church in what they called the eighth general council—while those in the east gave this name to another council, which, ten years after, annulled what the preceding one had done, and restored Photius.

These four councils were held at Constantinople: the others, called *general* by the Latins, having been composed of the bishops of the west only, the popes, with the aid of false decretals, gradually arrogated the right of convoking them. The last of these which assembled at Trent, from 1545 to 1563, neither served to convert the enemies of papacy nor to subdue them. Its decrees, in discipline, have been scarcely admitted into any one catholic nation: its only effect has been to verify these words of St. Gregory Nazianzen:—"I have not seen one council that has acted with good faith, or that has not augmented the evils complained of rather than cured them. Ambition and the love of disputation, beyond the power of words to express, reign in every assembly of bishops."

However, the council of Constance, in 1415, having decided that a council-general receives its authority immediately from Jesus Christ, which authority every person, of whatever rank or dignity, is bound to obey in all that concerns the faith; and the council of Basil having afterwards confirmed this decree, which it holds to be an article of faith which cannot be neglected without renouncing salvation, it is clear how deeply every one is interested in paying submission to councils.

SECTION II.

Notice of the General Councils.

Assembly, council of state, parliament, states-general, formerly signified the same thing. In the primitive ages nothing was written in Celtic, nor in German,

nor in Spanish. The little that was written, was conceived in the Latin tongue by a few clerks, who expressed every meeting of *lendes*, *herren*, or *ricos ombres*, by the word *concilium*. Hence it is that we find in the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, so many councils which were nothing more than councils of state.

We shall here speak only of the great councils called *general*, whether by the Greek or by the Latin church. At Rome they were called *synods*, as they were in the east in the primitive ages—for the Latins borrowed names as well as things from the Greeks.

In 325 there was a great council in the city of Nicea, convoked by Constantine. The form of its decision was this:—"We believe that Jesus is of one substance with the Father, God of God, light of light, begotten, not made. We also believe in the Holy Ghost."

Nicephorus affirms, that two bishops, Chrysanthus and Mysonius, who had died during the first sittings, rose again to sign the condemnation of Arius, and incontinently died again, as I have already observed.

Baronius maintains this fact, but Fleuri says nothing of it.

In 359, the Emperor Constantius assembled the great councils of Rimini and of Seleucia, consisting of six hundred bishops, with a prodigious number of priests. These two councils, corresponding together, undo all that the council of Nice did, and proscribe the consubstantiality. But this was afterwards regarded as a false council.

In 381 was held, by order of the Emperor Theodosius, a great council at Constantinople, of one hundred and fifty bishops, who anathematise the council of Rimini. St. Gregory Nazianzen presides, and the Bishop of Rome sends deputies to it. Now is added to the Nicene symbol:—"Jesus Christ was incarnate, by the Holy Ghost, of the Virgin Mary. He was crucified for us under Pontius Pilate. He was buried, and on the third day he rose again, according to the scriptures. He sits at the right hand of the Father. We also believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and giver of life, who proceeds from the Father."

In 431, a great council of Ephesus, convoked by the Emperor Theodosius II. Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople, having violently persecuted all who were not of his opinion on theological points, undergoes persecution in his turn, for having maintained that the Holy Virgin Mary, mother of Jesus Christ, was not mother of God; because, said he, Jesus Christ being the word, the Son of God, consubstantial with his Father, Mary could not, at the same time, be mother of God the Father and of God the Son. St. Cyril exclaims loudly against him. Nestorius demands an œcumenical council, and obtains it. Nestorius is condemned; but Cyril is also displaced by a committee of the council. The emperor reverses all that has been done in this council, then permits it to re-assemble. The deputies from Rome arrive very late. The troubles increasing, the emperor has Nestorius and Cyril arrested. At last, he orders all the bishops to return, each to his church, and no conclusion is come to. Such was the famous council of Ephesus.

In 449, another great council at Ephesus, afterwards called "the Banditti." The number of bishops assembled is a hundred and thirty; and Dioscorus, Bishop of Alexandria, presided. There are two deputies from the church of Rome and several abbots. The question is, whether Jesus Christ has two natures. The Bishops and all the monks of Egypt exclaim, that "all who would divide Jesus Christ, ought themselves to be torn in two." The two natures are anathematised; and there is a fight in full council, as at the little council of Cirtha in 355, and at the minor council of Carthage.

In 452, the great council of Chalcedon was convoked by Pulcheria, who married

Marcian on condition that he should be only the highest of her subjects. St. Leo, Bishop of Rome, having great influence, takes advantage of the troubles which the quarrel about the two natures has occasioned in the empire, and presides at the council by his legates—of which we have no former example. But the fathers of the council, apprehending that the church of the west will, from this precedent, pretend to the superiority over that of the east, decide by their twenty-eighth canon, that the see of Constantinople, and that of Rome, shall enjoy alike the same advantages and the same privileges. This was the origin of the long enmity which prevailed, and still prevails, between the two churches.

This council of Chalcedon, established the two natures in one only person.

Nicephorus relates, that at this same council, the bishops, after a long dispute on the subject of images, laid each his opinion in writing on the tomb of St. Euphemia, and passed the night in prayer. The next morning, the orthodox writings were found in the saint's hand, and the others at her feet.

In 553, a great council at Constantinople was convoked by Justinian, who was an amateur theologian, to discuss three small writings, called *the three chapters*, of which nothing is now known. There were also disputes on some passages of Origen.

Vigilius, Bishop of Rome, would have gone thither in person; but Justinian had him put in prison, and the Patriarch of Constantinople presided. No member of the Latin church attended; for at that time Greek was no longer understood in the west, which had become entirely barbarous.

In 680, another general council at Constantinople was convoked by Constantine the bearded. This was the first council called by the Latins *in trullo*, because it was held in an apartment of the imperial palace. The emperor himself presided; on his right hand were the patriarchs of Constantinople and Antioch; on his left, the deputies from Rome and Jerusalem. It was there decided that Jesus Christ had two wills; and Pope Honorius I. was condemned as a monothelite, i. e. as wishing Jesus Christ to have but one will.

In 787, the second council of Nice was convoked by Irene, in the name of the Emperor Constantine, her son, whom she had deprived of his eyes. Her husband Leo had abolished the worship of images, as contrary to the simplicity of the primitive ages, and leading to idolatry. Irene re-established this worship; she herself spoke in the council, which was the only one held by a woman. Two legates from Pope Adrian IV, attended; but did not speak, for they did not understand Greek: the patriarch did all.

Seven years after, the Franks, having heard that a council at Constantinople had ordained the adoration of images, assemble, by order of Charles son of Pepin, afterwards named Charlemagne, a very numerous council at Frankfort. Here the second council of Nice is spoken of as "an impertinent and arrogant synod, held in Greece for the worshipping of pictures."

In 842, a great council at Constantinople was convoked by the Empress Theodora. The worship of images solemnly established. The Greeks have still a feast in honour of this council, called the *orthodoxia*. Theodora did not preside.

In 861, a great council at Constantinople, consisting of three hundred and eighteen bishops, was convoked by the Emperor Michæl. St. Ignatius, Patriarch of Constantinople, is deposed, and Photius elected.

In 866, another great council was held at Constantinople, in which Pope Nicholas III. is deposed for contumacy, and excommunicated.

In 869 was another great council at Constantinople, in which Photius, in turn, is deposed and excommunicated, and St. Ignatius restored.

In 879, another great council assembled at Constantinople, in which Photius, already restored, is acknowledged as true patriarch by the legates of Pope John VIII. Here the great œcumenical council, in which Photius was deposed, receives the appellation of "conciliabulum."

Pope John VIII. declares all those to be Judases, who say that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son.

In 1122-3, a great council at Rome was held in the church of St. John of Lateran by Pope Calixtus II. This was the first general council convoked by the popes. The emperors of the west had now scarcely any authority; and the emperors of the east, pressed by the Mahometans and by the Crusaders, held none but little wretched councils.

It is not precisely known what this Lateran was. Some small councils had before been assembled in the Lateran. Some say that it was a house built by one Lateran in Nero's time; others, that it was St. John's church itself, built by Bishop Sylvester.

In this council, the bishops complained heavily of the monks. "They possess," said they, "the churches, the lands, the castles, the tithes, the offerings of the living and the dead; they have only to take from us the ring and the crosier." The monks remained in possession.

In 1139 was another great council of Lateran, by Pope Innocent II. It is said, there were present a thousand bishops. A great many, certainly. Here the ecclesiastical tithes are declared to be of *divine right*, and all laymen possessing any of them are excommunicated.

In 1179 was another great council of Lateran, by Pope Alexander III. There were three hundred bishops and one Greek abbot. The decrees are all on discipline. The plurality of benefices is forbidden.

In 1215 was the last general council of Lateran, by Pope Innocent III. Four hundred and twelve bishops, and eight hundred abbots. At this time, which is that of the Crusades, the popes have established a Latin patriarch at Jerusalem, and one at Constantinople. These patriarchs attend the council. This great council says, that "God having given the doctrine of salvation to men by Moses, at length caused his son to be born of a virgin, to show the way more clearly," and that "no one can be saved out of the Catholic church."

The *transubstantiation* was not known until after this council. It forbade the establishment of new religious orders; but, since that time, no less than eighty have been instituted.

It was in this council that Raimond, Count of Toulouse, was stripped of all his lands.

In 1245, a great council assembled at the imperial city of Lyons. Innocent IV. brings thither the Emperor of Constantinople, John Paleologus, and makes him sit beside him. He deposes the Emperor Frederic as a *felon*, and gives the cardinals a red hat, as a sign of hostility to Frederic. This was the source of thirty years of civil war.

In 1274, another general council was held at Lyons. Five hundred bishops, seventy great and a thousand lesser abbots. The Greek Emperor Michael Paleologus, that he may have the protection of the pope, sends his Greek Patriarch Theophanes to unite, in his name, with the Latin church, But the Greek church disowns these bishops.

In 1311, Pope Clement V. assembled a general council in the small town of Vienne, in Dauphiny, in which he abolishes the Order of the Templars. It is here ordained that the Bégares, Beguins, and Béguines, shall be burned. These were a species of heretics, to whom was imputed all that had formerly been imputed to the primitive Christians.

In 1414, the great council of Constance was convoked by an emperor who resumes his rights, viz. by Sigismund. Here Pope John XXIII., convicted of numerous crimes, is deposed; and John Huss and Jerome of Prague, convicted of obstinacy, are burned.

In 1431, a great council was held at

Basle, where they in vain depose Pope Eugene IV., who is too clever for the council.

In 1438, a great council assembled at Ferrara, transferred to Florence, where the excommunicated pope excommunicates the council, and declares it guilty of high treason. Here a feigned union is made with the Greek church, crushed by the Turkish synods held sword in hand.

Pope Julius II. would have had his council of Lateran, in 1512, pass for an œcumenical council. In it that pope solemnly excommunicated Louis XII., King of France, laid France under an interdict, summoned the whole parliament of Provence to appear before him, and excommunicated all the philosophers, because most of them had taken part with Louis XII. Yet this council was not, like that of Ephesus, called the Council of Robbers.

In 1537, the council of Trent was convoked, first at Mantua by Paul III., afterwards at Trent in 1543, and terminated in December, 1561, under Pius VI. Catholic princes submitted to it on points of doctrine, and two or three of them in matters of discipline.

It is thought that henceforward there will be no more general councils than there will be states-general in France or Spain.

In the Vatican there is a fine picture, containing a list of the general councils, in which are inscribed such only as are approved by the court of Rome. Every one puts what he chuses in his own archives.

SECTION III.

Infallibility of Councils.

All councils are, doubtless, infallible, being composed of men.

It is not possible that the passions, that intrigues, that the spirit of contention, that hatred or jealousy, that prejudice or ignorance, should ever influence these assemblies.

But why, it will be said, have so many councils been opposed to one another? To exercise our faith. They were all right, each in its time.

At this day, the Roman Catholics believe in such councils only as are approved in the Vatican; the Greek Catholics believe only in those approved at Constantinople; and the Protestants make a jest of both the one and the other: so that every one ought to be content.

We shall here examine only the great councils: the lesser ones are not worth the trouble. The first was that of Nice, assembled in the year 325 of the modern era, after Constantine had written and sent by Osius his noble letter to the rather turbulent clergy of Alexandria. It was debated whether Jesus was created or uncreated. This in no way concerned morality, which is the only thing essential. Whether Jesus was in time or before time, it is not the less our duty to be honest. After much altercation, it was at last decided that the Son was as old as the Father, and *consubstantial* with the Father. This decision is not very easy of comprehension, which makes it but the more sublime. Seventeen bishops protested against the decree; and an old Alexandrian chronicle, preserved at Oxford, says that two thousand priests likewise protested. But prelates make not much account of mere priests, who are in general poor. However, there was nothing said of the Trinity in this first council. The formula runs thus:—"We believe Jesus to be consubstantial with the Father, God of God, light of light, begotten, not made; we also believe in the Holy Ghost." It must be acknowledged that the Holy Ghost was treated very cavalierly.

We have already said, that in the supplement to the council of Nice it is related, that the fathers being much perplexed to find out which were the authentic and which the apocryphal books of the Old and the New Testament, laid them all upon an altar, and the books which they were to reject fell to the ground. What a pity, that so fine an ordeal has been lost!

After the first council of Nice, composed of three hundred and seventeen infallible bishops, another council was held at Rimini; on which occasion the number of the infallible was four hundred, without reckoning a strong detachment, at Seleucia, of about two hundred. These six hundred bishops, after four months of contention, unanimously took from Jesus his *consubstantiality*. It has since been restored to him, except by the Socinians: so nothing is amiss.

One of the great councils was that of Ephesus, in 431. There, as already stated, Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople, a great persecutor of heretics, was himself condemned as a heretic, for having maintained that, although Jesus was really God, yet his mother was not absolutely mother of God, but mother of Jesus. St. Cyril procured the condemnation of Nestorius; but the partisans of Nestorius also procured the deposition of St. Cyril, in the same council; which put the Holy Ghost in considerable perplexity.

Here, gentle reader, carefully observe, taat the gospel says not one syllable of the consubstantiality of the Word, nor of Mary's having had the honour of being mother of God, no more than of the other disputed points which brought together so many infallible councils.

Eutyches was a monk, who had cried out sturdily against Nestorius, whose heresy was nothing less than the supposing two persons in Jesus; which is quite frightful. The monk, the better to contradict his adversary, affirmed that Jesus had but one nature. One Flavian, Bishop of Constantinople, maintained against him, that there must absolutely be two natures in Jesus. Thereupon, a numerous council was held at Ephesus in 449, and the argument made use of was the cudgel, as in the lesser council of Cirtha, in 355, and in a certain conference held at Carthage. Flavian's nature was well thrashed, and two natures were assigned to Jesus. At the council of Chalcedon, in 451, Jesus was again reduced to one nature.

I pass by councils held on less weighty questions, and come to the sixth general council of Constantinople, assembled to ascertain precisely whether Jesus—who, after having for a long period had but one nature, was then possessed of two—had also two wills. It is obvious how important this knowledge is to the doing the will of God.

This council was convoked by Constantine the Bearded, as all the others had been by the preceding emperors. The legates from the Bishop of Rome were on the left hand, and the patriarchs of Constantinople and Antioch on the right. The train-bearers at Rome may, for aught I know, assert that the left hand is the place of honour. However, the result was, that Jesus obtained two wills.

The Mosaic law forbade images. Painters and sculptors had never made their fortunes among the Jews. We do not find that Jesus ever had any pictures, excepting perhaps that of Mary, painted by Luke. It is however certain, that Jesus Christ nowhere recommends the worship of images. Nevertheless, the primitive Christians began to worship them about the end of the fourth century, when they had become familiar with the fine arts. In the eighth century, this abuse had arrived at such a pitch, that Constantine Copronymus assembled, at Constantinople, a council of three hundred and twenty bishops, who anathematised image-worship, and declared it to be idolatry.

The Empress Irene, the same who afterwards had her son's eyes torn out, convoked the second council of Nice in 787, when the adoration of images was re-established.

But in 794, Charlemagne had another council held at Frankfort, which declared the second of Nice idolatrous. Pope Adrian IV. sent two legates to it, but he did not convoke it.

The first great council convoked by a pope was the first of Lateran, in 1139:

there were about a thousand bishops assembled; but scarcely anything was done, except that all those were anathematised who said that the church was too rich.

In 1179, another great council of Lateran was held by Alexander III., in which the cardinals, for the first time, took precedence of the bishops. The discussions were confined to matters of discipline.

In another great council of Lateran, in 1215, Pope Innocent III. stripped the Count of Toulouse of all his possessions, by virtue of his excommunication. It was then that the first mention was made of *transubstantiation*.

In 1245, was held a general council at Lyons, then an imperial city, in which Pope Innocent IV. excommunicated the Emperor Frederic II., and consequently deposed him, and forbade him the use of fire and water. On this occasion, a red hat was given to the cardinals, to remind them that they must embrue their hands in the blood of the emperors's partisans. This council was the cause of the destruction of the house of Swabia, and of thirty years of anarchy in Italy and Germany.

In a general council held at Vienne, in Dauphiny, in 1311, the Order of the Templars was abolished: its principal members having been condemned to the most horrible deaths, on charges most imperfectly established.

The great council of Constance, in 1414, contented itself with dismissing Pope John XXIII., convicted of a thousand crimes, but had John Huss and Jerome of Prague burned for being obstinate; obstinacy being a much more grievous crime than either murder, rape, simony, or sodomy.

In 1430 was held the great council of Basle, not recognised at Rome, because it deposed Pope Eugenius IV., who would not be deposed.

The Romans reckon among the general councils the fifth council of Lateran, convoked against Louis XII., King of France, by Pope Julius II.; but that warlike pope dying, the council had no result.

Lastly, we have the great council of Trent, which is not received in France in matters of discipline; but its doctrine is indisputable, since, as Fra-Paola Sarpi tells us, the Holy Ghost arrived at Trent from Rome every week in the courier's bag. But Fra-Paolo Sarpi was a little tainted with heresy.

COUNTRY.

According to our custom, we confine ourselves on this subject to the statement of a few queries which we cannot resolve.

Has a Jew a country? If he is born at Coimbra, it is in the midst of a crowd of ignorant and absurd persons, who will dispute with him, and to whom he makes foolish answers, if he dare reply at all. He is surrounded by inquisitors, who would burn him if they knew that he declined to eat bacon, and all his wealth would belong to them. Is Coimbra *his* country? Can he exclaim, like the Horatii in Corneille—

> Mourir pour la patrie est un si digne sort
> Qu'on briguerait en foule, une si belle mort.
>
> So high his meed who for his country dies,
> Men should contend to gain the glorious prize.

He might as well exclaim Fiddlestick! —Again: is Jerusalem his country? He has probably heard of his ancestors of old; that they had formerly inhabited a sterile and stony country, which is bordered by a horrible desert, of which little country the Turks are at present masters, but derive little or nothing from it. Jerusalem is, therefore, not his country. In short, he has no country: there is not a square foot of land on the globe which belongs to him.

The Guebre, more ancient, and a hundred times more respectable than the Jew, a slave of the Turks, the Persians, or the Great Mogul, can he regard as his country the fire-altars which he raises in secret among the mountains?

The Banian, the Armenian, who pass their lives in wandering through all the east, in the capacity of money-brokers, can they exclaim, "My dear country, my

dear country"—who have no other country than their purses and their account-books?

Among the nations of Europe, all those cut-throats who let out their services to hire, and sell their blood to the first king who will purchase it,—have they a country? Not so much so as a bird of prey, who returns every evening to the hollow of the rock where its mother built its nest!

The monks—will they venture to say that they have a country? It is in heaven, they say. All in good time; but in this world I know nothing about one.

This expression, "my country," how sounds it from the mouth of a Greek, who, altogether ignorant of the previous existence of a Miltiades, an Agesilaus, only knows that he is the slave of a janissary, who is the slave of an aga, who is the slave of a pacha, who is the slave of a vizier, who is the slave of an individual whom we call, in Paris, the Grand Turk?

What then is country?—Is it not, probably, a good piece of ground, in the midst of which the owner, residing in a well-built and commodious house, may say, "This field which I cultivate, this house which I have built, is my own; I live under the protection of laws which no tyrant can infringe. When those who like me possess fields and houses assemble for their common interests, I have a voice in such assembly. I am a part of the whole, one of the community, a portion of the sovereignty: behold my country!" What cannot be included in this description too often amounts to little beyond studs of horses under the command of a groom, who employs the whip at his pleasure. People may have a country under a good king, but never under a bad one.

SECTION II.

A young pastry-cook who had been to college, and who had mustered some phrases from Cicero, gave himself airs one day about loving his country. What dost thou mean by country? said a neighbour to him. Is it thy oven? Is it the village where thou wert born, which thou hast never seen, and to which thou wilt never return? Is it the street in which thy father and mother reside! Is it the town-hall, where thou wilt never become so much as a clerk to an alderman? Is it the church of Notre Dame, in which thou hast not been able to obtain a place among the boys of the choir, although a very silly person, who is archbishop and duke, obtains from it an annual income of twenty-four thousand louis d'or?

The young pastry-cook knew not how to reply; and a person of reflection, who overheard the conversation, was led to infer that a country of moderate extent may contain many millions of men who have no country at all.

And thou, voluptuous Parisian, who hast never made a longer voyage than to Dieppe, to feed upon fresh sea-fish,—who art acquainted only with thy splendid town-house, thy pretty villa in the country, thy box at that opera which all the world makes it a point to feel tiresome but thyself;—who speakest thy own language agreeably enough, because thou art ignorant of every other; thou lovest all this, no doubt, as well as thy brilliant champagne from Rheims, and thy rents payable every six months; and loving these, thou dwellest upon thy love for thy country.

Speaking conscientiously, can a financier cordially love his country?

Where was the country of the Duke of Guise, surnamed Balafré—at Nanci, at Paris, at Madrid, or at Rome?

What country had your Cardinals Balue, Duprat, Lorraine, and Mazarine?

Where was the country of Attala situated, or that of a hundred other heroes of the same kind, who, although eternally travelling, make themselves always at home?

I should be much obliged to any one who would acquaint me with the country of Abraham.

The first who observed that every land is our country in which we do well, was, I believe, Euripides, in his Phaëton :—

Ως πανταχως γε πατρις Βοσκουσα γη.

The first man, however, who left the place of his birth to seek a greater share of welfare in another, said it before him.

SECTION III.

A country is a composition of many families; and as a family is commonly supported on the principle of self-love, when, by an opposing interest, the same self-love extends to our town, our province, or our nation, it is called love of country.

The greater a country becomes, the less we love it; for love is weakened by diffusion. It is impossible to love a family so numerous that all the members can scarcely be known.

He who is burning with ambition to be edile, tribune, prætor, consul, or dictator, exclaims that he loves his country, while he loves only himself. Every man wishes to possess the power of sleeping quietly at home, and of preventing any other man from possessing the power of sending him to sleep elsewhere. Every one would be certain of his property and his life. Thus, all forming the same wishes, the particular becomes the general interest. The welfare of the republic is spoken of, while all that is signified is love of self.

It is impossible that a state was ever formed on earth, which was not governed in the first instance as a republic: it is the natural march of human nature. On the discovery of America, all the people were found divided into republics; there were but two kingdoms in all that part of the world. Of a thousand nations, but two were found subjugated.

It was the same in the ancient world; all was republican in Europe, before the little kinglings of Etruria and of Rome. There are yet republics in Africa: the Hottentots, towards the south, still live as people are said to have lived in the first ages of the world,—free, equal, without masters, without subjects, without money, and almost without wants. The flesh of their sheep feeds them; they are clothed with their skins; huts of wood and clay form their habitations. They are the most dirty of all men, but they feel it not, but live and die more easily than we do. There remain eight republics in Europe, without monarchs, —Venice, Holland, Switzerland, Genoa, Lucca, Ragusa, Geneva, and St. Marino. Poland, Sweden, and England, may be regarded as republics under a king, but Poland is the only one of them which takes the name.

But which of the two is to be preferred for a country,—a monarchy or a republic? The question has been agitated for four thousand years. Ask the rich, and they will tell you an aristocracy; ask the people, and they will reply a democracy; kings alone prefer royalty. Why, then, is almost all the earth governed by monarchs? Put that question to the rats who proposed to hang a bell round the cat's neck. In truth, the genuine reason is, because men are rarely worthy of governing themselves.

It is lamentable, that to be a good patriot we must become the enemy of the rest of mankind. That good citizen the ancient Cato always gave it as his opinion, that Carthage must be destroyed: "Delenda est Carthago." To be a good patriot is to wish our own country enriched by commerce, and powerful by arms; but such is the condition of mankind, that to wish the greatness of our own country, is often to wish evil to our neighbours. He who could bring himself to wish that his country should always remain as it is, would be a citizen of the universe.

CRIMES OR OFFENCES.

Of Time and Place.

A Roman in Egypt very unfortunately killed a consecrated cat, and the infuriated people punished this sacrilege by tearing him to pieces. If this Roman

had been carried before the tribunal, and the judges had possessed common sense, he would have been condemned to ask pardon of the Egyptians and the cats, and to pay a heavy fine, either in money or mice. They would have told him that he ought to respect the follies of the people, since he was not strong enough to correct them.

The venerable chief justice should have spoken to him in this manner: "Every country has its legal impertinences, and its offences of time and place. If in your Rome, which has become the sovereign of Europe, Africa, and Asia-Minor, you were to kill a sacred fowl, at the precise time that you give it grain in order to ascertain the just will of the gods, you would be severely punished. We believe that you have only killed our cat accidentally. The court admonishes you. Go in peace, and be more circumspect in future."

It seems a very indifferent thing to have a statue in our hall; but if, when Octavius, surnamed Augustus, was absolute master, a Roman had placed in his house the statue of Brutus, he would have been punished as seditious. If a citizen, under a reigning emperor, had the statue of the competitor to the empire, it is said that it was accounted a crime of high treason.

An Englishman, having nothing to do, went to Rome, where he met Prince Charles Edward at the house of a cardinal. Pleased at the incident, on his return, he drank in a tavern to the health of Prince Charles Edward, and was immediately accused of high treason. But whom did he highly betray, in wishing the prince well? If he had conspired to place him on the throne, then he would have been guilty towards the nation; but I do not see that the most rigid justice of parliament could require more from him than to drink four cups to the health of the house of Hanover, supposing he had drank two to that of the house of Stuart.

Of Crimes of Time and Place, which ought to be concealed.

It is well known how much our Lady of Loretto ought to be respected in the March of Ancona. Three young people happened to be joking on the house of our Lady, which has travelled through the air to Dalmatia; which has two or three times changed its situation, and has only found itself comfortable at Loretto. Our three scatterbrains sang a song at supper, formerly made by a Huguenot, in ridicule of the translation of the *santa casa* of Jerusalem to the end of the Adriatic Gulf. A fanatic, having heard by chance what passed at their supper, made strict enquiries, sought witnesses, and engaged a magistrate to issue a summons. This proceeding alarmed all consciences. Every one trembled in speaking of it. Chambermaids, vergers, innkeepers, lacqueys, servants, all heard what was never said, and saw what was never done: there was an uproar, a horrible scandal throughout the whole March of Ancona. It was said, half a league from Loretto, that these youths had killed our lady; and a league farther, that they had thrown the *santa casa* into the sea. In short, they were condemned. The sentence was, that their hands should be cut off, and their tongues be torn out; after which they were to be put to the torture, to learn (at least, by signs) how many couplets there were in the song. Finally, they were to be burnt to death by a slow fire.

An advocate of Milan, who happened to be at Loretto at this time, asked the principal judge to what he would have condemned these boys, if they had violated their mother, and afterwards killed and eaten her? "Oh!" replied the judge, "there is a great deal of difference; to assassinate and devour their father and mother is only a crime against men."—"Have you an express law," said the Milanese, "which obliges you to put young people scarcely out of their nurseries to such a horrible death, for having

indiscreetly made game of the *santa casa*, which is contemptuously laughed at all over the world, except in the March of Ancona?"—"No," said the judge, "the wisdom of our jurisprudence leaves all to our discretion."—"Very well, you ought to have discretion enough to remember, that one of these children is the grandson to a general, who has shed his blood for his country, and the nephew of an amiable and respectable abbess; the youth and his companions are giddy boys, who deserve paternal correction. You tear citizens from the state, who might one day serve it; you imbrue yourself in innocent blood, and are more cruel than cannibals. You will render yourselves execrable to posterity. What motive has been powerful enough, thus to extinguish reason, justice, and humanity in your minds, and to change you into ferocious beasts?" The unhappy judge at last replied, "We have been quarrelling with the clergy of Ancona; they accuse us of being too zealous for the liberties of the Lombard church, and consequently of having no religion."—"I understand then," said the Milanese, "that you have made yourselves assassins to appear Christians." At these words the judge fell to the ground, as if struck by a thunderbolt; and his brother judges having been since deprived of office, they cry out that injustice is done them. They forget what they have done, and perceive not that the hand of God is upon them.

For seven persons legally to amuse themselves by making an eighth perish on a public scaffold by blows from ironbars; take a secret and malignant pleasure in witnessing his torments; speak of it afterwards at table with their wives and neighbours; for the executioners to perform this office gaily, and joyously anticipate their reward; for the public to run to this spectacle as to a fair—all this requires that a crime merit this horrid punishment in the opinion of all well-governed nations, and, as we here treat of universal humanity, that it is necessary to the well-being of society. Above all, the actual perpetration should be demonstrated beyond contradiction.

If against a hundred thousand probabilities that the accused be guilty, there is a single one that he is innocent, that alone should balance all the rest.

Query, if two witnesses are enough to condemn a Man to be hanged?

It has been for a long time imagined, and the proverb assures us, that two witnesses are enough to hang a man, with a safe conscience. Another ambiguity! The world then is to be governed by equivoques. It is said in St. Matthew, that two or three witnesses will suffice to reconcile two divided friends; and after this text has criminal jurisprudence been regulated, so far as to decree that by divine law a citizen may be condemned to die on the uniform deposition of two witnesses who may be villains. It has been already said, that a crowd of according witnesses cannot prove an improbable thing, when denied by the accused. What then must be done in such a case? —Put off the judgment for a hundred years, like the Athenians!

We shall here relate a striking example of what passed under our eyes at Lyons. A woman suddenly missed her daughter; she ran everywhere in search of her in vain, and at length suspected a neighbour of having secreted the girl, and of having caused her violation. Some weeks after some fishermen found a female drowned, and in a state of putrefaction, in the Rhone at Condmeux. The woman of whom we have spoken immediately believed that it was her daughter. She was persuaded by the enemies of her neighbour, that the latter had caused the deceased to be dishonoured, strangled, and thrown into the Rhone. She made this accusation publicly, and the populace repeated it; persons were found who knew the minutest circumstances of the crime. The rumour ran through all the town, and all mouths cried out for vengeance. There is no-

thing more common than this in a populace without judgment; but here follows the most prodigious part of the affair. This neighbour's own son, a child of five years and a half old, accused his mother of having caused the unhappy girl who was found in the Rhone, to be violated before his eyes, and to be held by five men, while the sixth committed the crime. He had heard the words which pronounced her violated; he painted her attitudes; he saw his mother and these villains strangle this unfortunate girl after the consummation of the act. He also saw his mother and the assassins throw her into a well, draw her out of it, wrap her up in a cloth, carry her about in triumph, dance round the corpse, and, at last, throw it into the Rhone. The judges were obliged to put all the pretended accomplices deposed against in chains. The child is again heard, and still maintains, with the simplicity of his age, all that he had said of them and of his mother. How could it be imagined that this child had not spoken the pure truth? The crime was not probable, but it was still less so, that a child of the age of five years and a half should thus calumniate his mother, and repeat with exactness all the circumstances of an abominable and unheard-of crime:—if he had not been the eye-witness of it, and been overcome with the force of the truth, such things would not have been wrung from him.

Every one expected to feast their eyes on the torment of the accused; but what was the end of this strange criminal process? There was not a word of truth in the accusation. There was no girl violated, no young men assembled at the house of the accused, no murder, not the least transaction of the sort, or the least noise. The child had been suborned, and by whom?—strange, but true! by two other children, who were the sons of the accused. He had been on the point of burning his mother, to get some sweetmeats.

The heads of the accusation were clearly incompatible. The sage and enlightened court of judicature, after having yielded to the public fury so far as to seek every possible testimony for and against the accused, fully and unanimously acquitted them.

Formerly, perhaps, this innocent prisoner would have been broken on the wheel, or judicially burnt, for the pleasure of supplying an execution—the tragedy of the mob.

CRIMINAL.

Criminal Prosecution.

Very innocent actions have been frequently punished with death. Thus in England, Richard III. and Edward IV. effected by the judges the condemnation of those whom they suspected of disaffection. Such are not criminal processes; they are assassinations committed by privileged murderers. It is the last degree of abuse to make the laws the instruments of injustice.

It is said that the Athenians punished with death every stranger who entered their areopagus or sovereign tribunal. But if this stranger was actuated by mere curiosity, nothing was more cruel than to take away his life. It is observed, in "The Spirit of Laws," that this vigour was exercised, "because he usurped the rights of a citizen."

But a Frenchman in London who goes to the House of Commons to hear the debates, does not aspire to the rights of a citizen. He is received with politeness. If any splenetic member calls for the clearing of the house, the traveller clears it by withdrawing; he is not hanged. It is probable that, if the Athenians passed this temporary law, it was at a time when it was suspected that every stranger might be a spy, and not from the fear that he would arrogate to himself the rights of citizenship. Every Athenian voted in his tribe; all the individuals in the tribe knew each other: no stranger could have put in his bean.

We speak here only of real criminal prosecutions, and among the Romans every criminal prosecution was public.

The citizen accused of the most enormous crimes had an advocate who pleaded in his presence; who even interrogated the adverse party; who investigated everything before his judges. All the witnesses, for and against, were produced in open court; nothing was secret. Cicero pleaded for Milo, who had assassinated Clodius, in public, in presence of a thousand citizens. The same Cicero undertook the defence of Roscius Amerinus, accused of parricide. A single judge did not in secret examine witnesses, generally consisting of the dregs of the people, who may be influenced at pleasure.

A Roman citizen was not put to the torture at the arbitrary order of another Roman citizen, invested with this cruel authority by purchase. That horrible outrage against humanity was not perpetrated on the persons of those who were regarded as the first of men, but only on those of their slaves, scarcely regarded as men. It would have been better not to have employed torture, even against slaves.

The method of conducting a criminal prosecution at Rome accorded with the magnanimity and liberality of the nation.

It is nearly the same at London. The assistance of an advocate is never in any case refused. Every one is judged by his peers. Every citizen has the power, out of thirty-six jurymen sworn, to challenge twelve without reasons, twelve with reasons, and consequently, of choosing his judges in the remaining twelve. The judges cannot deviate from or go beyond the law. No punishment is arbitrary. No judgment can be executed before it has been reported to the king, who may and who ought to bestow pardon on those who are deserving of it, and to whom the law cannot extend it. This case frequently occurs. A man outrageously wronged kills the offender under the impulse of venial passion: he is condemned by the rigour of the law, and saved by that mercy which ought to be the prerogative of the sovereign.

It deserves particular remark that, in the same country, where the laws are as favourable to the accused as they are terrible for the guilty, not only is false imprisonment in ordinary cases punished by heavy damages and severe penalties, but if an illegal imprisonment has been ordered by a minister of state, under colour of royal authority, that minister may be condemned to pay damages correspondent to the imprisonment.

Proceedings in Criminal Cases among particular Nations.

There are countries in which criminal jurisprudence has been founded on the canon law, and even on the practice of the Inquisition, although that tribunal has long since been held in detestation there. The people in such countries still remain in a species of slavery. A citizen prosecuted by the king's officer is at once immured in a dungeon, which is in itself a real punishment of perhaps an innocent man.

A single judge, with his clerk, hears secretly, and in succession, every witness summoned.

Let us here merely compare, in a few points, the criminal procedure of the Romans with that of a country of the west, which was once a Roman province. Among the Romans, witnesses were heard publicly in the presence of the accused, who might reply to them, and examine them himself, or through an advocate. This practice was noble and frank; it breathed of Roman magnanimity.

In France, in many parts of Germany, everything is done in secret. This practice, established under Francis I., was authorised by the commissioners, who, in 1670, drew up the ordinance of Louis XIV. A mere mistake was the cause of it.

It was imagined, on reading the code *De Testibus*, that the words, *Testes intrare judicii secretum*, signified that wit-

nesses were examined in secret. But *secretum* here signifies the closet of the judge. *Intrare secretum* to express speaking in secret, would not be Latin. This part of our jurisprudence was occasioned by a solecism. Witnesses were usually persons of the lowest class, and whom the judge, when closeted with them, might induce to say whatever he wished. These witnesses are examined a second time, always in secret, which is called re-examination; and if, after re-examination, they retract their depositions, or vary them in essential circumstances, they are punished as false witnesses. Thus, when an upright man of weak understanding, and unused to express his ideas, is conscious that he has stated either too much or too little,—that he has misunderstood the judge, or that the judge has misunderstood him,—and revokes, in the spirit of justice, what he had advanced through incaution, he is punished as a felon. He is in this manner often compelled to persevere in false testimony, from the actual dread of being treated as a false witness.

The person accused exposes himself by flight to condemnation, whether the crime has been proved or not. Some jurisconsults, indeed, have wisely held, that the contumacious person ought not to be condemned, unless the crime were clearly established; but other lawyers have been of a contrary opinion: they have boldly affirmed that the flight of the accused was a proof of the crime; that the contempt which he shewed for justice, by refusing to appear, merited the same chastisement as would have followed his conviction. Thus, according to the sect of lawyers which the judge may have embraced, an innocent man may be acquitted or condemned.

It is a great abuse in jurisprudence, that people often assume as law the reveries and errors—sometimes cruel ones—of men destitute of all authority, who have laid down their own opinions as laws.

In the reign of Louis XIV., two edicts were published in France, which apply equally to the whole kingdom. In the first, which refers to civil causes, the judges are forbidden to condemn in any suit, on default, when the demand is not proved; but in the second, which regulates criminal proceedings, it is not laid down that, in the absence of proof, the accused shall be acquitted. Singular circumstance! The law pronounces, that a man proceeded against for a sum of money shall not be condemned, on default, unless the debt be proved; but, in cases affecting life, the profession are divided with respect to condemning a person for contumacy when the crime is not proved; and the law does not solve the difficulty.

Example taken from the Condemnation of a whole Family.

The following is an account of what happened to this unfortunate family, at the time when the mad fraternities of pretended penitents, in white robes and masks, had erected, in one of the principal churches of Toulouse, a superb monument to a young Protestant, who had destroyed himself, but who they pretended had been murdered by his father and mother, for having abjured the reformed religion; at the time, when the whole family of this Protestant, then revered as a martyr, were in irons, and a whole population, intoxicated by a superstition equally senseless and cruel, awaited, with devout impatience, the delight of seeing five or six persons of unblemished integrity expire on the rack or at the stake. At this dreadful period, there resided near Castres a respectable man, also of the Protestant religion, of the name of Sirven, who exercised in that province the profession of a feudist. This man had three daughters. A woman who superintended the household of the Bishop of Castres, proposed to bring to him Sirven's second daughter, called Elizabeth, in order to make her a Catholic, apostolical and Roman. She is, in fact, brought. She is by him secluded with the female

jesuits, denominated the "lady teachers," or the "black ladies." They instruct her in what they know; they find her capacity weak, and impose upon her penances in order to inculcate doctrines which, with gentleness, she might have been taught. She becomes imbecile; the black ladies expel her; she returns to her parents; her mother, on making her change her linen, perceives that her person is covered with contusions; her imbecility increases; she becomes melancholy mad; she escapes one day from the house, while her father is some miles distant, publicly occupied in his business, at the seat of a neighbouring nobleman. In short, twenty days after the flight of Elizabeth, some children find her drowned in a well, on the fourth of January, 1761.

This was precisely the time when they were preparing to break Calas on the wheel at Toulouse. The word "parricide," and what is worse, "Huguenot," flies from mouth to mouth throughout the province. It was not doubted that Sirven, his wife, and his two daughters, had drowned the third, on a principle of religion.

It was the universal opinion, that the Protestant religion positively required fathers and mothers to destroy such of their children as might wish to become Catholics. This opinion had taken such deep root in the minds even of magistrates themselves, hurried on unfortunately by the public clamour, that the council and church of Geneva were obliged to contradict the fatal error, and to send to the parliament of Toulouse an attestation upon oath, that not only did Protestants not destroy their children, but that they were left masters of their whole property when they quitted their sect for another. It is known that, notwithstanding this attestation, Calas was broken on the wheel.

A country magistrate of the name of Londes, assisted by graduates as sagacious as himself, became eager to make every preparation for following up the example which had been furnished at Toulouse. A village doctor, equally enlightened with the magistrate, boldly affirmed, on inspecting the body after the expiration of eighteen days, that the young woman had been strangled, and afterwards thrown into the well. On this deposition, the magistrate issued a warrant to apprehend the father, mother, and the two daughters. The family, justly terrified at the catastrophe of Calas, and agreeably to the advice of their friends, betook themselves instantly to flight; they travelled amidst snow during a rigorous winter, and, toiling over mountain after mountain, at length arrived at those of Switzerland. The daughter, who was married and pregnant, was prematurely delivered amidst surrounding ice.

The first intelligence this family received, after reaching a place of safety, was, that the father and mother were condemned to be hanged; the two daughters to remain under the gallows during the execution of their mother, and to be reconducted by the executioner out of the territory, under pain of being hanged if they returned. Such is the lesson given to contumacy!

This judgment was equally absurd and abominable. If the father, in concert with his wife, had strangled his daughter, he ought to have been broken on the wheel, like Calas, and the mother to have been burnt, (at least, after having been strangled,) because the practice of breaking women on the wheel is not yet the custom in the country of this judge. To limit the punishment to hanging in such a case, was an acknowledgment that the crime was not proved, and that in the doubt the halter was adopted to compromise, for want of evidence. This sentence was equally repugnant to law and reason. The mother died of a broken heart, and the whole family, their property having been confiscated, would have perished through want, unless they had met with assistance.

We stop here, to enquire whether there be any law and any reason that can justify such a sentence? We ask the judge,

"What madness has urged you to condemn a father and a mother?" "It was because they fled," he replies. "Miserable wretch! would you have had them remain to glut your insensate fury? Of what consequence could it be, whether they appeared in chains to plead before you, or whether in a distant land they lifted up their hands in appeal to heaven against you? Could you not see the truth, which ought to have struck you, as well during their absence? Could you not see, that the father was a league distant from his daughter, in the midst of twenty persons, when the unfortunate young woman withdrew from her mother's protection? Could you be ignorant, that the whole family were in search of her for twenty days and nights?" To this you answer by the words, Contumacy, contumacy. What! because a man is absent, therefore must he be condemned to be hanged, though his innocence be manifest? It is the jurisprudence of a fool and a monster. And the life, the property, and the honour of citizens, are to depend upon this code of Iroquois!

The Sirven family for more than eight years dragged on their misfortunes, far from their native country. At length, the sanguinary superstition which disgraced Languedoc having been somewhat mitigated, and men's minds becoming more enlightened, those who had befriended the Sirvens during their exile, advised them to return and demand justice from the parliament of Toulouse itself, now that the blood of Calas no longer smoked, and many repented of having ever shed it. The Sirvens were justified.

Erudimini, qui judicatis terram.

Be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

CROMWELL.

SECTION I.

Cromwell is described as a man who was an impostor all his life. I can scarcely believe it. I conceive, that he was first an enthusiast, and that he afterwards made his fanaticism instrumental to his greatness. An ardent novice at twenty often becomes an accomplished rogue at forty. In the great game of human life, men begin with being dupes, and end in becoming knaves. A statesman engages as his almoner a monk, entirely made up of the details of his convent—devout, credulous, awkward, perfectly new to the world: he acquires information, polish, finesse, and supplants his master.

Cromwell knew not, at first, whether he should become a churchman or a soldier. He partly became both. In 1622, he made a campaign in the army of the Prince of Orange, Frederick Henry, a great man and the brother of two great men; and, on his return to England, engaged in the service of Bishop Williams, and was the chaplain of his lordship, while the bishop passed for his wife's gallant. His principles were puritanical, which led him cordially to hate a bishop, and not to be partial to kingship. He was dismissed from the family of Bishop Williams, because he was a Puritan; and thence the origin of his fortune. The English parliament declared against monarchy and against episcopacy: some friends whom he had in that parliament procured him a country living. He might be said only now to have commenced his existence; he was more than forty before he acquired any distinction. He was master of the sacred scriptures, disputed on the authority of priests and deacons, wrote some bad sermons, and some lampoons; but he was unknown. I have seen one of his sermons, which is insipid enough, and pretty much resembles the holdings forth of the Quakers; it is impossible to discover in it any trace of that power by which he afterwards swayed parliaments. The truth is, he was better fitted for the state than for the church. It was principally in his tone and in his air that his eloquence consisted. An inclination of that hand which had gained so many battles, and killed so many royalists, was more persuasive than the

periods of Cicero. It must be acknowledged, that it was his incomparable valour which brought him into notice, and which conducted him gradually to the summit of greatness.

He commenced by throwing himself, as a volunteer and a soldier of fortune, into the town of Hull, besieged by the king. He there performed some brilliant and valuable services, for which he received a gratuity of about six thousand francs from the parliament. This present, bestowed by parliament upon an adventurer, made it clear that the rebel party must prevail. The king could not give to his general officers what the parliament gave to volunteers. With money and fanaticism, everything must in the end be mastered. Cromwell was made colonel. His great talents for war became then so conspicuous, that, when the parliament created the Earl of Manchester general of its forces, Cromwell was appointed lieutenant-general, without his having passed through the intervening ranks. Never did any man appear more worthy of command. Never were seen more activity and skill, more daring and more resources, than in Cromwell. He is wounded at the battle of York: and, while undergoing the first dressing, is informed that his commander, the Earl of Manchester, is retreating, and the battle lost. He hastens to find the earl; discovers him flying, with some officers; arrests him by the arm, and, in a firm and dignified tone, he exclaims, "My lord, you mistake; the enemy have not taken that road." He re-conducts him to the field of battle; rallies, during the night, more than twelve thousand men; harangues them in the name of God; cites Moses, Gideon, and Joshua; renews the battle, at day-break, against the victorious royalist army, and completely defeats it. Such a man must either perish or obtain the mastery. Almost all the officers of his army were enthusiasts, who carried the New Testament on their saddle-bows. In the army, as in the parliament, nothing was spoken of but Babylon destroyed, building up the worship of Jerusalem, and breaking the image. Cromwell, among so many madmen, was no longer one himself, and thought it better to govern than to be governed by them. The habit of preaching, as by inspiration, remained with him. Figure to yourself a fakir, who, after putting an iron girdle round his loins in penance, takes it off to drub the ears of other fakirs. Such was Cromwell. He becomes as intriguing as he was intrepid. He associates with all the colonels of the army, and thus forms among the troops a republic which forces the commander to resign. Another commander is appointed, and him he disgusts. He governs the army, and through it he governs the parliament; which he at last compels to make him commander. All this is much; but the essential point is, that he wins all the battles he fights in England, Scotland, and Ireland; and wins them, not consulting his own security while the fight rages, but always charging the enemy, rallying his troops, presenting himself everywhere—frequently wounded, killing with his own hand many royalist officers, like the fiercest soldier in the ranks.

In the midst of this dreadful war, Cromwell made love: he went, with the Bible under his arm, to an assignation with the wife of his major-general, Lambert. She loved the Earl of Holland, who served in the king's army. Cromwell took him prisoner in battle, and had the pleasure of bringing his rival to the block. It was his maxim to shed the blood of every important enemy, in the field or by the hand of the executioner. He always increased his power by always daring to abuse it; the profoundness of his plans never lessened his ferocious impetuosity. He went to the House of Commons, and drove all the members out, one after another, making them defile before him. As they passed, each was obliged to make a profound reverence: one of them was passing on with his head covered; Cromwell seized his

hat and threw it down. "Learn," said he, "to respect me."

When he had outraged all kings by beheading his own legitimate king, and he began himself to reign, he sent his portrait to one crowned head, Christina, Queen of Sweden. Marvel, a celebrated English poet, who wrote excellent Latin verses, accompanied this portrait with six lines, in which he introduces Cromwell himself speaking; Cromwell corrected these two last verses:—

At tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra,
Non sunt hi vultus regibus usquè truces.

The spirit of the whole six verses may be given thus:—

Les armes à la main j'ai defendu les lois;
D'un peuple audacieux j'ai vengé la quarrelle.
Regardez sans frémir cette image fidelle:
Mon front n'est pas toujours l'épouvante des rois.

'Twas mine by arms t'uphold my country's laws;
My sword maintained a lofty people's cause;
With less of fear these faithful outlines trace,
Menace of kings not always clouds my face.

This queen was the first to acknowledge him, after he became protector of the three kingdoms. Almost all the sovereigns of Europe sent ambassadors *to their brother Cromwell*—to that domestic of a bishop, who had just brought to the scaffold a sovereign related to them. They emulously courted his alliance. Cardinal Mazarine, in order to please him, banished from France the two sons of Charles I., the two grandsons of Henry IV., and the two cousins-german of Louis XIV. France conquered Dunkirk for him, and the keys of it were delivered into his possession. After his death, Louis XIV. and his whole court went into mourning, except mademoiselle, who dared to appear in the circle in colours, and alone to maintain the honour of her race.

No king was ever more absolute than Cromwell. He would observe, "that he had preferred governing under the name of protector rather than under that of king, because the English were aware of the limits of the prerogative of a king of England, but knew not the extent of that of a protector." This was knowing mankind, who are governed by opinion, and whose opinion depends upon a name. He had conceived a profound contempt for the religion to which he owed his success. An anecdote, preserved in the St. John family, sufficiently proves the slight regard he attached to that instrument which had produced such mighty effects in his hands. He was drinking once in company with Ireton, Fleetwood, and St. John, great grandfather of the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke; a bottle of wine was to be uncorked, and the corkscrew fell under the table; they all looked for it, and were unable to find it. In the meantime, a deputation from the Presbyterian churches waited in the anti-chamber, and an usher announced them. "Tell them," said Cromwell, "that I have retired, and *that I am seeking the Lord.*" This was the expression employed by the fanatics for going to prayers. Having dismissed the troop of divines, he thus addressed his companions:—"Those fellows think we are seeking the Lord, while we are only seeking a corkscrew."

There is scarcely any example in Europe of a man who, from so low a beginning, raised himself to such eminence. But with all his great talents, what did he consider absolutely essential to his happiness?—Power he obtained; but was he happy? He had lived in poverty and disquiet till the age of forty-three; he afterwards plunged into blood, passed his life in trouble, and died prematurely, at the age of fifty-seven. With this life let any one compare that of a Newton, who lived fourscore years, always tranquil, always honoured, always the light of all thinking beings; beholding every day an accession to his fame, his character, his fortune; completely free both from care and remorse; and let him decide whose was the happier lot.

O curas hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!
O human cares! O mortal toil how vain!

SECTION II.

Oliver Cromwell was regarded with admiration by the Puritans and Independents of England: he is still their hero.

But Richard Cromwell, his son, is the man for me.

The first was a fanatic, who in the present day would be hissed down in the House of Commons, on uttering any one of the unintelligible absurdities which he delivered with such confidence before other fanatics, who listened to him with open mouth and staring eyes, in the name of the Lord. If he were to say that they must seek the Lord, and fight the battles of the Lord—if he were to introduce the Jewish jargon into the parliament of England, to the eternal disgrace of the human understanding, he would be much more likely to be conducted to Bedlam than to be appointed the commander of armies.

Brave he unquestionably was—and so are wolves: there are even some monkies as fierce as tigers. From a fanatic he became an able politician; in other words, from a wolf he became a fox; and the knave, craftily mounting from the first steps where the mad enthusiasm of the times had placed him, to the summit of greatness, walked over the heads of the prostrated fanatics. He reigned, but he lived in the horrors of alarm, and had neither cheerful days nor tranquil nights. The consolations of friendship and society never approached him. He died prematurely; more deserving, beyond a doubt, of public execution than the monarch whom, from a window of his own palace, he caused to be led out to the scaffold.

Richard Cromwell, on the contrary, was gentle and prudent, and refused to keep his father's power at the expense of the lives of three or four factious persons, whom he might have sacrificed to his ambition. He preferred becoming a private individual to being an assassin with supreme power. He relinquished the protectorship without regret, to live as a subject; and in the tranquillity of a country life, he enjoyed health and possessed his soul in peace for ninety years, beloved by his neighbours, to whom he was a peacemaker and a father.

Say, reader, had you to chuse between the destiny of the father and that of the son, which would you prefer?

CUISSAGE.

Dion Cassius, that flatterer of Augustus and detractor from Cicero, because Cicero was the friend of liberty—that dry and diffuse writer, and gazetteer of popular rumours, Dion Cassius, reports that certain senators were of opinion that, in order to recompense Cæsar for all the evil which he had brought upon the commonwealth, it would be right, at the age of fifty-seven, to allow him to honour with his favours all the ladies who took his fancy. Men are still found who credit this absurdity. Even the author of the "Spirit of Laws" takes it for a truth, and speaks of it as of a decree which would have passed the Roman senate but for the modesty of the dictator, who suspected that he was not altogether prepared for the accession of so much good fortune. But if the Roman emperors attained not this right by a senatus-consultum, duly founded upon a plebiscitum, it is very likely that they fully enjoyed it by the courtesy of the ladies. The Marcus Aureliuses and the Julians, to be sure, exercised not this right, but all the rest extended it as widely as they were able.

It is astonishing, that in Christian Europe a kind of feudal law for a long time existed, or at least it was deemed a customary usage, to regard the virginity of a female vassal as the property of the lord. The first night of the nuptials of the daughter of his *vilain* belonged to him without dispute.

This right was established in the same manner as that of walking with a falcon on the fist, and of being saluted with incense at mass. The lords, indeed, did not enact that the *wives* of their vilains belonged to them; they confined themselves to the daughters; the reason of which is obvious. Girls are bashful, and sometimes might exhibit reluctance. This, however, yielded at once to the majesty of the laws, when the condescending ba-

ron deemed them worthy the honour of personally enforcing their practice.

It is asserted that this curious jurisprudence commenced in Scotland; and I willingly believe, that the Scotch lords had a still more absolute power over their clans than even the German and French barons over their vassals.

It is, undoubted, that some abbots and bishops enjoyed this privilege in their quality of temporal lords; and it is not very long since that these prelates compounded their prerogative for acknowledgments in money, to which they have just as much right as to the virginity of the girls.

But let it be well remarked, that this excess of tyranny was never sanctioned by any public law. If a lord or a prelate had cited before a regular tribunal a girl affianced to one of his vassals, in claim of her quit-rent, he would doubtless have lost his cause and costs.

Let us seize this occasion to rest assured, that no partially-civilised people ever established formal laws against morals; I do not believe that a single instance of it can be furnished. Abuses creep in and are borne: they pass as customs, and travellers mistake them for fundamental laws. It is said, that in Asia greasy Mahometan saints march in procession entirely naked, and that devout females crowd round them to kiss what is not worthy to be named; but I defy any one to discover a passage in the Koran which justifies this brutality.

The phallum, which the Egyptians carry in procession, may be quoted, in order to confound me, as well as the idol Jaggernaut, of the Indians. I reply, that these ceremonies war no more against morals than circumcision at the age of eight days. In some of our towns the holy foreskin has been borne in procession; and it is preserved yet in certain sacristies, without this piece of drollery causing the least disturbance in families. Still, I am convinced that no council or act of parliament ever ordained this homage to the holy foreskin.

I call a public law which deprives me of my property, which takes away my wife and gives her to another, a law against morals; and I am certain that such a law is impossible.

Some travellers maintain that, in Lapland, husbands, out of politeness, make an offer of their wives. Out of still greater politeness, I believe them; but I nevertheless assert, that they never found this rule of good manners in the legal code of Lapland, any more than in the constitutions of Germany, in the ordinances of the King of France, or in the "Statues at Large" of England, any positive law, adjudging the right of *cuissage* to the barons.

Absurd and barbarous laws may be found every where; formal laws against morals nowhere.

CURATE (OF THE COUNTRY).

A CURATE—but why do I say a curate?—even an iman, a talapoin, or bramin, ought to have the means of living decently. The priest, in every country, ought to be supported by the altar, since he serves the public. Some fanatic rogue may assert, that I place the curate and the bramin on the same level, and associate truth with imposture; but I compare only the services rendered to society, the labour and the recompense.

I maintain, that whoever exercises a laborious function ought to be well paid by his fellow citizens. I do not assert that he ought to amass riches, sup with Lucullus, or be as insolent as Clodius. I pity the case of a country curate, who is obliged to dispute a sheaf of corn with his parishioner; to plead against him; to exact from him the tenth of his peas and beans; to be hated and to hate; and to consume his miserable life in miserable quarrels, which engross the mind as much as they embitter it.

I still more pity the inconsistent lot of a curate, whom monks, claiming the great tithes, audaciously reward with a salary of forty ducats per annum, for undertaking, throughout the year, the la-

bour of visiting for three miles round his abode, by day and by night, in hail, rain, or snow, the most disagreeable and often the most useless functions, while the abbot or great tithe-holder drinks his rich wine of Volney, Baune, or Chambertin, eats his patridges and pheasants; sleeps upon his down bed with a fair neighbour, and builds a palace. The disproportion is too great.

It has been taken for granted, since the days of Charlemagne, that the clergy, besides their own lands, ought to possess a tenth of the lands of other people; which tenth is at least a quarter, computing the expense of culture. To establish this payment, it is claimed on a principle of divine right. Did God descend on earth to give a quarter of his property to the abbey of Mount Cassin, to the abbey of St. Denis, to the abbey of Fulda? Not that I know: but it has been discovered that, formerly, in the desert of Ethan, Horeb, and Kadesh Barnea, the Levites were favoured with forty-eight cities, and a tenth of all which the earth produced besides.

Very well, great tithe-holders, go to Kadesh Barnea, and inhabit the forty-eight cities in that uninhabitable desert. Take the tenth of the flints which the land produces there, and great good may they do you.

But Abraham having combatted for Sodom, gave a tenth of the spoil to Melchisedec, priest and King of Salem. Very good; combat you also for Sodom; but, like Melchisedec, take not from me the produce of the corn which I have sowed.

In a Christian country, containing twelve hundred thousand square leagues, throughout the whole of the north, in part of Germany, in Holland, and in Switzerland, the clergy are paid with money from the public treasury. The tribunals resound not there with law-suits between landlords and priests, between the great and the little tithe-holders, between the pastor, plaintiff, and the flock defendants, in consequence of the third council of the Lateran, of which the said flocks defendant have never heard a syllable.

The King of Naples, this year (1772), has just abolished tithes in one of his provinces: the clergy are better paid, and the province blesses him.

The Egyptian priests, it is said, claimed not this tenth; but then, it is observed, that they possessed a third part of the land of Egypt as their own. Oh, stupendous miracle! oh, thing most difficult to be conceived, that, possessing one third of the country, they did not quickly acquire the other two!

Believe not, dear reader, that the Jews, who were a stiff-necked people, never complained of the extortion of the tenths, or tithe.

Give yourself the trouble to consult the Talmud of Babylon; and if you understand not the Chaldean, read the translation, with notes of Gilbert Gaumin, the whole of which was printed by the care of Fabricius. You will there peruse the adventure of a poor widow with the high priest Aaron, and learn how the quarrel of this widow became the cause of the quarrel of Koran, Dathan, and Abiram, on the one side, and Aaron on the other.

"A widow possessed only a single sheep, which she wished to shear. Aaron came and took the wool for himself:—'It belongs to me,' said he, 'according to the law, Thou shalt give the first of the wool to God.' The widow, in tears, implored the protection of Koran. Koran applied to Aaron, but his intreaties were fruitless. Aaron replies, 'that the wool belongs to him.' Koran gives some money to the widow, and retires filled with indignation.

"Some time after, the sheep produces a lamb; Aaron returns, and carries away the lamb. The widow runs weeping again to Koran, who in vain implores Aaron. The high priest answers, 'It is written in the law, Every first-born male in thy flock belongs to God.' He eats the lamb, and Koran again retires in a rage.

"The widow, in despair, kills her

sheep; Aaron returns once more, and takes away the shoulder and the breast. Koran again complains. Aaron replies:—'It is written, Thou shalt give unto the priests the shoulder, the two cheeks, and the maw.'

"The widow could no longer contain her affliction, and said, 'Anathema,' to the sheep: upon which Aaron observed, 'It is written, All that is anathema (cursed) in Israel, belongs to thee;' and took away the sheep altogether."

What is not so pleasant, yet very remarkable, is, that in a suit between the clergy of Rheims and the citizens, this instance from the Talmud was cited by the advocate of the citizens. Gaumin asserts, that he witnessed it. In the meantime, it may be answered, that the titheholders do not take *all* from the people: the tax-gatherers will not suffer it. To every one his share is just.

CURIOSITY.

Suave, mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.
Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri
Per campos instructa tuâ sine parte pericli:
Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrinâ sapientûm templa serenâ
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantes quaerere vitae,
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctes atque dies niti praestante labore
Ad summas emergere opas, rerumque potiri.
O miseras hominum mentes! o pectora caeca!

'Tis pleasant, when the seas are rough, to stand
And view another's danger, safe at land:
Not 'cause he's troubled, but 'tis sweet to see
Those cares and fears, from which ourselves are free;
'Tis also pleasant to behold from far
How troops engage, secure ourselves from war.
But, above all, 'tis pleasantest to get
The top of high philosophy, and set
On the calm peaceful flourishing head of it;
Whence we may view, deep, wond'rous deep below,
How poor mistaken mortals wand'ring go,
Seeking the path to happiness: some aim
At learning, not nobility, or fame;
Others, with cares and dangers vie each hour
To reach the top of wealth and sovereign power.
Blind, wretched man, in what dark paths of strife
We walk this little journey of our life.—*Creech.*

I ask your pardon, Lucretius! I suspect that you are here as mistaken in morals, as you are always mistaken in physics. In my opinion, it is curiosity alone that induces people to hasten to the shore to see a vessel in danger of being overwhelmed in a tempest. The case has happened to myself; and I solemnly assure you, that my pleasure, mingled as it was with uneasiness and distress, did not at all arise from reflection, nor originate in any secret comparison between my own security and the danger of the unfortunate crew. I was moved by curiosity and pity.

At the battle of Fontenoy, little boys and girls climbed up the surrounding trees, to have a view of the slaughter. Ladies ordered seats to be placed for them on a bastion of the city of Liege, that they might enjoy the spectacle at the battle of Rocoux.

When I said, "Happy they who view in peace the gathering storm," the happiness I had in view consists in tranquillity and the search of truth, and not in seeing the sufferings of thinking beings, oppressed by fanatics or hypocrites, under persecution for having sought it.

Could we suppose an angel flying on six beautiful wings from the height of the Empyreum, setting out to take a view, through some loophole of hell, of the torments and contortions of the damned, and congratulating himself on feeling nothing of their inconceivable agonies, such an angel would much resemble the character of Belzebub.

I know nothing of the nature of angels, because I am only a man; divines alone are acquainted with them: but, as a man, I think, from my own experience and from all that of all my brother drivellers, that people do not flock to any spectacle, of whatever kind, but from pure curiosity.

This seems to me so true, that if the exhibition be ever so admirable, men at last get tired of it. The Parisian public scarcely go any longer to see Tartuffe, the most masterly of Moliere's masterpieces. Why is it? Because they have gone often; because they have it by heart. It is the same with Andromache.

Perrin Dandin is very unfortunately right when he proposes to the young Isabella to take her to see the method of "putting to the torture;" it serves, he says, to pass away an hour or two. If

this anticipation of the execution, frequently more cruel than the execution itself, were a public spectacle, the whole city of Toulouse would have rushed in crowds to behold the venerable Calas twice suffering those execrable torments, at the instance of the attorney-general. Penitents, black, white, and grey: married women, girls, stewards of the floral games, students, lacqueys, female servants, girls of the town, doctors of the canon law, would have been all squeezed together. At Paris, we must have been almost suffocated, in order to see the unfortunate general Lally pass along in a dung cart, with a six-inch gag in his mouth.

But if these tragedies of cannibals, which are sometimes performed before the most frivolous of nations, and the one most ignorant in general of the principles of jurisprudence and equity;—if the spectacles, like those of St. Bartholomew, exhibited by tigers to monkeys, and the copies of it on a smaller scale, were renewed every day, men would soon desert such a country; they would fly from it with horror; they would abandon for ever the infernal land where such barbarities were common.

When little boys and girls pluck the feathers from their sparrows, it is merely from the impulse of curiosity, as when they dissect the dress of their dolls. It is this passion alone which produces the immense attendance at public executions. "Strange eagerness," as some tragic author remarks, "to behold the wretched."

I remember being at Paris when Damiens suffered a death the most elaborate and frightful that can be conceived. All the windows in the city which bore upon the spot were engaged at a high price by ladies; not one of whom, assuredly, made the consoling reflection, that her own breasts were not torn by pincers; that melted lead and boiling pitch were not poured upon wounds of her own; and that her own limbs, dislocated and bleeding, were not drawn asunder by four horses. One of the executioners judged more correctly than Lucretius; for, when one of the academicians of Paris tried to get within the enclosure to examine what was passing more closely, and was forced back by one of the guards; "Let the gentleman go in," said he, "he is an amateur." That is to say, he is inquisitive; it is not through malice that he comes here; it is not from any reflex consideration of self, to revel in the pleasure of not being himself quartered; it is only from curiosity, as men go to see experiments in natural philosophy.

Curiosity is natural to man, to monkeys, and to little dogs. Take a little dog with you in your carriage, he will continually be putting up his paws against the door to see what is passing. A monkey searches everywhere, and has the air of examining everything. As to men, you know how they are constituted: Rome, London, Paris, all pass their time in inquiring what's the news?

CUSTOMS—USAGES.

There are, it is said, one hundred and forty-four customs in France, which possess the force of law. These laws are almost all different, in different places. A man that travels in this country changes his law almost as often as he changes his horses. The majority of these customs were not reduced to writing until the time of Charles VII., the reason of which probably was, that few people knew how to write. They then copied a part of the customs of a part of Ponthieu; but this great work was not aided by the Picards, until Charles VIII. There were but sixteen digests in the time of Louis XII., but our jurisprudence is so improved, there are now but few customs which have not a variety of commentators, all of whom are of a different opinion. There are already twenty-six upon the customs of Paris. The judges know not which to prefer; but, to put them at their ease, the custom of Paris has been just turned into verse. It was in this manner that the Delphian Pythoness of old declared her oracles.

Weights and measures differ as much as customs; so that which is correct in the fauxbourgh of Montmatre, is otherwise in the abbey of St. Denis. The Lord pity us!

CYRUS.

Many learned men, and Rollin among the number, in an age in which reason is cultivated, have assured us, that Javan, who is supposed to be the father of the Greeks, was the grandson of Noah. I believe it precisely as I believe that Persius was the founder of the kingdom of Persia, and Niger of Nigritia. The only thing which grieves me is, that the Greeks have never known anything of Noah, the venerable author of their race. I have elsewhere noted my astonishment and chagrin, that our father Adam should be absolutely unknown to everybody from Japan to the Straits of Le Maire, except to a small people to whom he was known too late. The science of genealogy is doubtless in the highest degree certain, but exceedingly difficult.

It is neither upon Javan, upon Noah, or upon Adam, that my doubts fall at present; it is upon Cyrus, and I seek not which of the fables in regard to him is preferable, that of Herodotus, of Ctesias, of Xenophon, of Diodorus, or of Justin, all of which contradict one another. Neither do I ask why it is obstinately determined to give the name of Cyrus to a barbarian called Khosrou; and those of Cyropolis and Persepolis, to cities which never bore them.

I drop all which has been said of the Grand Cyrus, including the romance of that name, and the travels which the Scottish Ramsay made him undertake; and simply inquire into some instructions of his to the Jews, of which that people make mention.

I remark, in the first place, that no author has said a word of the Jews in the history of Cyrus; and that the Jews alone venture to notice themselves, in speaking of this prince.

They resemble, in some degree, certain people, who, alluding to inviduals of a rank superior to their own, say, we know the gentlemen, but the gentlemen know not us. It is the same with Alexander, in the narratives of the Jews. No historian of Alexander has mixed up his name with that of the Jews; but Josephus fails not to assert, that Alexander came to pay his respects at Jerusalem; that he worshipped, I know not what Jewish pontiff, called Jaddus, who had formerly predicted to him the conquest of Persia in a dream. Petty people are often visionary in this way: the great dream less of their greatness.

When Tarik conquered Spain, the vanquished said they had foretold it. They would have said the same thing to Gengis, to Tamerlane, and to Mahomet II.

God forbid that I should compare the Jewish prophets to the predictors of good fortune, who pay their court to conquerors by foretelling them that which has come to pass. I merely observe, that the Jews produce some testimony from their nation, in respect to the actions of Cyrus, about one hundred and sixty years before he was born.

It is said, in the forty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, "Thus saith the Lord to his anointed (his Christ) — Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden to subdue nations before him; and I will loosen the loins of kings, to open before him the two-leaved gates: and the gates shall not be shut. I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron. And I will give thee the treasures of darkness and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I the Lord, who call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel," &c.

Some learned men have scarcely been able to digest the fact of the Lord honoring with the name of his Christ an idolate, of the religion of Zoroaster. They even dare to say, that the Jews, in the manner of all the weak who flatter the powerful, invented predictions in favour of Cyrus.

These learned persons respect Daniel

no more than Isaiah, but treat all the prophecies attributed to the latter with similar contempt to that manifested by St. Jerome for the adventures of Susannah, of Bell and the Dragon, and of the three children in the fiery furnace.

The sages in question seem not to be penetrated with sufficient esteem for the prophets. Many of them even pretend, that to clearly see the future is metaphysically impossible. To see that which is not, say they, is a contradiction in terms; and as the future exists not, it consequently cannot be seen. They add, that frauds of this nature abound in all nations; and, finally, that everything is to be doubted which is recorded in ancient history.

They observe, that if there was ever a formal prophecy, it is that of the discovery of America in the tragedy of Seneca:

> Venient annis
> Secula seris quibus oceanus
> Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
> Pateat Tellus, &c.

A time may arrive when ocean will loosen the chains of nature, and lay open a vast world.—The four stars of the southern pole are advanced still more clearly in Dante, yet no one takes either Seneca or Dante for diviners.

As to Cyrus, it is difficult to know whether he died nobly or had his head cut off by Tomyris; but I am anxious, I confess, that the learned men who have cut off the head of Cyrus may be right. It is not amiss, that these illustrious robbers on the highway of nations, who pillage and deluge the earth with blood, should be occasionally chastised.

Cyrus has always been the subject of remark, Xenophon began and Ramsay unfortunately ended. Lastly, to show the sad fate which sometimes attends heroes, Danchet has made him the subject of a tragedy.

This tragedy is entirely unknown: the Cyropedia of Xenophon is more popular, because it is in Greek. The Travels of Cyrus are less so, although printed in French and English, and wonderfully erudite.

The pleasantry of the romance, entitled "The Travels of Cyrus," consists in its discovery of a Messiah everywhere —at Memphis, at Babylon, at Ecbatana, and at Tyre, as at Jerusalem; and as much in Plato as in the gospel. The author having been a quaker, an anabaptist, an anglican, and a presbyterian, had finally become a *Fenelonist* at Cambray, under the illustrious author of Telemachus. Having since been made preceptor to the child of a great nobleman, he thought himself born to instruct and govern the universe; and, in consequence, gives lessons to Cyrus, in order to render him at once the best king and the most orthodox theologian in existence.

These two rare qualities appear to lack the grace of congruity.

Ramsay leads his pupil to the school of Zoroaster, and then to that of the young Jew Daniel, the greatest philosopher that ever existed. He not only explained dreams, which is the acme of human science, but discovered and interpreted even such as had been forgotten, which none but him could ever accomplish. It might be expected that Daniel would present the beautiful Susannah to the prince, it being in the natural manner of romance; but he did nothing of the kind.

Cyrus, in return, has some very long conversation with Nebuchadnezzar, during the time that he was an ox; during which transformation, Ramsay makes Nebuchadnezzar ruminate like a profound theologian.

How astonishing that the prince, for whom this work was composed, preferred the chase and the opera to perusing it!

DANTE.

You wish to become acquainted with Dante. The Italians call him divine, but it is a mysterious divinity; few men understand his oracles; and although there are commentators, that may be an additional reason why he is little comprehended. His reputation will last,

because he is little read. Twenty pointed things in him are known by rote, which spare people the trouble of being acquainted with the remainder.

The divine Dante was an unfortunate person. Imagine not that he was divine in his own day: no one is a prophet at home. It is true he was a prior, but not a prior of monks, but a prior of Florence; that is to say, one of its senators.

He was born in 1260, when the arts began to flourish in his native land. Florence, like Athens, abounded in greatness, wit, levity, inconstancy, and faction. The white faction was in great credit; it was called after a Signora Bianca. The opposing party was called the blacks, in contradistinction. These two parties sufficed not for the Florentines; they had also Guelphs and Ghibelines. The greater part of the whites were Ghibelines, attached to the party of the emperors; the blacks, on the other hand, sided with the Guelphs, the partisans of the popes.

All these factions loved liberty, but did all they could to destroy it. Pope Boniface VIII. wished to profit by these divisions, in order to annihilate the power of the emperors in Italy. He declared Charles de Valois, brother of Philip the fair, King of France, his vicar in Italy. The vicar came well armed, and chased away the whites and the Ghibelines, and made himself detested by blacks and by Guelphs. Dante was a white and a Ghibeline; he was driven away among the first, and his house rased to the ground. We may judge if he could be, for the remainder of his life, favourable towards the French interest and to the popes. It is said, however, that he took a journey to Paris, and, to relieve his chagrin, turned theologian, and disputed vigorously in the schools. It is added, that the Emperor Henry VIII. did nothing for him, Ghibeline as he was; and that he repaired to Frederick of Arragon, King of Sicily, and returned as poor as he went. He subsequently died in poverty at Ravenna, at the age of fifty-six. It was during these various peregrinations that he composed his divine comedy of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise.

[Voltaire here enters into a description of the Inferno, which it is unnecessary to insert, after the various translations into English. The conclusion, however, exhibiting our author's usual vivacity, is retained.]

Is all this in the comic style? No. In the heroic manner? No. What then is the taste of this poem? An exceeding wild one; but it contains verses so happy and piquant, that it has not lain dormant for four centuries, and never will be laid aside. A poem, moreover, which puts popes into hell excites attention; and the sagacity of commentators is exhausted in correctly ascertaining who it is that Dante has damned; it being, of course, of the first consequence not to be deceived in a matter so important.

A chair and a lecture have been founded with a view to the exposition of this classic author. You ask me why the Inquisition acquiesces. I reply, that in Italy the Inquisition understand raillery, and know that raillery in verse never does any harm.

DAVID.

We are called upon to reverence David as a prophet, as a king, as the ancestor of the holy spouse of Mary, as a man who merited the mercy of God from his penitence.

I will boldly assert that the article David, which raised up so many enemies to Bayle, the first author of a dictionary of facts and of reasonings, deserves not the strange noise which was made about it. It was not David that people were anxious to defend, but Bayle whom they were solicitous to destroy. Certain preachers of Holland, his mortal enemies, were so far blinded by their enmity, as to blame him for having praised popes whom he thought meritorious, and for having refuted the unjust calumny with which they had been assailed.

This absurd and shameful piece of injustice was signed by a dozen theolo-

gians, on the 20th December, 1698, in the same consistory in which they pretended to take up the defence of King David. A great proof that the condemnation of Bayle arose from personal feelings, is supplied by the fact of that which happened in 1761, to Mr. Peter Anet, in London. The doctors Chandler and Palmer having delivered funeral sermons on the death of King George II. in which they compared him to King David, Mr. Anet, who regarded not this comparison as honourable to the deceased monarch, published his famous dissertation, entitled "The History of the Man after God's own Heart." In that work, he makes it clear that George II. a king much more powerful than David, did not fall into the errors of the Jewish sovereign, and consequently could not display the penitence which was the origin of the comparison.

He follows, step by step, the books of Kings, examines the conduct of David with more severity than Bayle, and on it founds an opinion, that the Holy Spirit praises not actions of the nature of those attributed to David. The English author, in fact, judges the King of Judah upon the notions of justice and injustice which prevail at the present time.

He cannot approve of the assembly of a band of robbers by David, to the amount of four hundred; of his being armed with the sword of Goliah, by the high priest Abimelech, from whom he received hallowed bread.

He could not think well of the expedition of David against the farmer Nabal, in order to destroy his abode with fire and sword, because Nabal refused contributions to his troop of robbers; or of the death of Nabal a few days afterwards, the widow of whom David immediately espoused.

He condemned his conduct to King Achish, the possessor of a few villages in the district of Gath. David, at the head of five or six hundred banditti, made inroads upon the allies of his benefactor Achish. He pillaged the whole of them, massacred all the inhabitants, men, women, and children at the breast.—And why the children at the breast? For fear, says the text, these children should carry the news to King Achish, who was deceived into a belief that these expeditions were undertaken against the Israelites, by an absolute lie on the part of David.

Again: Saul loses a battle, and wishes his armourbearer to slay him, who refuses; he wounds himself, but not effectually, and at his own desire a young man despatches him, who, carrying the news to David, is massacred for his pains.

Ishbosheth succeeds his father Saul, and David makes war upon him. Finally, Ishbosheth is assassinated.

David, now possessed of the sole dominion, surprised the little town or village of Rabbah, and puts all the inhabitants to death by the most extraordinary devices—sawing them asunder, destroying them with harrows and axes of iron, and burning them in brick-kilns.

After these expeditions, there was a famine in the country for three years. In fact, from this mode of making war, countries must necessarily be badly cultivated. The Lord was consulted as to the causes of the famine. The answer was easy: in a country which produces corn with difficulty, when labourers are baked in brick-kilns and sawed into pieces, few people remain to cultivate the earth. The Lord, however, replied, that it was because Saul has formerly slain some Gibeonites.

What is David's speedy remedy? He assembles the Gibeonites, informs them that Saul had committed a great sin in making war upon them, and that Saul not being like him, a man after God's own heart, it would be proper to punish him in his posterity. He therefore makes them a present of seven grandsons of Saul to be hanged, who were accordingly hanged, because there had been a famine.

Mr. Anet is so just as not to insist upon the adultery with Bathsheba, and the murder of her husband, as these crimes

were pardoned in consequence of the repentance of David. They were horrible and abominable, but being remitted by the Lord, the English author absolves them also.

No one complained in England of the author, and the parliament took little interest in the history of a kingling of a petty district in Syria.

Let justice be done to Father Calmet; he has kept within bounds in his dictionary of the Bible, in the article David. "We pretend not," said he, "to approve of the conduct of David; but it is to be believed that this excess of cruelty was committed before his repentance on the score of Bathsheba." Possibly, he repented of all his crimes at the same time, which were sufficiently numerous.

Let us here ask, what appears to us to be an important question. May we not exhibit a portion of contempt in the article David, and treat of his person and glory with the respect due to the sacred books? It is the interest of mankind that crime should in no case be sanctified. What signifies what *he* is called, who massacres the wives and children of his allies; who hangs the grandchildren of his king; who saws his unhappy captives in two; tears them to pieces with harrows, or burns them in brick-kilns? These actions we judge, and not the letters which compose the name of the criminal. His name neither augments nor diminishes the criminality.

The more David is revered after his reconciliation with God, the more are his previous qualities condemnable.

If a young peasant, in searching after she-asses, finds a kingdom, it is no common affair. If another peasant cures his king of insanity by a tune on the harp, that is still more extraordinary. But when this petty player on the harp becomes king, because he meets a village priest in secret, who pours a bottle of olive oil on his head, the affair is more marvellous still.

I know nothing either of the writers of these marvels, or of the time in which they were written; but I am certain that it neither Polybius nor Tacitus.

I shall not speak here of the murder of Uriah, and of the adultery with Bathsheba, these facts being sufficiently well known. The ways of God are not the ways of man, since he permitted the descent of Jesus Christ from this very Bathsheba, everything being rendered pure by so holy a mystery.

I ask not now how Jurieu had the audacity to persecute the wise Bayle for not approving all the actions of the good King David. I only inquire, why a man like Jurieu is suffered to molest a man like Bayle?

DECRETALS.

Letters of the popes, which regulate points of doctrine and discipline, and which have the force of law in the Latin church.

Besides the genuine ones collected by Denis le Petit, there is a collection of false ones, the author of which, as well as the date, is unknown. It was an Archbishop of Mayence, called Riculphus, who circulated it in France, about the end of the eighth century; he had also brought to Worms an epistle of Pope Gregory, which had never before been heard of; but no vestige of the latter is at present remaining, while the false decretals, as we shall see, have met with the greatest success for eight centuries.

This collection bears the name of Isidore Mercator, and comprehends an infinite number of decrees falsely ascribed to the popes, from Clement I. down to Siricus. The false donation of Constantine; the council of Rome under Sylvester; the letter of Athanasius to Mark; that of Anastasius to the bishops of Germany and Burgundy; that of Sixtus III. to the Orientals; that of Leo I. relating to the privileges of the rural bishops; that of John I. to the Archbishop Zachariah; one of Boniface II. to Eulalia of Alexandria; one of John III. to the bishops of France and Burgundy; one of Gregory, containing a privilege of the

astery of St. Medard; one from the ie to Felix, Bishop of Messina; and ny others.

The object of the author was to extend the authority of the pope and the bishops. With this view, he lays it down as a principle, that they can be definitely judged only by the pope; and he often repeats this maxim, that not only every bishop, but every priest, and, generally, every oppressed individual may, in any stage of a cause, appeal directly to the pope. He likewise considers it as an incontestible principle, that no council, not even a provincial one, may be held without the permission of the pope.

These decretals, favouring the impunity of bishops, and still more the ambitious pretensions of the popes, were eagerly adopted by them both. In 861, Rotade, Bishop of Soissons, being deprived of episcopal communion in a provincial council, on account of disobedience, appeals to the pope. Hincmar of Rheims, his metropolitan, notwithstanding his appeal, deposes him in another council, under the pretext that he had afterwards renounced it, and submitted himself to the judgment of the bishops.

Pope Nicholas I. being informed of this affair, wrote to Hincmar, and blamed his proceedings. "You ought," says he, "to honour the memory of St. Peter, and await our judgment, even although Rotade had not appealed." And in another letter on the same matter, he threatens Hincmar with excommunication, if he does not restore Rotade. That pope did more. Rotade having arrived at Rome, he declared him acquitted in a council held on Christmas eve, 164; and dismissed him to his see with letters. That which he addressed to all the bishops is worthy of notice, and is as follows:—

"What you say is absurd, that Rotade, after having appealed to the holy see, changed his language and submitted himself anew to your judgment. Even although he had done so, it would have been your duty to set him right, and teach him that an appeal never lies from a superior judge to an inferior one. But even although he had not appealed to the holy see, you ought by no means to depose a bishop without our participation, in prejudice of so many decretals of our predecessors; for, if it be by their judgment, that the writings of other doctors are approved or rejected, how much more should that be respected which they have themselves written, to decide on points of doctrine and discipline; Some tell you that these decretals are not in the book of canons; yet those same persons, when they find them favourable to their designs, use both without distinction, and reject them only to lessen the power of the holy see. If the decretals of the ancient popes are to be rejected because they are not contained in the book of canons, the writings of St. Gregory, and the rest of the fathers, must, on the same principle, be rejected also, and even the holy scriptures themselves.

"You say," the pope continues, "that judgments upon bishops are not among the higher causes; we maintain that they are high in proportion as bishops hold a high rank in the church. Will you assert that it is only metropolitan affairs which constitute the higher causes? But metropolitans are not of a different order from bishops, and we do not demand different witnesses or judges in the one case, from what are usual in the other; we therefore require, that causes which involve either should be reserved for us. And, finally, can any one be found so utterly unreasonable as to say, that all other churches ought to preserve their privileges, and that the Roman church alone should lose her's?" He concludes with ordering them to receive and replace Rotade.

Pope Adrian, the successor of Nicholas I., seems to have been no less zealous in a similar case relating to Hincmar of Laon. That prelate had rendered himself hateful both to the clergy and people of his diocese, by various acts of injustice and violence. Having been accused before the council of Verberie—at which Hincmar

of Rheims, his uncle and metropolitan, presided—he appealed to the pope, and demanded permission to go to Rome. This was refused him. The process against him was merely suspended, and the affair went no farther. But upon new matters of complaint brought against him, by Charles the Bald and Hincmar of Rheims, he was cited at first before the council of Attigni, where he appeared, and soon afterwards fled; and then before the council of Douzi, where he renewed his appeal, and was deposed. The council wrote to the pope a synodal letter, on the sixth of September, 871, to request of him a confirmation of the acts which they sent to him; but Adrian, far from acquiescing in the judgment of the council, expressed in the strongest terms his disapprobation of the condemnation of Hincmar; maintaining that, since Hincmar declared before the council that he appealed to the holy see, they ought not to have pronounced any sentence of condemnation upon him. Such were the terms used by that pope in his letter to the bishops of the council, as also in that which he wrote to the king.

The following is the vigorous answer sent by Charles to Adrian:—"Your letters say—

"We will and ordain, by apostolic authority, that Hincmar of Laon shall come to Rome and present himself before us, resting upon your supremacy.

"We wonder where the writer of this letter discovered that a king, whose duty it is to chastise the guilty, and be the avenger of crimes, ought to send to Rome a criminal convicted according to legal forms, and more especially one who, before his deposition, was found guilty, in three councils, of enterprises against the public peace; and who, after his deposition, persisted in his disobedience.

"We are compelled further to tell you, that we, kings of France, born of a royal race, have never yet passed for the deputies of bishops, but for sovereigns of the earth. And, as St Leon and the Roman council have said, kings and emperors, whom God has appointed to govern the world, have permitted bishops to regulate their affairs according to their ordinances, but they have never been the stewards of bishops; and if you search the records of your predecessors, you will not find that they have ever written to persons in our exalted situation, as you have done in the present instance."

He then adduces two letters of St. Gregory, to show with what modesty he wrote, not only to the kings of France, but to the Exarchs of Italy. "Finally," he concludes, "I beg that you will never more send to me, or to the bishops of my kingdom, similar letters, if you wish that we should give to what you write that honour and respect which we would willingly grant it." The bishops of the council of Douzi answered the pope nearly in the same strain; and, although we have not the entire letter, it appears that their object in it was to prove that Hincmar's appeal ought not to be decided at Rome, but in France, by judges delegated conformably to the canons of the council of Sardis.

These examples are sufficient to show how the popes extended their jurisdiction by the instrumentality of these false decretals; and although Hincmar of Rheims objected to Adrian, that, not being included in the book of canons, they could not subvert the discipline established by the canons—which occasioned his being accused, before Pope John VIII., of not admitting the decretals of the popes—he constantly cited these decretals as authorities, in his letters and other writings, and his example was followed by many bishops. At first, those only we admitted which were not contrary to the more recent canons, and afterwards there was less and less scruple.

The councils themselves made use of them. Thus, in that of Rheims, held in 992, the bishops availed themselves of the decretals of Anacletus, of Julius, of Damasis, and other popes, in the cause of Arnoul. Succeeding councils imitated that of Rheims. The popes Gregory VII.,

Urban II., Pascal II., Urban III., and Alexander III., supported the maxims they found in them, persuaded that they constituted the discipline of the flourishing age of the church. Finally, the compilers of the canons—Bouchard of Worms, Yves of Chartres, and Gratian—introduced them into their collection. After they became publicly taught in the schools, and commented upon, all the polemical and scholastic divines, and all the expositors of the canon law, eagerly laid hold of these false decretals to confirm the Catholic dogmas, or to establish points of discipline, and scattered them profusely through their works.

It was not till the sixteenth century, that the first suspicion of their authenticity were excited. Erasmus, and many others with him, called them in question upon the following grounds:—

1st. The decretals contained in the collection of Isidore are not in that of Denis le Petit, who cited none of the decretals of the popes before the time of Siricus. Yet he informs us, that he took extreme care in collecting them. They could not, therefore, have escaped him, if they had existed in the archives of the see of Rome, where he resided. If they were unknown to the holy see, to which they were favourable, they were so to the whole church. The fathers and councils of the eight first centuries have made no mention of them. But how can this universal silence be reconciled with their authenticity?

2nd. Those decretals do not all correspond with the state of things existing at the time in which they are supposed to have been written. Not a word is said of the heresies of the three first centuries, nor of other ecclesiastical affairs with which the genuine works of the same period are filled. This proves that they were fabricated afterwards.

3rd. Their dates are almost always false. Their author generally follows the chronology of the pontifical book, which, by Baronius's own confession, is very incorrect. This is a presumptive evidence that the collection was not composed till after the pontifical book.

4th. These decretals, in all the citations of scripture passages which they contain, use the version known by the name of "Vulgate," made, or at least revised, by St. Jerome. They are, therefore, of later date than St. Jerome.

Finally, they are all written in the same style, which is very barbarous; and, in that respect, corresponding to the ignorance of the eighth century; but it is not by any means probable that all the different popes, whose names they bear, affected that uniformity of style. It may be concluded with confidence, that all the decretals are from the same hand.

Besides these general reasons, each of the documents which form Isidore's collection carries with it marks of forgery peculiar to itself, and none of which have escaped the keen criticism of David Blondel, to whom we are principally indebted for the light thrown at the present day on this compilation, now no longer known but as "The False Decretals;" but the usages introduced in consequence of it subsist not the less through a considerable portion of Europe.

DELUGE (UNIVERSAL).

We begin with observing that we are believers in the universal deluge, because it is recorded in the holy Hebrew scriptures transmitted to Christians.

We consider it as a miracle: first, because all the facts by which God condescends to interfere in the sacred books are so many miracles.

Secondly, because the sea could not rise fifteen cubits, or one-and-twenty standard feet and a half, above the highest mountains, without leaving its bed dry, and, at the same, violating all the laws of gravity and the equilibrium of fluids, which would evidently require a miracle.

Thirdly, because, even although it might rise to the height mentioned, the ark could not have contained, according to known physical laws, all the living

things of the earth, together with their food, for so long a time: considering that lions, tigers, panthers, leopards, ounces, rhinoceroses, bears, wolves, hyenas, eagles, hawks, kites, vultures, falcons, and all carnivorous animals which feed on flesh alone, would have died of hunger, even after having devoured all the other species.

There was printed, some time ago, in an appendix to Pascal's Thoughts, a dissertation of a merchant of Rouen, called Le Pelletier, in which he proposes a plan for building a vessel in which all kinds of animals might be included and maintained for the space of a year. It is clear, that this merchant never superintended even a poultry-yard. We cannot but look upon M. le Pelletier, the architect of the ark, as a visionary, who knew nothing about menageries; and upon the deluge as an adorable miracle, fearful and incomprehensible to the feeble reason of M. le Pelletier, as well as to our own.

Fourthly, because the physical impossibility of a universal deluge, by natural means, can be strictly demonstrated. The demonstration is as follows:—

All the seas cover half the globe. A common measure of their depths near the shores, and in the open ocean, is assumed to be five hundred feet.

In order to their covering both hemispheres to the depth of five hundred feet, not only would an ocean of that depth be necessary over all the land, but a new sea would, in addition, be required to envelope the ocean at present existing, without which the laws of hydrostatics would occasion the dispersion of that other new mass of water five hundred feet deep, which should remain covering the land.

Thus, then, two new oceans are requisite to cover the terraqueous globe merely to the depth of five hundred feet.

Supposing the mountains to be only twenty thousand feet high, forty oceans, each five hundred feet in height, would be required to accumulate on each other, merely in order to equal the height of the mountains. Every successive ocean would contain all the others, and the last of them all would have a circumference containing forty times that of the first.

In order to form this mass of water, it would be necessary to create it out of nothing. In order to withdraw it, it would be necessary to annihilate it.

The event of the deluge, then, is a double miracle, and the greatest that has ever manifested the power of the eternal Sovereign of all worlds.

We are exceedingly surprised that some learned men have attributed to this deluge some small shells found in many parts of our continent.

We are still more surprised at what we find under the article Deluge in the grand Encyclopedia. An author is quoted in it who says things so very profound that they may be considered as chimerical. This is the first characteristic of Pluche. He proves the possibility of the deluge by the history of the giants who made war against the gods!

Briaréus, according to him, is clearly the deluge, for it signifies *the loss of serenity;* and in what language does it signify this loss?—In Hebrew. But Briaréus is a Greek word, which means *robust;* it is not a Hebrew word. Even if, by chance, it had been so, we ought to beware of imitating Bochart, who derives so many Greek, Latin, and even French words from the Hebrew idiom. The Greeks certainly knew no more of the Jewish idiom than of the language of the Chinese.

The giant Othus is also in Hebrew, according to Pluche, "the derangement of the seasons." But it is also a Greek word, which does not signify anything, at least, that I know; and even if it did, what, let me ask, could it have to do with the Hebrew?

Porphyrion is a *shaking of the earth,* in Hebrew; but in Greek, it is porphyry. This has nothing to do with the deluge.

Mimas is a *great rain;* for once, he does mention a name which may bear upon the deluge. But in Greek *mimas* means mimic, comedian. There are no means of tracing the deluge of such an origin.

Enceladus, another proof of the deluge in Hebrew; for, according to Pluche, it is the fountain of time; but, unluckily, in Greek it is *noise.*

Ephialtes, another demonstration of the deluge in Hebrew; for *ephialtes,* which signifies *leaper, oppressor, incubus,* in Greek is, according to Pluche, a vast accumulation of clouds.

But the Greeks, having taken everything from the Hebrews, with whom they were unacquainted, clearly gave to their giants all those names which Pluche extracts from the Hebrews as well as he can, and all as a memorial of the deluge.

Such is the reasoning of Pluche. It is he who cites the author of the article DELUGE without refuting him. Does he speak seriously, or does he jest? I do not know. All I know is, that there is scarcely a single system to be found at which one can forbear jesting.

I have some apprehension that the article in the grand Encyclopedia, attributed to M. Boulanger, is not serious. In that case, we ask whether it is philosophical. Philosophy is so often deceived, that we shall not venture to decide against M. Boulanger.

Still less shall we venture to ask what was that abyss which was broken up, or what were the cataracts of heaven which were opened. Isaac Vossius denies the universality of the deluge: "Hoc est piè nugari." Calmet maintains it; informing us that bodies have no weight in air, but in consequence of their being compressed by air. Calmet was not much of a natural philosopher, and the weight of the air has nothing to do with the deluge. Let us content ourselves with reading and respecting everything in the bible, without comprehending a single word of it.

I do not comprehend how God created a race of men in order to drown them, and then substitute in their room a race still viler than the first.

How seven pairs of all kinds of clean animals should come from the four quarters of the globe, together with two pairs of unclean ones, without the wolves devouring the sheep on the way, or the kites the pigeons, &c., &c.

How eight persons could keep in order, feed, and water, such an immense number of inmates, shut up in an ark for nearly two years; for, after the cessation of the deluge, it would be necessary to have food for all these passengers for another year, in consequence of the herbage being so scanty.

I am not like M. Pelletier. I admire everything, and explain nothing.

DEMOCRACY.

Le pire des états, c'est l'état populaire.
That sway is worst, in which the people rule.

Such is the opinion which Cinna gave Augustus. But, on the other hand, Maximus maintains that—

Le pire des états, c'est l'état monarchique.
That sway is worst in which a monarch rules.

Bayle, in his Philosophical Dictionary, after having repeatedly advocated both sides of the question, gives, under the article Pericles, a most disgusting picture of democracy, and more particularly that of Athens.

A republican, who is a staunch partisan of democracy, and one of our "proposers of questions," sends us a refutation of Bayle and his apology for Athens. We will adduce his reasons. It is the privilege of every writer to judge the living and the dead; he who thus sits in judgment will be himself judged by others, who, in their turn, will be judged also; and thus, from age to age, all sentences are, according to circumstances, reversed or reformed.

Bayle, then, after some common-place observations, uses these words: "A man would look in vain into the history of Macedon for as much tyranny as he finds in the history of Athens"

Perhaps Bayle was discontented with Holland when he thus wrote; and probably my republican friend, who refutes him, is contented with his little democratic city "for the present."

It is difficult to weigh, in an exquisitely nice balance, the iniquities of the republic of Athens and of the court of Macedon. We still upbraid the Athenians with the banishment of Cymon, Aristides, Themistocles, and Alcibiades, and the sentences of death upon Phocion and Socrates; sentences similar in absurdity and cruelty to those of some of our own tribunals.

In short, what we can never pardon in the Athenians is the execution of their six victorious generals, condemned because they had not time to bury their dead after the victory, and because they were prevented from doing so by a tempest. The sentence is at once ridiculous and barbarous, it bear such a stamp of superstition and ingratitude, that those of the inquisition, those delivered against Urbain, Grandier, against the wife of Marshal D'Ancre, against Montrin, and against innumerable sorcerers and witches, &c., are not, in fact, fooleries more atrocious.

It is in vain to say, in excuse of the Athenians, that they believed, like Homer before them, that the souls of the dead were always wandering unless they had received the honours of sepulture, or burning. A folly is no excuse for a barbarity.

A dreadful evil, indeed, for the souls of a few Greeks to ramble for a week or two on the shore of the ocean! The evil is, in consigning over living men to the executioner; living men who have won a battle for you; living men, to whom you ought to be devoutly grateful.

Thus, then, are the Athenians convicted of having been at once the most silly and the most barbarous judges in the world.

But we must now place in the balance the crimes of the court of Macedon; we shall see that that court far exceeds Athens in point of tyranny and atrocity.

There is ordinarily no comparison to be made between the crimes of the great, who are always ambitious, and those of the people, who never desire, and who never can desire, anything but liberty and equality. These two sentiments, "liberty and equality," do not *necessarily* lead to calumny, rapine, assassination, poisoning, and devastation of the lands of neighbours; but, the towering ambition and thirst for power of the great, precipitate them headlong into every species of crime in all periods and all places.

In this same Macedon, the virtue of which Bayle opposes to that of Athens, we see nothing but a tissue of tremendous crimes for a series of two hundred years.

It is Ptolemy, the uncle of Alexander the Great, who assassinates his brother Alexander to usurp the kingdom.

It is Philip, his brother, who spends his life in guilt and perjury, and ends it by a stab from Pausanius.

Olympias orders Queen Cleopatra and her son to be thrown into a furnace of molten brass. She assassinates Arideus.

Antigonus assassinates Eumenes.

Antigonus Gonathas, his son, poisons the governor of the citadel of Corinth, marries his widow, expels her, and takes possession of the citadel.

Philip, his grandson, poisons Demetrius, and defiles the whole of Macedon with murders.

Perseus kills his wife with his own hand, and poisons his brother.

These perfidies and cruelties are authenticated in history.

Thus, then, for two centuries, the madness of despotism converts Macedon into a theatre for every crime; and in the same space of time you see the popular government of Athens stained only by five or six acts of judicial iniquity, five or six certainly atrocious judgments, of which the people in every instance re-

pented, and for which they made, as far as they could, honourable expiation (*amende honorable*). They asked pardon of Socrates after his death, and erected to his memory the small temple called *Socrateion*. They asked pardon of Phocion, and raised a statue to his honour. They asked pardon of the six generals, so ridiculously condemned and so basely executed. They confined in chains the principal accuser, who with difficulty escaped from public vengeance. The Athenian people, therefore, appear to have had good natural dispositions, connected, as they were, with great versatility and frivolity. In what despotic state has the injustice of precipitate decrees ever been thus ingenuously acknowledged and deplored?

Bayle, then, is for this once, in the wrong. My republican has reason on his side. Popular government, therefore, is in itself iniquitous, but less abominable than monarchical despotism.

The great vice of democracy is certainly not tyranny and cruelty. There have been republicans in mountainous regions wild and ferocious; but they were made so, not by the spirit of republicanism, but by nature. The North American savages were entirely republican; but they were republics of bears.

The radical vice of a civilized republic is expressed by the Turkish fable of the dragon with many heads, and the dragon with many tails. The multitude of heads become injurious, and the multitude of tails obey one single head, which wants to devour all.

Democracy seems to suit only a very small country; and even that fortunately situated. Small as it may be, it will commit many faults, because it will be composed of men. Discord will prevail in it, as in a convent of monks; but there will be no St. Bartholomews there, no Irish massacre, no Sicilian vespers, no inquisition, no condemnation to the galleys for having taken water from the ocean without paying for it; at least, unless it be a republic of devils, established in some corner of hell.

After having taken the side of my Swiss friend against the dextrous fencing-master, Bayle, I will add:

That the Athenians were warriors like the Swiss, and as polite as the Parisians were under Louis XIV:

That they excelled in every art requiring genius or execution, like the Florentines in time of the Medici:

That they were the masters of the Romans in the sciences and in eloquence, even in the days of Cicero:

That this same people, insignificant in number, who scarcely possessed anything of territory, and who, at the present day, consist only of a band of ignorant slaves, a hundred times less numerous than the Jews, and deprived of all but their name, yet bear away the palm from Roman power, by their ancient reputation, which triumphs at once over time and degradation.

Europe has seen a republic, ten times smaller than Athens, attract its attention for the space of one hundred and fifty years, and its name placed by the side of that of Rome, even while she still commanded kings; while she condemned one Henry, a sovereign of France, and absolved and scourged another Henry, the first man of his age; even while Venice retained her ancient splendour, and the republic of the seven United Provinces was astonishing Europe and the Indies by its successful establishment and extensive commerce.

This almost imperceptible ant-hill could not be crushed by the royal demon of the south, and the monarch of two worlds, nor by the intrigues of the Vatican, which put in motion one half of Europe. It resisted by words and by arms; and with the help of a Picard who wrote, and a small number of Swiss who fought for it, it became at length established and triumphant, and was enabled to say, "Rome and I." She kept all minds divided between the rich pontiffs who succeeded to the Scipios,—Ro-

manos rerum dominos,—and the poor inhabitants of a corner of the world long unknown in a country of poverty and *goitres*.

The main point was, to decide how Europe should think on the subject of certain questions which no one understood. It was the conflict of the human mind. The Calvins, the Bezas, and Turetins, were the Demostheneses, Platos, and Aristotles of the day.

The absurdity of the greater part of the controversial questions which bound down the attention of Europe, having at length been acknowledged, this small republic turned our consideration to what appears of solid consequence—the acquisition of wealth. The system of law, more chimerical and less baleful than that of the supralapsarians and the sublapsarians, occupied with arithmetical calculations those who could no longer gain celebrity as partisans of the doctrine of crucified divinity. They became rich, but were no longer famous.

It is thought that at present there is no republic, except in Europe. I am mistaken if I have not somewhere made the remark myself; it must, however, have been a great inadvertence. The Spaniards found in America the republic of Tlascala perfectly well established. Every part of that continent, which has not been subjugated, is still republican. In the whole of that vast territory, when it was first discovered, there existed no more than two kingdoms; and this may well be considered as a proof that republican government is the most natural. Men must have obtained considerable refinement, and have tried many experiments, before they submitted to the government of a single individual.

In Africa, the Hottentots, the Caffres, and many communities of negroes, are democracies. It is pretended that the countries in which the greater part of the negroes are sold, are governed by kings. Tripoli, Tunis, and Algiers, are republics of soldiers and pirates. There are similar ones in India. The Mahrattas, and many other Indian hordes, have no kings; they elect chiefs when they go on their expeditions of plunder.

Such are also many of the hordes of Tartars. Even the Turkish empire has long been a republic of Janissaries, who have frequently strangled their sultan, when their sultan did not decimate them. We are every day asked, whether a republican or a kingly government is to be preferred? The dispute always ends in agreeing that the government of men is exceedingly difficult. The Jews had God himself for their master; yet observe the events of their history. They have almost always been trampled upon and enslaved; and, nationally, what a wretched figure do they make at present!

DEMONIACS.

Hypochondriacal and epileptic persons, and women labouring under hysterical affections, have always been considered the victims of evil spirits, malignant demons, and divine vengeance. We have seen that this disease was called the sacred disease; and that whilst the physicians were ignorant, the priests of antiquity obtained everywhere the care and management of such diseases.

When the symptoms were very complicated, the patients were supposed to be possessed with many demons—a demon of madness, one of luxury, one of avarice, one of obstinacy, one of short-sightedness, one of deafness; and the exorciser could not easily miss finding a demon of foolery created, with another of knavery.

The Jews expelled spirits from the bodies of the possessed by the application of the root barath, and a certain formula of words; our Saviour expelled them by a divine virtue; he communicated that virtue to his apostles, but it is now greatly impaired.

A short time since an attempt was made to renew the history of St. Paulin. That saint saw on the roof of a church a poor demoniac, who walked under, or

rather upon, this roof or ceiling, with his head below and his feet above, nearly in the manner of a fly. St. Paulin clearly perceived that the man was possessed, and sent several leagues off for some relics of St. Felix of Nola, which were applied to the patient as blisters. The demon who supported the man against the roof instantly fled, and the demoniac fell down upon the pavement.

We may have doubts about this history, while we preserve the most profound respect for genuine miracles; and we may be permitted to observe, that this is not the way in which we now cure demoniacs. We bleed them, bathe them, and gently relax them by medicine; we apply emollients to them. This is M. Pome's treatment of them; and he has performed more cures than the priests of Isis and Diana, or of any one else who ever wrought by miracles.

As to demoniacs who say they are possessed merely to gain money, instead of being bathed, they are at present flogged.

It often happened, that the specific gravity of epileptics, whose fibres and muscles withered away, was lighter than water, and that they floated when put into it. A miracle! was instantly exclaimed. It was pronounced that such a person must be a demoniac or a sorcerer; and holy water or the executioner was immediately sent for. It was an unquestionable proof that either the demon had become master of the body of the floating person, or that the latter had voluntarily delivered himself over to the demon. On the first supposition the person was exorcised, on the second he was burnt.

Thus have we been reasoning and acting for a period of fifteen or sixteen hundred years, and yet we have the effrontery to laugh at the Caffres!

In 1603, in a small village of Franche-Compté, a woman of quality made her granddaughter read aloud the lives of the saints in the presence of her parents; this young woman, who was in some respects very well informed, but ignorant of orthography, substituted the word *histories* for that of *lives* (vies). Her step-mother, who hated her, said to her in a tone of harshness, "Why don't you read as it is there?" The girl blushed and trembled, but did not venture to say anything; she wished to avoid disclosing which of her companions had interpreted the word upon a false orthography, and prevented her using it. A monk, who was the familiar confessor, pretended that the devil had taught her the word. The girl chose to be silent rather than vindicate herself; her silence was considered as amounting to confession; the inquisition convicted her of having made a compact with the devil; she was condemned to be burnt, because she had a large fortune from her mother, and the confiscated property went by law to the inquisitors. She was the hundred thousandth victim of the doctrine of demoniacs, persons possessed by devils and exorcisms, and of the real devils who swayed the world.

DESTINY.

Of all the books written in the western climes of the world, which have reached our times, Homer is the most ancient. In his works we find the manners of profane antiquity, coarse heroes, and material gods, made after the image of man, but mixed up with reveries and absurdities; we also find the seeds of philosophy, and more particularly the idea of destiny, or necessity, who is the dominatrix of the gods, as the gods are of the world.

When the magnanimous Hector determines to fight the magnanimous Achilles, and runs away with all possible speed, making the circuit of the city three times, in order to increase his vigour; when Homer compares the light-footed Achilles, who pursues him, to a man that is asleep! and when Madame Dacier breaks into a rapture of admiration at the art and meaning exhibited in this passage, it is precisely then that Jupiter,

desirous of saving the great Hector, who has offered up to him so many sacrifices, bethinks him of consulting the destinies, upon weighing the fates of Hector and Achilles in a balance. He finds that the Trojan must inevitably be killed by the Greek, and is not only unable to oppose it, but from that moment Apollo, the guardian genius of Hector, is compelled to abandon him. It is not to be denied that Homer is frequently extravagant, and even on this very occasion displays a contradictory flow of ideas, according to the privilege of antiquity; but yet he is the first in whom we meet with the notion of destiny. It may be concluded, then, that in his days it was a prevalent one.

The Pharisees, among the small nation of Jews, did not adopt the idea of a destiny till many ages after. For these Pharisees themselves, who were the most learned class among the Jews, were but of very recent date. They mixed up, in Alexandria, a portion of the dogmas of the stoics with their ancient Jewish ideas. St. Jerome goes so far as to state, that their sect is but a little anterior to our vulgar era.

Philosophers would never have required the aid of Homer, or of the Pharisees, to be convinced that everything is performed according to immutable laws, that everything is ordained, that everything is, in fact, *necessary*. The manner in which they reason is as follows:—

Either the world subsists by its own nature, by its own physical laws, or a supreme being has formed it according to his supreme laws; in both cases these laws are immoveable; in both cases everything is necessary; heavy bodies tend toward the centre of the earth without having any power or tendency to rest in the air. Pear trees cannot produce pine apples. The instinct of a spaniel cannot be the instinct of an ostrich; everything is arranged, adjusted, and fixed.

Man can have only a certain number of teeth, hairs, and ideas; and a period arrives when he necessarily loses his teeth, hair, and ideas.

It is contradictory to say that yesterday should not have been; or that today does not exist; it is just as contradictory to assert that which is to come will not inevitably be.

Could you derange the destiny of a single fly, there would be no possible reason why you should not control the destiny of all other flies, of all other animals, of all men, of all nature. You would find, in fact, that you were more powerful than God.

Weak-minded persons say, my physician has brought my aunt safely through a mortal disease; he has added ten years to my aunt's life. Others of more judgment say, the prudent man makes his own destiny.

> Nullum numen abest, si sit Prudentia. sed te
> Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam cœloque locamus.
> *Juvenal*, sat. x. v. 365.

> We call on Fortune, and her aid implore,
> While Prudence is the goddess to adore.

But frequently the prudent man succumbs under his destiny, instead of making it. It is destiny which makes men prudent. Profound politicians assure us, that if Cromwell, Ludlow, Ireton, and a dozen other parliamentary leaders had been assassinated eight days before Charles I. had his head cut off, that king would have continued alive and have died in his bed; they are right; and they may add, that if all England had been swallowed up in the sea, that king would not have perished on a scaffold before Whitehall. But things were so arranged, that Charles was to have his head cut off.

Cardinal d'Ossat was unquestionably more clever than an idiot of the petites maisons; but is it not evident that the organs of the wise d'Ossat were differently formed than those of that idiot?—Just as the organs of a fox are different from those of a crane or a lark.

Your physician saved your aunt, but in so doing he certainly did not contradict the order of nature, but followed it. It is clear that your aunt could not pre-

vent her birth in a certain place, that she could not help being affected by a certain malady, at a certain time; that the physician could be in no other place than where he was, that your aunt could not but apply to him, that he could not but prescribe medicines which cured her, or were thought to cure her, while nature was the sole physician.

A peasant thinks that it hailed upon his field by chance; but the philosopher know that there was no chance; and that it was absolutely impossible, according to the constitution of the world, for it not to have hailed at that very time and place.

There are some who, being shocked by this truth, concede only half of it, like debtors who offer one moiety of their property to their creditors, and ask remission for the other. There are, they say, some events which are necessary, and others which are not so. It would be curious for one part of the world to be changed and the other not; that one part of what happens should happen inevitably, and another fortuitously. When we examine the question closely, we see that the doctrine opposed to that of destiny is absurd; but many men are destined to be bad reasoners, others not to reason at all, and others to persecute those who reason well or ill.

Some caution us by saying, "Do not believe in fatalism, for, if you do, everything appearing to you unavoidable, you will exert yourself for nothing; you will sink down in indifference; you will regard neither wealth, nor honours, nor praise; you will be careless about acquiring anything whatever; you will consider yourself meritless and powerless; no talent will be cultivated, and all will be overwhelmed in apathy."

Do not be afraid, gentlemen; we shall always have passions and prejudices, since it is our destiny to be subjected to prejudices and passions. We shall very well know that it no more depends upon us to have great merit or superior talents, than to have a fine head of hair or a beautiful hand; we shall be convinced that we ought to be vain of nothing, and yet vain we shall always be.

I have necessarily the passion for writing as I now do, and, as for you, you have the passion for censuring me: we are both equally fools, both equally the sport of destiny. Your nature is to do ill, mine is to love truth, and publish it in spite of you.

The owl, while supping upon mice in his ruined tower, said to the nightingale, "Stop your singing there in your beautiful arbour, and come to my hole that I may eat you." The nightingale replied, "I am born to sing where I am, and to laugh at you."

You ask me what is to become of liberty: I do not understand you; I do not know what the liberty you speak of really is. You have been so long disputing about the nature of it that you do not understand it. If you are willing, or rather, if you are able to examine with me coolly what it is, turn to the letter L.

DEVOTEE.

The word devout (*devot*) signifies devoted (*devoué*), and, in the strict sense of the term, can only be applicable to monks, and to females belonging to some religious order and under vows. But as the gospel makes no mention of vows or devotee, the title ought not, in fact, to be given to any person: the whole world ought to be equally just. A man who calls himself devout, is like a plebeian who calls himself a marquis; he arrogates a quality which does not belong to him; he thinks himself a better man than his neighbour. We pardon this folly in women; their weakness and frivolity render them excusable; they pass, poor things, from a lover to a spiritual director, with perfect sincerity; but we cannot pardon the knaves who direct them, who abuse their ignorance, and establish the throne of their pride on the credulity of the sex. They form a snug mystical harem, composed of seven or eight elderly

beauties subjugated by the weight of in-occupation, and almost all these subjects pay tribute to their new master. No young women without lovers; no elderly devotee without a director.—Oh, how much more shrewd are the orientals than we! A pacha never says,—We supped last night with the aga of the janissaries, who is my sister's lover; and with the vicar of the mosque, who is my wife's director!

DIAL.

Dial of Ahaz.

It is well known that everything is miraculous in the history of the Jews; the miracle performed in favour of King Hezekiah on the dial of Ahaz is one of the greatest that ever took place; it is evident that the whole earth must have been deranged, the course of the stars changed for ever, and the periods of the eclipses of the sun and moon so altered as to confuse all the ephemerides. This was the second time the prodigy happened. Joshua had stopped the sun at noon on Gibeon, and the moon on Askalon, in order to get time to kill a troop of Amorites already crushed by a shower of stones from heaven.

The sun, instead of stopping for King Hezekiah, went back, which is nearly the same thing, only differently described.

In the first place, Isaiah said to Hezekiah, who was sick, "Thus saith the Lord,—Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live."

Hezekiah wept, and God was softened, he signified to him, through Isaiah, that he should still live fifteen years, and that in three days he should go to the temple; then Isaiah brought a plaister of figs and put it on the king's ulcers, and he was cured—"et curatus est."

Hezekiah demanded a sign to convince him that he should be cured. Isaiah said to him, "Shall the shadow go forward ten degrees, or go back ten degrees?" And Hezekiah answered, "It is a light thing for the shadow to go down ten degrees; let the shadow return backward ten degrees." And Isaiah the prophet cried unto the Lord, and he brought the shadow ten degrees backwards from the point to which it had gone down on the dial of Ahaz.

We should like to know what this dial of Ahaz was; whether it was the work of a dial maker named Ahaz, or whether it was a present made to a king of that name, it is an object of curiosity. There have been many disputes on this dial; the learned have proved that the Jews never knew either clocks or dials before their captivity in Babylon; the only time, say they, in which they learned anything of the Chaldeans, or the greater part of the nation began to read or write. It is even known that in their language they had no words to express clock, dial, geometry or astronomy; and, in the book of Kings, the dial of Ahaz is called the hour of the stone.

But the grand question is, to know how King Hezekiah, the possessor of this clock, or dial of the sun—this hour of stone—could tell that it was easy to advance the sun ten degrees. It is certainly as difficult to make it advance against its ordinary motion as to make it go backward.

The proposition of the prophet appears as astonishing as the discourse of the king: Shall the shadow go forward ten degrees, or go back ten degrees? That would have been well said in some town of Lapland, where the longest day of the year is twenty hours; but at Jerusalem, where the longest day of the year is about fourteen hours and a half, it was absurd. The king and the prophet deceived one another grossly. We do not deny the miracle, we firmly believe it; we only remark that Hezekiah and Isaiah knew not what they said. Whatever the hour, it was a thing equally impossible to make the shadow of the dial advance or recede ten hours. If it were two hours after noon, the prophet could, no doubt, have very well made the shadow of the dial go back to four o'clock in the morning; but in this case he could not have

advanced it ten hours, since then it would have been midnight, and at that time it is not usual to have a shadow of the sun in perfection.

It is difficult to discover when this strange history was written, but perhaps it was towards the time in which the Jews only confusedly knew that there were clocks and sun-dials. In that case it is true that they only got a very imperfect knowledge of these sciences until they went to Babylon. There is a still greater difficulty which the commentators have not thought of; which is, that the Jews did not count the hours as we do.

The same miracle happened in Greece, the day that Atrus served up the children of Thyestes for their father's supper.

The same miracle was still more sensibly performed at the time of Jupiter's intrigue with Alcmena. It required a night double the natural length to form Hercules. These adventures are common in antiquity, but very rare in our days, in which all things have degenerated.

DICTIONARY.

The invention of dictionaries, which was unknown to antiquity, is of the most unquestionable utility; and the encyclopædia, which was suggested by Messrs. Alembert and Diderot, and so successfully completed by them and their associates, notwithstanding all its defects, is a decisive evidence of it. What we find there under the article Dictionary would be a sufficient instance; it is done by the hand of a master.

I mean to speak here only of a new species of historical dictionaries, which contain a series of lies and satires in alphabetical order; such is the Historical Literary nnd Critical Dictionary, containing a summary of the lives of celebrated men of every description, and printed in 1758, in six volumes 8vo., without the name of the author.

The compilers of that work begin with declaring that it was undertaken by the advice of the author of the Ecclesiastical Gazette, "a formidable writer," they add, "whose arrow," which had already been compared to that of Jonathan, "never returned back, and was always steeped in the blood of the slain, in the carnage of the valiant."—A sanguine interfectorum ab adipe fortium sagitta Jonothæ nunquàm abiit retrorsùm.

It will, no doubt, be easily admitted that the connection between Jonathan, the son of Saul, who was killed at the battle of Gilboa, and a Parisian convulsionary, who scribbles ecclesiastical notices in his garret, in 1758, is wonderfully striking.

The author of this preface speaks in it of the great Colbert, We should conceive, at first, that the great statesman who conferred such vast benefits on France is alluded to; no such thing, it is a bishop of Montpellier. He complains that no other dictionary has bestowed sufficient praise on the celebrated Abbé d'Asfeld, the illustrious Boursier, the famous Gennes, the immortal La Borde, and that the lash of invective on the other hand has not been sufficiently applied to Lanquet, Archbishop of Sens. and a person of the name of Fillot, all as he pretends, men well known from the Pillars of Hercules to the frozen ocean. He engages to be "animated, energetic, and sarcastic, on a principle of religion; that he will make his countenance sterner than that of his enemies, and his front harder than their front, according to the words of Ezekiel," &c.

He declares that he has put in contribution all the journals and all the anas; and he concludes with hoping that heaven will bestow a blessing on his labours.

In dictionaries of this description, which are merely party works, we rarely find what we are in quest of, and often what we are not. Under the word *Adonis*, for example, we learn that Venus fell in love with him; but not a word about the worship of Adonis, or Adonai, among the Phenicians—nothing about those very ancient and celebrated festivals, those lamentations succeeded by

rejoicings, which were manifest allegories, like the feasts of Ceres, of Isis, and all the mysteries of antiquity. But, in compensation, we find *Adkichomia* a devotee, who translated David's psalms in the sixteenth century; and *Adkichomus*, apparently her relation, who wrote the life of Jesus Christ in Low-German.

We may well suppose that all the individuals of the faction which employed this person are loaded with praise, and their enemies with abuse. The author, or the crew of authors, who have put together this vocabulary of trash, say of Nicholas Boindin, attorney-general of the treasurers of France, and a member of the Academy of Belle-lettres, that he was a poet and an atheist.

That magistrate, however, never printed any verses, and never wrote anything on metaphysics or religion.

He adds, that Boindin will be ranked by posterity among the Vaninis, the Spinozas, and the Hobbeses. He is ignorant that Hobbes never professed atheism—that he merely subjected religion to the sovereign power, which he denominates the Leviathan. He is ignorant that Vanini was not an atheist; that the term atheist is not to be found even in the decree which condemned him; and that he was accused of impiety for having strenuously opposed the philosophy of Aristotle, and for having disputed with indiscretion and acrimony against a counsellor of the parliament of Toulouse, called Francon, or Franconi, who had the credit of getting him burnt to death; for the latter burn whom they please; witness the Maid of Orleans, Michael Servetus, the Counsellor Dubourg, the wife of Marshal d'Ancre, Urbain Grandier, Morin, and the books of the Jansenists. See, moreover, the apology for Vanini by the learned La Crosse, and the article Atheism.

The vocabulary treats Boindin as a miscreant; his relations were desirous of proceeding at law, and punishing an author who himself so well deserved the appellation which he so infamously applied to a man who was not merely a magistrate, but also learned and estimable; but the calumniator concealed himself, like most libellers, under a fictitious name.

Immediately after having applied such shameful language to a man respectable compared with himself, he considers him as an irrefragable witness, because Boindin—whose unhappy temper was well known—left an ill-written and exceedingly ill-advised memorial; in which he accuses La Motte—one of the worthiest men in the world, a geometrician, and an ironmonger—with having written the infamous verses for which Jean Baptiste Rousseau was convicted. Finally, in the list of Boindin's works, he altogether omits his excellent dissertations printed in the collection of the Academy of Belles-lettres, of which he was a highly distinguished member.

The article Fontenelle is nothing but a satire upon that ingenious and learned academician, whose science and talents are esteemed by the whole of literary Europe. The author has the effrontery to say, that "his History of Oracles does no honour to his religion." If Vandale, the author of the "History of Oracles," and his abridger, Fontenelle, had lived in the time of the Greeks and of the Roman republic, it might have been said, with reason, that they were rather good philosophers than good Pagans; but to speak sincerely, what injury do they do to Christianity by showing that the Pagan priests were a set of knaves? Is it not evident that the authors of the libel, miscalled a dictionary, are pleading their own cause? "Jam proximus ardet Ucalegon." But would it be offering an insult to the Christian religion to prove the knavery of the Convulsionaries. Government has done more; it has punished them without being accused of irreligion.

The libeller adds, that he suspects Fontenelle never performed the duties of a Christian but out of contempt for Christianity itself. It is a strange piece of madness on the part of these fanatics, to be always proclaiming that a philosopher

cannot be a Christian. They ought to be excommunicated and punished for this alone; for assuredly it implies a wish to destroy Christianity to assert, that it is impossible for a man to be a good reasoner, and at the same time believe a religion so reasonable and holy.

Des Iveteaux, preceptor of Louis XIV., is accused of having lived and died without religion. It seems as if these compilers had none; or at least as if, while violating all the precepts of the true one, they were searching about everywhere for accomplices.

The very gentlemanly writer of these articles is wonderfully pleased with exhibiting all the bad verses that have been written on the French Academy, and various anecdotes as ridiculous as they are false. This also is apparently out of zeal for religion.

I ought not to lose an opportunity of refuting an absurd story which has been much circulated, and which is repeated exceedingly *mal-á-propos* under the article of the Abbe Gedouin, upon whom the writer falls foul with great satisfaction, because in his youth he had been a Jesuit; a transient weakness, of which I know he repented all his life.

The devout and scandalous compiler of the Dictionary asserts, that the Abbé Gédouin slept with the celebrated Ninon l'Enclos on the very night of her completing her eightieth year. It certainly was not exactly befitting in a priest to relate this anecdote in a pretended Dictionary of illustrious men. Such a foolery, however, is in fact highly improbable; and I can take upon me to assert that nothing can be more false. The same anecdote was formerly put down to the credit of the Abbé Chateauneuf, who was not very difficult in his amours, and who. it was said, had received Ninon's favours when she was of the age of sixty, or rather, had conferred upon her his own. In early life, I saw a great deal of the Abbé Gédouin, the Abbé Chateauneuf, and Mademoiselle l'Enclos, and I can truly declare, that at the age of eighty years her countenance bore the most hideous marks of old age—that her person was afflicted with all the infirmities belonging to that stage of life, and that her mind was under the influence of the maxims of an austere philosophy.

Under the article Deshoulieres, the compiler pretends that that lady was the same who was designated under the term prude *(precieuse)*, in Boileau's satire upon women. Never was any woman more free from such weakness than Madame Deshouliéres; she always passed for a woman of the best society, possessed great simplicity, and was highly agreeable in conversation.

The article La Motte abounds with atrocious abuse of that academician, who was a man of very amiable manners, and a philosophic poet, who produced excellent works of every description. Finally, the author, in order to secure the sale of his book of six volumes, has made of it a slanderous libel.

His hero is Carré de Montgeron, who presented to the king a collection of the miracles performed by the Convulsionaries in the cemetery of St. Medard; who became mad and died insane.

The interest of the republic of literature and reason demands that those libellers should be delivered up to public indignation, lest their example, operating upon the sordid love of gain, should stimulate others to imitation; and the more so, as nothing is so easy as to copy books in alphabetical order, and add to them insipidities, calumnies, and abuse.

Extract from the Reflections of an Academician on the Dictionary of the French Academy.

It would be desirable to state the natural and incontestable etymology of every word, to compare the application, the various significations, the extent of the word, with the use of it; the different acceptations, the strength or weakness of correspondent terms in foreign languages; and finally, to quote the best authors who have used the word, to show the greater

or less extent of meaning which they have given to it, and to remark whether it is more fit for poetry than prose.

For example, I have observed that the *inclemency* of the weather is ridiculous in history, because that term has its origin in the anger of heaven, which is supposed to be manifested by the intemperateness, irregularities, and rigours of the seasons, by the violence of the cold, the disorder of the atmosphere, by tempests, storms, and pestilential exhalations, &c. Thus then inclemency, being a metaphor, is consecrated to poetry.

I have given to the word *impotence* all the acceptations which it receives. I showed the incorrectness of the historian, who speaks of the impotence of King Alphonso, without explaining whether he referred to that of resisting his brother, or that with which he was charged by his wife.

I have endeavoured to show that the epithets *irresistible* and *incurable* require very delicate management. The first who used the expression, the *irresistible impulse of genius*, made a very fortunate hit; because, in fact, the question was in relation to a great genius throwing itself upon its own resources in spite of all difficulties. Those imitators who have employed the expression in reference to very inferior men, are plagiarists who know not how to dispose of what they steal.

As soon as a man of genius has made a new application of any word in the language, copyists are not wanting to apply it, very mal-a-propos, in twenty places, without giving the inventor any credit.

I do not know that a single one of these words, termed by Boileau foundlings (*des mots trouvés*)—a single new expression of genius, is to be found in any tragic author since Racine, until within the last few years. These words are generally lax, ineffective, stale, and so ill placed, as to produce a barbarous style. To the disgrace of the nation, these Visigothic and Vandal productions were for a certain time extolled, panegyrised, and admired in the journals, especially as they came out under the protection of a certain lady of distinction, who knew nothing at all about the subject. We have recovered from all this now; and with one or two exceptions, the whole race of such productions is extinct for ever.

I did not in the first instance intend to make all these reflections, but to put the reader in a situation to make them.

I have shown at the letter E that our *e* mute, which we are reproached with by an Italian, is precisely what occasions the delicious harmony of our language:—*empire*, *couronne*, *diadème*, *épouvantable*, *sensible*. This *e* mute, which we make perceptible without articulating it, leaves in the ear a melodious sound like that of a bell, which still resounds although it is no longer struck. This we have already stated in respect to an Italian, a man of letters, who came to Paris to teach his own language, and who while there ought not to decry ours.

He does not perceive the beauty or necessity of our feminine rhymes: they are only *e*'s mute. This inter-weaving of masculine and feminine rhymes constitutes the charm of our verse.

Similar observations upon the alphabet, and upon words generally, would not have been without utility; but they would have made the work too long.

DIOCLESIAN.

After several weak or tyrannic reigns, the Roman empire had a good emperor in Probus, whom the legions massacred, and elected Carus, who was struck dead by lightning, while making war against the Persians. His son, Numerian, was proclaimed by the soldiers. The historians tell us seriously that he lost his sight by weeping for the death of his father, and that he was obliged to be carried along with the army, shut up in a close litter. His father-in-law Aper killed him in his bed, to place himself on the throne; but a Druid had predicted in Gaul to Dioclesian, one of the generals of the

army, that he would become emperor after having killed a boar. A boar, in Latin, is *aper*. Dioclesian assembled the army, killed Aper with his own hands in the presence of the soldiers, and thus accomplished the prediction of the Druid. The historians who relate this oracle deserve to be fed on the fruit of the tree which the Druid revered. It is certain that Dioclesian killed the father-in-law of the emperor, which was his first right to the throne. Numerian had a brother named Carinus, who was also emperor, but being opposed to the elevation of Dioclesian, he was killed by one of the tribunes of his army, which formed his second pretension to the purple. These were Dioclesian's right to the throne, and for a long time he had no other.

He was originally of Dalmatia, of the little town of Dioclea, of which he took the name. If it be true that his father was a labourer, and that he himself in his youth had been a slave to a senator named Anulinus, the facts forms his finest eulogium. He could only have owed his elevation to himself; and it is very clear that he had conciliated the esteem of his army, since they forgot his birth to give him the diadem. Lactantius, a Christian authority, but rather partial, pretends that Dioclesian was the greatest poltroon of the empire. It is not very likely that the Roman soldiers would have chosen a poltroon to govern them, or that this poltroon would have passed through all the degrees of the army. The zeal of Lactantious against a Pagan emperor is very laudable, but not judicious.

Dioclesian continued for twenty years the master of those fierce legions, who dethroned their emperors with as much facility as they created them; which is another proof, notwithstanding Lactantius, that he was as great a prince as he was a brave soldier. The empire, under him, soon regained its pristine splendour. The Gauls, the Africans, Egyptians, and British, who had revolted several times, were all brought under obedience to the empire; even the Persians were vanquished. So much success without; a still more happy administration within; laws as humane as wise, which still exist in the Justinian code; Rome, Milan, Autun, Nicomedia, Carthage, embellished by his munificence; all tended to gain him the love and respect both of the east and west; so that, two hundred and forty years after his death, they continued to reckon and date from the first year of his reign, as they had formerly dated from the foundation of Rome. This is what is called the Era of Dioclesian; it has also been called the Era of Martyrs; but this is a mistake of eighteen years, for it is certain that he did not persecute any Christian for eighteen years. So far from it, the first thing he did, when emperor, was to give a company of prætorian guards to a Christian named Sebastian, who is in the list of the saints.

He did not fear to give a colleague to the empire in the person of a soldier of fortune, like himself; it was Maximian Hercules, his friend. The similarity of their fortunes had caused their friendship. Maximian was also born of poor and obscure parents, and had been elevated like Dioclesian, step by step, by his own courage, People have not failed to reproach this Maximian with taking the surname of Hercules, and Dioclesian with accepting that of Jove. They do not condescend to perceive that we have clergymen every day who call themselves Hercules, and peasants denominated Cæsar and Augustus.

Dioclesian created two Cæsars; the first was another Maximian, surnamed Galerius, who had formerly been a shepherd. It seemed that Dioclesian, the proudest of men, and the first introducer of kissing the imperial feet, showed his greatness in placing Cæsars on the throne from men born in the most abject condition. A slave and two peasants were at the head of the empire, and never was it more flourishing.

The second Cæsar whom he created was of distinguished birth. He was Constantius Chlorus, great nephew, on

his mother's side, to the Emperor Claudius II. The empire was governed by these four princes; an association which might have produced four civil wars a year, but Dioclesian knew so well how to be master of his colleagues, that he obliged them always to respect him, and even to live united among themselves. These princes, with the name of Cæsars were in reality no more than his subjects. It is seen that he treated them like an absolute sovereign: for when the Cæsar Galerius, having been conquered by the Persians, went into Mesopotamia to give him the account of his defeat, he let him walk for the space of a mile near his chariot, and did not receive him into favour until he had repaired his fault and misfortune.

Galerius retrieved them the year after, in 297, in a very signal manner. He vanquished the King of Persia in person.

These kings of Persia had not been cured, by the battle of Arbela, of carrying their wives, daughters, and eunuchs, along with their armies. Galerius, like Alexander, took his enemy's wife and all his family, and treated them with the same respect. The peace was as glorious as the victory. The vanquished ceded five provinces to the Romans, from the sands of Palmyra to Armenia.

Dioclesian and Galerius went to Rome, to dazzle the inhabitants with a triumph, till then unheard of. It was the first time that the Roman people had seen the wife and children of a king of Persia in chains. All the empire was in plenty and prosperity. Dioclesian went through all the provinces, from Rome to Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor. His ordinary residence was not at Rome, but at Nicomedia, near the Euxine sea, either to watch over the Persians and the barbarians, or because he was attached to a retreat which he had himself embellished.

It was in the midst of this prosperity that Galerius commenced the persecution against the christians. Why had he left them in repóse until then, and why were they then ill treated? Eusebius says that a centurion of the Trajan legion, named Marcellus, who served in Mauritania, assisting with his troop at a feast given in honour of the victory of Galerius, threw his military sash, his arms, and his branch of vine, on the ground, and cried out loudly "that he was a Christian, and that he would no longer serve pagans;"—a desertion which was punished with death by the council of war. This was the first known example of the famous persecution of Dioclesian. It is true that there was a great number of Christians in the armies of the empire, and the interest of the state demanded that such a desertion should not be allowed. The zeal of Marcellus was very pious, but not very reasonable. If at the feast given in Mauritania, viands offered to the gods of the empire were eaten, the law did not command Marcellus to eat of them, nor did christianity order him to set the example of sedition. There is not a country in the world in which so rash an action would not have been punished.

However, after the adventure of Marcellus, it does not appear that the Christians were thought of until the year 303. They had, at Nicomedia, a superb church, next to the palace, which it exceeded in loftiness. Historians do not tell us the reasons why Galerius demanded of Dioclesian the instant destruction of this church; but they tell us that Dioclesian was a long time before he determined upon it, and that he resisted for near a year. It is very strange that after this he should be called the *persecutor*. At last, the church was destroyed, and an edict was affixed by which the Christians were deprived of all honours and dignities. Since they were then deprived of them, it is evident that they possessed them. A Christian publicly tore the imperial edict in pieces:—that was not an act of religion, it was an incitement to revolt. It is, therefore, very likely that an indiscreet and unreasonable zeal drew down this fatal persecution. Some time afterwards the palace of Galerius was burnt down; he accused the Christians,

and they accused Galerius of having himself set fire to it, in order to get a pretext for calumniating them. The accusation of Galerius appeared very unjust; that which they entered against him was no less so, for the edict having already issued, what new pretext could he want? If he really wanted a new argument to engage Dioclesian to persecute, this would only form a new proof of the reluctance of Dioclesian to abandon the Christians, whom he had always protected: it would evidently show that he wanted new additional reasons to determine him to so much severity.

It appears certain that there were many Christians tormented in the empire; but it is difficult to reconcile with the Roman laws, the alleged reported tortures, the mutilations, torn-out tongues, limbs cut and broiled, and all the insults offered against modesty and public decency. It is certain that no Roman law ever ordered such punishments; the aversion of the people to the Christians might carry them to horrible excesses, but we do not anywhere find that these excesses were ordered, either by the emperors or the senate.

It is very likely that the suffering of the Christians spread itself in exaggerated complaints: the Acta Sincera informs us, that the emperor being at Antioch, the prætor condemned a Christian child, named Romanus, to be burnt; that the Jews present at the punishment began to laugh, saying, "We had formerly three children, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who did not burn in the fiery furnace, but these do burn." At that instant, to confound the Jews, a great rain extinguished the pile, and the little boy walked out safe and sound, asking, "Where then is the fire?"—The account goes on to say, that the emperor commanded him to be set free, but that the judge ordered his tongue to be cut out. It is scarcely possible to believe that the judge would have the tongue of a boy cut out whom the emperor had pardoned.

That which follows is more singular. It is pretended that an old Christian physician named Ariston, who had a knife ready, cut the child's tongue out to pay his court to the prætor. The little Romanus was then carried back to prison; the jailor asked him the news: the child related at length how the old surgeon had cut out his tongue. It should be observed, that before this operation the child stammered very much, but that now he spoke with wonderful volubility. The jailor did not fail to relate this miracle to the emperor. They brought forward the old surgeon, who swore that the operation had been performed according to the rules of his art, and showed the child's tongue, which he had properly preserved in a box, as a relic. "Bring hither another person," said he, "and I will cut his tongue out in your majesty's presence, and you will see if he can speak." The proposition was accepted; they took a poor man, whose tongue the surgeon cut out as he had done the child's, and the man died on the spot.

I am willing to believe that the Acts which relate this fact are as veracious as their title pretends, but they are still more simple than sincere; and it is very strange that Fleuri, in his Ecclesiastical History, relates such a prodigious number of similar incidents, being much more inducive of scandal than edification.

You will also remark, that in this year 303, in which it is pretended that Dioclesian was present at this fine affair in Antioch, he was at Rome, and passed all that year in Italy. It is said that it was at Rome, and in his presence, that St. Genestus, a comedian, was converted on the stage, while playing in a comedy against the Christians. This play shows clearly that the taste of Plautus and Terence no longer existed: that which is now called comedy, or Italian farce, seems to have originated at this time. St. Genestus represented an invalid; the physician asked him what was the matter with him,—"I am too unwieldy," said Genestus.—"Would you have us exorcise you to make you lighter?" said the physician.—"No," replied Genestus, "I

will die a Christian, to be raised again of a finer stature." Then the actors, dressed as priests and exorcists, came to baptise him, at which moment Genestus really became a Christian; and, instead of finishing his part, began to preach to the emperor and the people. The Acta Sincera relate this miracle also.

It is certain that there were many true martyrs, but it is not true that the provinces were inundated with blood, as it is imagined. Mention is made of about two hundred martyrs towards the latter days of Dioclesian in all the extent of the Roman empire, and it is averred, even in the letters of Constantine, that Dioclesian had much less part in the persecution than Galerius.

Dioclesian fell ill this year, and feeling himself weakened, he was the first who gave the world the example of the abdication of empire. It is not easy to know whether this abdication was forced or not; it is true, however, that having recovered his health, he lived nine years equally honoured and peaceable in his retreat of Salonica, in the country of his birth. He said that he only began to live from the day of his retirement, and when he was pressed to remount the throne, he replied that the throne was not worth the tranquillity of his life, and that he took more pleasure in cultivating his garden than he should have in governing the whole earth. What can be concluded from these facts, but that with great faults he reigned like a great emperor, and finished his life like a philosopher!

DIONYSIUS, ST. (THE AREOPAGITE),

AND THE FAMOUS ECLIPSE.

The author of the article Apocrypha has neglected to mention a hundred works recognised for such, and which, being entirely forgotten, seem not to merit the honour of being in his list. We have thought it right not to omit St. Dionysius, surnamed the Areopagite, who is pretended to have been for a long time the disciple of St. Paul, and of one Hierotheus, an unknown companion of his. He was, it is said, consecrated Bishop of Athens by St. Paul himself. It is stated, in his life, that he went to Jerusalem to pay a visit to the holy Virgin, and that he found her so beautiful and majestic, that he was strongly tempted to adore her.

After having a long time governed the church of Athens, he went to confer with St. John the evangelist at Ephesus, and afterwards with Pope Clement at Rome; from thence he went to exercise his apostleship in France; and knowing, says the historian, that Paris was a rich, populous, and abundant town, and like other capitals, he went there to plant a citadel, to lay hell and infidelity in ruins.

He was regarded, for a long time, as the first bishop of Paris. Harduinus, one of his historians, adds, that at Paris he was exposed to wild beasts, but having made the sign of the cross on them, they crouched at his feet. The pagan Parisians then threw him into a hot oven, from which he walked out fresh and in perfect health; he was crucified, and he began to preach from the top of the cross.

They imprisoned him with his companions Rusticus and Eleutherus. He there said mass; St. Rusticus performing the part of deacon, and Eleutherus that of sub-deacon. Finally, they were all three carried to Montmartre, where their heads were cut off, after which they no longer said mass.

But according to Harduinus, there appeared a still greater miracle. The body of St. Dionysius took its head in its hands, and accompanied by angels singing "Gloria tibi, Domine, alleluia!" carried it as far as the place where they afterwards built him a church, which is the famous church of St. Denis.

Mestaphrastus, Harduinus, and Hincmar, Bishop of Rheims, say, that he was martyred at the age of ninety-one years; but Cardinal Baronius proves that he was a hundred and ten, in which opinion

he is supported by Ribadeneira, the learned author of the Flower of the Saints. For our own part, we have no opinion on the subject.

Seventeen works are attributed to him, six of which we have unfortunately lost; the eleven which remain to us have been translated from the Greek by Duns Scotus, Hugh de St. Victor, Albert Magnus, and several other illustrious scholars.

It is true, that since wholesome criticism has been introduced into the world, it has been discovered that all the books attributed to Dionysius were written by an impostor in the year 362 of our era, so that there no longer remains any difficulty on that head.

Of the great Eclipse noticed by Dionysius.

A fact related by one of the unknown authors of the life of Dionysius has, above all, caused great dissension among the learned. It is pretended that this first Bishop of Paris being in Egypt, in the town of Diospolis, or No-Ammon, at the age of twenty-five years, before he was a Christian, he was there, with one of his friends, witness of the famous eclipse of the sun which happened at the full moon, at the death of Jesus Christ, and that he cried, in Greek, "Either God suffers, or is afflicted at the sufferings of the criminal."

These words have been differently related by different authors; but in the time of Eusebius of Cæsarea, it is pretended that two historians—the one named Phlegon, and the other Thallus—had made mention of this miraculous eclipse. Eusebius of Cæsarea quotes Phlegon, but we have none of his works now existing. He said, (at least it is pretended so), that this eclipse happened in the fourth year of the two hundredth olympiad, which would be the eighteenth year of Tiberius's reign. There are several versions of this anecdote; we distrust them all and much more so, if it were possible to know whether they reckoned by olympiads in the time of Phlegon, which is very doubtful.

This important calculation interested all the astronomers. Hodgson, Whiston, Gale, Maurice, and the famous Halley, demonstrated that there was no eclipse of the sun in this first year: but that on the 24th of November, in the year of the hundred and second olympiad, an eclipse took place which obscured the sun for two minutes, at a quarter past one, at Jerusalem.

It has been carried still farther: a Jesuit, named Greslon, pretended that the Chinese preserved in their annals the account of an eclipse which happened near that time, contrary to the order of nature. They desired the mathematicians of Europe to make a calculation of it; it was pleasant enough to desire the astronomists to calculate an eclipse which was not natural. Finally it was discovered, that these Chinese annals do not in any way speak of this eclipse.

It appears from the history of St. Dionysius the Areopagite, the passage from Phlegon, and from the letter of the Jesuit Greslon, that men like to impose upon one another. But this prodigious multitude of lies, far from harming the Christian religion, only serves, on the contrary, to show its divinity, since it is more confirmed every day in spite of them.

DIODORUS OF SICILY, AND HERODOTUS.

We will commence with Herodotus, as the most ancient.

When Henry Stephens entitled his comic rhapsody "The Apology of Herodotus," we know that his design was not to justify the tales of this father of history; he only sports with us, and shows that the enormities of his own times were worse than those of the Egyptians and Persians. He made use of the liberty which the protestants assumed against those of the catholic, apostolic, and Roman churches. He sharply reproaches them with their debaucheries, their avarice, their crimes expiated by money, their indulgences publicly sold in the taverns, and the false relics manufactured by their own monks, calling

them idolaters. He ventures to say, that if the Egyptians adored cats and onions, the catholics adore the bones of the dead. He dares to call them in his preliminary discourses, theophages, and even theokeses. We have fourteen editions of this book, for we relish general abuse, just as much as we resent that which we deem special and personal.

Henry Stephens only made use of Herodotus to render us hateful and ridiculous; we have quite a contrary design. We pretend to show that the modern histories of our good authors since Guicciardini are, in general, as wise and true as those of Herodotus and Diodorus are foolish and fabulous.

1st. What does the father of history mean, by saying in the beginning of his work, "the Persian historians relate that the Phenicians were the authors of all the wars. From the Red Sea they entered ours," &c.? It would seem that the Phenicians having embarked at the isthmus of Suez, arrived at the straits of Babel-Mandel; coasted along Ethiopia, passed the line, doubled the Cape of Tempests, since called the Cape of Good Hope; returned between Africa and America; repassed the line, and entered from the ocean into the Mediterranean by the Pillars of Hercules, a voyage of more than four thousand of our long marine leagues, at a time when navigation was in its infancy.

2d. The first exploit of the Phenicians was to go towards Argos to carry off the daughter of King Inachus; after which the Greeks, in their turn, carried off Europa, the daughter of the King of Tyre.

3d. Immediately afterwards comes Candaules, King of Lydia, who, meeting with one of his guards named Gyges, said to him, "Thou must see my wife quite naked; it is absolutely essential." The queen, learning that she had been thus exposed, said to the soldier, "You shall either die, or assassinate my husband and reign with me." He chose the latter alternative, and the assassination was accomplished without difficulty.

4th. Then follows the history of Arion, carried on the back of a dolphin across the sea from the skirts of Calabria to Cape Matapan, an extraordinary voyage of about a hundred leagues.

5th. From tale to tale (and who dislikes tales?) we arrive at the infallible oracle of Delphos, which somehow foretold that Crœsus would cook a quarter of lamb and a tortoise in a copper pan, and that he would be dethroned by a mullet.

6th. Among the inconceivable absurdities with which ancient history abounds, is there anything approaching the famine with which the Lydians were tormented for twenty-eight years? This people, whom Herodotus describes as being richer in gold than the Peruvians, instead of buying food from foreigners, found no better expedient than that of amusing themselves, every other day, with the ladies, without eating for eight-and-twenty successive years.

7th. Is there anything more marvellous than the history of Cyrus? His grandfather, the Mede Astyages, with a Greek name, dreamed that his daughter Mandane (another Greek name) inundated all Asia; at another time, that she produced a vine, of which all Asia eat the grapes; and thereupon the good man Astyages ordered one Harpagon, another Greek, to murder his grandson Cyrus,—for what grandfather would not kill his posterity after dreams of this nature?

8th. Herodotus, no less a good naturalist than an exact historian, does not fail to tell us that near Babylon the earth produced three hundred ears of wheat for one. I know a small country which yields three for one. I should like to have been transported to Diabek when the Turks were driven from it by Catherine II. It has fine corn also, but returns not three hundred ears for one.

9th. What has always seemed to me decent and edifying in Herodotus, is the fine religious custom established in Babylon, of which we have already spoken—that of all the married women going

to prostitute themselves in the temple of Mylitta. for money, to the first stranger who presented himself. We reckon two millions of inhabitants in this city;—the devotion must have been ardent. This law is very probable among the orientals, who have always shut up their women, and who, more than six ages before Herodotus, instituted enuchs, to answer to them for the chastity of their wives. I must no longer proceed numerically; we should very soon indeed arrive at a hundred.

All that Diodorus of Sicily says, seven centuries after Herodotus, is of the same value, in all that regards antiquities and physics. The Abbé Terasson said, "I translate the text of Diodorus in all its coarseness." He sometimes read us part of it at the house of de la Faye, and when we laughed, he said, "You are resolved to misconstrue; it was quite the contrary with Dacier."

The finest part of Diodorus is the charming description of the island of Panchaica—("Panchaica Tellus," celebrated by Virgil:) "There were groves of odoriferous trees as far as the eye could see; myrrh and frankincense to furnish the whole world, without exhausting it; fountains, which formed an infinity of canals, bordered with flowers; besides unknown birds, which sang under the eternal shades; a temple of marble, four thousand feet long, ornamented with columns, colossal statues," &c.

This puts one in mind of the duke de la Ferté, who, to flatter the taste of the Abbé Servien, said to him one day, "Ah, if you had seen my son who died at fifteen years of age!—What eyes! what freshness of complexion; what an admirable stature!—the Antinous of Belvidere, compared to him, was only like a Chinese baboon: and as to sweetness of manners, he had the most engaging I ever met with." The Abbé Servien melted; the Duke of Ferté, warmed by his own words, melted also; both began to weep; after which he acknowledged that he never had a son.

A certain Abbé Bazin, with his simple common sense, doubts another tale of Diodorus. It is of a king of Egypt, Sesostris, who probably existed no more than the island of Panchaica. The father of Sesostris, who is not named, determined, on the day that he was born, that he would make him the conqueror of all the earth as soon as he was of age. It was a notable project. For this purpose, he brought up with him all the boys who were born on the same day in Egypt; and, to make them conquerors, he did not suffer them to have their breakfasts until they had run a hundred and eighty stadia, which is about eight of our long leagues.

When Sesostris was of age, he departed with his racers to conquer the world. They were then about seventeen hundred, and probably half were dead, according to the ordinary course of nature—and, above all, of the nature of Egypt, which was desolated by a destructive plague at least once in ten years.

There must have been three thousand four hundred boys born in Egypt on the same day as Sesostris; and as nature produces almost as many girls as boys, there must have been six thousand persons, at least, born on that day. But women were confined every day; and six thousand births a-day produce, at the end of the year, two millions one hundred and ninety thousand children. If you multiply by thirty-four, according to the rule of Kerseboom, you would have in Egypt more than seventy-four millions of inhabitants in a country which is not so large as Spain or France.

All this appeared monstrous to the Abbé Bazin, who had seen a little of the world, and who judged only by what he had seen.

But one Larcher, who was never outside of the college of Mazarine, arrayed himself with great animation on the side of Sesostris and his runners. He pretends, that Herodotus, in speaking of the Greeks, does not reckon by the stadia of Greece, and that the heroes of Sesostris

only ran four leagues before breakfast. He overwhelms poor Abbé Bazin with injurious names, such as no scholar in *us* or *es* had ever before employed. He does not hold with the seventeen hundred boys; but endeavours to prove, by the prophets, that the wives, daughters, and nieces, of the king of Babylon, of the satraps, and the magi, resorted, out of pure devotion, to sleep for money in the aisles of the temple of Babylon with all the camel-drivers and muleteers of Asia. He treats all those who defend the honour of the ladies of Babylon as bad Christians, condemned souls, and enemies to the state.

He also takes the part of the goat, so much in the good graces of the young female Egyptians. It is said that his great reason was, that he was allied, by the female side, to a relation of the Bishop of Meaux, Bossuet, the author of an eloquent discourse on Universal History; but this is not a peremptory reason.

Take care of extraordinary stories of all kinds.

Diodorus of Sicily was the greatest compiler of these tales. This Sicilian had not a grain of the temper of his countryman Archimedes, who sought and found so many mathematical truths.

Diodorus seriously examines the history of the Amazons and their queen Theaestris; the history of the Gorgons, who fought against the Amazons; that of the Titans, and that of all the gods. He searches into the history of Priapus and Hermaphroditus. No one could give a better account of Hercules: this hero wandered through half the earth, sometimes on foot and alone like a pilgrim, and sometimes like a general at the head of a great army, and all his labours are faithfully discussed; but this is nothing, in comparison with the gods of Crete.

Diodorus justifies Jupiter from the reproach which other grave historians have passed upon him, of having dethroned and mutilated his father. He shows how Jupiter fought the giants, some in his island, others in Phrygia, and afterwards in Macedonia and Italy; the number of children which he had by his sister Juno and his favourites, are not omitted.

He describes how he afterwards became a god, and the supreme god. It is thus that all the ancient histories have been written. What is more remarkable, they were sacred; if they had not been sacred, they would never have been read.

It is well to observe, that though they were sacred, they were all different; and from province to province, and island to island, each had a different history of the gods, demi-gods, and heroes, from that of their neighbours. But it should also be observed, that the people never fought for this mythology.

The respectable history of Thucydides, which has several glimmerings of truth, begins at Xerxes; but, before that epoch, how much time was wasted?

DIRECTOR.

It is neither of a director of finances, a director of hospitals, nor a director of the royal buildings, &c. &c., that I pretend to speak, but of a director of conscience, for that directs all the others: it is the preceptor of human kind; it knows and teaches all that should be done or omitted in all possible cases.

It is clear that it would be very useful, if in all courts there was one conscientious man whom the monarch secretly consulted on most occasions, and who would boldly say, "Non licet." Louis the Just would not then have begun his mischievous and unhappy reign by assassinating his first minister and imprisoning his mother. How many wars, unjust as fatal, a few good dictators would have spared! How many cruelties they would have prevented!

But often, while intending to consult a lamb, we consult a fox. Tartuffe was the director of Orgon. I should like to know who was the conscientious director of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

The gospel speaks no more of directors than of confessors. Among the people whom our ordinary courtesy calls Pagans, we do not see that Scipio, Fabricius, Cato, Titus, Trajan, or the Antonines, had directors. It is well to have a scrupulous friend to remind you of your duty. But your conscience ought to be the chief of your council.

A Huguenot was much surprised when a Catholic lady told him that she had a confessor to absolve her from her sins, and a director to prevent her committing them. "How can your vessel so often go astray, madam," said he, "having two such good pilots?"

The learned observe, that it is not the privilege of every one to have a director. It is like having an equerry; it only belongs to ladies of quality. The Abbé Gobelin, a litigious and covetous man, directed Madame de Maintenon only. The directors of Paris often serve four or five devotees at once: they embroil them with their husbands, sometimes with their lovers, and occasionally fill the vacant places.

Why have the women directors, and the men none? It was possibly owing to this distinction, that Mademoiselle de la Valliere became a Carmelite when she was quitted by Louis XIV., and that M. de Turenne, being betrayed by Madame de Coetquin, did *not* make himself a monk.

St. Jerome, and Rufinus his antagonist, were great directors of women and girls. They did not find a Roman senator or a military tribune to govern. These people profited by the devout facility of the feminine gender. The men had too much beard on their chins, and often too much strength of mind for them. Boileau has given the portrait of a director, in his Satire on Women, but might have said something much more to the purpose.

DISPUTES.

There have been disputes at all times, on all subjects:—"Mundum tradidit disputationi eorum." There have been violent quarrels about whether the whole is greater than a part; whether a body can be in several places at the same time; whether the whiteness of snow can exist without snow, or the sweetness of sugar without sugar; whether there can be thinking without a head, &c.

I doubt not, that as soon as a Jansenist shall have written a book to demonstrate that one and two are three, a Molinist will start up, and demonstrate that two and one are five.

We hope to please and instruct the reader, by laying before him the following verses on Disputation. They are well known to every man of taste in Paris; but they are less familiar to those among the learned, who still dispute on gratuitous predestination, concomitant grace, and that momentous question—whether the mountains were produced by the sea.

ON DISPUTATION.

Each brain its thought, each season has its mode;
    Manners and fashions alter every day;
    Examine for yourself what others say;—
This privilege by nature is bestowed;—
But, oh! dispute not—the designs of heaven
To mortal insight never can be given.
What is the knowledge of this world worth knowing?
What, but a bubble scarcely worth the blowing?
"Quite full of errors was the world before:"
Then, to preach reason 's but one error more.

  Viewing this earth from Luna's elevation,
Or any other convenient situation,
What shall we see? The various tricks of man:
Here is a synod—*there* is a divan;
Behold the mufti, dervish, iman, bonze,
The lama and the pope on equal thrones.
The modern doctor and the ancient rabbi,
The monk, the priest, and the expectant abbé:
If you are disputants, my friends, pray travel—
When you come home again, you'll cease to cavil.

  That wild Ambition should lay waste the earth,
Or Beauty's glance give civil discord birth;
That, in our courts of equity, a suit
Should hang in doubt till ruin is the fruit;
That an old country priest should deeply groan,
To see a benefice he'd thought his own
Borne off by a court abbé; that a poet
Should feel most envy when he least should show it;
And, when another's play the public draws,
Should grin damnation while he claps applause;
With this, and more, the human heart is fraught—
But whence the rage to rule another's thought;
Say, wherefore—in what way—can you design
To make your judgment give the law to mine?

  But chiefly I detest those tiresome elves,
Half-learned critics, worshipping themselves,
Who, with the utmost weight of all their lead,
Maintain against you what yourself have said:
Philosophers—and poets—and musicians—
Great statesmen—deep in third and fourth editions—
They know all—read all—and (the greatest curse)
They *talk* of all—from politics to verse:

On points of taste they'll contradict Voltaire;
In law, e'en Montesquieu they will not spare,
They'll tutor Broglio in affairs of arms;
And teach the charming d'Egmont higher charms.
See them, alike in great and small things clever,
Replying constantly though answering never:
Hear them assert, repeat, affirm, aver,
Wax wroth. And wherefore all this mighty stir?
This the great theme that agitates their breast—
Which of two wretched rhymesters rhymes the best?

Pray, gentle reader, did you chance to know
One Monsieur D'Aube, who died not long ago?
One whom the disputatious mania woke
Early each morning? If, by chance, you spoke
Of your own part in some well-fought affair,
Better than you he knew how, when, and where:
What though your own the deed and the renown?
His "letters from the army" put you down:
E'en Richelieu he'd have told—if he attended—
How Mahon fell, or Genoa was defended.
Although he wanted neither wit nor sense,
His every visit gave his friends offence;
I've seen him, raving in a hot dispute,
Exhaust their logic, force them to be mute,
Or, if their patience were entirely spent,
Rush from the room to give their passion vent.
His kinsmen, whom his property allured,
At last were wearied, though they long endured.
His neighbours, less athletic than himself,
For health's sake laid him wholly on the shelf.
Thus, 'midst his many virtues, this one failing
Brought his old age to solitary wailing;—
For solitude to him was deepest woe—
A sorrow which the peaceful ne'er can know.
At length to terminate his careless grief,
A mortal fever came to his relief
Caused by the great, the overwhelming pang,
Of hearing in the church a long harangue
Without the privilege of contradiction:
So, yielding to this crowning dire affliction,
His spirit fled. But, in the grasp of death,
'Twas some small solace, with his parting breath
To indulge once more his ruling disposition,
By arguing with the priest and the physician.
Oh! may the Eternal goodness grant him now
The rest *he* ne'er to mortals would allow!
If, even there, he like not disputation
Better than uncontested calm salvation.

But see, my friends, this bold defiance made
To every one of the disputing trade,
With a young batchelor their skill to try;
And God's own essence shall the theme supply.
Come and behold, as on the theatric stage,
The pitched encounter, the contending rage;
Dilemmas, enthymemes, in close array—
Two-edged weapons, cutting either way;
The strong-built syllogism's pondering might,
The sophism's vain ignis fatuus light;
Hot headed-monks, whom all the doctors dread,
And poor Hibernians arguing for their bread,
Fleeing their country's miseries and morasses
To live at Paris on disputes and masses:
While the good public lend their strict attention
To what soars far above their sober comprehension

Is, then, all arguing frivolous or absurd?
Was Socrates himself not sometimes heard
To hold an argument amidst a feast?
E'en naked in the bath he hardly ceased.
Was this a failing in his mental vision?
Genius is sure discovered by collision:
The cold hard flint by one quick blow is fired;—
Fit emblem of the close and the retired,
Who, in the keen dispute struck o'er and o'er,
Acquire a sudden warmth unfelt before.

All this, I grant, is good. But mark the ill:
Men by disputing have grown blinder still.
The crooked mind is like the squinting eye:
How can you make it see *itself* awry?
Who is in the wrong? Will any answer, "I?"
Our words, our efforts are an idle breath;
Each hugs his darling notion until death;
Opinions ne'er are altered; all we do
Is, *to arouse conflicting passions too.*
Not truth itself should always find a tongue:
"To be too stanchly right, is to be wrong."

In earlier days, by vice and crime unstained,
Justice and Truth, two naked sisters, reigned;
But long since fled—as every one can tell—
Justice to heaven and Truth into a well.
Now vain Opinion governs every age,
And fills poor mortals with fantastic rage.
Her airy temple floats upon the clouds;
Gods, demons, antic sprites, in countless crowds,
Around her throne—a strange and motley mask—
Ply busily their never-ceasing task,
To hold up to mankind's admiring gaze
A thousand nothings in a thousand ways;
While, wafted on by all the winds that blow,
Away the temple and the goddess go.
A mortal, as her course uncertain turns,
To-day is worshipped, and to-morrow burns.
We scoff, that young Antinous once had priests;
We think our ancestors were worse than beasts;
And he who treats each modern custom ill,
Does but what future ages surely will.
What female face has Venus smiled upon?
The Frenchman turns with rapture to Brionne,
Nor can believe that men were wont to bow
To golden tresses and a narrow brow.
And thus is vagabond Opinion seen
To sway o'er Beauty—this world's other queen!
How can we hope, then, that she e'er will quit
Her vapoury throne, to seek some sage's feet,
And Truth from her deep hiding-place remove,
Once more to witness what is done above!

And for the learned—even for the wise—
Another snare of false delusion lies;
That rage for systems, which, in dreamy thought,
Frames magic universes out of nought;
Building ten errors on one truth's foundation.
So he who taught the art of calculation,
In one of these illusive mental slumbers,
Foolishly sought the Deity in numbers:
The first mechanic, from as wild a notion,
Would rule man's freedom by the laws of motion
This globe, says one, is an extinguished sun:
No, says another, 'tis a globe of glass:
And when the fierce contention's once begun,
Book upon book—a vast and useless mass—
On Science' altar are profusely strewn,
While Disputation sits on Wisdom's throne.

And then, from contrarieties of speech,
What countless feuds have sprung! For you may teach,
In the same words, two doctrines different quite
As day from darkness, or as wrong from right.
This has indeed been man's severest curse:
Famine and pestilence have not been worse,
Nor e'er have matched the ills whose aggravations
Have scourged the world through misinterpretations.

How shall I paint the conscientious strife!
The holy transports of each heavenly soul—
Fanaticism wasting human life
With torch, with dagger, and with poisoned bowl:
The ruined hamlet and the blazing town,
Homes desolate, and parents massacred,
And temples in the Almighty's honour reared,
The scene of acts that merit most his frown!
Rape, murder, pillage, in one frightful storm,
Pleasure with carnage horribly combined,
The brutal ravisher amazed to find
A sister in his victim's dying form!
Sons by their fathers to the scaffold led;
The vanquished always numbered with the dead.
Oh, God, permit that all the ills we know
May one day pass for merely fabled woe!

But see, an angry disputant steps forth—
His humble mien a proud heart ill conceals
In holy guise inclining to the earth,
Offering to God the venom he distils.

"Beneath all this a dangerous poison lies:
"So---every man is neither right nor wrong,
"And, since we never can be truly wise,
"By instinct only should be driven along."
Sir, I've not said a word to that effect.
"It's true, you've artfully disguised your meaning:
"But, Sir, my judgment ever is correct."
Sir, in this case, 'tis rather overweening.
Let truth be sought, but let all passion yield;
'Discussion's right, and disputation's wrong:'
This have I said;---and that at court, in field,
Or town, one often should restrain one's tongue.
"But, my dear Sir, you've still a double sense;
"I can distinguish---" Sir, with all my heart;
I've told my thoughts with all due deference,
And crave the like indulgence on your part.
"My son, all 'thinking' is a grievous crime;
"So, I'll denounce you without loss of time."

Blest would be they who, from fanatic power,
From carping censors, envious critics, free,
O'er Helicon might roam in liberty,
And unmolested pluck each fragrant flower!
So does the farmer, in his healthy fields,
Far from the ills in swarming towns that spring,
Taste the pure joys that our existence yields,
Extract the honey and escape the sting.

DISTANCE.

A MAN who knows how to reckon the paces from one end of his house to the other, might imagine that nature had all at once taught him this distance, and that he has only need of a coup d'œil, as in the case of colours. He is deceived; the different distances of objects can only be known by experience, comparison, and habit. It is that which makes a sailor, on seeing a vessel afar off, able to say without hesitation what distance his own vessel is from it, of which distance a passenger would only form a very confused idea.

Distance is only the line from a given object to ourselves. This line terminates at a point; and whether the object be a thousand leagues from us or only a foot, this point is always the same to our eyes.

We have then no means of directly perceiving distances, as we have of ascertaining by the touch whether a body is hard or soft; by the taste, if it is bitter or sweet; or by the ear, whether of two sounds the one is grave and the other lively. For if I duly notice, the parts of a body which give way to my fingers are the immediate cause of my sensation of softness; and the vibrations of the air, excited by the sonorous body, are the immediate cause of my sensation of sound. But as I cannot have an immediate idea of distance, I must find it out by means of an intermediate idea; but it is necessary that this intermediate idea be clearly understood, for it is only by the medium of things known that we can acquire a notion of things unknown.

I am told that such a house is distant a mile from such a river: but if I do not know where this river is, I certainly do not know where the house is situate. A body yields easily to the impression of my hand: I conclude immediately that it is soft. Another resists; I feel at once its hardness. I ought therefore to feel the angles formed in my eye, in order to determine the distance of objects. But most men do not even know that these angles exist; it is evident, therefore, that they cannot be the immediate cause of our ascertaining distances.

He who, for the first time in his life, hears the noise of a cannon or the sound of a concert, cannot judge whether the cannon be fired or the concert be performed, at the distance of a league or of twenty paces. He has only the experience which accustoms him to judge of the distance between himself and the place whence the noise proceeds. The vibrations, the undulations of the air, carry a sound to his ears, or rather to his sensorium; but this noise no more carries to his sensorium the place whence it proceeds, than it teaches him the form of the cannon or of the musical instruments. It is the same thing precisely with regard to the rays of light which proceed from an object, but which do not at all inform us of its situation.

Neither do they inform us more immediately of magnitude or form. I see from afar a little round tower; I approach, perceive, and touch a great quadrangular building. Certainly, this which I now see and touch cannot be that which I saw before. The little round tower which was before my eyes, cannot be this large square building. One thing in relation to us, is the measurable and tangible object; another, the visible object. I hear, from my chamber, the noise of a carriage;

I open my window and see it; I descend and enter it. Yet this carriage that I have heard, this carriage that I have seen, and this carriage which I have touched, are three objects absolutely distinct to three of my senses, which have no immediate relation to one another.

Further; it is demonstrated that there is formed in my eye an angle a degree larger when a thing is near, when I see a man four feet from me, as when I see the same man at a distance of eight feet. However, I always see this man of the same size. How does my mind thus contradict the mechanism of my organs? The object is really a degree smaller to my eyes, and yet I see it the same. It is in vain that we attempt to explain this mystery, by the route which the rays follow, or by the form taken by the crystaline humour of the eye. Whatever may be supposed to the contrary, the angle at which I see a man at four feet from me is always nearly double the angle at which I see him at eight feet. Neither geometry nor physics will explain this difficulty.

These geometrical lines and angles are not really more the cause of our seeing objects in their proper places, than that we see them of a certain size and at a certain distance. The mind does not consider, that if this part were to be painted at the bottom of the eye, it could collect nothing from lines that it saw not. The eye looks down only to see that which is near the ground, and is uplifted to see that which is above the earth. All this might be explained and placed beyond dispute, by any person born blind, to whom the sense of sight was afterwards attained. For if this blind man, the moment that he opens his eyes, can correctly judge of distances, dimensions, and situations, it would be true that the optical angles suddenly formed in his retina were the immediate cause of his decisions. Doctor Berkeley asserts, after Locke (going even further than Locke), that neither situation, magnitude, distance, nor figure, would be any of them discerned by a blind man thus suddenly gifted with sight.

In fact, a man, born blind, was found in 1729, by whom this question was indubitably decided. The famous Cheselden, one of those celebrated surgeons who join manual skill to the most enlightened minds, imagined that he could give sight to this blind man by couching, and proposed the operation. The patient was with great difficulty brought to consent to it. He did not conceive that the sense of sight could much augment his pleasures. Except that he desired to be able to read and to write, he cared indeed little about seeing. He proved by this indifference, that it is impossible to be rendered unhappy by the privation of pleasures of which we have never formed an idea—a very important truth. However this may be, the operation was performed, and succeeded. This young man at fourteen years of age saw the light for the first time, and his experience confirmed all that Locke and Berkeley had so ably foreseen. For a long time he distinguished neither dimension, distance, nor form. An object about the size of an inch, which was placed before his eyes, and which concealed a house from him, appeared as large as the house itself. All that he saw seemed to touch his eyes, and to touch them as objects of feeling touch the skin. He could not at first distinguish that which, by the aid of his hands, he had thought round, from that which he had supposed square; nor could he discern, with his eyes, if that which his hands had felt to be tall and short, were so in reality. He was so far from knowing anything about magnitude, that after having at last conceived by his sight that his house was larger than his chamber, he could not conceive how sight could give him this idea. It was not until after two months' experience, he could discover that pictures represented existing bodies; and when, after this long development of his new sense in him, he perceived that bodies, and not surfaces only, were painted in the pic-

tures, he took them in his hands, and was astonished at not finding those solid bodies of which he had began to perceive the representation, and demanded which was the deceiver, the sense of feeling or that of sight.

Thus was it irrevocably decided, that the manner in which we see things follows not immediately from the angles formed in the eye. These mathematical angles were in the eyes of this man the same as in our own, and were of no use to him, without the help of experience and of his other senses.

The adventure of the man born blind was known in France towards the year 1735. The author of the Elements of Newton, who had seen a great deal of Cheselden, made mention of this important discovery, but did not take much notice of it. And even when the same operation of the cataract was performed at Paris on a young man who was said to have been deprived of sight from his cradle, the operators neglected to attend to the daily development of the sense of sight in him, and to the progress of nature. The fruit of this operation was, therefore, lost to philosophy.

How do we represent to ourselves dimensions and distances?—In the same manner that we imagine the passions of men, by the colours with which they vary their countenances, and by the alteration which they make in their features. There is no person who cannot read joy or grief on the countenance of another. It is the language that nature addresses to all eyes; but experience only teaches this language. Experience alone teaches us, that when an object is too far, we see it confusedly and weakly; and from thence we form ideas, which always afterwards accompany the sensation of sight. Thus every man who at ten paces distance sees his horse five feet high, if, some minutes after, he sees this horse of the size of a sheep, his mind, by an involuntary judgment, immediately concludes that the horse is much further from him.

It is very true, that when I see my horse of the size of a sheep, a much smaller picture is formed in my eye—a more acute angle; but it is a fact which accompanies, not causes my opinion. In like manner, it makes a different impression on my brain, when I see a man blush from shame and from anger; but these different impressions would tell me nothing of what was passing in this man's mind, without experience, whose voice alone is attended to.

So far from the angle being the immediate cause of my thinking that a horse is far off when I see it very small, it happens that I see my horse equally large at ten, twenty, thirty, or forty paces, though the angle at ten paces may be double, treble, or quadruple. I see at a distance, through a small hole, a man posted on the top of a house; the remoteness and fewness of the rays at first prevent me from distinguishing that it *is* a man; the object appears to me very small. I think I see a statue two feet high at most; the object moves; I then judge that it is a man; and from that instant the man appears to me of his ordinary size. Whence come these two judgments so different? When I believed that I saw a statue, I imagined it to be two feet high, because I saw it at such an angle; experience had not led my mind to falsify the traits imprinted on my retina; but as soon as I judged that it was a man, the association established in my mind by experience between a man and his known height of five or six feet, involuntarily obliged me to imagine that I saw one of a certain height; or, in fact, that I saw the height itself.

It must therefore be absolutely concluded, that distance, dimension, and situation are not, properly speaking, visible things; that is to say, the proper and immediate objects of sight. The proper and immediate object of sight is nothing but coloured light; all the rest we only discover by long acquaintance and experience. We learn to see precisely as we learn to speak and to read. The difference is, that the art of seeing is more

easy, and that nature is equally mistress of all.

The sudden and almost uniform judgments which, at a certain age, our minds form of distance, dimension, and situation, make us think that we have only to open our eyes to see in the manner in which we do see. We are deceived; it requires the help of the other senses. If men had only the sense of sight, they would have no means of knowing extent in length, breadth, and depth, and a pure spirit perhaps would not know it, unless God revealed it to him. It is very difficult, in our understanding, to separate the extent of an object from its colour. We never see anything but what is extended, and from that we are led to believe that we really see the extent. We can scarcely distinguish in our minds the yellow that we see in a louis d'or from the louis d'or in which we see the yellow. In the same manner, as when we hear the word louis d'or pronounced, we cannot help attaching the idea of the money to the word which we hear spoken.

If all men spake the same language, we should be always ready to believe in a necessary connection between words and ideas. But all men in fact do possess the same language of imagination. Nature says to them all, When you have seen colours for a certain time, imagination will represent the bodies to which these colours appear attached to all alike. This prompt and summary judgment once attained, will be of use to you during your life; for if to estimate the distances, magnitudes, and situations of all that surrounds you, it were necessary to examine the visual angles and rays, you would be dead before you had ascertained whether the things of which you have need were ten paces from you or a hundred thousand leagues, and whether they were of the size of a worm or of a mountain. It would be better to be born blind.

We are then, perhaps, very wrong, when we say that our senses deceive us. Every one of our senses performs the function to which it was destined by nature. They mutually aid one another to convey to our minds, through the medium of experience, the measure of knowledge that our being allows. We ask from our senses what they are not made to give us. We would have our eyes acquaint us with solidity, dimension, distance, &c.; but it is necessary for the touch to agree for that purpose with the sight, and that experience should second both. If Father Mallebranche had looked at this side of nature, he would perhaps have attributed fewer errors to our senses, which are the only sources of all our ideas.

We should not, however, extend this species of metaphysics to every case before us. We should only call it to our aid when the mathematics are insufficient.

DIVINITY OF JESUS.

The Socinians, who are regarded as blasphemers, do not recognise the divinity of Jesus Christ. They dare to pretend, with the philosophers of antiquity, with the Jews, the Mahometans, and most other nations, that the idea of a god-man is monstrous; that the distance from God to man is infinite; and that it is impossible for a perishable body to be infinite, immense, or eternal.

They have the confidence to quote Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsarea, in their favour, who, in his Ecclesiastical History, book i., chap. 9, declares that it is absurd to imagine the uncreated and unchangeable nature of Almighty God taking the form of a man. They cite the fathers of the church, Justin and Tertullian, who have said the same thing: Justin, in his Diologue with Triphonius; and Tertullian, in his Discourse against Praxeas.

They quote St. Paul, who never calls Jesus Christ God, and who calls him man very often. They carry their audacity so far as to affirm, that the Christians passed three entire ages in forming by degrees the apotheosis of Jesus; and that they only raised this astonishing edifice

by the example of the Pagans, who had deified mortals. At first, according to them, Jesus was only regarded as a man inspired by God, and then as a creature more perfect than others. They gave him some time after a place above the angels, as St. Paul tells us. Every day added to his greatness. He in time became an emanation, proceeding from God. This was not enough; he was even born before time. At last he was made God consubstantial with God. Crellius, Voquelsius, Natalis Alexander, and Hornbeck, have supported all these blasphemies by arguments, which astonish the wise and mislead the weak. Above all, Faustus Socinus spread the seeds of this doctrine in Europe; and at the end of the sixteenth century, a new species of Christianity was established. There were already more than three hundred.

DIVORCE.

In the article Divorce, in the Encyclopædia, it is said that the custom of divorce having been brought into Gaul by the Romans, it was therefore that Bissine, or Bazine, quitted the King of Thuringia, her husband, in order to follow Childeric, who married her. Why not say, that because the Trojans established the custom of divorce in Sparta, Helen repudiated Menelaus according to law, to run away with Paris into Phrygia?

The agreeable fable of Paris, and the ridiculous one of Childeric, who never was king of France, and who it is pretended carried off Bazine, the wife of Bazin, have nothing to do with the law of divorce.

They all quote Cheribert, ruler of the little town of Lutetia, near Issay—Lutetia Parisiorum—who repudiated his wife. The Abbé Velli, in his History of France, says, that this Cheribert, or Caribert, divorced his wife Ingoberg to espouse Mirefleur, the daughter of an artisan; and afterwards Theudegild, the daughter of a shepherd, who was raised to the first throne of the French empire.

There was at that time neither first nor second throne among these barbarians whom the Roman empire never recognised as kings. There was no French empire.

The empire of the French only commenced with Charlemagne. It is very doubtful whether the word mirefleur was in use either in the Welch or Gallic languages, which were a *patois* of the Celtic jargon. This patois had no expressions so soft.

It is also said that the ruler or governor Chilperic, lord of the province of Soissonnais, whom they call king of France, divorced his queen Andovere or Andove; and here follows the reason of this divorce.

This Andovere, after having given three male children to the lord of Soissons, brought forth a daughter. The Franks having been in some manner Christians since the time of Clovis, Andovere, after her recovery, presented her daughter to be baptised. Chilperic of Soissons, who was apparently very tired of her, declared that it was an unpardonable crime in her to be the godmother of her infant, and that she could no longer be his wife by the laws of the church. He therefore married Fredegond, whom he subsequently put away also, and espoused a Visigoth. To conclude, this scrupulous husband ended by taking Fredegond back again.

There was nothing legal in all this, and it ought no more to be quoted than anything which passed in Ireland or the Orcades.

The Justinian code, which we have adopted in several points, authorises divorce; but the canonical law, which the Catholics have placed before it, does not permit it.

The author of the article says that divorce is practised in the states of Germany, of the Confession of Augsbourg.

He might have added, that this custom is established in all the countries of the north, among the reformed of all professions, and among all the followers of the Greek church.

Divorce is probably of nearly the same date as marriage. I believe, however, that marriage is some weeks more ancient; that is to say, men quarrelled with their wives at the end of five days, beat them at the end of a month, and separated from them after six weeks' cohabitation.

Justinian, who collected all the laws made before him, to which he added his own, not only confirms that of divorce, but he extends it still further; so that every woman, whose husband is not a slave, but simply a prisoner of war during five years, may, after the five years have expired, contract another marriage.

Justinian was a Christian, and even a theologian; how is it, then, that the church derogates from his laws? It was when the church became the sovereign and the legislator. The popes had not much trouble to substitute their decretals instead of the civil code in the west, which was plunged in ignorance and barbarism. They took, indeed, so much advantage of the prevailing ignorance, that Honorius III., Gregory IX., and Innocent III., by their bulls, forbade the civil law to be taught. It may be said of this audacity, that it is not credible, but true.

As the church alone took cognizance of marriages, so it alone judged of divorce. No prince effected a divorce, and married a second wife, without previously obtaining the consent of the pope. Henry VIII., King of England, did not marry without his consent, until after having a long time solicited his divorce in the court of Rome in vain.

This custom, established in ignorant times, is perpetuated in enlightened ones only because it exists. All abuse eternises itself; it is an Augean stable, and requires an Hercules to cleanse it.

Henry IV. could not be the father of a king of France without the permission of the pope; which must have been given, as has already been remarked, not by pronouncing a *divorce*, but a *lie;* that is to say, by pretending that there had not been previous marriage with Margaret de Valois.

DOG.

It seems as if nature had given the dog to man for his defence and pleasure; it is of all animals the most faithful; it is the best possible friend of man.

It appears that there are several species absolutely different. How can we believe that a greyhound comes originally from a spaniel? it has neither its hair, legs, shape, ears, voice, scent, nor instinct. A man who had never seen any dogs but barbets or spaniels, and who saw a greyhound for the first time, would take it rather for a dwarf horse than for an animal of the spaniel race. It is very likely that each race was always what it now is, with the exception of the mixture of a small number of them.

It is astonishing that, in the Jewish law, the dog was considered unclean as well as the griffin, the hare, the pig, and the eel; there must have been some moral or physical reason for it, which we have not yet discovered.

That which is related of the sagacity, obedience, friendship, and courage of dogs, is as extraordinary as true. The military philosopher Ulloa, assures us that, in Peru, the Spanish dogs recognise the men of the Indian race, pursue them, and tear them to pieces; and that the Peruvian dogs do the same with the Spaniards. This would seem to prove that each species of dogs still retained the hatred which was inspired in it at the time of the discovery, and that each race always fought for its master with the same valour and attachment.

Why, then, has the word dog become an injurious term? We say, for tenderness, my sparrow, my dove, my chicken; we even say, my kitten, though this animal is famed for treachery; and, when we are angry, we call people dogs! The Turks, when not even angry, speak with horror and contempt of the Christian dogs. The English populace, when they see a man who, by his manner or dress, has the appearance of having been born on the banks of the Seine or of the Loire,

commonly call him a French dog—a figure of rhetoric which is neither just to the dog, nor polite to the man.

The delicate Homer introduces the divine Achilles telling the divine Agamemnon that he is as impudent as a dog—a classical justification of the English populace.

The most zealous friends of the dog must, however, confess, that this animal carries audacity in its eyes; that several are morose; that they often bite strangers whom they take for their master's enemies, as sentinels assail passengers who approach too near the counter-scarp. These are probably the reasons which have rendered the epithet dog insulting; but we dare not decide.

Why was the dog adored and revered (as has been seen) by the Egyptians?—Because the dog protects man. Plutarch tells us, that after Cambyses had killed their bull Apis, and had had it roasted, no animal, except the dog, dared to eat the remains of the feast, so profound was the respect for Apis: the dog, not so scrupulous, swallowed the god without hesitatiou. The Egyptians, as may be imagined, were exceedingly scandalised at this want of reverence, and Anubis lost much of his credit.

The dog, however, still bears the honour of being always in the heavens, under the names of the great and little dog. We regularly record the dog-days.

But of all dogs, Cerberus has had the greatest reputation; he had three heads. We have remarked that, anciently, all went by threes—Isis, Osiris, and Orus, the three first Egyptian divinities; the three brother gods of the Greek world—Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto; the three Fates, the three Furies, the three Graces, the three judges of hell, and the three heads of this infernal dog.

We perceive here, with grief, that we have omitted the article Cats; but we console ourselves by referring to their history. We will only remark, that there are no cats in the heavens as there are goats, crabs, bulls, rams, eagles, lions, fishes, hares, and dogs; but, in recompense, the cat has been consecrated, or revered, or adored (*de dulie*) as partaking of divinity or saintship in several towns, and (*de latrie*) as altogether divine by no small number of women.

DOGMAS.

We know that all belief taught by the church is a dogma which we must embrace. It is a pity that there are dogmas received by the Latin church, and rejected by the Greek. But if unanimity is wanting, charity replaces it. It is, above all, between hearts, that union is required.

I think that we can relate a dream to the purpose, which has already found favour in the estimation of many peaceably disposed persons.

"On the 18th of February, in the year 1763 of the vulgar era, the sun entering the sign of the fishes, I was transported to heaven, as all my friends can bear witness. The mare Borac, of Mahomet, was not my steed, neither was the fiery chariot of Elijah my carriage. I was not carried on the elephant of Somonocodom, the Siamese; on the horse of St. George, the patron of England; nor on St. Anthony's pig. I avow with frankness that my journey was made I know not how.

"It will be easily believed that I was dazzled; but it will not so easily be credited that I witnessed the judgment of the dead. And who were the judges? they were—do not be displeased at it—all those who have done good to man. Confucius, Solon, Socrates, Titus, Antoninus, Epictetus, Charron, De Thou, Chancellor de l'Hôpital, and all the great men who, having taught and practised the virtues that God requires, seemed to be the only persons possessing the right of pronouncing his decrees.

"I shall not describe on what thrones they were seated, nor how many celestial beings were prostrated before the eternal architect of all worlds, nor what a crowd of the inhabitants of these innumerable worlds appeared before the judges. I shall not even give an account of several

little interesting peculiarities which were exceedingly striking.

"I remarked that every spirit who pleaded his cause, and displayed his specious pretensions, had beside him all the witnesses of his actions. For example, when Cardinal Lorraine boasted of having caused some of his opinions to be adopted by the Council of Trent, and demanded eternal life as the price of his orthodoxy, there immediately appeared around him twenty ladies of the court, all bearing on their foreheads the number of their interviews with the cardinal. I also saw those who had concerted with him the foundations of the infamous league. All the accomplices of his wicked designs surrounded him.

"Over against Cardinal Lorraine was John Calvin, who boasted, in his gross *patois*, of having trampled upon the papal idol, after others had overthrown it. 'I have written against painting and sculpture,' said he; 'I have made it apparent that good works are of no avail, and I have proved that it is diabolical to dance a minuet. Send away Cardinal Lorraine quickly, and place me by the side of St. Paul.'

"As he spoke there appeared by his side a lighted pile: a dreadful spectre, wearing round his neck a Spanish frill, arose half burnt from the midst of the flames, with dreadful shrieks. 'Monster,' cried he; 'execrable monster, tremble! recognise that Servetus, whom thou caused'st to perish by the most cruel torments, because he had disputed with thee on the manner in which three persons can form one substance.' Then all the judges commanded that Cardinal Lorraine should be thrown into the abyss, but that Calvin should be punished still more rigorously.

"I saw a prodigious crowd of spirits, each of which said, 'I have believed, I have believed!' but on their forehead it was written,' I have acted,' and they were condemned.

"The Jesuit Le Tellier appeared boldly with the bull Unigenitus in his hand But there suddenly arose at his side a heap, consisting of two thousand lettres-de-cachet. A Jansenist set fire to them, and Le Tellier was burnt to a cinder; while the Jansenist, who had no less caballed than the Jesuit, had his share of the flames.

"I saw approach, from right and left, troops of fakirs, talapoins, bonzes, and black, white, and grey monks, who all imagined that, to make their court to the Supreme Being, they must either sing, scourge themselves, or walk quite naked. 'What good have you done to men?' was the query. A dead silence succeeded to this question. No one dared to answer; and they were all conducted to the madhouses of the universe, the largest buildings imaginable.

"One cried out that he believed in the metamorphosis of Xaca, another in those of Somonocodom. 'Bacchus stopped the sun and moon!' said this one—'The gods resuscitated Pelops!' said the other —'Here is the bull *in cœna Domini!*' said a new comer—and the officer of the court exclaimed, 'To Bedlam, to Bedlam!'

"When all these causes were gone through, I heard this proclamation:— 'By the Eternal Creator, Preserver, Rewarder, Revenger, Forgiver, &c., be it known to all the inhabitants of the hundred thousand million of millions of worlds that it hath pleased us to form, that we never judge any sinners in reference to their own shallow ideas, but only as to their actions. Such is our JUSTICE.'

"I own that this was the first time I ever heard such an edict; all those which I had read, on the little grain of dust on which I was born, ended with these word: 'Such is our pleasure.'"

DONATIONS.

THE Roman repablic, which seized so many states, also gave some away. Scipio made Massinissa King of Numidia.

Lucullus, Sylla, and Pompey, each gave away half a dozen kingdoms. Cleopatra received Egypt from Cæsar. An-

tony, and afterwards Octavius, gave the little kingdom of Judea to Herod.

Under Trajan the famous medal was struck of *regna assignata*, kingdoms bestowed.

Cities and provinces given in sovereignty to priests and to colleges, for the greater glory of God, or of the gods, are seen in every country. Mahomet, and the caliphs his vicars, took possession of many states in the propagation of their faith, but they did not make donations of them. They held by nothing but their Koran and their sabre.

The Christian religion, which was at first a society of poor people, existed for a long time on alms alone,. The first donation was that of Ananius and Sapphira his wife. It was in ready money, and was not prosperous to the donors.

The donation of Constantine.

The celebrated donation of Rome and all Italy to Pope Sylvester by the Emperor Constantine, was maintained as a part of the creed of Rome until the sixteenth century. It was believed that Constantine, being at Nicomedia, was cured of a leprosy at Rome by the baptism which he received from Bishop Sylvester, though he was not baptised at all; and that by way of recompense, he gave forthwith the city of Rome and all its western provinces, to this Sylvester. If the deed of this donation had been drawn up by the doctor of the Italian comedy, it could not have been more pleasantly conceived. It is added, that Constantine declared all the canons of Rome consuls and patricians—"patricios et consules effici"—that he himself held the bridle of the mare on which the new bishop was mounted—"tenentes frenum equi illius."

It is astonishing to reflect, that this fine story was held an article of faith, and respected by the rest of Europe for eight centuries, and that the church persecuted as heretics all those who doubted it.

Donation of Pepin.

At present people are no longer persecuted for doubting that Pepin the usurper gave, or was able to give, the exarchate of Ravenna to the pope. It is at most an evil thought, a venial sin, which does not endanger the loss of body or of soul.

The reasoning of the German lawyers, who have scruples in regard to this donation, is as follows:

First. The librarian Anastatius, whose evidence is always cited, wrote one hundred and forty years after the event.

Secondly. It is not likely that Pepin, who was not firmly established in France, and against whom Aquitaine made war, could give away, in Italy, states which already belonged to the emperor, resident at Constantinople.

Thirdly. Pope Zacharias recognised the Roman-Greek emperor for the sovereign of those lands, disputed by the Lombards, and had administered the oath to him; as may be seen by the letters of this bishop, Zacharias of Rome to Bishop Boniface of Mayence. Pepin could not give to the pope the Imperial territories.

Fourthly. When Pope Stephen II. produced a letter from heaven, written in the hand of St. Peter, to Pepin, to complain of the grievances of the king of the Lombards, Astolphus, St. Peter does not mention in his letter that Pepin had made a present of the exarchate of Ravenna to the Pope; and certainly St. Peter would not have failed to do so, even if the thing had been only equivocal: he understands his interests too well.

Finally, the deed of this donation has never been produced; and what is still stronger, the fabrication of a false one cannot be ventured. The only proofs are vague recitals, mixed up with fables. Instead of certainty there are only the absurd writings of monks, copied from age to age, from one another.

The Italian advocate, who wrote in 1722, to prove that Parma and Placentia had been conceded to the holy see as a dependency of the exarchate, asserts that the Greek emperors were justly despoiled of their rights, because they had excited

the people against God. Can lawyers write thus in our days? Yes, it appears, but only at Rome. Cardinal Bellarmine goes still farther. "The first Christians," says he, "supported the emperors only because they were not the strongest." The avowal is frank, and I am persuaded that Bellarmine is right.

The Donation of Charlemagne.

At a time when the court of Rome believed itself deficient in titles, it pretended that Charlemagne had confirmed the donation of the exarchate, and that he added to it Sicily, Venice, Benevento, Corsica, and Sardinia. But as Charlemagne did not possess any of these states, he could not give them away; and as to the town of Ravenna, it is very clear that he kept it, since in his will he made a legacy to his city of Ravenna, as well as to his city of Rome. It is surprising enough that the Popes have obtained Ravenna and Rome; But as to Venice it is not likely that the diploma which granted them the sovereignty will be found in the palace of St. Mark.

All these acts, instruments. and diplomas, have been subjects of dispute for ages. But it is a confirmed opinion, says Giannoni, that martyr to truth, that all these pieces were forged in the time of Gregory VII. "E costante opinione presso i più gravi scrittori che tutti questi istromenti e diplomi furono supposti nè tempi d'Ildebrando."

Donation of Benevento by the Emperor Henry III.

The first well attested donation which was made to the see of Rome was that of Benevento, and that was an exchange of the Emperor Henry III. with Pope IX. It only wanted one formality, which was that the Emperor who gave away Benevento was not the owner of it. It belonged to the dukes of Benevento, and the Roman-Greek emperors reclaimed their rights on this duchy. But history supplies little beyond a list of those who have accommodated themselves with the property of others.

Donation of the Countess Matilda.

The most authentic and considerable of these donations was that of all the possessions of the famous Countess Matilda to Gregory VII. She was a young widow, who gave all to her spiritual director. It is supposed that the deed was twice executed and afterwards confirmed by her will.

However, there still remains some difficulty. It was always believed at Rome that Matilda had given all her states, all her possessions, present and to come, to her friend Gregory VII. by a solemn deed in her castle of Canossa, in 1077, for the relief of her own soul and that of her parents. And to corroborate this precious instrument, a second is shown to us dated in the year 1102, in which it is said, that it is to Rome that she made this donation: that she recalled it, and that she afterwards renews it; and always for the good of her soul.

How could so important a deed be recalled? Was the court of Rome so negligent? How could an instrument written at Canossa have been written at Rome? What do these contradictions mean? All that is clear is, that the souls of the receivers fared better than the soul of the giver, who to save it was obliged to deprive herself of all she possessed in favour of her physicians.

In short, in 1102 a sovereign was deprived of the power of disposing of an acre of land; yet after this deed, and to the time of her death, in 1815, there are still found considerable donations of lands made by this same Matilda to canons and monks. She had not, therefore, given all. Finally, this deed was very likely made by some ingenious person after her death.

The court of Rome still includes among its titles the testament of Matilda, which confirmed her donations. The popes, however, never produce this testament.

It should also be known whether this rich countess had the power to dispose of her possessions which were most of them fiefs of the empire.

The Emperor Henry V. her heir, possessed himself of all, and recognised neither testament donation, deed, nor right. The popes, in temporising, gained more than the emperors in exerting their authority; and in time these Cæsars became so weak, that the popes finally obtained the succession of Matilda, which is now called the patrimony of St. Peter.

Donations of the Sovereignty of Naples to the Popes.

The Norman gentlemen who were the first instruments of the conquests of Naples and Sicily, achieved the finest exploit of chivalry that was ever heard of. From forty to fifty men only delivered Salerno at the moment it was taken by an army of Saracens. Seven other Norman gentlemen, all brothers, sufficed to chase these same Saracens from all the country, and to take prisoner the Greek emperor, who had treated them ungratefully. It was very natural that the people, whom these heroes had inspired with valour, should be led to obey them through admiration and gratitude.

Such were the first rights to the crown of the two Sicilies. The bishops of Rome could no more give those states in fief than the kingdoms of Boutan or Cachemere.

They could not even grant the investiture which would have been demanded of them; for, tn the time of the aaarchy of the fiefs, when a lord would hold his free land as a fief for his protection, he could only address himself to the sovereign or the chief of the country in which it was situated. And certainly the pope was neither the sovereign of Naples, Apulia, nor Calabria.

Much has been written about this pretended vassalage, but the source has never been discovered. I dare say that it is as much the fault of the lawyers as of the theologians Every one deduces from a received principle consequences the most favourable to themselves or his party. But is the principle true? Is the first fact by which it is supported incontestible? It is this which should be examined. It resembles our ancient romance-writers, who all take it for granted that Francus brought the helmet of Hector to France. This casque was impenetrable, no doubt; but had Hector really worn it? The holy Virgin's milk is also very respectable; but do the twenty sacristies, who boast of having a gill of it, really possess it?

Men of the present time, as wicked as foolish, do not shrink from the greatest crimes, and yet fear an excommunication, which would render them execrable to people still more wicked and foolish than themselves.

Robert and Richard Guiscard, the conquerors of Apulia and Calabria, were excommunicated by Pope Leo IX. They were declared vassals of the empire; but the emperor, Henry III., discontented with these feudatory conquerors, engaged Leo IX. to launch the excommunication at the head of an army of Germans. The Normans, who did not fear these thunderbolts like the princes of Italy, beat the Germans, and took the pope prisoner. But to prevent the popes and emperors hereafter from coming to trouble them in their possessions, they offered their conquests to the church under the name of *oblata*. It was thus that England paid the Peter's pence; that the first kings of Spain and Portugal, on recovering their states from the Saracens, promised two pounds of gold a-year to the church of Rome. But England, Spain, or Portugal, never regarded the pope as their sovereign master.

Duke Robert, *oblat* of the church, was therefore no feudatory of the pope: he could not be so, since the popes were not the sovereigns of Rome. This city was then governed by its senate, and the bishop only possessed influence. The pope was, at Rome, precisely what the elector is at Cologne. There is a

prodigious difference between the *oblat* of a saint and the feudatory of a bishop.

Baronius, in his Acts, relates the pretended homage done by Robert, Duke of Apulia and Calabria, to Nicholas II.; but this deed is suspected like many others: it has never been seen, it has never been found in any archives. Robert entitled himself *duke by the grace of God and St. Peter;* but certainly St. Peter had given him nothing, nor was that saint king of Rome.

The other popes, who were kings no more than St. Peter, received without difficulty the homage of all the princes who presented themselves to reign over Naples, particularly when these princes were the most powerful.

Donation of England and Ireland to the Popes by King John.

In 1213, King John, vulgarly called Lackland or more properly Lackvirtue, being excommunicated, and seeing his kingdom laid under an interdict, gave it away to Pope Innocent III. and his successors. "Not constrained by fear, but with my full consent and the advice of my barons, for the remission of my sins against God and the church, I resign England and Ireland to God, St. Peter, St. Paul, and our lord the Pope Innocent, and to his successors in the apostolic chair."

He declared himself feudatory lieutenant to the pope, paid about eight thousand pounds sterling in ready mony to the legate Pandulph, promised to pay a thousand more every year, gave the first year in advance to the legate who trampled upon him, and swore on his knees that he submitted to lose all, in the event of not paying at the time appointed.

The jest of this ceremony was, that the legate departed with the money, and forgot to remove the excommunication.

Examination of the Vassalage of Naples and England.

It may be asked, whieh was the most valuable, the donation of Robert Guiscard or that of John Lackland; both had been excommunicated, both had given their states to St. Peter, and became only the farmers of them. If the English barons were indignant at the infamous bargain of their king with the pope, and cancelled it, the Neapolitan barons could have equally cancelled that of baron Robert; and that which they could have done formerly, they certainly can do at present.

Were England and Apulia given to the pope, according to the law of the church or of the fiefs,—as to a bishop or a sovereign? If to a bishop, it is precisely contrary to the law of Jesus, who so often forbids his disciples to take anything, and who declares to them that his kingdom is not of this world.

If as to a sovereign, it was high treason to his imperial majesty: the Normans had already done homage to the emperor. Thus no right, spiritual or temporal, belonged to the popes in this affair. When the principle is erroneous, all the deductions are so of course. Naples no more belonged to the pope than England.

There is still another method of providing against this ancient bargain; it is the right of the people, which is stronger than the right of the fiefs. The people's right will not suffer one sovereign to belong to another, and the most ancient law is to be master of our own, at least when we are not the weakest.

Of Donations made by the Popes.

If principalities have been given to the bishops of Rome, they have given away many more. There is not a single throne in Europe to which they have not made a present. As soon as a prince had conquered a country, or even wished to do it, the popes granted it in the name of St. Peter. Sometimes they even made the first advances, and it may be said that

they have given away every kingdom but that of heaven.

Few people in France know that Julius II. gave the states of King Louis XII. to the Emperor Maximilian, who could not put himself in possession of them. They do not sufficiently remember that Sixtus V., Gregory XIV., and Clement VIII. were ready to make a present of France to whomsoever Philip II. would have chosen for the husband of his daughter Clara Eugenia.

As to the emperors, there is not one since Charlemagne that the court of Rome has not pretended to nominate. This is the reason why Swift, in his Tale of a Tub, says, "that lord Peter became suddenly mad, and that Martin and Jack, his brothers, confined him by the advice of their relations." We simply relate this drollery as a pleasant blasphemy of an English priest against a bishop of Rome.

All these donations disappear before that of the East and West Indies, with which Alexander VI. of his divine power and authority invested Spain and Portugal. It was giving almost all the earth. He could in the same manner have given away the globes of Jupiter and Saturn with their satellites.

Particular Donations.

The donations of citizens are treated quite differently. The codes are unanimously agreed that no one can give away the property of another, as well as that no person can take it. It is an universal law.

In France, jurisprudence was uncertain on this object, as on almost all others, until the year 1731, when the equitable chancellor d'Aguesseau, having conceived the design of making the law uniform, very weakly began the great work, by the edict on donations. It is digested in forty-seven articles; but in wishing to render all the formalities concerning donations uniform, Flanders was excepted from the general law, and in excepting Flanders, Artois was forgotten, which should have enjoyed the same exception; so that in six years after the general law, a particular one was obliged to be made for Artois.

These new edicts concerning donations and testaments, were principally made to do away with all the commentators, who had considerably embroiled the laws, having already compiled six commentaries upon them.

It may be remarked, that donations, or deeds of gift, extend much further than to the particular person to whom a present is made. For every present there must be paid to the farmers of the royal domain—the duty of controul, the duty of "*insinuation*," the duty of the hundredth penny, the tax of two *sous* in the *livre*, the tax of eight *sous* in the *livre*, &c.

So that every time you make a present to a citizen you are much more liberal than you imagine. You have also the pleasure of contributing to the enriching of the farmers-general; but, after all, this money does not go out of the kingdom like that which is paid to the court of Rome.

DRINKING HEALTHS.

What was the origin of this custom? Has it existed since drinking commenced? —It appears natural to drink wine for our own health, but not for the health of others.

The *propino* of the Greeks, adopted by the Romans, does not signify "I drink to your good health," but I drink first that you may drink afterwards—I invite you to drink.

In their festivals they drink to celebrate a mistress, not that she might have good health. See in Martial,

> Naevia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.
> Six cups for Naevia, for Justina seven.

The English who pique themselve upon renewing several ancient customs, drink to the honour of the ladies, which they call toasting; and it is a great subject of dispute among them whether a

lady is toast-worthy or not—whether she is worthy to be toasted.

They drank at Rome for the victories of Augustus, and for the return of his health. Dion Cassius relates, that after the battle of Actium the senate decreed that, in their repasts, libations should be made to him in the second service. It was a strange decree. It is more probable that flattery had voluntarily introduced this meanness. Be it as it may, we read in Horace;

> Hinc ad vina redit lætus, et alteris
> Te mensis adhibet Deum.
> Te multâ prece; te prosequitor nero
> Defuso pateris; et labirus tuum
> Miscet numen; uti Graccia Castoris
> Et magni nemor Herculis.
> Longas o utinam, dux bone ferias
> Praestes Hesperiae: dicimus integro
> Sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi,
> Quum sol oceano subest.

> To thee be chaste the sacred song,
> To thee the rich libation pours;
> Thee placed his household gods among,
> With solemn daily prayers adores:
> So Castor and great Hercules of old
> Were with her gods by graceful Greece enroll'd.
>
> Gracious and good, beneath thy reign
> May Rome her happy hours employ,
> And grateful hail thy just domain
> With pious hymn and festal joy:
> Thus, with the rising sun we sober pray,
> Thus, in our wine beneath his setting ray.

It is very likely that hence the custom arose, among barbarous nations, of drinking to the health of their guests; an absurd custom, since we may drink four bottles without doing them the least good.

The dictionary of Trevoux tells us that we should not drink to the health of our superiors in their presence. This may be the case in France or Germany, but in England it is a received custom. The distance is not so great from one man to another at London as at Vienna.

It is of importance in England to drink to the health of a prince who pretends to the throne; it is to declare yourself his partizan.

It has cost more than one Scotchman and Hibernian dear for having drank to the health of the Stuarts.

All the Whigs, after the death of King William, drank not to his health, but to his memory. A tory named Brown, Bishop of Cork in Ireland, a great enemy to William in Ireland, said, "that he would put a *cork* in all those bottles which were drank to the glory of this monarch." He did not stop at this silly pun: he wrote in 1702 an episcopal address, to show the Irish that it was an atrocious impiety to drink to the health of kings, and, above all, to their memory; that the latter, in particular, is a profanation of these words of Jesus Christ; "Drink this in remembrance of me."

It is astonishing that this bishop was not the first who conceived such a folly. Before him, the Presbyterian Prynn, had written a great book against the impious custom of drinking to the health of Christians.

Finally, there was one John Geza, vicar of the parish of St. Faith, who published "The Divine Potion to preserve Spiritual Health, by the Cure of the inveterate Malady of Drinking Healths; with clear and solid Arguments against this Criminal custom; all for the Satisfaction of the Public, at the request of a worthy Member of Parliament, in the Year of our Salvation, 1648."

Our reverend father Garasse, our reverend father Patouillet, and our reverend father Nonotte, are nothing superior to these profound Englishmen. We have a long time wrestled with our neighbours for the superiority—To which is it due?

THE DRUIDS.

The Scene is in Tartarus.—The Furies entwined with Serpents, and Whips in their Hands.

Come along, Barbaquincorix, Celtic Druid, and thou detestable Grecian hierophant, Calchas; the moment of your just punishment has returned again; the hour of vengeance has arrived—the bell has sounded!

THE DRUID AND CALCHAS.

Oh, heavens! my head, my sides, my eyes, my ears! pardon, ladies, pardon!

CALCHAS.

Mercy! two vipers are penetrating my eye-balls!

DRUID.

A serpent is devouring my entrails!

CALCHAS.

Alas, how am I mangled! And must my eyes be every day restored, to be torn again from my head!

DRUID.

Must my skin be renewed only to dangle in ribbons from my lacerated body?

TISIPHONE.

It will teach thee how to palm off a miserable parasitical plant for an universal remedy another time.—Wilt thou still sacrifice boys and girls to thy god Theutates, priest?—still burn them in osier baskets to the sound of a drum?

DRUID.

Never, never; dear lady, a little mercy, I beseech you.

TISIPHONE.

Thou never hadst any thyself. Seize him serpents, and now another lash!

ALECTO.

Let them curry well this Calchas, who advances towards us—

"With cruel eye, dark mein, and bristled hair,"

CALCHAS.

My hair is torn away; I am scorched, flayed, impaled!

ALECTO.

Wretch! Wilt thou again cut the throat of a beautiful girl, in order to obtain a favourable gale, instead of uniting her to a good husband?

CALCHAS AND THE DRUID.

Oh, what torments! and yet we die not.

TISIPHONE.

Hey-day! God forgive me, but I hear music! It is Orpheus; why our serpents, sister, have become as gentle as lambs!

CALCHAS.

My sufferings cease; how very strange!

THE DRUID.

I am altogether recovered. Oh, the powers of good music!—And who art thou, divine man, who thus curest wounds, and rejoicest hell itself?

ORPHEUS.

My friends, I am a priest like yourselves, but I never deceived any one; or cut the throat of either boy or girl in my life. When on earth, instead of making the gods hated, I rendered them beloved, and softened the manners of the men whom you made ferocious. I shall exert myself in the like manner in hell. I met, just now, two barbarous priests whom they were scourging beyond measure; one of them formerly hewed a king in pieces before the Lord, and the other cut the throat of his queen and sovereign at the horse gate. I have terminated their punishment; and, having played to them a tune on the violin, they have promised me that when they return into the world, they will live like honest men.

DRUID AND CALCHAS.

We promise the same thing, on the word of a priest.

ORPHEUS.

Yes, but "Passato il pericolo, gabbato il santo."

[*The scene closes with a figure Dance performed by Orpheus, the Condemned, and the Furies, to light and agreeable music.*]

EASE.

Easy applies not only to a thing easily done, but also to a thing which appears to be so. The pencil of Corregio is easy, the style of Quinault is much more easy than that of Despreaux, and the style of Ovid surpasses in facility that of Persius.

This facility in painting, music, eloquence, and poetry, consists in a natural

and spontaneous felicity, which admits of nothing that implies research, strength, or profundity. Thus the pictures of Paul Veronese have a much more easy and less finished air than those of Michael Angelo. The symphonies of Rameau are superior to those of Lulli, but appear less easy. Bossuet is more truly eloquent and more easy than Flechier. Rousseau, in his epistles, has not near the facility and truth of Despreaux.

The commentator of Despreaux says, "that this exact and laborious poet taught the illustrious Racine to make verses with difficulty, and that those which appear easy are those, which have been made with the most difficulty."

It is true, that it often costs much pains to express ourselves with clearness, as also that the natural may be arrived at by effort; but it is also true that a happy genius often produces easy beauties without any labour, and that enthusiasm goes much farther than art.

Most of the impassioned expressions of our good poets have come finished from their pen, and appear easy as if they had in reality been composed without labour; the imagination, therefore, often conceives and brings forth easily. It is not thus with didactic works, which require art to make them appear easy. For example, there is much less ease than profundity in Pope's Essay on Man.

Bad works may be rapidly constructed, which, having no genius, will appear easy, and it is often the lot of those who, without genius, have the unfortunate habit of composing. It is in this sense that a personage of the old comedy, called the Italian, says to another,

"Thou makest bad verses admirably well."

The term easy is an insult to a woman, but is sometimes in society praise for a man; it is however, a fault in a statesman.

The manners of Atticus were easy; he was the most amiable of the Romans; the easy Cleopatra gave herself as easily to Anthony as to Cæsar; the easy Claudius allowed himself to be governed by Agrippina; easy applied to Claudius is only a lenitive: the proper expression is *weak*.

An easy man is in general one possessed of a mind which easily gives itself up to reason and remonstrance—a heart which melts at the prayers which are made to it; while a weak man is one who allows too much authority over him.

ECLIPSE.

In the greatest part of the known world every extraordinary phenomenon was, for a long time, believed to be the passage of some happy or miserable event. Thus the Roman historians have not failed to observe, that an eclipse of the sun accompanied the birth of Romulus, that another announced his death, and that a third attended the foundation of the city of Rome.

We have already spoken of the article entitled the Vision of Constantine, of the apparition of the cross which preceded the triumph of christianity; and under the article Prophecy, we shall treat of the new star which enlightened the birth of Jesus. We will, therefore, here confine ourselves to what has been said of the darkness with which all the earth was covered when he gave up the ghost.

The writers of the Greek and Romish churches have quoted as authentic two letters attributed to Dionysius the Areopagite, in which he relates, that being at Heliopolis, in Egyyt, with his friend, Apollophanes, he suddenly saw, about the sixth hour, the moon pass underneath the sun, which caused a great eclipse. Afterwards, in the ninth hour, they perceived the moon quitting the place which she occupied and return to the opposite side of the diameter. They then took the rules of Philip Aridæus, and, having examined the course of the stars, they found that the sun could not have been naturally eclipsed at that time. Further, they observed that the moon, contrary to

her natural motion, instead of going to the west to range herself under the sun, approached on the eastern side, and that she returned behind on the same side; which caused Apollophanes to say, "These, my dear Dionysius, are changes of divine things:" to which Dionysius replied—"Either the author of nature suffers, or the machine of the universe will be soon destroyed."

Dionysius adds, that having remarked the exact time and year of this prodigy, and compared them with what Paul afterwards told him, he yielded up to the truth as well as his friend. This is what led to the belief that the darkness happening at the death of Jesus Christ was caused by a supernatural eclipse; and what has extended this opinion is, that Maldonat says it is that of almost all the Catholics. How is it possible to resist the authority of an ocular, enlightened, and disinterested witness; since it was supposed that when he saw this eclipse, Dionysius was a Pagan?

As these pretended letters of Dionysius were not forged until towards the fifteen or sixteenth century, Eusebius of Cæsarea was contented with quoting the evidence of Phlegon, a freed man of the Emperor Adrian. This author was also a Pagan, and had written the history of the Olympiads in sixteen books, from their origin to the year 140 of the vulgar era. He is made to say, that in the fourth year of the two hundred and second Olympiad, there was the greatest eclipse of the sun that had ever been seen; the day was changed to night at the sixth hour, the stars were seen, and an earthquake overthrew several edifices in the city of Niceas in Bithynia. Eusebius adds, that the same events are related in the ancient monuments of the Greeks, as having happened in the eighteenth year of Tiberius. It is thought that Eusebius alluded to Thallus, a Greek historian already cited by Justin, Tertullian, and Julius Africanus; but neither the work of Thallus, nor that of Phlegon, having reached us, we can only judge of the accuracy of these two quotations of reasoning.

It is true that the Paschal Chronicle of the Greeks, as well as St. Jerome Anastatius, the author of the Historia Miscella, and Freculphus of Luxem, among the Latins, all unite in representing the fragment of Phlegon in the same manner. But it is known that these five witnesses, so uniform in their dispositions, translated or copied the passage, not from Phlegon himself, but from Eusebius; while John Philoponus, who had read Phlegon, far from agreeing with Eusebius, differs from him by two years. We could also name Maximus and Malela, who lived when the work of Phlegon still existed; and the result of an examination of the whole is, that five of the quoted authors copy Eusebius. Philoponus, who really saw the work of Phlegon, gives a second reading. Maximus a third, and Malela a fourth; so that they are far from relating the passage in the same manner.

In short, the calculations of Hodgson, Halley, Whiston, and Gale Morris, have demonstrated that Phlegon and Thallus speak of a natural eclipse which happened on the 24th of November, in the first year of the two hundred and second Olympiad, and not in the fourth year, as Eusebius pretends. Its size at Nicea in Bithynia was only, according to Whiston, from nine to ten digits; that is to say, two thirds and a half of the sun's disk. It began at a quarter past eight, and ended at five minutes past ten; and between Cairo in Egypt and Jerusalem, according to Mr. Gale Morris, the sun was totally obscured for near two minutes. At Jerusalem the middle of the eclipse happened about an hour and a quarter after noon.

But what ought to spare all this discussion is, that Tertullian says, the day became suddenly dark, whilst the sun was in the midst of his career; that the Pagans believed that it was an eclipse, not knowing that it had been predicted by the prophet Amos in these words, "I

will cause the sun to go down at noon, and I will darken the earth in the clear day."—"They," adds Tertullian, "who have sought for the cause of this event, and could not discover it, have denied it; but the fact is certain, and you will find it noted in your archives."

Origen, on the contrary, says that it is not astonishing foreign authors have said nothing about the darknesses of which the evangelists speak, sinee they only appeared in the environs of Jerusalem; Judea, according to him, being designated under the name of all the earth, in more than one place in scripture. He also avows, that the passage in the gospel of St. Luke, in which we read that in his time all the earth was covered with darkness, on account of an eclipse of the sun, had been thus falsified by some ignorant Christian, who thought thereby to throw a light on the text of the evangelist; or by some ill-intentioned enemy, who wished a pretext to calumniate the church, as if the evangelists had remarked an eclipse at a time when it was very evident that it could not have happened. "It is true," adds he, "that Phlegon says that there was one under Tiberius: but as he does not say that it happened at the full moon, there is nothing wonderful in that."

"These obscurations," continues Origen, "were of the nature of those which covered Egypt in the time of Moses, and were not felt in the quarter in which the Isarelites dwelt. Those of Egypt lasted three days, while those of Jerusalem only lasted three hours; the first were after the manner of the second: and even as Moses raised his hands to heaven, and invoked the Lord to draw them down on Egypt, so Jesus Christ, to cover Jerusalem with darkness, extended his hands on the cross against an ungrateful people, who had cried—'Crucify him, crucify him!'"

We may, in this case, exclaim with Plutarch, the darkness of superstition is more dangerous than that of eclipses.

ECONOMY (RURAL).

The primitive economy, that which is the foundation of all the rest, is rural. In early times it was exhibited in the patriarchal life, and especially in that of Abraham, who made a long journey through the arid deserts of Memphis to buy corn. I shall continue, with due respect, to discard all that is divine in the history of Abraham, and attend to his rural economy alone.

I do not learn that he ever had a house; he quitted the most fertile country of the universe, and towns in which there were commodious houses, to go wandering in countries, the languages of which he did not understand.

He went from Sodom into the desert of Gerar, without forming the least establishment. When he turned away Hagar and the child Ismael, it was still in a desert, and all the food he gave them was a morsel of bread and a cruse of water. When he was about to sacrifice his son Isaac to the Lord, it was again in a desert. He cut the wood himself to burn the victim, and put it on the back of Isaac, whom he was going to immolate.

His wife died in a place called Kirgath-arba, or Hebron; he had not six feet of earth in which to bury her, but was obliged to buy a cave to deposit her body. This was the only piece of land which he ever possessed.

However, he had many children; for, without reckoning Isaac and his posterity, his second wife Keturah, at the age of one hundred and forty years, according to the ordinary calculation, bore him five male children, who departed towards Arabia.

It is not said that Isaac had a single piece of land in the country in which his father died; on the contrary, he went into the desert of Gerar with his wife Rebecca to the same Abimelech, King of Gerar, who had been in love with his mother.

This king of the desert became also

amourous of his wife Rebecca, whom her husband caused to pass for his sister, as Abraham had acted with regard to Sarah and this same King Abimelech forty years before. It is rather astonishing that in this family the wife always passed for the sister when there was anything to be gained; but as these facts are consecrated, it is for us to maintain a respectful silence.

Scripture says that Abraham enriched himself in this horrible country, which became fertile for his benefit, and that he became extremely powerful. But it is also mentioned that he had no water to drink, that he had a great quarrel with the king's herdsmen for a well; and it is easy to discover that he still had not a house of his own.

His children, Esau and Jacob, had not a greater establishment than their father. Jacob was obliged to seek his fortune in Mesopotamia, from whence Abraham came; he served seven years for one of the daughters of Laban, and seven other years to obtain the second daughter. He fled with his wives and the flocks of his father-in-law, who pursued him. A precarious fortune, that of Jacob.

Esau is represented as wandering like Jacob. None of the twelve patriarchs, the children of Jacob, had any fixed dwelling, or a field of which they were the proprietors. They only reposed in their tents like Bedouin Arabs.

It is is clear that this patriarchal life would not conveniently suit the temperature of our atmosphere. A good cultivator, such as Pignoux of Auvergne, must have a convenient house, with an aspect towards the east; large barns and stables: stalls properly built; the whole amounting to about fifty thousand francs of our present money in value. He must sow a hundred acres with corn, besides having good pastures, he should possess some acres of vineyard, and about fifty for inferior grain and herbs, thirty acres of wood; a plantation of mulberries, silkworms, and bees. With all these advantages well economised, he can maintain a family in abundance. His land will daily improve; he will support them without fearing the irregularity of the seasons and the weight of taxes, because one good year repairs the damages of two bad ones. He will enjoy in his domain a real sovereignty, which will only be subject to the laws. It is the most natural state of man; the most tranquil, the most happy, and, unfortunately, the most rare.

The son of this venerable patriarch seeing himself rich, is disgusted with paying the humiliating tax of the taille. Having unfortunately learned some Latin, he repairs to town, buys a post which exempts him from the tax, and which bestows nobility. He sells his domain to pay for his vanity; marries a girl brought up in luxury, who dishonours and ruins him: he dies in beggary, and his only son wears a livery in Paris.

ECONOMY OF SPEECH—

TO SPEAK BY ECONOMY.

This is an expression consecrated in its appropiation by the fathers of the church and even by the primitive propagators of our holy religion: it signifies the application of oratory to circumstances.

For example:—St. Paul, being a Christian, comes to the temple of the Jews to perform the Judaic rites, in order to show that he does not forsake the Mosaic law; he is recognised at the end of a week, and accused of having profaned the temple. Loaded with blows, he is dragged along by the mob; the tribune of the cohort (*tribunis cohortis*) arrives, and binds him with a double chain. The next day this tribune assembles the council, and carries Paul before it, when the high priest Ananias commences proceedings by giving him a box on the ear; on which Paul salutes him with the epithet of "of a whited wall."

"But when Paul perceived that the one part were sadducees and the other pharisees, he cried out in the council, "Men and brethren, I am a pharisee, the son of a pharisee; of the hope and resur-

rection of the dead I am called in question.' And when he had so said, there arose a discussion between the pharisees and the sadducees: and the multitude was divided. For the sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit; but the pharisees confess both."

It is very evident from the text, that Paul was not a pharisee after he became a Christian, and that there was in this affair no question either of resurrection or hope, of angel or spirit.

The text shows that Paul only spoke thus to embroil the pharisees and sadducees. This was speaking with economy; that is to say, with prudence; it was a pious artifice, which perhaps would not have been permitted to any but an apostle.

It is thus that almost all the fathers of the church have spoken "with economy." St. Jerome developes this method admirably in his fifty-fourth letter to Pammachus. Weigh his words.

After having said that there are occasions when it is necessary to present a loaf and to throw a stone, he continues thus:—

"Pray read Demosthenes, read Cicero; and if these rhetoricians displease you, because their art consists in speaking of the seeming rather than the true, read Plato, Theophrastus, Xenophon, Aristotle, and all those who, having dipped into the fountain of Socrates, drew different waters from it. Is there among them any candour, any simplicity? What terms among them are not ambiguous, and what sense do they not make free with to bear away the palm of victory? Origen, Methodius, Eusebius, Apollinarus, have written a million of arguments against Celsus and Porphyry. Consider with what artifice, with what problematic subtlety they combat the spirit of the devil. They do not say what they think, but what it is expedient to say: *Non quod sentiunt, sed quod necesse est dicunt.* And not to mention other Latins—Tertullian, Cyprian, Minutius, Victorinus, Lactantius, and Hilarius—whom I will not cite here; I will content myself with relating the example of the apostle Paul," &c., &c.

St. Augustin often writes with economy. He so accommodates himself to time and circumstances, that in one of his epistles he confesses that he only explained the Trinity because he must say something.

Assuredly, this was not because he doubted the holy Trinity; but he felt how ineffable this mystery is, and wished to content the curiosity of the people.

This method was always received in theology. It employed an argument against the Eucratics, which was the cause of triumph to the Carpocratians; and when it afterwards disputed with the Carpocratians, its arms were changed.

It is asserted that Jesus Christ died for many, when the number of rejected is set forth; but when his universal bounty is to be manifested, he is said to have died for all. Here you take the real sense for the figurative; there the figurative for the real; as prudence and expediency direct.

Such practices are not admitted in justice. A witness would be punished who told the *pour* and *contre* of a capital offence. But there is an infinite difference between vile human interests, which require the greatest clearness, and divine interests, which are hidden in an impenetrable abyss. The same judges who require indubitable demonstrative proofs, will be contented in sermons with moral proofs, and even with declamations exhibiting no proofs at all.

St. Augustin speaks with economy, when he says, "I believe, because it is absurd; I believe, because it is impossible." These words, which would be extravagant in all worldly affairs, are very respectable in theology. They signify, that which is absurd and impossible to mortal eyes is not so to the eyes of God: God has revealed to me these pretended absurdities, these apparent impossibilities; therefore I ought to believe them.

An advocate would not be allowed to speak thus at the bar. They would shut

up in a lunatic assylum a witness who might say, "I assert that the accused, while shut up in a country house in Martinique, killed a man in Paris; and I am the more certain of this homicide, because it is absurd and impossible." But revelations, miracles, and faith, are quite a distinct order of things.

The same St. Augustin observes, in his 153rd letter, "It is written, that the whole world belongs to the faithful, and infidels have not an obolus that they possess legitimately."

If upon this principle a brace of bankers were to wait upon me, to assure me that they were of the faithful, and in that capacity had appropriated the property belonging to me, a miserable worldling, to themselves, it is certain that they would be committed to the Chatelet, in spite of the economy of the language of St. Augustin.

St. Irenæus asserts, that we must not condemn the incest of the two daughters of Lot, nor that of Thamar with her father-in-law, because the holy scripture has not expressly declared them criminal. This verbal economy prevents not the legal punishment of incest among ourselves. It is true, that if the lord expressly ordered people to commit incest, it would not be sinful; which is the economy of Irenæus. His laudable object is to make us respect everything in the holy scriptures; but as God has not expressly praised the foregoing doings of the daughters of Lot and of Judah, we are permitted to condemn them.

All the first Christians, without exception, thought of war like the Quakers and Dunkers of the present day, and the Bramins both ancient and modern. Tertullian is the father who is most explicit against this legal species of murder, which our vile human nature renders expedient. "No custom, no rule," says he, "can render this criminal destruction legitimate."

Nevertheless, after assuring us that no Christian can carry arms, he says, "by economy," in the same book, in order to intimidate the Roman empire, "although of such recent origin, we fill your cities and your *armies*."

It is in the same spirit he asserts that Pilate was a Christian in his heart; and the whole of his apology is filled with similar assertions, which redoubled the zeal of his proselytes.

Let us terminate these examples of the economical style, which are numberless, by a passage of St. Jerome, in his controversy with Jovian upon second marriages. The holy Jerome roundly asserts that it is plain, by the formation of the two sexes—in the description of which he is rather particular—that they are destined for one another, and for propagation. It follows, therefore, that they are to make love without ceasing, in order that their respective faculties may not be bestowed in vain. This being the case, why should not men and women marry again? Why, indeed, is a man to deny his wife to his friend, if a cessation of attention on his own part be personally convenient? He may present the wife of another with a loaf of bread, if she be hungry; and why may not her other wants be supplied, if they are urgent? Functions are not given to lie dormant, &c., &c.

After such a passage, it is useless to quote any more; but it is necessary to remark, by the way, that the economical style, so intimately connected with the polemical, ought to be employed with the greatest circumspection; and that it belongs not to the profane to imitate the things hazarded by the saints, either as regards the heat of their zeal, or the piquancy of their delivery.

ELEGANCE.

According to some authors, this word comes from *electus*, chosen; it does not appear that its etymology can be derived from any other Latin word, since all is choice that is elegant. Elegance is the result of regularity and grace.

This word is employed in speaking of painting and sculpture. *Elegans signum* is opposed to *signum rigens*—a propor-

tionate figure, the rounded outlines of which are expressed with softness, to a cold and badly-finished figure.

The severity of the ancient Romans gave an odious sense to the word *elegantia*. They regarded all kinds of elegance as affectation and far-fetched politeness, unworthy the gravity of the first ages. "Vitii, non laudit fuit," says Aulus Gellius. They called him an *elegant man*, who in these days we designate a petit-maitre (*bellus homuncio*), and which the English call a *beau*; but towards the time of Cicero, when manners received the last degree of refinement, *elegans* was always deemed laudatory. Cicero makes use of this word in a hundred places, to describe a man or a polite discourse. At that time even a repast was called elegant; which is scarcely the case amongst us.

This term among the French, as among the ancient Romans, is confined to sculpture, painting, eloquence, and still more to poetry: it does not precisely mean the same thing as *grace*.

The word grace applies particularly to the countenance; and we do not say an elegant face, as we say elegant contours; the reason is, that grace always relates to something in motion, and it is in the countenance that the mind appears: thus we do not say an elegant gait, because gait includes motion.

The elegance of a discourse is not its eloquence; it is a part of it; it is neither the harmony nor metre alone; it is clearness, metre, and choice of words, united.

There are languages in Europe in which nothing is more scarce than an elegant expression. Rude terminations, frequent consonants, and auxiliary verbs grammatically repeated in the same sentence, offend the ears even of the natives themselves.

A discourse may be elegant without being good; elegance being, in reality, only a choice of words; but a discourse cannot be absolutely good without being elegant. Elegance is still more necessary in poetry than eloquence, because it is a part of that harmony so necessary to verse. An orator may convince and affect, even without elegance, purity, or number; a poet cannot really do so without being elegant: it is one of the principal merits of Virgil. Horace is much less elegant in his satires and epistles, so that he is much less of a poet *sermoni proprior*.

The great point in poetry and the oratorical art is, that the elegance should never appear forced; and the poet in that, as in other things, has greater difficulties than the orator; for harmony being the base of his art, he must not permit a succession of harsh syllables. He must even sometimes sacrifice a little of the thought to elegance of expression, which is a constraint that the orator never experiences.

It should be remarked, that if elegance always appears easy, all that is easy and natural is not, however, elegant.

It is seldom said of a comedy that it is elegantly written. The simplicity and rapidity of a familiar dialogue exclude this merit, so proper to all other poetry. Elegance would seem inconsistent with the comic. A thing elegantly said would not be laughed at; though most of the verses of Moliere's Amphitrion, with the exception of those of mere pleasantry, are elegantly written. The mixture of gods and men in this piece, so unique in its kind, and the irregular verses, forming a number of madrigals, are perhaps the cause.

A madrigal requires to be more elegant than an epigram, because the madrigal bears somewhat the nature of the ode, and the epigram belongs to the comic. The one is made to express a delicate sentiment, and the other a ludicrous one.

Elegance should not be attended to in the sublime: it would weaken it. If we read of the elegance of the Jupiter Olympus of Phidias, it would be a satire. The elegance of the Venus of Praxiteles may properly be alluded to.

ELIAS OR ELIJAH, AND ENOCH.

Elias and Enoch are two very important personages of antiquity. They

are the only mortals who have been taken out of the world without having first tasted of death. A very learned man has pretended that these are allegorical personages. The father and mother of Elias are unknown. He believes that his country, Gilead, signifies nothing but the circulation of time. He proves it to have comes from Galgala, which signifies revolution. But what signifies the name of the village of Galgala?

The word Elias has a sensible relation to that of Elios, the sun. The burnt sacrifice offered by Elias, and lighted by fire from heaven, is an image of that which can be done by the united rays of the sun. The rain which falls, after great heats, is also a physical truth.

The chariot of fire and the fiery horses, which bore Elias to heaven, are a lively image of the four horses of the sun. The return of Elias at the end of the world, seems to accord with the ancient opinion, that the sun would extinguish itself in the waters, in the midst of the general destruction that was expected; for almost all antiquity was for a long time persuaded that the world would sooner or later be destroyed.

We do not adopt these allegories; we only stand by those related in the Old Testament.

Enoch is as singular a personage as Elias, only that Genesis names his father and son, while the family of Elias is unknown. The inhabitants of both east and west have celebrated this Enoch.

The holy scripture, which is our infallible guide, inform us that Enoch was the father of Methusala, or Methusalem, and that he only dwelt on the earth three hundred and sixty-five years, which seems a very short life for one of the first patriarchs. It is said that he walked in the way of God, and that he appeared no longer, because God carried him away. "It is that," says Calmet, "which makes the holy fathers and most of the commentators assure us that Enoch still lives; that God has borne him out of the world as well as Elias; that both will come before the last judgment, to oppose the antichrist; that Elias will preach to the Jews, and Enoch to the Gentiles."

St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Hebrews (which has been contested), says expressly, "by faith Enoch was translated, that he should not see death, because death had translated him."

St. Justin, or somebody who had taken his name, says that Elias and Enoch are in a terrestrial paradise, and that they there wait the second coming of Jesus Christ.

St. Jerome, on the contrary, believes that Enoch and Elias are in heaven. It is the same Enoch, the seventh man after Adam, who is pretended to have written the book quoted by St. Jude.

Tertullian says that this work was preserved in the ark, and even that Enoch made a second copy of it after the deluge.

This is what the holy scripture and the holy fathers relate of Enoch; but the profane writers of the east tell us much more. They believe that there really was an Enoch, and that he was the first who made slaves of prisoners of war; they sometimes call him Enoc, and sometimes Edris. They say that he was the same who gave laws to the Egyptians under the name of Thaut, called by the Greeks Hermes Trismegistus. They give him a son named Sabi, the author of the religion of the Sabæans.

There was a tradition in Phrygia on a certain Anach, the same whom the Hebrews call Enoch. The Phrygians held this tradition from the Chaldeans or Babylonians, who also recognised an Enoch, or Anach, as the inventor of astronomy.

They wept for Enoch one day in the year in Phrygia, as they wept for Adonis among the Phenecians.

The ingenious and profound writer, who believes Elias a person purely allegorical, thinks the same of Enoch. He believes that Enoch, Anach, Annoch, signifies the year; that the orientals were for it, as for Adonis, and that they rejoiced at the commencement of the new year.

That Janus, afterwards known in Italy, was the ancient Anach, or Annoch of Asia.

That not only Enoch, formerly signified, among all nations, the beginning and end of the year, but the last day of the week.

That the names of Anne, John, Januarius, Janvier, and January, all come from the same source.

It is difficult to penetrate the depths of ancient history. When we seize truth in the dark, we are never sure of retaining her. It is absolutely necessary for a Christian to hold by the scriptures, whatever difficulty he may have in understanding them.

ELOQUENCE.

Eloquence was created before the rules of rhetoric, as the languages are formed before grammar.

Nature renders men eloquent under the influence of great interests or passions. A person much excited sees things with a different eye rom other men. To him all is the object of rapid comparison and metaphor. Without premiditation, he vivifies all, and makes all who listen to him partake of his enthusiasm.

A very enlightened philosopher has remarked, that people often express themselves by figures; that nothing is more common or more natural than the turns called tropes.

Thus, in all languages, the heart burns, courage is kindled, the eyes sparkle; the mind is oppressed, it is divided, it is exhausted; the blood freezes, the head is turned upside down; we are inflated with pride, intoxicated with vengeance. Nature is everywhere painted, in these strong images which have become common.

It is from her that instinct learns to assume a modest tone and air, when it is necessary. The natural desire of captivating our judges and masters; the concentrated energies of a profoundly stricken soul, which prepares to display the sentiments which oppress it, are the first teachers of this art.

It is the same nature which sometimes inspires lively and animated sallies; a strong impulse on a pressing danger, prompts the imagination suddenly. Thus a captain of the first caliphs, seeing the Mussulmen fly from the field of battle, cried out, "Where are you running to? your enemies are not there."

This speech has been given to many captains; it is attributed to Cromwell. Strong minds much oftener accord than fine wits.

Rasi, a Mussulman, captain of the time of Mahomet, seeing his Arabs frightened at the death of their general Derar, said to them, "What does it signify that Derar is dead? God is liviug, and observes your actions."

Where is there a more eloquent man than that English sailor who decided the war against Spain in 1740? "When the Spaniards, having mutilated me, were going to kill me, I recommended my soul to God, and my vengeance to my country!"

Nature, then, elicits eloquence: and if it be said that poets are created and orators formed it is applicable only when eloquence is forced to study the laws, the genius of the judges, and the manners of the times. Nature alone is spontaueously eloquent.

The precepts always follow the art. Tisias was the first who collected the laws of eloquence, of which nature gives the first rules. Plato afterwards said, in his Gorgias, that an orator should have the subtlety of the logician, the science of the philosopher, almost the diction of the poet, and the voice and gesture of the greatest actors.

Aristotle, also, showed that true philosophy is the secret guide to perfection in all the arts. He discovered the sources of eloquence in his book of Rhetoric. He showed that logic is the foundation of the art of persuasion, and that to be eloquent is to know how to demonstrate.

He distinguished three kinds of eloquence: the deliberative, the demonstra-

tive, and the judiciary. The deliberative, is employed to exhort those who deliberate in taking a part in war, in peace, &c.; the demonstrative, to show that which is worthy of praise or blame; the judiciary, to persuade, absolve, condemn, &c.

He afterwards treats of the manners and passions with which all orators should be acquainted.

He examines the proofs which should be employed tn these three species of eloquence, and finally he treats of elocution, without which all would languish. He recommends metaphors, provided they are just and noble; and, above all, he requires consistency and decorum.

All these precepts breathe the enlightened precision of a philosopher, and the politeness of an Athenian; and, in giving the rules of eloquence, he is eloquent with simplicity.

It is to be remarked, that Greece was the only country in the world in which the laws of eloquence were then known, because it was the only one in which true eloquence existed.

The grosser art was known to all men; sublime traits have everywhere escaped from nature at all times; but to rouse the minds of the whole of a polished nation, to please, convince, and affect at the same time, belongs only to the Greeks.

The Orientals were almost all slaves; and it was one of the characteristics of servitude to exaggerate everything. Thus the Asiatic eloquence was monstrous.— The west was barbarous in the time of Aristotle.

True eloquence began to show itself in the time of the Gracchi, and was not perfected until the time of Cicero. Mark Antony, the orator Hortensius, Curion, Cæsar, and several others, were eloquent men.

This eloquence perished with the republic, like that of Athens. Sublime eloquence, it is said, belongs only to liberty; it consists in telling bold truths, ih displaying strong reasons and representations. A man often dislikes truth, fears reason, and likes a well-turned compliment better than the sublimest eloquence.

Cicero, after having given the examples in his harangues, gave the precepts in his book of the Orator; he followed almost all the methods of Aristotle, and explained himself in the style of Plato.

It distinguishes the simple species, the temperate, and the sublime.

Rollin has followed this division in his Treatise on Study; and he pretends that which Cicero does not, that the 'temperate' is a beautiful river, shaded with green forests on both sides: the 'simple,' a properly-served table, of which all the meats are of excellent flavour, and from which all refinement is banished; that the 'sublime' thunders forth, and is an impetuous current which overthrows all that resists it.

Without sitting down to this table, without following this thunderbolt, this current, or this river, every man of sense must see that simple eloquence is that which has simple things to expose, and that clearness and elegance are all that are necessary to it.

There is no occasion to read Aristotle, Cicero, and Quintilian, to feel that an advocate who begins by a pompous exordium on the subject of a partition wall is ridiculous; it was, however, the fault of the bar until the middle of the seventeenth century; they spoke with emphasis of the most trivial things. Volumes of these examples may be compiled; but all might be reduced to this speech of a witty advocate, who, observing that his adversary was speaking of the Trojan war and of Scamander, interrupted him by saying, "The court will observe that my client is not called Scamander, but Michant."

The sublime species can only regard powerful interests, treated of in a great assembly.

There may still be seen lively traces of it in the parliament of England: several harangues partook of it which were pronounced there in 1739, when they debated about declaring war against Spain.

The spirits of Cicero and Demosthenes seem to have dictated several passages in their speeches; but they will not descend to posterity like those of the Greeks and Romans, because they want the art and charm of diction, which place the seal of immortality on good works.

The temperate species is that of those preparatory discourses, of those public speeches, and of those studied compliments, in which the deficiency of matter must be concealed with flowers.

These three species are often mingled, as also the three objects of eloquence, according to Aristotle; the great merit of the orator consists in uniting, them with judgment.

Great eloquence can scarcely be known to the bar in France, because it does not conduct to honours, as in Athens, Rome, and at present in London; neither has it great public interests for its object; it is confined to funeral orations, in which it borders a little upon poetry.

Bossuet, and after him Flechier, seem to have obeyed that precept of Plato, which teaches us that the elocution of an orator may sometimes be the same as that of a poet.

Pupil oratory had been almost barbarous until P. Bourdaloue; he was one of the first who caused reason to be spoken there.

The English did not arrive at that art until a later date, as is avowed by Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury. They knew not the funeral oration; they avoided, in their sermons, all those vehement turns which appeared not to them consistent with the simplicity of the gospel; and they were diffident of using those far-fetched divisions which are condemned by Archbishop Fenelon, in his dialogues "Sur l'Eloquence."

Though our sermons turn on the most important subjects to man, they supply few of those striking parts which, like the fine passages of Cicero and Demosthenes, are fit to become the models of all the western nations. The reader will therefore be glad to learn the effect produced by M. Massillon, since Bishop of Clermont, the first time that he preached his famous sermon on the small number of the elect. A kind of transport seized all the audience; they rose involuntarily; the murmurs of acclamation and surprise were so great as to disturb the orator; and this confusion only served to augment the pathos of his discourse. The following is the passage:—

"I will suppose that this is our last hour, that the heavens open over our heads, that time is past, and that eternity commences; that Jesus Christ is going to appear to judge us according to our works, and that we are all here to receive from him the sentence of eternal life or death: I ask you, overwhelmed with terror like yourselves, without separating my lot from your own, and putting myself in the same situation in which we must all one day appear before God our judge—if Jesus Christ, were now to make the terrible separation of the just from the unjust, do you believe that the greatest part would be saved? Do you believe that the number of the righteous would be in the least degree equal to the number of the sinners? Do you believe that, if he now discussed the works of the great number which is in this church, he would find ten righteous souls among us?—Would he find a single one?"

There are several different editions of this discourse, but the substance is the same in all of them.

This figure, the boldest which was ever employed, and the best timed, is one of the finest turns of eloquence which can be read either among the ancients or moderns; and the rest of the discourse is not unworthy of this brilliant appeal.

Preachers who cannot imitate these fine models, would do well to learn them by heart, and deliver them to their congregations (supposing that they have the rare talent of declamation), instead of preaching to them, in a languishing style, things as common-place as they are useless.

It is demanded, if eloquence be permitted to historians? That which belongs

to them consists in the art of arranging events, in being always elegant in their expositions, sometimes lively and impressive, sometimes elaborate and florid; in being strong and true in their pictures of general manners and principal personages, and in the reflections naturally incorporated with the narrative, so that they should not appear to be obtruded. The eloquence of Demosthenes belongs not to Thucydides; a studied harangue, put into the mouth of a hero who never pronounced it, is, in the opinion of many enlightened minds, nothing more than a splendid defect.

If, however, these licences be permitted. the following is an occasion in which Mezerai, in his great history, may obtain grace for a boldness so approved by the ancients, to whom he is equal, at least on this occasion. It is at the commencement of the reign of Henry IV., when that prince, with very few troops, was opposed near Dieppe by an army of thirty thousand men, and was advised to retire into England, Mezerai excels himself in making a speech for Marshal Biron, who really was a man of genius, and might have said a part of that which the historian attributes to him:—

"What, sire, are you advised to cross the sea, as if there was no other way of preserving your kingdom than by quitting it? If you were not in France, your friends would have you run all hazards and surmount all obstacles to get there; and now you are here, they would have you depart—would have you voluntarily do that to which the greatest efforts of your enemies ought not to constrain you! In your present state, to go out of France only for four-and-twenty hours, would be to banish yourself from it for ever.—As to the danger, it is not so great as represented; those who think to overcome us are either the same whom we shut up so easily in Paris, or people who are not much better, and will rapidly have more subjects of dispute among themselves than against us. In short, sire, we are in France, and we must remain here; we must show ourselves worthy of it; we must either conquer it or die for it; and even when there is no other safety for your sacred person than in flight, I well know that you would a thousand times rather die planted in the soil, than save yourself by such means. Your majesty would never suffer it to be said, that a younger brother of the house of Lorraine had made you retire, and, still less, that you had been seen to beg at the door of a foreign prince. No, no, sire—there is neither crown nor honour for you across the sea; if you thus demand the succour of England, it will not be granted; if you present yourself at the port of Rochelle, as a man anxious to save himself, you will only meet with reproaches and contempt. I cannot believe that you would rather trust your person to the inconstancy of the waves, or the mercy of a stranger, than to so many brave gentlemen and old soldiers, who are ready to serve you as ramparts and bucklers; and I am too much devoted to your majesty to conceal from you, that if you seek your safety elsewhere than in their virtue, they will be obliged to seek theirs in a different party from your own."

This fine speech which Mezerai puts into the mouth of Marshal Biron, is no doubt what Henry IV. felt in his heart.

Much more might be said upon the subject; but the books treating of eloquence have already said too much: and in an enlightened age, genius, aided by examples, knows more of it than can be taught by all the masters in the world.

EMBLEMS.

FIGURES, ALLEGORIES, SYMBOLS, &c.

In antiquity, everything is emblematical and figurative. The Chaldeans began with placing a ram, two kids, and a bull among the constellations, to indicate the productions of the earth in spring. In Persia, fire is the emblem of the divinity; the celestial dog gives notice to the Egyptians of the inundations of the Nile; the

serpent, concealing its tail in its head, becomes the image of eternity. All nature is painted and disguised.

There are still to be found in India many of those gigantic and terrific statues which we have already mentioned, representing virtue furnished with ten arms, with which it may successfully contend against the vices, and which our poor missionaries mistook for representations of the devil; taking it for granted, that all those who did not speak French or Italian, were worshippers of the devil.

Show all these symbols devised by antiquity to a man of clear sense, but who has never heard them at all mentioned or alluded to, and he will not have the slightest idea of their meaning. It would be to him a perfect new language.

The ancient poetical theologians were under the necessity of ascribing to the deity eyes, hands, and feet; of describing him under the figure of a man.

St. Clement of Alexandria quotes verses from Xenophanes the Colophonian, which state that every species of animal supplies metaphor to aid the imagination in its ideas of the deity—the wings of the bird, the speed of the horse, and the strength of the lion. It is evident, from these verses of Xenophanes, that it is by no means a practice of present date for men to represent God after their own image. The ancient Thracian Orpheus, the first theologian among the Greeks, who lived long before Homer, according to the same Clement of Alexandria, describes God as seated upon the clouds, and tranquilly ruling the whirlwind and the storm. His feet reach the earth, and his hands extend from one ocean to the other. He is the beginning, middle, and end of all things.

Everything being thus represented by figure and emblem, philosophers, and particularly those among them who travelled to India, employed the same method; their precepts were emblems, were enigmas.

"Stir not the fire with a sword:" that is, aggravate not men who are angry.

"Place not a lamp under a bushel:" conceal not the truth from men.

"Abstain from beans:" frequent not popular assemblies. in which votes were given by white or black beans.

"Have no swallows about your house:" keep away babblers.

"During a tempest, worship the echo:" while civil broils endure, withdraw into retirement.

"Never write on snow:" throw not away instruction upon weak and imbecile minds.

"Never devour either your heart or your brains:" never give yourself up to useless anxiety or intense study.

Such are the maxims of Pythagoras, the meaning of which is sufficiently obvious.

The most beautiful of all emblems is that of God, whom Timæus of Locris describes under the image of "A circle whose centre is everywhere, and circumference nowhere." Plato adopted this emblem, and Pascal inserted it among his materials for future use, which he entitled his "Thoughts."

In metaphysics and in morals, the ancients have said everything. We always encounter or repeat them. All modern books of this description are merely repetitions.

The farther we advance eastward, the more prevalent and established we find the employment of emblems and figures: but, at the same time, the images in use are more remote from our own manners and customs.

The emblems which appear most singular to us, are those which were in frequent if not in sacred use among the Indians, Egyptians, and Syrians. These people bore aloft in their solemn processions, and with the most profound respect, the appropriate organs for the perpetuation of the species—the symbols of life. We smile at such practices, and consider these people as simple barbarians. What would they have said on seeing us enter our temples, wearing at our sides the weapons of destruction?

At Thebes, the sins of the people were represented by a goat. On the coast of Phenicia, a naked woman with the lower part of her body like that of a fish was the emblem of nature.

We cannot be at all surprised if this employment of symbols extended to the Hebrews, as they constituted a people near the Desart of Syria.

Of some Emblems used by the Jewish Nation.

One of the most beautiful emblems in the Jewish books, is the following exquisite passage in Ecclesiastes :—

"When the grinders shall cease because they are few ; when those that look out of the windows shall be darkened ! when the almond tree shall flourish; when the grasshopper shall become a burden ; when desire shall fail ; the silver cord be loosed ; the golden bowl be fractured ; and the pitcher broken at the fountain."—

The meaning is, that the aged lose their teeth ; that their sight becomes impaired ; that their hair becomes white, like the blossom of the almond tree ; that their feet become like the grasshopper ; that their hair drops off like the leaves of the firm tree ; that they have lost the power of communicating life ; and that it is time for them to prepare for their long journey.

The Song of Songs, as is well known, is a continued emblem of the marriage of Jesus Christ with the church.

"Let him kiss me with a kiss of his mouth, for thy breasts are better than wine. Let him put his left hand under my head, and embrace me with his right hand. How beautiful art thou, my love : thy eyes are like those of the dove ; thy hair is as a flock of goats ; thy lips are like a ribband of scarlet, and thy cheeks like pomegranates ; how beautiful is thy neck ; how thy lips drop honey ; my beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him ; thy navel is like a round goblet ; thy belly is like a heap of wheat set about with lilies ; thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins ; thy neck is like a tower of ivory ; thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon ; thy head is like mount Carmel ; thy stature is that of a palm tree. I said, I will ascend the palm tree, and will gather of its fruits. What shall we do for our little sister ? she has no breasts. If she be a wall, we will build upon her a tower of silver ; if she be a door, we will enclose her with boards of cedar."

It would be necessary to translate the whole canticle, in order to see that it is an emblem from beginning to end. The ingenions Calmet in particular, demonstrates that the palm tree which the lover ascended is the cross to which our Lord Jesus Christ was condemned. It must however be confessed, that sound and pure moral doctrine is preferable to these allegories.

We find in the books of this people a great number of emblems and types which shock at the present day, and excite at once our incredulity and ridicule, but which, to the Asiatics, appear clear, natural, and unexceptionable.

God appeared to Isaiah, the son of Amos, aud said to him, "Go take thy girdle from thy loins, and thy shoes from thy feet : and he did so, walking naked and barefoot. And the Lord said, like as my servant Isaiah hath walked naked and barefoot for three years for a sign upon Egypt and Ethiopia, so shall the King of Assyria lead away the Egyptian and Ethiopian prisoners, young and old, naked and barefoot, with their hind parts uncovered to the shame of Egypt."

This appears to us exceedingly strange: but let us inform ourselves a little about what is passing in our own times among Turks and Africans, and in India, where we go to trade with so much avidity and so little success. We shall learn that it is by no means unusual to see the santons there absolutely naked, and not only in that state preaching to women, but permitting them to salute particular parts of their body, yet neither indulging or inspiring the slightest portion of licentious

or unchaste feeling. We shall see on the banks of the Ganges an innumerable company of both men and women naked from head to foot, extending their arms towards heaven, and waiting for the moment of an eclipse to plunge into the rivers.

The citizens of Paris and Rome should not be too ready to think all the rest of the world bound down to the same modes of living and thinking as themselves.

Jeremiah, who prophesied in the reign of Jehoiakim, King of Jerusalem, in favour of the King of Babylon, puts chains and cords about his neck, by order of the Lord, and sends them to the kings of Edom, Ammon, Tyre and Sidon, by their ambassadors who had been sent to Zedekiah at Jerusalem. He commands them to address their master in these words:—

"Thus saith the Lord of Hosts the God of Israel, thus shall ye say unto your masters: I have made the earth, the men, and the beasts of burden which are upon the ground, by my great power and by my outstretched arm, and have given it unto whom it seemed good unto me. And now I have given all these lands into the hands of Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylon, my servant, and all the beasts of the field have I given him besides, that they may serve him. I spake also all these words to Zedekiah, King of Judah, saying unto him, submit your neck to the yoke of the King of Babylon, serve him, him and his people, and you shall live," &c.

Accordingly, Jeremiah was accused of betraying his king, and of prophesying in favour of the enemy for the sake of money. It has even been asserted that he was stoned.

It is clear that the cords and chains were the emblem of that servitude to which Jeremiah was desirous that the nation should submit.

In a similar manner we are told by Herodotus, that one of the kings of Scythia sent Darius a present of a bird, a mouse, a frog, and five arrows. This emblem implied that, if Darius did not fly as fast as a bird, a mouse, or a frog, he would be pierced by the arrows of the Scythians. The allegory of Jeremiah was that of weakness; the emblem of the Scythians was that of courage.

Thus also, when Sextus Tarquinius, consulting his father, whom we call Tarquinius Superbus, about the policy he should adopt to the Gabii—Tarquin, who was walking in his garden, answered only by striking off the head of the tallest poppies. His son caught his meaning, and put to death the principal citizens among them. This was the emblem of tyranny.

Many learned men have been of opinion that the history of Daniel, of the dragon, of the den of seven lions who devoured every day two sheep and two men, and the history of the angel who transported Habakkuk by the hair of his head to dine with Daniel in the lion's den, are nothing more than a visible allegory, an emblem of the continual vigilance with which God watches over his servants. But it seems to us a proof of greater piety to believe that it is a real history, like many we find in the sacred scriptures, displaying without figure and type the divine power, and which profane minds are not permitted to explore. Let us consider those only as genuine emblems and allegories, which are indicated to us as such by holy scripture itself.

"In the thirteenth year and the fifteenth day of the fourth month, as I was in the midst of the captives on the banks of the river Chobar, the heavens were opened, and I saw the visions of God," &c. "The word of the Lord came to Ezekiel the priest, the son of Buzi, in the land of the Chaldeans by the river Chobar, and the hand of the Lord was upon him."

It is thus that Ezekial begins his prophecy; and, after having seen a fire and a whirlwind, and in the midst of the fire four living animals resembling a man, having four faces and four wings with feet resembling those of calves, and a wheel which was upon the earth, and

which had four parts, the four parts of the wheel going at the same time, &c.

He goes on to say, "The spirit entered into me, and placed me firm upon my feet;.... Then the Lord said unto me: 'Son of man, eat that thou findest; eat this book, and go and speak to the children of Israel.' So I opened my mouth, and he caused me to eat that book. And the spirit entered into me and made me stand upon my feet. And he said unto me: 'Go and shut thyself up in the midst of thy house. Son of man, these are the chains with which thou shalt set thy face firm against it; thou shalt be bound,'" &c. "'And hou, son of man, take a tile and place it befbre thee, and pourtray thereon the city of Jerusalem,'" &c.

"'Take also a pan of iron, and thou shall place it as a wall of iron between thee and the city; thou shalt be before Jerusalem as if thou didst besiege it; it is a sign to the house of Israel,'"

After this command, God orders him to sleep three hundred and ninety days on his left side, on account of the iniquities of the house of Judah.

Before we go farther we will transcribe the words of that judicious commentator Calmet, on this part of Ezekiel's prophecy, which is at once a history and an allegory, a real truth and an emblem. The are the remarks of that learned benedictine:—

"There are some who think that the whole of this occurred merely in vision; that a man cannot continue lying so long on the same side without a miracle; that as the scripture gives us no intimation that this is a prodigy, we ought not to multiply miraculous acts without necessity; that, if the prophet continued lying in that manner for three hundred and ninety days, it was only during the nights; in the day he was at liberty to attend to his affairs. But we do not see any necessity for recurring to a miracle, nor for any circuitous explanation of the case here stated. It is by no means impossible for a man to continue chained and lying on his side for three hundred and ninety days. We have every day before us cases which prove the possibility among prisoners, sick persons, and persons deranged and chained in a state of raving madness. Prado testifies, that he saw a mad person who continued bound and lying quite naked on his side upwards of fifteen years. If all this had occurred only in vision, how could the Jews of the captivity have comprehended what Ezekiel meant to say to them? How would that prophet have been able to execute the divine commands? We must in that case admit likewise that he did not prepare the plan of Jerusalem, that he did not represent the siege, that he was not bound, that he did not eat the bread of different kinds of grain in any other than the same way; namely, that of vision, or ideally."

We cannot but adopt the opinion of the learned Calmet, which is that of the most respectable interpreters. It is evident that the holy scripture recounts the matter as a real truth, and that such truth is the emblem, type, and figure of another truth.

"Take unto thee wheat and barley, and beans and lentiles, and millet and vetches, and makes cakes of them for as many days as thou art to sleep on thy side. Thou shalt eat for three hundred and ninety-nine days—thou shalt eat it as barley cakes, and thou shalt cover it with human ordure. Thus shall the children of Israel eat their bread defiled."

It is evident that the Lord was desirous that the Israelites should eat their bread defiled. It follows therefore that the bread of the prophet must have been defiled also. This defilement wes so real, that Ezekiel expressed actual horror at it. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "my life (my soul) has not hitherto been polluted," &c. And the Lord says to him, "I allow thee, then, cow's dung instead of man's, and with that shalt thou prepare thy bread."

It appears, therefore to have been absolutely essential that the food should be

defiled in order to its becoming an emblem or type. The prophet in fact put cow-dung with his bread for three hundred and ninety days, and the case includes at once a fact and a symbol.

Of the Emblem of Aholah and Aholibah.

The holy scripture expressly declares that Aholah is the emblem of Jerusalem. "Son of man, cause Jerusalem to know her abominations; thy father was an Amorite, and thy mother was a Hittite." The prophet then, without any apprehension of malignant interpretations or wanton railleries, addresses the young Aholah in the following words:—

"Ubera tua intumuerunt, et pilus tuus germinavit: et eras nuda et confusione plena."

Thy breasts were fashioned, and thy hair was grown, and thou wast naked and confused.

"Et transivi per te et ecce tempus tuum, tempus amantium; et expandi amictum meum super te et operui ignominiam tuam. Et juravi tibi, et ingeressus sum pactum tecum, (ait Dominus Deus), et facta es mihi."

I passed by and saw thee; and saw thy time was come, thy time for lovers; and I spread my mantle over thee, and concealed thy shame. And I swore to thee, and entered into a contract with thee and thou becamest mine.

"Et habens fiduciam in pulchritudine tua fornicata es in nomine tuo; et exposuisti fornicationem tuam omni transeunti, ut ejus fieres."

And, proud of thy beauty, thou didst commit fornication without disguise, and hast exposed thy fornication to every passer by, to become his.

"Et ædificavissti tibi lupanar, et fecisti tibi prostibulum in cunctis plateis."

And thou hast built a high place for thyself, and a place of eminence in every public way.

"Et divisisti pedes tuos omni transeunti, et multiplicasti fornicationes tuas."

And thou hast opened thy feet to every passer by, and hast multiplied thy fornications.

"Et fornicata es cum filiis Egypti vicinis tuis, magnarum carnium; et multiplicasti fornicationem tuam ad irritandum me."

And thou hast committed fornication with the Egyptians thy neighbours, powerful in the flesh: and thou hast multiplied thy fornication to provoke me.

The article of Aholibah, which signifies Samaria, is much stronger, and still farther removed from the propriety and decorum of moderm manners and language.

"Denudavit quoque fornicationes suas, discooperuit ignominiam suam."

And she has made bare her fornications, and discovered her shame.

"Multiplicavit enim fornicationes suas, recordans dies adolescentiæ suæ."

For she has multiplied her fornications, remembering the days of her youth.

"Et insanivit libidine super concubitum eorum carnes sunt ut carnes asinorum, et sicut fluxus equorum, fluxus eorum."

And she has maddened for the embraces of those whose flesh is as the flesh of asses, and whose issue is as the issue of horses.

These imeges strike us as licentious and revolting. They are at that time simply plain and ingenuous. There are numerous instances of the like in the Song of Songs, intended to celebrate the purest of all possible unions. It must be attentively consided, that these expressions and images are always delivered with seriousness and gravity, and that in no book of equally high antiquity is the slightest jeering or raillery ever applied to the great subject of human production. When dissoluteness is condemned, it is so in natural and undisguised terms, but such are never used to stimulate voluptuousness or pleasantry.

This high antiquity has not the slightest touch of simularity to the licentiousness of Martial, Catullus, or Petronius.

Of Hosea, and some other Emblems.

We cannot regard as a mere vision, as simply as a figure, the positive command given by the Lord to Hosea, to take to himself a wife of whoredoms, and have by her three children. Chidren are not produced in a dream. It was not in a vision that he made a contract with Gomer, the daughter of Diblaim, by whom he had two boys and a girl. It was not in a vision that he afterwards took to himself an adulteress, by the express order of the Lord, giving her fifteen pieces of silver, snd a measure and a half of barley.

The first of these disgraced women signified Jerusalem, and the second Samaria. But the two unions with these worthless persons, the three children, the fifteen pieces of silver, and the bushel and half of barley, were not the less real for having included or been intended as an emblem.

It was not in a vision that the patriarch Salmon married the harlot Rahab, the grandmother of David. It was not in a vision that Judah committed incest with his daughter-in-law Thamar, from which incest sprang David. It was not in a vision that Ruth, David's other grandmother, placed herself in the bed with Boaz. It was not in a vision that David murdered Uriah, and committed adultery with Bathsheba, of whom was born King Solomon. But, subsequently, all these events became emblems and figures, after the things which they typified were accomplished.

It is perfectly clear from Ezekiel, Hosea, Jeremiah, and all the Jewish prophets, and all the Jewish books, as well as from all other books which give us any information concerning the usages of the Chaldeans, Persians, Phenicians, Syrians, Indians, and Egyptians: it is, I say, perfectly clear that their manners were very different from ours, and that the ancient world was scarcely in a single point similar to the modern one.

Pass from Gibraltar to Mequinez, and the decencies and decorums of life are no longer the same; you no longer find the same ideas. Two sea leagues have changed everything.

ENCHANTMENT,

MAGIC, CONJURATION, SORCERY, &c.

It is not in the smallest degree probable that all those abominable absurdities are owing, as Pluche would have us believe, to the foliage with which the heads of Isis and Osiris were formerly crowned. What connection can this foliage have with the art of charming serpents, with that of resuscitating the dead, killing men by mere words, inspiring persons with love, or changing men into beasts?

Enchantment (*incantatio*) comes, say some, from a Chaldee word, which the Greeks translate "productive song." *Incantatio* comes from the Chaldee. Truly, the Bocharts are great travellers, and proceed from Italy to Mesopotamia in a twinkling! The great and learned Hebrew nation is rapidly explored, and all sorts of books, and all sorts of usages, are the fruits of the journey; the Bocharts are certainly not charlatans,

Is not a large portion of the absurd superstitions which have prevailed to be ascribed to very natural causes? There are scarcely any animals that may not be accustomed to approach at the sound of a bagpipe, or a single horn, to take their food. Orpheus, or some one of his predecessors played the bagpipe better than other shepherds, or employed singing. All the domestic animals flocked together at the sound of his voice. It was soon supposed that bears and tigers were among the number collected: this first step accomplished, there was no difficulty in believing that Orpheus made stones and trees dance.

If rocks and pine-trees can be thus made to dance a ballet, it will cost little more to build cities by harmony, and the stones will easily arrange themselves at Amphion's song. A violin only will be

wanted to build a city, and a ram's horn to destroy it,

The charming of serpents may be attributed to a still more plausible cause. The serpent is neither voracious nor a ferocious animal. Every reptile is timid. The first thing a reptile does, at least in Europe, on seeing a man, is to hide itself in a hole, like a rabbit or a lizard. The instinct of man is to pursue everything that flies from him, and to fly from all that pursue him, except when he is armed, when he feels his strength, and, above all, when he is in the presence of many observers.

The serpent, far from being greedy of blood and flesh, feeds only upon herbs, and passes a considerable time without eating at all: if he swallows a few insects, as lizards and camelions do, he does us a service.

All travellers relate that there are some very large and long ones; although we know of none such in Europe. No man or child was ever attacked there by a large serpent or a small one. Animals attack only what they want to eat; and dogs never bite passengers bnt in defence of their masters. What could a serpent do with a little infant? What pleasure could it derive from biting it; it could not swallow even the fingers. Serpents do certainly bite, and squirrels also, but only when they are injured, or are fearful of being so.

I am not unwilling to believe that there have been monsters among serpents as well as among men. I will admit that the army of Regulus was put under arms, in Africa, against a dragon; and that there has since been a Norman there who fought against the waterspout. But it will be granted, on the other hand, that such cases are exceedingly rare.

The two serpents that came from Tenedos for the express purpose of devouring Laocoon, and two great lads twenty years of age, in the presence of the whole Trojan army, form a very fine prodigy, and one worthy of being transmitted to posterity by hexameter verses, and by statues which represent Laocoon like a giant, and his stout boys as pigmies.

I conceive this event to have happened in those times when a prodigious wooden horse took cities which had been built by the gods, when rivers flowed backward to their fountains, when waters were changed to blood, and both sun and moon stood still on the slightest possible occasion.

Everything that has been related about serpents was considered probable in countries in which Apollo came down from heaven to slay the serpent Python.

Serpents were also supposed to be exceedingly sensible animals. Their sense consists in not running so fast as we do, and in suffering themselves to be cut in pieces.

The bite of serpents, and particularly of vipers, is not dangerous, except when irritation has produced the fermentation of a small reservoir of very acid humour which they have under their gums. With this exception, a serpent is no more dangerous than an eel.

Many ladies have tamed and fed serpents, placed them on their toilets, and wreathed them about their arms.

The negroes of Guinea worship a serpent, which never injures any one.

There are many species of those reptiles, and some are more dangerous than others, in hot countries; but, in general, serpents are timid and mild animals: it is not uncommon to see them sucking the udder of a cow.

Those who first saw men more daring than themselves domesticate and feed serpents, inducing them to come to them by a hissing sound in a similar way to that by which we induce the approach of bees, considered them as possessing the power of enchantment. The Psilli and Marsæ, who familiarly handled and fondled serpents, had a similar reputation. The apothecaries of Poitou, who take up vipers by the tail, might also, if they

chose be respected as magicians of the first order.

The charming of serpents was considered as a thing regular and constant. The sacred scripture itself which always enters into our weaknesses, deigned to conform itself to this vulgar idea.

"The deaf adder, which shuts its ears that it may not hear the voice of the charmer."

"I will send among you serpents which will resist enchantments."

"The slanderer is like the serpent, which yields not to the enchanter."

The enchantment was sometimes so powerful as to make serpents burst asunder. The natural philosophy of antiquity made this animal immortal. If any rustic found a dead serpent in his road, some enchanter must inevitably have deprived it of its right to immortality:—

> Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis.
> Virg. eclogue viii. 71.
> Verse break the ground, and penetrates the brake,
> And in the winding cavern splits the snake.
> Dryden.

Enchantment of the Dead, or Evocation.

To enchant a dead person, to resuscitate him, or barely to evoke his shade to speak to him, was the most simple thing in the world. It is very common to see the dead in dreams, in which they are spoken with and return answers. If any one has seen them during sleep, why he not see them when he is awake? It is only necessary to have a spirit like the Pythoness; and, to bring this spirit of Pythonism into successful operation, it is only necessary that one party should be a knave, and the other a fool; and no one can deny that such rencontres very frequently occur.

The evocation of the dead was one of the sublimest mysteries of magic. Sometimes there was made to pass before the eyes of the inquiring devotee a large black figure, moved by secret springs in dimness and obscurity. Sometimes the performers, whether sorcerers or witches, limited themselves to declaring that *they* saw the shade which was desired to be evoked, and their word was sufficient: this was called necromancy. The famous witch of Endor has always been a subject of great dispute among the fathers of the church. The sage Theodoret, in his sixty-second question on the book of Kings, asserts that it is universally the practice for the dead to appear with the head downwards, and that what terrified the witch was Samuel's being upon his legs.

St. Augustin, when interrogated by Simplicion, replies, in the second book of his Questions, that there is nothing more extraordinary in a witch's invoking a shade, than in the devil's transporting Jesus Christ through the air to the pinnacle of the temple on the top of a mountain.

Some learned men, observing that there were oracular spirits among the Jews, have ventured to conclude that the Jews began to write only at a late period, and that they built almost everything upon Greek fable; but this opinion cannot be maintained.

Of other Sorceries.

When a man is sufficiently expert to evoke the dead by words, he may yet more easily destroy the living, or at least threaten then with doing so, as the physician, *malgré lui*, told Lucas, that he would give him a fever. At all events it was not in the slightest degree doubtful that sorcerers had the power of killing beasts: and, to ensure the stock of cattle, it was necessary to oppose sorcery to sorcery. But the ancients can with little propriety be laughed at by us, who are ourselves scarcely even yet extricated from the same barbarism. A hundred years have not yet expired since sorcerers were burnt all over Europe; and even so recently as 1750, a sorceress, or witch, was burnt at Wurtzburg. It is unquestionable, that certain words and ceremonies will effectually destroy a flock of

sheep, if administered with a sufficient portion of arsenic.

The Critical History of Superstitious Ceremonies, by Le Brun of the Oratory, is a singular work. His object is to oppose the ridiculous doctrine of witchcraft, and yet he is himself so ridiculous as to believe in its reality. He pretends that Mary Bucaille, the witch, while in prison at Valogna, *appeared* at some leagues distance, according to the evidence given on oath to the judge of Valogna. He relates the famous prosecution of the shepherds of Brie, condemned in 1691 by the parliament of Paris, to be hanged and burnt. These shepherds had been fools enough to think themselves sorcerers, and villains enough to mix real poison with their imaginary sorceries.

Father Le Brun solemnly asserts, that there was much of what was "supernatural" in what they did, and that they were hanged in consequence. The sentence of the parliament is in direct opposition to this author's statement. "The court declares the accused duly attained and convicted of superstitions, impieties, sacrileges, profanations, and poisonings."

The sentence does not state that the death of the cattle was caused by profanations, but by poison. A man may commit sacrilege without as well as with poison, without being a sorcerer.

Other judges, I acknowledge, sentenced the priest Ganfredi to be burnt, in the firm belief that, by the influence of the devil, he had an illicit commerce with all his female penitents. Ganfredi himself imagined that he was under that influence; but that was in 1611, a period when the majority of our provincial population was very little raised above the Caribs and negroes. Some of this description have existed even in our own times; as, for example, the Jesuit Girard, the ex-Jesuit Nonotte, the Jesuit Duplessis, and the ex-Jesuit Malagrida; but this race of imbeciles is daily hastening to extinction.

With respect to lycantrophy, that is, the transformation of men into wolves by the power of enchatment, we may observe, that a young shepherd's having killed a wolf, and clothed himself with its skin, was enough to excite the terror of all the old women of the district, and to spread throughout the province, and thence through other provinces, the notion of a man's having been changed inio a wolf. Some Virgil will soon be found to say:—

His ego sæpé lupum fieri, et se condere silvis
Moerim saepe animas imis exira sepulchris.

Smeared with these powerful juices on the plain,
He howls a wolf among the hungry train,
And oft the mighty necromancer boasts
With these to call from tombs the stalking ghoste.
Dryden.

To see a man-wolf must certainly be a great curiosity; but to see human souls must be more curious still; and did not the monks of Mount Cossin see the soul of the holy Benedict or Bennet? Did not the monks of Tours see St. Martin's? and the monks of St. Denis that of Charles Martel?

Enchantments to kindle Love.

These were for the young. They were vended by the Jews at Rome and Alexandria, and are at the present day sold in Asia. You will find some of these secrets in the "Petit Albert;" and will become farther initiated by reading the pleading composed by Apuleius on his being accused by a Christian, whose daughter he had married, of having bewitched her by philtres. Emilian, his father-in-law, alleged that he had made use of certain fishes, since, Venus having been born of the sea, fishes must necessarily have prodigious influence in exciting women to love.

What was generally made use of consisted of Vervain, tenia, and hippomanes; or a small portion of the secundine of a mare that had just foaled, together with the little bird called wagtail; in Latin *motacilla*.

But Apuleius was chiefly accused of having employed shell-fish, lobster patties, she-hedgehogs, spiced oysters, and

cuttle-fish, which was celebrated for its productiveness.

Apuleius clearly explains the real philtre. or charm, which had excited Pudentilla's affection for him. He undoubtedly admits, in his defence, that his wife had called him a magician. "But what," says he, "if she had called me a consul, would that have made me one?"

The plant satyrion was considered, both among the Greeks and Romans, as the most powerful of philtres. It was called *plantâ aphrodisiâ*, the plant of Venus. That called by the Latins *eruca*, is now often added to the former.

> Et venerem revocans eruca morantem.

A little essence of amber is frequently used. Mandragora has gone out of fashion. Some exhausted debauchees have employed cantharides, which strongly affect the susceptible parts of the frame, and often produce severe and painful consequences.

Youth and health are the only genuine philtres.

Chocolate was for a long time in great celebrity with our debilitated petit-maitres. But a man may take twenty cups of chocolate without inspiring any attachment to his person.

> . . . ut amoris amabilis esto.
> Ovid, A.A., ii. 107.

> Wouldst thou be loved, be amiable.

END OF THE WORLD.

The greater part of the Greek philosophers held the universe to be eternal both with respect to commencement and duration. But as to this petty portion of the world or universe, this globe of stone and earth, and water, of minerals and vapours, which we inhabit, it was somewhat difficult to form an opinion: it was, however, deemed very destructible.

It was even said that it had been destroyed more than once, and would be destroyed again. Every one judged of the whole world from his own particular country, as an old woman judges of all mankind from those in her own nook and neighbourhood.

This idea of the end of our little world. and its renovation, strongly possessed the imagination of the nations under subjection to the Roman empire, amidst the horrors of the civil wars between Cæsar and Pompey. Virgil, in his Georgics (book i., v. 468), alludes to the general apprehension which filled the minds of the common people from this cause:—

> Impiaque eternam timuerunt secula noctem.
> And impious men now dread eternal night.

Lucan, in the following lines, expresses himself much more explicitly:—

> Hos Cæsar populos, si nunc non usserit ignis
> Uret cum terris, uret cum gurgite ponti.
> Communis mundo superest rogus . . .
> Phars. book vii. v. 812, 14.
>
> Though now thy cruelty denies a grave,
> These and the world one common lot shall have;
> One last appointed flame, by fate's decree,
> Shall waste you azure heavens, the earth and sea
> Rowe.

And Ovid, following up the observations of Lucan, says:—

> Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus,
> Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia coeli,
> Ardeat et mundi moles operosa laboret.
> Met. i. v. 256, 58.
>
> For thus the stern unyielding fates decree,
> That earth, air, heaven, with the capacious sea,
> All shall fall victims to consuming fire.
> And in fierce flames the blazing world expire.

Consult Cicero himself, the philosophic Cicero. He tells us, in his book concerning the nature of the Gods, the best work perhaps of all antiquity, unless we make an exception in favour of his treatise on human duties, called "The Offices;" in that book, I say, he remarks:—

"Ex quo eventurum nostri putant id, de quo Panœtium addubitare dicebant; ut ad extremum omnis mundus ignesceret, cum, humore consumpto, neque terra ali posset neque remearet aër cujus ortus, aqua omni exhausta, esse non posset; ita relinqui nihil præter ignem, a quo rursum animante ac Deo renovatio mundi fieret; atque idem ornatus oriretur."

"According to the Stoics, the whole world will eventually consist only of fire; the water being then exhausted will leave no nourishment for the earth; and the

air, which derives its existence from water, can of course no longer be supplied. Thus fire alone will remain, and this fire, re-animating everything with, as it were, god-like power and energy, will restore the world with improved beauty."

This natural philosophy of the Stoics, like that indeed of all antiquity. is not a little absurd; it shows, however, that the expectation of a general conflagration was universal.

Prepare, however, for greater astonishment than the errors of antiquity can excite. The great Newton held the same opinion as Cicero. Deceived by an incorrect experiment of Boyle, he thought that the moisture of the globe would at length be dried up, and that it would be necessary for God to apply his reforming hand "manum emandatricem." Thus we have the two greatest men of ancient Rome and modern England precisely of the same opinion, that at some future period fire will completely prevail over water.

This idea of a perishing and subsequently to be renewed world, was deeply rooted in the minds of the inhabitants of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, from the time of the civil wars of the successors of Alexander. Those of the Romans augmented the terror, upon this subject, of the various nations which became the victims of them. They expected the destruction of the world, and hoped for a new one. The Jews, who are slaves in Syria, and scattered through every other land, partook of this universal terror.

Accordingly, it does not appear that the Jews were at all astonished when Jesus said to them, according to St. Matthew and St. Luke:—"Heaven and earth shall pass away." "He often said to them:—"The kingdom of God is at hand." He preached the gospel of the kingdom of God.

St. Peter announces that the gospel was preached to them that were dead, and that the end of the world drew near.—"We expect," says he, "new heavens and a new earth."

St. John, in his first epistle, says:—"There are, at present, many Antichrists, which shows that the last hour draws near."

St. Luke, in much greater detail, predicts the end of the world and the last judgment. These are his words:—

"There shall be signs in the moon and in the stars, roarings of the sea and the waves; men's hearts failing them for fear, shall look with trembling to the events about to happen. The powers of heaven shall be shaken; and then shall they see the son of man coming in a cloud, with great power and majesty. Verily I say unto you, the present generation shall not pass away till all this be fulfilled."

We do not dissemble that unbelievers upbraid us with this very prediction; they want to make us blush for our faith, when we consider that the world is still in existence. The generation, they say, is passed away, and yet nothing at all of this is fulfilled. Luke, therefore, ascribes language to our Saviour which he never uttered, or we must conclude that Jesus Christ himself was mistaken, which would be blasphemy. But we close the mouth of these impious cavillers by observing, that this prediction, which appears so false in its literal meaning, is true in its spirit; that the whole world meant Judea, and that the end of the world signified the reign of Titus and his successors.

St. Paul expresses himself very strongly on the subject of the end of the world in his epistle to the Thessalonians:—"We who survive, and who now address you, shall be taken up into the clouds to meet the Lord in the air."

According to these very words of Jesus and St. Paul, the whole world was to have an end under Tiberius, or at latest under Nero. St. Paul's prediction was fulfilled no more than St. Luke's.

These allegorical predictions were undoubtedly not meant to apply to the times of the evangelists and apostles, but to some future time, which God conceals from all mankind.

Tu ne quaesteris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem Dii dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros. Ut melius, quicquid erit, pati!
Horace, book i. ode xi.

Strive not, Leuconoe, to pry
Into the secret will of fate,
Nor impious magic vainly try
To know our lives' uncertain date.
Francis.

It is still perfectly certain that all nations then known entertained the expectation of the end of the world, of a new earth and a new heaven. For more than sixteenth centuries, we see that donations to monkish institutions have commenced with these words :—"Adventante mundi vespere," &c. "The end of the world being at hand, I, for the good of my soul, and to avoid being one of the number of the goats on the left hand, &c., leave such and such lands to such a convent." Fear influenced the weak to enrich the cunning.

The Egyptians fixed this grand epoch at the end of thirty-six thousand five hundred years: Orpheus is stated to have fixed it at the distance of a hundred and twenty thousand years.

The historian Flavius Josephus asserts, that Adam having predicted that the world wonld be twice destroyed, once by water and next by fire, the children of Seth were desirons of announcing to the future race of men the disastrous catastrophe. They engraved astronomical observations on two columns, one made of bricks, which should resist the fire that was to consume the world; the other of stones, which would remain uninjured by the water that was to drown it. But what thought the Romans, when a few slaves talked to them about an Adam and a Seth unknown to all the world besides? They smiled.

Josephus adds, that the column of stones was to be seen in his own time, in Syria.

From all that has been said, we may conclude that we know exceedingly little of past events—that we are but ill acquainted with those present—that we know nothing at all about the future—and that we ought to refer everything relating to them to God, the master of those three divisions of time and of eternity.

ENTHUSIASM.

This Greek word signifies "emotion of the bowels, internal agitation." Was the word invented by the Greeks to express the vibrations experienced by the nerves, the dilation and shrinking of the intestines. the violent contractions of the heart, the precipitous course of those fiery spirits which mount from the viscera to the brain whenever we are strongly and vividly affected?

Or was the term *enthusiasm*, after painful affection of the bowels, first applied to the contortions of the Pythia, who, on the Delphian tripod, admitted the inspiration of Apollo in a place apparently intended for the receptacle of body rather than of spirit?

What do we understand by enthusiasm? How many shades are there in our affections! Approbation, sensibility, emotion, distress, impulse, passion, transport, insanity, rage, fury. Such are the stages through which the miserable soul of man is liable to pass.

A geometrician attends at the representation of an affecting tragedy. He merely remarks that it is a judicious well-written performance. A young man who sits next to him is so interested by the performance that he makes no remark at all; a lady sheds tears over it; another young man is so transported by the exhibition, that to his great misfortune he goes home determined to compose a tragedy himself. He has caught the disease of enthusiasm.

The centurion or military tribune, who considers war simply as a profession by which he is to make his fortune, goes to battle coolly, like a tiler ascending the roof of a house. Cæsar wept at seeing the statue of Alexander.

Ovid speaks of love only like one who understood it. Sappho expressed the genuine enthusiasm of the passion; and if it be true that she sacrificed her life to

it, her enthusiasm must have advanced to madness.

The spirit of party tends astonishingly to excite enthusiasm; there is no faction that has not its "energumens," its devoted and possessed partisans. An animated speaker, who employs gesture in his addresses, has in his eyes, his voice, his movements, a subtle poison which passes with an arrow's speed into the ears and hearts of his partial hearers. It was on this ground that Queen Elizabeth forbade any one to preach, during six months, without an express license under her sign manual, that the peace of her kingdom might be undisturbed.

St. Ignatius, who possessed very warm and susceptible feelings, read the lives of the fathers of the desert after being deeply read in romances. He becomes, in consequence, actuated by a double enthusiasm. He constitutes himself knight to the Virgin Mary, he performed the vigil of arms; he is eager to fight for his lady patroness; he is favoured with visions; the virgin appears, and recommends to him her son, and she enjoins him to give no other name to his society than that of the "Society of Jesus."

Ignatius communicates his enthusiasm to another Spaniard, of the name of Xavier. Xavier hastens away to the Indies, of the language of which he is utterly ignorant; thence to Japan, without knowing a word of Japanese. That, however, is of no consequence; the flame of his enthusiasm catches the imagination of some young Jesuits, who, at length, make themselves masters of that language. These disciples, after Xavier's death, entertain not the shadow of a doubt that he performed more miracles than ever the apostles did, and that he resuscitated seven or eight persons at the very least. In short, so epidemical and powerful becomes the enthusiasm, that they form in Japan what they denominate a Christendom (une Chretientè). This Christendom ends in a civil war, in which a hundred thousand persons are slaughtered: the enthusiasm then is at its highest point, fanaticism; and fanaticism has become madness.

The young fakir, who fixes his eye on the tip of his noise when saying his prayers, gradually kindles in devotional ardour, until he at length believes that if he burdens himself with chains of fifty pounds weight, the Supreme Being will be obliged and grateful to him. He goes to sleep with an imagination totally absorbed by Bramah, and is sure to have a sight of him in a dream. Occasionally, even in the intermediate state between sleeping and waking, sparks radiate from his eyes; he beholds Bramah resplendent with light; he falls into extacies, and the disease frequently becomes incurable.

What is most rarely to be met with, is the combination of reason with enthusiasm. Reason consists in constantly perceiving things as they really are. He, who under the influence of intoxication, sees objects double, is at the time deprived of reason.

Enthusiasm is precisely like wine, it has the power to excite such a ferment in the blood vessels, and such strong vibrations in the nerves, that reason is completely destroyed by it. But it may also occasion only slight agitations, so as not to convulse the brain, but merely to render it more active, as is the cause in grand bursts of eloquence, and more especially in sublime poetry. Reasonable enthusiasm is the patrimony of great poets.

This reasonable enthusiasm is the perfection of their art. It is this which formerly occasioned the belief that poets were inspired by the gods; a notion which was never applied to other artists.

How is reasoning to controul enthusiasm? A poet should, in the first instance, make a sketch of his design. Reason then holds the crayon. But when he is desirous to animate his characters, to communicate to them the different and just expressions of the passions, then his imagination kindles, enthusiasm is in full operation, and urges him on like a fiery courser in his career. But this

course has been previously traced with coolness and judgment.

Enthusiasm is admissible into every species of poetry which admits of sentiment: we occasionally find it even in the eclogue; witness the following lines of Virgil (Eclogue x. v. 58.)

Jam mihi per rupes videor lucosque sonantes
Ire; libet Partho torquere cydonia cornu
Spicula; tanquam haec sint nostri medicina furois,
Aut deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat!

Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and hounds
To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.
And now, methinks, through steepy rocks I go,
And rush through sounding woods and bend the Parthian bow:
As if with sports my sufferings I could ease,
Or by my pains the god of Love appease.

The style of epistles and satires represses enthusiasm; we accordingly see little or nothing of it in the works of Boileau and Pope.

Our odes, it is said by some, are genuine lyrical enthusiasm; but as they are not sung with us, they are, in fact, rather collections of verses, adorned with ingenious reflections, than odes.

Of all modern odes, that which abounds with the noblest enthusiasm, an enthusiasm that never abates, that never falls into the bombastic or the ridiculous, is Timotheus, or Alexander's Feast, by Dryden. It is still considered in England as an inimitable masterpiece, which Pope, when attempting the same stile and the same subject, could not even approach. This ode was sung, set to music; and if the musician had been worthy of the poet, it would have been the masterpiece of lyric poesy.

The most dangerous tendency of enthusiasm in this connection is that of urging on the poet to bombast, rant, and burlesque. A striking example of this occurs in an ode on the birth of a prince of the blood royal:—

Où suis-je? quel nouveau miracle
Tient encore mes sens enchantés
Quel vast, quel pompeux spectacle
Frappe mes yeux epouvantés?
Un nouveau monde vient d'eclore
L'univers se reforme encore
Dans les abymes du chaos;
Et, pour rèparer ses ruines
Je vois des demeures divines
Descendre un peuple de heros.

J. B. ROUSSEAU.
"Ode on the Birth of the Duke of Bretagne."

Here we find the poet's senses enchanted and alarmed at the appearance of a prodigy—a vast and magnificent spectacle—a new birth, which is to reform the universe, and redeem it from a state of chaos, &c., all which means simply that a male child is born to the house of Bourbon. This is as bad as, "Je chante les vainqueurs, des vainqueurs de la terre."

We will avail ourselves of the present opportunity to observe, that there is a very small portion of enthusiasm in the Ode on the Taking of Namur.

ENVY.

We all know what the ancients said of this disgraceful passion, and what the moderns have repeated. Hesiod is the first classic author who has spoken of it.

"The potter envies the potter, the artisan the artisan, the poor even the poor, the musician the musician, (or, if any one chooses to give a different meaning to the word *avidos*) the poet the poet."

Long before Hesiod, Job had remarked, "Envy destroys the little-minded."

I believe Mandeville, the author of the Fable of the Bees, is the first who has endeavoured to prove that envy is a very good thing, a very useful passion. His first reason is, that envy was natural to man as hunger and thirst; that it may be observed in all children, as well as in horses and dogs. If you wish your children should hate one another, caress one more than the other; the prescription is infallible.

He asserts, that the first thing two young women do when they meet together, is to discover matter for ridicule, and the second to flatter each other.

He thinks that without envy the arts would be only moderately cultivated, and that Raphael would never have been a great painter if he had not been jealous of Michael Angelo.

Mandeville, perhaps, mistook emulation for envy; perhaps, also, emulation

is nothing but envy restricted within the bounds of decency.

Michael Angelo might say to Raphael, your envy has only induced you to study and execute still better than I do; you have not depreciated me, you have not caballed against me before the pope, you have not endeavoured to get me excommunicated for placing in my picture of the Last Judgment one-eyed and lame persons in paradise, and pampered cardinals with beautiful women perfectly naked in hell! No! your envy is a laudable feeling; you are brave as well as envious; let us be good friends.

But if the envious person is an unhappy being without talents, jealous of merit as the poor are of the rich; if under the pressure at once of indigence and baseness he writes "News from Parnassus," "Letters from a celebrated Countess," or "Literary Annals," the creature displays an envy which is in fact absolutely good for nothing, and for which even Maudeville could make no apology.

Descartes said, "that envy forces up the yellow bile from the lower part of the liver, and the black bile that comes from the spleen, which diffuses itself from the heart by the arteries," &c. But as no species of bile is formed in the spleen, Descartes, when he spoke thus, deserved not to be envied for his physiology.

A person of the name of Poet or Poetius, a theological blackguard, who accused Descartes of atheism, was exceedingly affected by the black bile. But he knew still less than Descartes how his detestable bile circulated through his blood.

Madame Pernell is perfectly right:—

> Les envieux mourront, mais non jamais l'envie.
>
> The envious will die, but envy never.
>
> *Tartuffe*, act v. scene 3.

That it is better to excite envy than pity, is a good proverb. Let us, then, make men envy us as much as we are able.

EPIC POETRY.

Since the word *epos*, among the Greeks, signified a discourse, an epic poem must have been a discourse: and it was in verse, because it was not then the custom to write in prose. This appears strange, but it is no less true. One Pherecides is supposed to have been the first Greek who made exclusive use of prose to compose one of those half-true, half-false histories so common to antiquity.

Orpheus, Linus, Thamyris, and Musæus, the predecessors of Homer, wrote in verse only. Hesiod, who was certainly contemporary with Homer, wrote his Theogony and his poem of "Works and Days" entirely in verse. The harmony of the Greek language so invited men to poetry, a maxim turned into verse was so easily engraved on the memory, that the laws, oracles, morals, and theology, were all composed in verse.

Of Hesiod.

He made use of fables, which had for a long time been received in Greece. It is clearly seen by the succinct manner in which he speaks of Prometheus and Epimetheus, that he supposes these notions already familiar to all the Greeks. He only mentions them to show that it is necessary to labour, and that an indolent repose, in which other mythologists have made the felicity of man to consist, is a violation of the orders of the Supreme Being.

Hesiod afterwards describes the four famous ages, of which he is the first who has spoken, at least among the ancient authors who remain to us. The first age is that which preceded Pandora,—the time in which men lived with the gods. The iron age, is that of the siege of Thebes and Troy. "I live in the fifth," says he, "and I would I had never been born." How many men, oppressed by envy, fanaticism, and tyranny, since Hesiod, have said the same!

It is in this poem of "Works and Days" that those proverbs are found which have been perpetuated: as—"the potter is jealous of the potter," and he adds, "the musician of the musician, and the poor even of the poor." We there find the original of our fable of the nightingale fallen into the claws of the vulture. The nightingale sings in vain to soften him; the vulture devours her. Hesiod does not conclude that a hungry belly has no ears, but that tyrants are not to be mollified by genius.

A hundred maxims worthy of Xenophon and Cato are to be found in this poem.

Men are ignorant of the advantage of society: they know not that the half is more valuable than the whole.

Iniquity is pernicious only to the powerless.

Equity alone causes cities to flourish.

One unjust man is often sufficient to ruin his country.

The wretch who plots the destruction of his neighbour, often prepares the way to his own.

The road to crime is short and easy. That of virtue is long and difficult; but towards the end it is delightful.

God has placed labour as a sentinel over virtue.

Lastly, the precepts on agriculture were worthy to be imitated by Virgil. There are, also, very fine passages in his Theogony. Love, who disentangles chaos; Venus, born of the sea from the genital parts of a god nourished on earth, always followed by Love, and uniting heaven, earth, and sea, are admirable emblems.

Why, then, has Hesiod had less reputation than Homer? They seem to me of equal merit; but Homer has been preferred by the Greeks, because he sung their exploits and victories over the Asiatics, their eternal enemies. He celebrated all the families which in his time reigned in Achaia and Peloponessus; he wrote the most memorable war of the first people in Europe against the most flourishing nation which was then known in Asia. His poem was almost the only monument of that great epoch. There was no town or family which did not think itself honoured by having its name mentioned in these records of valour. We are even assured that a long time after him some differences between the Greek towns on the subject of adjacent lands were decided by the verses of Homer. He became, after his death, the judge of cities, in which it is pretended that he asked alms during his life; which proves, also, that the Greeks had poets long before they had geographers.

It is astonishing that the Greeks, so disposed to honour epic poems which immortalised the combats of their ancestors, produced no one to sing the battles of Marathon, Thermopylæ, Platea, and Salamis. The heroes of these times were much greater men than Agamemnon, Achilles, and Ajax.

Tyrtæus, a captain, poet, and musician, like the King of Prussia in our days, made war and sang it. He animated the Spartans against the Messenians by his verses, and gained the victory. But his works are lost. It does not appear that any epic poem was written in the time of Pericles. The attention of genius was turned towards tragedy; so that Homer stood alone, and his glory increased daily. We now come to his Iliad.

Of the Iliad.

What confirms me in the opinion that Homer was of the Greek colony established at Smyrna, is the oriental style of all his metaphors and pictures:—The earth which shook under the feet of the army when it marched like the thunderbolts of Jupiter on the hills which overwhelmed the giant Typhon; a wind blacker than night winged with tempests; Mars and Minerva followed by Terror, Flight, and insatiable Discord, the sister and companion of Homicide, the god of battles, who raises tumults wherever she appears, and who, not content with setting the world by the ears, even exalts her proud head into heaven. The

Iliad is full of these images, which caused the sculptor Bouchardon to say, "When I read Homer, I believe myself twenty feet high."

His poem, which is not at all interesting to us, was very precious to the Greeks. His gods are ridiculous to reasonable but they were not so to partial eyes, and it was for partial eyes that he wrote.

We laugh and shrug up our shoulders at these gods, who abused one another, fought one another, and combatted with men—who were wounded, and whose blood flowed: but such was the ancient theology of Greece and of almost all the Asiatic people. Every nation, every little village, had its particular god, which conducted it to battle.

The inhabitants of the clouds, and of the stars which were supposed in the clouds, had a cruel war. The combat of the angels against one another, was from time immemorial the foundation of the religion of the Bramins. The battle of the Titans, the children of heaven and earth, against the chief gods of Olympus, was also the leading mystery of the Greek religion. Typhon, according to the Egyptians, had fought against Oshiret, whom we call Osiris, and cut him to pieces.

Madame Dacier, in her preface to the Iliad, remarks very sensibly, after Eustatius, Bishop of Thessalonica, and Huet, Bishop of Avranches, that every neighbouring nation of the Hebrews had its god of war. Indeed, does not Jepthah say to the Ammonites, "Wilt not thou possess that which Chemosh thy god giveth thee to possess? So, whomsoever the Lord our God shall drive out from before us, from them will we possess."

Do we not see the God of Judah a conqueror in the mountains and repulsed in the vallies?

As to men wrestling against divinities, that is a received idea. Jacob wrestled one whole night with an angel. If Jupiter sent a deceiving dream to the chief of the Greeks, the Lord also sent a deceiving spirit to King Ahab. These emblems were frequent, and astonished nobody. Homer has then painted the ideas of his own age; he could not paint those of the generations which succeeded him.

Homer has great faults: Horace confesses it, and all men of taste agree to it: there is only one commentator who is blind enough not to see them. Pope, who was himself a translator of the Greek poet, says, "That it is a vast but uncultivated country, where we meet with all kinds of natural beauties, but which do not present themselves as regularly as in a garden; that it is an abundant nursery, which contains the seeds of all fruits; a great tree, that extends superfluous branches, which it is necessary to prune."

Madame Dacier sides with the vast country, the nursery, and the tree, and would have nothing curtailed. She was no doubt a woman superior to her sex, and has done great service to letters, as well as her husband; but when she became masculine and turned commentator, she so overacted her part, that she piqued people into finding fault with Homer. She was so obstinate as to quarrel even with Monsieur de la Motte. She wrote against him like the head of a college, and La Motte answered like a polite and witty woman. He translated the Iliad very badly; but he attacked Madame Dacier very well.

We will not speak of the Odyssey here; we shall say something of that poem while treating of Ariosto.

Of Virgil.

It appears to me that the second, fourth, and sixth books of the Æneid are as much above all Greek and Latin poets, without exception, as the statues of Girardon are superior to all those which preceded them in France.

It is often said that Virgil has borrowed many of the figures of Homer, and that he is even inferior to him in his imitations; but he has not imitated him at all in the three books of which I am speaking:—he is there himself touching and appalling to the heart. Perhaps he was

not suited for terrific detail; but there had been battles enough. Horace had said of him, before he attempted the Æneid :—

> ——Molle atque facetum
> Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure camoenae.
>
> Smooth flow his lines, and elegant his style,
> On Virgil all the rural muses smile.
>
> *Francis.*

Facetum does not here signify facetious but agreeable. I do not know whether we shall not find a little of this happy and affecting softness in the fatal passion of Dido. I think at least that we shall there recognise the author of those admirable verses which we meet with in his eclogues :—

> *Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error!*
>
> I saw, I perish'd, yet indulged my pain.
>
> *Dryden.*

Certainly the description of the descent into hell would not be badly matched with these lines from the fourth eclogue :—

> Ille Deûm vitam accipiet, divisque videbit
> Permistos heroas, et ipse videbitur illis—
> Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.
>
> The sons shall lead the lives of gods, and be
> By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.
> The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
> And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
>
> *Dryden.*

I meet with many of these simple, elegant, and affecting passages in the three beautiful books of the Æneid.

All the fourth book is filled with touching verses, which move those who have any ear or sentiment at all even to tears; and to point out all the beauties of this book, it would be necessary to transcribe the whole of it.

And in the sombre picture of hell, how this noble and affecting tenderness breathes through every line.

It is well known how many tears were shed by the Emperor Augustus, by Livia, and all the palace, at hearing this half line alone :—

> Tu Marcellus eris.
>
> A new Marcellus will in thee arise.

Homer never produces tears. The true poet, according to my idea, is he who touches the soul and softens it; others are only fine speakers. I am far from proposing this opinion as a rule. "I give my opinion," says Montaigne, "not as being good, but as being my own."

Of Lucan.

If you look for unity of time and action in Lucan, you will lose your labour; but where else will you find it? If you expect to feel any emotion, or any interest, you will not experience it in the long details of a war, the subject of which is very dry, and the expressions bombastic; but if you would have bold ideas, an eloquent expatiation on sublime and philosophical courage, Lucan is the only one among the ancients in whom you will meet with it. There is nothing finer than the speech of Labienus to Cato at the gates of the temple of Jupiter Ammon, if we except the answer of Cato itself :—

> Haeremus cuncti superis ? temploque tacente
> Nil facimus non sponte Dei
> . . . . . Steriles num legit arenas.
>
> Ut caneret paucis; mersit ne hoc pulvere verum;
> Estne Dei sedes nisi terra et pontus et aer,
> Et coelum et virtus? Superos quid quaerimus ultra?
> Jupiter est quodcumque vides quocumque moveris.
>
> And though our priests are mutes, and temples still,
> We act the dictates of his mighty will:
> Canst thou believe, the vast eternal mind,
> Was e'er to Syrts and Lybian sands confined?
> That he would chuse this waste, this barren ground,
> To teach the thin inhabitants around!
> Is there a place that God would chuse to love
> Beyond this earth, the seas, yon heaven above,
> And virtuous minds the noblest throne of Jove!
> Why seek we farther, then? Behold around:
> How all thou seest doth with the God abound,
> Jove is seen everywhere, and always to be found.
>
> *Rowe.*

Put together all that the ancient poets have said of the gods, and it is childish in comparison with this passage of Lucan; but in a vast picture, in which there are a hundred figures, it is not sufficient that one or two of them are finely designed.

Of Tasso.

Boileau has exposed the tinsel of Tasso; but if there be a hundred spangles of false gold in a piece of gold cloth, it is pardonable. There are many rough stones in the great marble building raised by Homer. Boileau knew it, felt it,

and said nothing about it. We should be just."

We recal the reader's memory to what has been said of Tasso in the Essay on Epic Poetry; but we must here observe that his verses are known by heart all over Italy. If at Venice any one in a boat sings a stanza of the Jerusalem Delivered, he is answered from a neighbouring bark with the following one.

If Boileau had listened to these concerts, he could have said nothing in reply.

As enough is known of Tasso, I will not repeat here either eulogies or criticisms: I will speak more at length of Ariosto.

Of Ariosto.

Homer's Odyssey seems to have been the first model of the Morgante, of the Orlando Innamorata and the Orlando Furioso; and, what very seldom happens, the last of the poems is without dispute the best.

The companions of Ulysses changed into swine; the winds shut up in goats' skins; the musicians with fishes' tails, who ate all those who approached them; Ulysses, who followed the chariot of a beautiful princess who went to bathe quite naked; Ulysses, disguised as a beggar, who asked alms, and afterwards killed all the lovers of his aged wife, assisted only by his son and two servants—are imaginations which have given birth to all the poetical romances which have since been written in the same style.

But the romance of Ariosto is so full of variety, and so fertile in beauties of all kinds, that after having read it once quite through, I only wish to begin it again. How great the charm of natural poetry! I never could read a single canto of this poem in a prose translation.

That which above all charms me in this wonderful work is, that the author is always above his subject, and treats it playfully. He says the most sublime things without effort, and he often finishes them by a turn of pleasantry which is neither misplaced nor far-fetched. It is at once the Iliad, the Odyssey, and Don Quixote; for his principal knight-errant becomes mad like the Spanish hero, and is infinitely more pleasant.

The subject of the poem which consists of so many things, is precisely that of the romance of Cassandra, which was formerly so much in fashion with us, and which has entirely lost its celebrity, because it had only the length of the Orlando Furioso, and few of its beauties; and even the few being in French prose: five or six stanzas of Ariosto will eclipse them all. His poem closes with the greater part of the heroes and princesses, who have not perished during the war, all meeting in Paris, after a thousand adventures; just as the personages in the romance of Cassandra all finally meet again in the house of Palemon.

The Orlando Furioso possesses a merit unknown to the ancients—it is that of its exordiums. Every canto is like an enchanted palace, the vestibule of which is always in a different taste—sometimes majestic, sometimes simple, and even grotesque. It is moral, lively, or gallant, and always natural and true.

EPIPHANY:

The Manifestation, the Appearance, the Illustration, the Radiance.

It is not easy to perceive what relation this word can have to the three kings or magi, who came from the east under the guidance of a star. That brilliant star was evidently the cause of bestowing on the day of its appearance the denomination of the Epiphany.

It is asked, whence came these three kings? What place had they appointed for their rendezvous? One of them, it is said, came from Africa: he did not, then, come from the east. It is said they were three magi; but the common people have always preferred the interpretation of three kings. The feast of the kings is everywhere celebrated, but that of the magi nowhere: people eat king's-cake,

and not magi-cake; and exclaim "the king drinks,"—not "the magi drink."

Moreover, as they brought with them much gold, incense, and myrrh, they must necessarily have been persons of great wealth and consequence. The magi of that day were by no means very rich. It was not then as in the times of the false Smerdis.

Tertullian is the first who asserted that these three travellers were kings. St. Ambrose, and St. Cæsar of Arles, suppose them to be kings; and the following passages of the lxxi. psalm are quoted in proof of it:—"The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall offer him gifts. The kings of Arabia and of Saba shall bring him presents." Some have called these three kings Magalat, Galgalat, and Saraim; others, Athos, Satos, and Paratoras. The Catholics knew them under the names of Gaspard, Melchior, and Balthazar. Bishop Osorius relates that it was a king of Cranganor, in the kingdom of Calicut, who undertook this journey with two magi, and that this king on his return to his own country built a chapel to the Holy Virgin.

It has been enquired how much gold they gave Joseph and Mary. Many commentators declare that they made them the richest presents; they build on the authority of the Gospel of the Infancy, which states that Joseph and Mary were robbed in Egypt by Titus and Dumachus; "but," say they, "these men would never have robbed them, if they had not had a great deal of money." These two robbers were afterwards hanged; one was the good thief and the other the bad one. But the gospel of Nicodemus gives them other names; it calls them Dimas and Gestas.

The same Gospel of the Infancy says that they were magi and not kings who came to Bethlem; that they had in reality been guided by a star, but that the star having ceased to appear while they were in the stable, an angel made its appearance in the form of a star to act in its stead. This gospel asserts that the visit of the three magi had been predicted by Zerdusht, whom we call Zoroaster.

Suarez has investigated what became of the gold which the three kings or magi presented; he maintains that the amount must have been very large, and that three kings could never make a small or moderate present. He says that the whole sum was afterwards given to Judas, who, acting as steward, turned out a rogue, and stole the whole amount.

All these puerilities can do no harm to the Feast of the Epiphany, which was first instituted by the Greek church, as the term implies, and was afterwards celebrated by the Latin church.

EQUALITY.

Nothing can be clearer than that men, enjoying the faculties of their common nature, are in a state of equality; they are equal when they perform their animal functions, and exercise their understandings. The King of China, the Great Mogul, or the Turkish Pacha, cannot say to the lowest of his species, "I forbid you to digest your food, to discharge your fæces, or to think." All animals of every species are on an equality with one another; and animals have by nature, beyond ourselves, the advantages of independence. If a bull, while paying his attentions to a heifer, is driven away by the horns of another bull stronger than himself, he goes to seek a new mistress in another meadow, and lives in freedom. A cock, after being defeated, finds consolation in another hen-roost. It is not so with us. A petty vizir banishes a bostangi to Lemnos; the vizir Azem banishes the petty vizir to Tenedos; the pacha banishes the vizir Azem to Rhodes, the janissaries imprison the pacha, and elect another, who will banish the worthy Mussulmen just when and where he pleases, while they will feel inexpressibly obliged to him for so gentle a display of his authority.

If the earth were, in fact, what it might be supposed it should be—if men found upon it everywhere an easy and certain

subsistence, and a climate congenial to their nature, it would be evidently impossible for one man to subjugate another. Let the globe be covered with wholesome fruits; let the air on which we depend for life convey to us no diseases and premature death; let man require no other lodging than the deer or roe-buck; in that case the Gengis-Khans and Tamerlanes will have no other attendants than their own children, who will be very worthy persons, and assist them affectionately in their old age.

In that state of nature enjoyed by all undomesticated quadrupeds, and by birds and reptiles, man would be just as happy as they are. Domination would be a mere chimera—an absurdity which no one would think of; for why should servants be sought for when no service is required?

If it should enter the mind of any individual of a tyranical disposition and nervous arm to subjugate his less powerful neighbour, his success would be impossible; the oppressed would be on the Danube before the oppressor had completed his preparations on the Wolga.

All men, then, would necessarily have been equal had they been without wants; it is the misery attached to our species which places one man in subjection to another: inequality is not the real grievance, but dependence. It is of little consequence for one man to be called his Highness and another his Holiness; but it is hard for me to be the servant of another.

A numerous family has cultivated a good soil; two small neighbouring families live on lands unproductive and barren. It will therefore be necessary for the two poor families to serve the rich one, or to destroy it. This is easily accomplished. One of the two indigent families goes and offers its services to the rich one in exchange for bread; the other makes an attack upon it and is conquered. The serving family is the origin of domestics and labourers; the one conquered, is the origin of slaves.

It is impossible in our melancholy world to prevent men, living in society, from being divided into two classes, one of the rich who command, the other of the poor who obey; and these two are subdivided into various others, which have also their respective shades of difference.

You come and say, after the lots are drawn, I am a man as well as you; I have two hands and two feet; as much pride as yourself or more; a mind as irregular, inconsequent, and contradictory as your own. I am a citizen of St. Marino, or Ragusa, or Vaugirard; give me my portion of land. In our known hemisphere are about fifty thousand millions of acres of cultivable land, good and bad. The number of our two-footed featherless race, within these bounds, is a thousand millions; that is just fifty acres for each: do me justice; give me my fifty acres.

The reply is, go and take them among the Caffres, the Hottentots, and the Samoieds; arrange the matter amicably with them; here all the shares are filled up. If you wish to have food, clothing, lodging, and warmth among us, work for us as your father did—serve us or amuse us, and you shall be paid; if not, you will be obliged to turn beggar, which would be highly degrading to your sublime nature, and certainly preclude that actual equality with kings, or even village curates, to which you so nobly pretend.

All the poor are not unhappy. The greater number are born in that state, and constant labour prevents them from too sensibly feeling their situation; but when they do strongly feel it, then follow wars such as those of the popular party against the senate at Rome; and those of the peasantry in Germany, England, and France. All these wars ended soon or late in the subjection of the people, because the great have money, and money in a state commands everything: I say in a state, for the case is different between nation and nation. That nation which makes the best use of iron will always

subjugate another that has more gold but less courage.

Every man is born with an eager inclination for power, wealth, and pleasure, and also with a great taste for indolence. Every man, consequently, would wish to possess the fortunes and the wives or daughters of others, to be their master, to retain them in subjection to his caprices, and to do nothing, or at least nothing but what is perfectly agreeable. You clearly perceive that, with such amiable dispositions, it is as impossible for men to be equal, as for two preachers or divinity professors not to be jealous of each other.

The human race, constituted as it is, cannot subsist unless there be an infinite number of useful individuals possessed of no property at all; for most certainly, a man in easy circumstances will not leave his own land to come and cultivate yours; and if you want a pair of shoes, you will not get a lawyer to make them for you. Equality, then, is at the same time the most natural and the most chimerical thing possible.

As men carry everything to excess if they have it in their power to do so, this inequality has been pushed too far; it has been maintained in many countries, that no citizen has a right to quit that in which he was born. The meaning of such a law must evidently be :—"This country is so wretched and ill-governed, we prohibit every man from quitting it, under an apprehension that otherwise all would leave it." Do better: excite in all your subjects a desire to stay with you, and in foreigners a desire to come and settle among you.

Every man has a right to entertain a private opinion of his own equality to other men; but it follows not that a cardinal's cook should take it upon him to order his master to prepare his dinner. The cook, however, may say :—"I am a man as well as my master; I was born like him in tears, and shall like him die in anguish, attended by the same common ceremonies. We both perform the same animal functions. If the Turks get possession of Rome, and I then become a cardinal and my master a cook, I will take him into my service." This language is perfectly reasonable and just; but, while waiting for the Grand Turk to get possession of Rome, the cook is bound to do his duty, or all human society is subverted.

With respect to a man who is neither a cardinal's cook, nor invested with any office whatever in the state—with respect to an individual who has no connections, and is disgusted at being everywhere received with an air of protection or contempt, who sees very clearly that many men of quality and title have not more knowledge, wit, or virtue than himself, and is wearied by being occasionally in their antichambers—what ought such a man to do? He ought to stay away.

ESSENIANS.

The more superstitious and barbarous any nation is, the more obstinately bent on war, notwithstanding its defeats; the more divided into factions, floating between royal and priestly claims; and the more intoxicated it may be by fanaticism; the more certainly will be found among that nation a number of citizens associated together in order to live in peace.

It happens, during a season of pestilence, that a small canton forbids all communication with large cities. It preserves itself from the prevailing contagion, but remains a prey to other maladies.

Of this description of persons were the Gymnosophists in India, and certain sects of philosophers among the Greeks. Such also were the Pythagoreans in Italy and Greece, and the Therapeutæ in Egypt. Such at the present day are those primitive people, called Quakers and Dunkers, in Pennsylvania; and very nearly such were the first Christians who lived together remote from cities.

Not one of these societies were acquainted with the dreadful custom of binding themselves by oath to the mode of life which they adopted, of involving themselves into perpetual chains, of de-

priving themselves, on a principle of religion, of the grand right and first principle of human nature, which is liberty; in short, of entering into what we call vows. St. Basil was the first who conceived the idea of those vows, of this oath of slavery. He introduced a new plague into the world, and converted into a poison, that which had been invented as a remedy.

There were in Syria societies precisely similar to those of the Essenians. This we learn from the Jew Philo, in his treatise on the Freedom of the Good. Syria was always superstitious and factious, and always under the yoke of tyrants. The successors of Alexander made it a theatre of horrors. It is by no means extraordinary, that among such numbers of oppressed and persecuted beings, some, more humane and judicious than the rest, should withdraw from all intercourse with great cities, in order to live in common, in honest poverty, far from the blasting eyes of tyranny.

During the civil wars of the latter Ptolemies, similar asylums were formed in Egypt; and when that country was subjugated by the Roman arms, the Therapeutæ established themselves in a sequestered spot, in the neighbourhood of the lake Mœris.

It appears highly probable that there were Greek, Egyptian, and Jewish Therapeutæ. Philo, after eulogising Anaxagoras, Democritus, and other philosophers, who embraced their way of life, thus expresses himself:—

"Similar societies are found in many countries; Greece and other regions enjoy institutions of this consoling character. They are common in Egypt in every district, and particularly in that of Alexandria. The most worthy and moral of the population have withdrawn beyond Lake Mœris to a secluded but convenient spot, forming a gentle declivity. The air is very salubrious, and the villages in the neighbourhood sufficiently numerous," &c.

Thus we perceive that there have every where existed societies of men who have endeavoured to find a refuge from disturbances and factions, from the insolence and rapacity of oppressors. All, without exception, entertained a perfect horror of war, considering it precisely in the same light in which we contemplate highway robbery and murder.

Such, nearly, were the men of letters who united in France, and founded the Academy. They quietly withdrew from the factious and cruel scenes which desolated the country in the reign of Louis XIII. Such also were the men who founded the Royal Society at London, while the barbarous idiots called Puritans and Episcopalians were cutting one another's throats about the interpretation of a few passages from three or four old and unintelligible books.

Some learned men have been of opinion that Jesus Christ, who condescended to make his appearance for some time in the small district of Capernaum, in Nazareth, and some other small towns of Palestine, was one of those Essenians, who fled from the tumult of affairs, and cultivated virtue in peace. But the name "Essenian," never even once occurs in the four gospels, in the apocrypha, or in the acts, or the epistles of the apostles.

Although, however, the name is not to be found, a resemblance is, in various points, observable—confraternity, community of property, strictness of moral conduct, manual labour, detachment from wealth and honors; and, above all, detestation of war. So great is this detestation, that Jesus Christ commands his disciples when struck upon one cheek to offer the other also, and when robbed of a cloak to deliver up the coat likewise. Upon this principle the Christians conducted themselves, during the two first centuries, without altars, temples, or magistracies—all employed in their respective trades or occupations, all leading secluded and quiet lives.

Their early writings attest that they were not permitted to carry arms. In this they perfectly resembled our Penn-

sylvanians, Anabaptists, and Memnonists of the present day, who take a pride in following the literal meaning of the gospel. For although there are in the gospel many passages which, when incorrectly understood, might breed violence—as the case of the merchants scourged out of the temple avenues, the phrase "compel them to come in," the dangers into which they were thrown who had not converted their master's one talent into five talents, and the treatment of those who came to the wedding without the wedding garment—although, I say, all these may seem contrary to the pacific spirit of the gospel, yet there are so many other passages which enjoin sufferance instead of contest, that it is by no means astonishing that, for a period of two hundred years, Christians held war in absolute execration.

Upon this foundation was the numerous and respectable society of Pennsylvanians established, as were also the minor sects which have imitated them. When I denominate them respectable, it is by no means in consequence of their aversion to the splendour of the Catholic church. I lament, undoubtedly, as I ought to do, their errors. It is their virtue, their modesty, and their spirit of peace, that I respect.

Was not the great philosopher Bayle right, then, when he remarked, that a Christian of the earliest times of our religion would be a very bad soldier, or that a soldier would be a very bad Christian?

This dilemma appears to be unanswerable; and in this point, in my opinion, consists the great difference between ancient Christianity and ancient Judaism.

The law of the first Jews expressly says, "As soon as you enter any country with a view to possess it, destroy everything by fire and sword; slay, without mercy, aged men, women, and children at the breast; kill even all the animals; sack everything and burn everything. It is your God who commands you so to do." This injunction is not given in a single instance, but on twenty different occasions, and is always followed.

Mahomet, persecuted by the people of Mecca, defends himself like a brave man. He compels his vanquished persecutors to humble themselves at his feet, and become his disciples. He establishes his religion by proselytism and the sword.

Jesus, appearing between the times of Moses and Mahomet, in a corner of Galilee, preaches forgiveness of injuries, patience, mildness, and forbearance, dies himself under the infliction of capital punishment, and is desirous of the same fate for his first disciples.

I ask candidly, whether St. Bartholomew, St. Andrew, St. Matthew, and St. Barnabas, would have been received among the cuirassiers of the emperor, or among the royal guards of Charles XII.?

Would St. Peter himself, though he cut off Malchus's ear, have made a good officer? Perhaps St. Paul, accustomed at first to carnage, and having had the misfortune to be a bloody persecutor, is the only one who could have been made a warrior. The impetuosity of his temperament, and the fire of his imagination, would have made him a formidable commander. But, notwithstanding these qualities, he made no effort to revenge himself on Gamaliel by arms. He did not act like the Judases, the Theudases, and the Barchochebases, who levied troops: he followed the precepts of Jesus Christ; he suffered; and, according to an account we have of his death, he was beheaded.

To compose an army of Christians, therefore, in the early period of Christianity, was a contradiction in terms.

It is certain that Christians were not enlisted among the troops of the empire till the spirit by which they were animated was changed. In the two first centuries they entertained a horror for temples, altars, tapers, incense, and lustral water. Porphyry compares them to the foxes who said "the grapes are sour." "If," said he, "you could have had beautiful temples burnished with gold, and large revenues for a clergy, you would then have been passionately fond of temples.'

They afterwards addicted themselves to all that they had abhorred. Thus, having detested the profession of arms, they at length engaged in war. The Christians in the time of Dioclesian were as different from those of the time of the apostles, as we are from the Christians of the third century.

I cannot conceive how a mind so enlightened and bold as Montesquieu's, could severely censure another genius much more accurate than his own, and oppose the following just remark made by Bayle, "that a society of real Christians might live happily together, but that they would make a bad defence on being attacked by an enemy."

"They would," says Montesquieu, "be citizens infinitely enlightened on the subject of their duties, and ardently zealous to discharge them. They would be fully sensible of the rights of natural defence. The more they thought they owed religion, the more they would think they owed their country. The principles of Christianity deeply engraven on their hearts, would be infinitely more powerful than the false honour of monarchies, the human virtues of republics, or the servile fear which operates under despotism."

Surely the author of the "Spirit of Laws" did not reflect upon the words of the gospel, when saying that real Christians would be fully sensible of the rights of natural defence. He did not recollect the command to deliver up the coat after the cloak had been taken; and, after having received a blow upon one cheek, to present the other also. Here the principle of natural defence is most decidedly annihilated. Those whom we call Quakers have always refused to fight; but in the war of 1756, if they had not received assistance from the other English, and suffered that assistance to operate, they would have been completely crushed.

Is it not unquestionable, that men who thought and felt as martyrs would fight very ill as grenadiers? Every sentence of that chapter of the "Spirit of Laws" appears to me false. "The principles of Christianity deeply engraven on their hearts, would be infinitely more powerful," &c. Yes, more powerful to prevent their exercise of the sword, to make them tremble at shedding their neighbour's blood, to make them look on life as a burden of which it would be their highest happiness to be relieved.

"If," says Bayle, "they were appointed to drive back veteran corps of infantry, or to charge regiments of cuirassiers, they would be seen like sheep in the midst of wolves."

Bayle was perfectly right. Montesquieu did not perceive that, while attempting to refute him, he contemplated only the mercenary and sanguinary soldiers of the present day, and not the early Christians. It would seem as if he had been desirous of preventing the unjust accusations which he experienced from the fanatics, by sacrificing Bayle to them. But he gained nothing by it. They are two great men, who appear to be of different opinions, but who, if they had been equally free to speak, would have been found to have the same.

"The false honour of monarchies, the human virtues of republics, the servile fear which operates under despotism;" nothing at all of this goes towards the composition of a soldier, as the "Spirit of Laws" pretends. When we levy a regiment, of whom a quarter part will desert in the course of a fortnight, not one of the men enlisted thinks about the honour of the monarchy: they do not even know what it is. The mercenary troops of the republic of Venice know their country; but nothing about republican virtue, which no one ever speaks of in the place of St. Mark. In one word, I do not believe that there is a single man on the face of the earth who has enlisted in his regiment from a principle of virtue.

Neither, again, is it out of a servile fear that Turks and Russians fight with the fierceness and rage of lions and tigers. Fear does not inspire courage. Nor is it by devotion that the Russians have defeated the armies of Mustapha. It would,

in my opinion, have been highly desirable that so ingenions a man should have sought for truth rather than display. When we wish to instruct mankind, we ought to forget ourselves, and have nothing in view but truth.

ETERNITY.

In my youth I admired all the reasonings of Samuel Clarke. I loved his person, although he was a determined Arian as well as Newton, and I still revere his memory, because he was a good man; but the impression which his ideas had stamped on my yet tender brain was effaced when that brain became more firm. I found, for example, that he had contested the eternity of the world with as little ability as he had proved the reality of infinite space.

I have so much respect for the book of Genesis, and for the church which adopts it, that I regard it as the only proof of the creation of the world five thousand seven hundred and eighteen years ago, according to the computation of the Latins, and seven thousand and seventy-eight years, according to the Greeks.

All antiquity believed matter, at least, to be eternal; and the greatest philosophers attributed eternity also to the arrangement of the universe.

They are all mistaken, as we well know; but we may believe, without blasphemy, that the eternal former of all things made other worlds beside ours.

EUCHARIST.

On this delicate subject, we shall not speak as theologians. Submitting in heart and mind to the religion in which we are born, and the laws under which we live, we shall have nothing to do with controversy; it is too hostile to all religions which it boasts of supporting—to all laws which it makes pretensions to explain, and especially to that harmony which in every period it has banished from the world.

One half of Europe anathematises the other on the subject of the Eucharist; and blood has flowed in torrents from the Baltic sea to the foot of the Pyrenees, for nearly two centuries, on account of a single word, which signifies gentle charity.

Various nations in this part of the world view with horror the system of transubstantiation. They exclaim against this dogma as the last effort of human folly. They quote the celebrated passage of Cicero, who says that men, having exhausted all the mad extravagancies they are capable of, have yet never entertained the idea of eating the God whom they adore. They say, that as almost all popular opinions are built upon ambiguities and abuse of words, so the system of the Roman Catholics concerning the Eucharist and transubstantiation, is founded solely on an ambiguity; that they have interpreted literally what could only have been meant figuratively; and that for the sake of mere verbal contests, for absolute misconceptions, the world has for six hundred years been drenched in blood.

Their preachers in the pulpits, their learned in their publications, and the people in their conversational discussions, incessantly repeat that Jesus Christ did not take his body in his two hands to give his disciples to eat; that a body cannot be in a hundred thousand places at one time, in bread and in wine; that the God who formed the universe cannot consist of bread which is converted into fæces, and of wine which flows off in urine; and that the doctrine may naturally expose Christianity to the derision of the least intelligent, and to the contempt and execration of the rest of mankind.

In this opinion the Tillotsons, the Smallridges, the Claudes, the Dailles, the Amyrauts, the Mestrezats, the Dumoulins, the Blondels, and the numberless multitude of the reformers of the sixteenth century, are all agreed; while the peaceable Mahometan, master of Africa, and of the finest part of Asia, smiles with disdain upon our disputes, and the rest of the world are totally ignorant of them.

Once again I repeat, that I have nothing to do with controversy. I believe

with a lively faith all that the Catholic apostolic religion teaches on the subject of the Eucharist, without comprehending a single word of it.

The question is, how to put the greatest restraint upon crimes. The Stoics said that they carried God in their heart. Such is the expression of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus, the most virtuous of mankind, and who might almost be called gods upon earth. They understood by the words "I carry God within me," that part of the divine universal soul which animates every intelligent being.

The Catholic religion goes farther. It says, "You shall have within you physically what the Stoics had metaphysically. Do not set yourselves about enquiring what it is that I give you to eat and drink, or merely to eat. Only believe that what I so give you is God. He is within you. Shall your heart then be defiled by anything unjust or base?—Behold then men receiving God within them, in the midst of an august ceremonial, by the light of a hundred tapers, under the influence of the most exquisite and enchanting music, and at the footstool of an altar of burnished gold. The imagination is led captive, the soul is rapt in extasy and melted! The votary scarcely breathes; he is detached from every terrestrial object, he is united with God, he is in our flesh, and in our blood! Who will dare, or who even will be able, after this, to commit a single fault, or to entertain even the idea of it? It was clearly impossible to devise a mystery better calculated to retain mankind in virtue."

Yet Louis XI., while receiving God thus within him, poisons his own brother; the Archbishop of Florence, while making God, and the Pazzi while receiving him, assassinate the Medici in the cathedral. Pope Alexander VI., after rising from the bed of his bastard daughter, administers God to Cæsar Borgia, his bastard son, and both destroy by hanging, poison, and the sword, all who are in possession of two acres of land which they find desirable.

Julius II. makes and eats God; but, with his cuirass on his back and his helmet on his head, he imbrues his hands in blood and carnage. Leo X contains God in his body, his mistresses in his arms, and the money extorted by the sale of indulgences, in his own and his sister's coffers.

Troll, Archbishop of Upsal, has the senators of Sweden slaughtered before his face, holding a papal bull in his hand. Vangalen, Bishop of Munster, makes war upon all his neighbours, and becomes celebrated for his rapine.

The Abbé N—— is full of God, speaks of nothing but God, imparts God to all the women, or weak and imbecile persons that he can obtain the direction of, and robs his penitents of their property.

What are we to conclude from these contradictions? That all these persons never really believed in God; that they still less, if possible, believed that they had eaten his body and drunk his blood; that they never imagined they had swallowed God; that if they had firmly so believed, they never would have committed any of those deliberate crimes; in a word, that this most miraculous preventive of human atrocities has been most ineffective. The more sublime such an idea, the more decidedly is it secretly rejected by human obstinacy.

The fact is, that all our grand criminals who have been at the head of government, and those also who have subordinately shared in authority, not only never believed that they received God down their throats, but never believed in God at all; at least they had entirely effaced such an idea from their minds. Their contempt for the sacrament which they created or administered was extended at length into a contempt of God himself. What resource, then, have we remaining against depredation, insolence, outrage, calumny, and persecution?—That of persuading the strong man who oppresses the weak that God really exists. He will, at least, not laugh at this

opinion; and, although he may not believe that God is within him, he yet may believe that God pervades all nature. An incomprehensible mystery has shocked him. But would he be able to say that the existence of a remunerating and avenging God is an incomprehensible mystery? Finally, although he does not yield his belief to a Catholic bishop who says to him, "Behold, that is your God, whom a man consecrated by myself has put into your mouth;" he may believe the language of all the stars and of all animated beings, at once exclaiming—"God is our creator!"

EXECUTION.

SECTION I.

Yes, we here repeat the observation, a man that is hanged is good for nothing; although some executioner, as much addicted to quackery as cruelty, may have persuaded the wretched simpletons in his neighbourhood that the fat of a person hanged is a cure for the epilepsy.

Cardinal Richlieu, when going to Lyons to enjoy the spectacle of the execution of Cinque-Mars and de Thou, was informed that the executioner had broken his leg. "What a dreadful thing it is," says he to the chancellor Seguier, "we have no executioner!" I certainly admit that it must have been a terrible disaster. It was a jewel wanting in his crown. At last, however, an old worthy was found, who, after twelve strokes of the sabre, brought low the head of the innocent and philosophic de Thou. What necessity required this death? What good could be derived from the judicial assassination of Marshal de Marillac?

I will go farther. If Maximilian, Duke of Sully, had not compelled that admirable King Henry IV. to yield to the execution of Marshal Biron, who was covered with wounds which had been received in his service, perhaps Henry would never have suffered assassination himself; perhaps that act of clemency, judiciously interposed after condemnation, would have soothed the still raging spirit of the league; perhaps the outcry would not then have been incessantly thundered into the ears of the populace,—the king always protects heretics, the king treats good Catholics shamefully, the king is a miser, the king is an old debauchée, who, at the age of fifty-seven fell in love with the young Princess of Condé, and forced her husband to fly the kingdom with her. All these embers of universal discontent would probably not have been alone sufficient to inflame the brain of the fanatical feuillant Revaillac.

With respect to what is ordinarily called justice, that is, the practice of killing a man because he has stolen a crown from his master; or burning him, as was the case with Simon Morin, for having said that he had had conferences with the holy spirit; and as was the case also with a mad old Jesuit of the name of Malagrida, for having printed certain conversations which the holy virgin held with St. Anne, her mother, while in the womb;—this practice, it must be acknowledged, is neither conformable to humanity or reason, and cannot possibly be of the least utility.

We have already enquired what advantage could ensue to the state from the execution of that poor man known under the name of the madman; who, while at supper with some monks, uttered certain nonsensical words, and who, instead of being purged and bled, was delivered over to the gallows?

We farther ask, whether it was absolutely necessary that another madman, who was in the body-guards, and who gave himself some slight cuts with a hanger, like many other impostors, to obtain remuneration, should be also hanged by the sentence of the parliament? Was this a crime of such great enormity? Would there have been any imminent danger to society in saving the life of this man?

What necessity could there be that La

Barre should have his hand chopped off and his tongue cut out, that he should be put to the question ordinary and extraordinary, and be burnt alive?—Such was the sentence pronounced by the Solons and Lycurguses of Abbeville! What had he done? Had he assassinated his father and mother? Had people reason to apprehend that he would burn down the city?—He was accused of want of reverence in some secret circumstances, which the sentence itself does not specify. He had, it was said, sung an old song, of which no one could give an account; and had seen a procession of capuchins pass at a distance without saluting it.

It certainly appears as if some people took great delight in what Boileau calls murdering their neighbour in due form and ceremony, and inflicting on him unutterable torments. These people live in the forty-ninth degree of latitude, which is precisely the position of the Iroquois. Let us hope that they may, some time or other, become civilized.

Among this nation of barbarians, there are always to be found two or three thousand persons of great kindness and amiability, possessed of correct taste, and constituting excellent society, These will, at length, polish the others.

I should like to ask those who are so fond of erecting gibbets, piles, and scaffolds, and pouring leaden balls through the human brain, whether they are always labouring under the horrors of famine, and whether they kill their fellow-creatures from any apprehension that there are more of them than can be maintained?

I was once perfectly horror-struck at seeing a list of deserters made out for the short period merely of eight years. They amounted to sixty thousand. Here were sixty thousand co-patriots, who were to be shot through the head at the beat of drum; and with whom, if well maintained and ably commanded, a whole province might have been added to the kingdom.

I would also ask some of these subaltern Dracos, whether there are no such things wanted in their country as highways or crossways, whether there are no uncultivated lands to be broken up, and whether men who are hanged or shot can be of any service?

I will not address them on the score of humanity, but of utility: unfortunately, they will often attend to neither; and, although M. Beccaria met with the applauses of Europe for having proved that punishments ought only to be proportioned to crimes, the Iroquois soon found out an advocate, paid by a priest, who maintained that to torture, hang, rack, and burn, in all cases whatsoever, was decidedly the best way.

SECTION II.

But it is England which, more than any other country, has been distinguished for the stern delight of slaughtering men with the pretended sword of the law. Without mentioning the immense number of princes of the blood, peers of the realm, and eminent citizens, who have perished by a public death on the scaffold, it is sufficient to call to mind the execution of Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Catherine Howard, Queen Jane Grey, Queen Mary Stuart, and King Charles I., in order to justify the sarcasm which has been frequently applied, that the history of England ought to be written by the executioner.

Next to that island, it is alleged that, France is the country in which capital punishments have been most common. I shall say nothing of that of Queen Brunehault, for I do not believe it. I pass by innumerable scaffolds, and stop before that of Count Montecuculi, who was cut into quarters in the presence of Francis I. and his whole court, because Francis, the dauphin, had died of a pleurisy.

That event occurred in 1536. Charles V., victorious on all the coasts of Europe and Africa, was then ravaging both Provence and Picardy. During that campaign which commenced advantageously

for him, the young dauphin, eighteen years of age, becomes heated at a game of tennis, in the small city of Tournon. When in high perspiration he drinks iced water, and in the course of five days dies of the pleurisy. The whole court and all France exclaim that the Emperor Charles V. had procured the dauphin of France to be poisoned. This accusation, equally horrible and absurd, has been repeated from time to time down to the present. Malherbe, in one of his odes, speaks of Francis, whom Castile, unequal to cope in arms, bereaved of his son.

We will not stop to examine whether the emperor was unequal to the arms of Francis I. because he left Provence after having completely sacked it, nor whether to poison a dauphin is to steal him; but these bad lines decidedly show that the poisoning of the dauphin Francis by Charles V. was received throughout France as an indisputable truth.

Daniel does not exculpate the emperor. Henault, in his Chronological Summary, says: "Francis, the dauphin, poisoned."

It is thus that all writers copy from one another. At length the author of the History of Francis I. ventures, like myself, to investigate the fact.

It is certain that Count Montecuculi, who was in the service of the dauphin, was condemned by certain commissioners to be quartered, as guilty of having poisoned that prince.

Historians say that this Montecuculi was his cup-bearer. The dauphins have no such officer: but I will admit that they had. How could that gentleman, just at the instant, have mixed up poison in a glass of fresh water? Did he always carry poison in his pocket, ready whenever his master might call for drink? He was not the only person present with the dauphin, who was, it appears, wiped and rubbed dry by some of his attendants after the game of tennis was finished. The surgeons who opened the body declared, it is said, that the prince had taken arsenic. Had the prince done so, he must have felt intolerable pains about his throat, the water would have been coloured, and the case would not have been treated as one of pleurisy. The surgeons were ignorant pretenders, who said just what they were desired to say; a fact which happens every day.

What interest could this officer have in destroying his master? Who was more likely to advance his fortune?

But, it is said, it was intended also to poison the king. Here is a new difficulty and a new improbability.

Who was to compensate him for this double crime? Charles V., it is replied —another improbability equally strong. Why begin with a youth only eighteen years and a half old, and who, moreover, had two brothers? How was the king to be got at? Montecuculi did not wait at his table.

Charles V. had nothing to gain by taking away the life of the young dauphin, who had never drawn a sword, and who certainly would have had powerful avengers. It would have been a crime at once base and useless. He did not fear the father, we are to believe, the bravest knight of the French court; yet he was afraid of the son, who had scarcely reached beyond the age of childhood!

But, we are informed, this Montecuculi, on occasion of a journey to Ferrara, his own country, was presented to the emperor, and that that monarch asked him numerous questions relating to the magnificence of the king's table and the economy of his household. This certainly is decisive evidence that the Italian was engaged by Charles V. to poison the royal family!

Oh! but it was not the emperor himself who urged him to commit this crime: he was impelled to it by Anthony de Leyva and the Marquis de Gonzaga. Yes, truly, Anthony de Leyva, eighty years of age, and one of the most virtuous knights in Europe! and this noble veteran, moreover, was indiscreet enough

to propose executing this scheme of poisoning in conjunction with a prince of Gonzaga. Others mention the Marquis del Vasto, whom we call du Guast.—Contemptible impostors! Be at least agreed among yourselves. You say that Montecuculi confessed the fact before his judges. Have you seen the original documents connected with the trial?

You state that the unfortunate man was a chemist. These then are your only proofs, your only reasons, for subjecting him to the most dreadful of executions: he was an Italian, he was a chemist, and Charles V. was hated. His glory then provoked indeed a base revenge. Good God! Your court orders a man of rank to be cut into quarters upon bare suspicion, in the vain hope of disgracing that powerful emperor.

Some time afterwards your suspicions, always light and volatile, charge this poisoning upon Catherine de Medicis, wife of Henry II. then dauphin and subsequently King of France. You say that, in order to reign, she destroyed by poison the first dauphin, who stood between her husband and the throne. Miserable impostors! Once again, I say, be consistent! Catherine de Medicis was at that time only seventeen years of age.

It has been said that Charles V. himself imputed this murder to Catherine, and the historian Pera is quoted to prove it. This, however, is an error. These are the historian's words:—

"This year the dauphin of France died at Paris with decided indications of poison. His friends ascribed it to the orders of the Marquis del Vasto and Anthony de Leyva, which led to the execution of the Count Montecuculo, who was in habits of correspondence with them: base and absurd suspicion of men so highly honourable, as by destroying the dauphin little or nothing could be gained. He was not yet known by his valour any more than his brothers, who were next in the succession to him.

"To one presumption succeeded another. It was pretended that this murder was committed by order of the Duke of Orleans his brother, at the instigation of his wife Catherine de Medicis, who was ambitious of being a queen, which, in fact, she eventually was. It is well remarked by a certain author, that the dreadful death of the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Henry II. was the punishment of heaven upon him for poisoning his brother (at least, if he really did poison him); a practice too common among princes, by which they free themselves at little cost from stumbling-blocks in their career, but frequently and manifestly punished by God."

Signor de Vera, we instantly perceive, is not an absolute Tacitus; besides, he takes Montecuculi, or Montecuculo, as he calls him, for a Frenchman. He says the dauphin died at Paris, whereas it was at Tournon. He speaks of decided indications of poison upon public rumour; but it is clear that he attributes the accusation of Catherine de Medicis only to the French.

This charge is equally unjust and extravagant with that against Montecuculi.

In fact, this volatile temperament, so characteristic of the French, has in every period of our history led to the most tragical catastrophes. If we go back from the iniquitious execution of Montecuculi to that of the knights templars, we shall see a series of the most atrocious punishments, founded upon the most frivolous presumptions. Rivers of blood have flowed in France in consequence of the thoughtless character and precipitate judgment of the French people.

We may just notice the wretched pleasure that some men, and particularly those of weak minds, secretly enjoy in talking or writing of public executions, like that they derive from the subject of miracles and sorceries. In Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible you may find a number of fine engravings of the punishments in use among the Hebrews. These prints are absolutety sufficient to strike every person of feeling with horror. We will take this opportunity to observe,

that neither the Jews nor any other people ever thought of fixing persons to the cross by nails; and that there is not even a single instance of it. It is the fiction of some painter, built upon an opinion completely erroneous.

SECTION III.

Ye sages who are scattered over the world (for some sages there are) join the philosophic Beccaria, and proclaim with all your strength that punishments ought to be proportioned to crimes:

That after shooting through the head a young man of the age of twenty, who has spent six months with his father and mother or his mistress, instead of rejoining his regiment, he can no longer be of any service to his country:

That if you hang on the public gallows the servant girl who stole a dozen napkins from her mistress, she will be unable to add to the number of your citizens a dozen children, whom you may be considered as strangling in embryo with their parent; that there is no proportion between a dozen napkins and human life; and, finally, that you really encourage domestic theft, because no master will be so cruel as to get his coachman hanged for stealing a few of his oats; but every master would prosecute to obtain the infliction of a punishment which should be simply proportioned to the offence:

That all judges and legislators are guilty of the death of all the children which unfortunate seduced woman desert, expose, or even strangle, from a similar weakness in that which gave them birth.

On this subject I shall without scruple relate what has just occurred in the capital of a wise and powerful republic, which however, with all its wisdom, has unhappily retained some barbarous laws from those old, unsocial, and inhuman ages, called by some the ages of purity of manners. Near this capital a new-born infant was found dead; a girl was apprehended on suspicion of being the mother; she was shut up in a dungeon; she was strictly interrogated; she replied that she could not have been the mother of that child, as she was at the present time pregnant. She was ordered to be visited by a certain number of what are called (perfectly mal-a-propos in the present instance) wise women—by a commission of matrons. These poor imbecile creatures declared her not to be with child, and that the appearance of pregnancy was occasioned by improper retention. The unfortunate woman was threatened with the torture; her mind became alarmed and terrified; she confessed that she had killed her supposed child; she was capitally convicted; and during the actual passing of her sentence was seized with the pains of child-birth. Her judges were taught by this most impressive case not lightly to pass sentences of death.

With respect to the numberless executions which weak fanatics have inflicted upon other fanatics equally weak, I will say nothing more about them; although it is impossible to say too much.

There are scarcely any highway robberies committed in Italy without assassinations, because the punishment of death is equally awarded to both crimes.

It cannot be doubted that M. de Beccaria, in his Treatise on Crimes and Punishments has noticed this very important fact.

EXECUTIONER.

It may be thought that this word ought not to be permitted to degrade a dictionary of arts and sciences; it has a connection however with jurisprudence and history. Our great poets have not disdained frequently to avail themselves of this word in tragedy: Clytemnestra, in Iphygenia, calls Agamemnon the executioner of his daughter.

In comedy it is used with great gaiety; Mercury in the Amphitrion (act i. scene 2), says—

> Comment, bourreau! tu fais des cris!
>
> How, hangman! thou bellowest;

And even the Romans permitted themselves to say—

Quorsum vadis, carnifex?

Whither goest thou, hangman?

The Encyclopœdia, under the word EXECUTIONER, details all the privileges of the Parisian executioner; but a recent author has gone farther. In a romance on education, not altogether equal to Xenophon's Cyropedia or Fenelon's Telemachus, he pretends that the monarch of a country ought, without hesitation, to bestow the daughter of an executioner in marriage on the heir apparent of the crown, if she has been well educated, and if she is of a sufficiently congruous disposition with the young prince. It is a pity that he has not mentioned the precise sum she should carry with her as a dower, and the honours that should be conferred upon her father on the day of marriage.

It is scarcely possible, with due *congruity*, to carry farther the profound morality, the novel rules of decorum, the exquisite paradoxes, and divine maxims with which the author I speak of has favoured and regaled the present age. He would undoubtedly feel the perfect *congruity* of officiating as bride-man at the wedding. He would compose the princess's epithalamium, and not fail to celebrate the grand exploits of her father. The bride may then possibly impart some acrid kisses; for be it known that this same writer, in another romance called Heloise, introduces a young Swiss, who had caught a particular disorder in Paris, saying to his mistress, "Keep your kisses to yourself; they are too acrid."

A time will come when it will scarcely be conceived possible that such works should have obtained a sort of celebrity; had the celebrity continued, it would have done no honour to the age. Fathers of families soon made up their minds that it was not exactly decorous to marry their eldest sons to the daughters of executioners whatever congruity might appear to exist between the lover and the lady. There is a rule in all things, and certain limits which cannot be rationally passed.

Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.

EXPIATION.

"Dieu fit du repentir la vertu des mortels."

THE repentance of man is accepted by God as virtue, and perhaps the finest institution of antiquity was that solemn ceremony which repressed crimes by announcing that they would be punished, and at the same time soothed the despair of the guilty by permitting them to redeem their transgressions by appointed modes of penance. Remorse, it is to be remembered, must necessarily have preceded expiation, for diseases are older than medicine, and necessities than relief.

There was, then, previously to all public and legal forms of worship, a natural and instinctive religion which inflicted grief upon the heart of any one who, through ignorance or passion, had committed an inhuman action. A man in a quarrel has killed his friend, or his brother, or a jealous and frantic lover has taken the life of her without whom he felt as if it were impossible to live. The chief of a nation has condemned to death a virtuous man and useful citizen. Such men, if they retain their senses and sensibility, become overwhelmed by despair. Their consciences pursue and haunt them; two courses only are open to them, reparation or to become hardened in guilt. All who have the slightest feeling remaining choose the former; monsters adopt the latter.

As soon as religion was established, expiations were admitted. The ceremonies attending them were, unquestionably, ridiculous; for what connection is there between the water of the Ganges and a murder? How could a man repair homicide by bathing? We have already commented on the excess of absurdity and insanity which can imagine that what washes the body, washes the soul

also, and expunges from it the stain of evil actions.

The water of the Nile had afterwards the same virtue as that of the Ganges; other ceremonies were added to these ablutions. The Egyptians took two he-goats and drew lots which of the two should be cast out loaded with the sins of the guilty. This goat was called Hazazel, the expiator. What connection is there, pray, between a goat and the crime of a human being?

It is certainly true that in after times this ceremony was sanctified among our fathers the Jews, who adopted many of the Egyptian rites; but the souls of the Jews were undoubtedly purified, not by the goat but by repentance.

Jason, having killed Absyrtes, his brother-in-law went, we are told, with Medea, who was more guilty than himself, to be absolved by Circe, the Queen and Priestess of Æa, who passed in those days for a most powerful sorceress. Circe absolved them with a sucking pig and salt cakes. This might possibly be a very good dish, but it could neither compensate for the blood of Absyrtes, nor make Jason and Medea more worthy people, unless while eating their pig they also manifested the sincerity of their repentance.

The expiation of Orestes, who had avenged his father by the murder of his mother, consisted in going and stealing a statue from the Tartars of the Crimea. The statue was probably extremely ill executed, and there appeared nothing to be gained by such an enterprise. In later times these things were contrived better: mysteries were invented, and the offenders might obtain absolution at these mysteries by submitting to certain painful trials, and swearing to lead a new life. It is from this oath that the persons taking it had attached to them, among all nations, a name corresponding to that of initiated "qui ineunt vitam novam,"—who begin a new career, who enter upon the path of virtue.

We have seen under the article Baptism that the Christian catechumens were not called initiated till after they had been baptised.

It is indisputable, that persons had not their sins washed away in these mysteries, but by virtue of their oath to become virtuous: the hierophant in all the Grecian mysteries, when dismissing the assembly, pronounced the two Egyptian words, "Koth, ompheth," watch, be pure; which at once proves that the mysteries came originally from Egypt, and that they were invented solely to make mankind better.

Wise men, we thus see, have, in every age, done all in their power to inspire the love of virtue, and to prevent the weakness of man from sinking under despair; but, at the same time there have existed crimes of such magnitude and horror, that no mystery could admit of their expiation. Nero, although an emperor, could not obtain initiation into the mysteries of Ceres. Constantine, according to the narrative of Zozimus, was unable to procure the pardon of his crimes: he was polluted with the blood of his wife, his son, and all his relations. It was necessary, for the protection of the human race, that crimes so flagitious should be deemed incapable of expiation, that the prospect of absolution might not invite to their committal, and that hideous atrocity might be checked by universal horror.

The Roman catholics have expiations which they call penances. We have seen, under the article Austerities, how grossly so salutary an institution has been abused.

According to the laws of the barbarians who subverted the Roman empire, crimes were expiated by money. This was called compounding: "Let the offender compound by paying ten, twenty, thirty shillings." Two hundred sous constituted the composition price for killing a priest, and four hundred for killing a bishop; so that a bishop was worth exactly two priests.

After having thus compounded with

men, God himself was compounded with, when the practice of confession became generally established. At length Pope John XXII. established a tariff of sins.

The absolution of incest, committed by a layman, cost four livres tournois: "Ab incestu pro laico in foro conscientiæ turonenses quatuor." For a man and woman who have committed incest, eighteen livres tournois, four ducats, and nine carlines. This is certainly unjust; if one person pays only four livres tournois, two persons ought not to pay more than eight.

Even crimes against nature have actually their affixed rates, amounting to ninety livres tournois, twelve ducats, and six carlins: "Cum inhibitione turonenses 90, ducatos 12, carlinos 6," &c.

It is scarcely credible that Leo X. should have been so imprudent as to print this book of rates or indulgences, in 1514, which, however, we are assured he did; at the same time it must be considered that no spark had then appeared of that conflagration, kindled afterwards by the reformers; and that the court of Rome reposed implicitly upon the credulity of the people, and neglected to throw even the slightest veil over its impositions. The public sale of indulgences, which soon followed, shows that that court took no precaution whatever to conceal its gross abominations from the various nations which had been so long accustomed to them. When the complaints against the abuses of the Romish church burst forth, it did all in its power to suppress this publication, but all was in vain.

If I may give my opinion upon this book of rates, I must say that I do not believe the editions of it are genuine: the rates are not in any kind of proportion and do not at all coincide with those stated by d'Aubigné, the grandfather of Madame Maintenon, in the confession of Sanci. Depriving a woman of her virginity is estimated at six gros, and committing incest with a mother or a sister, at five gros. This is evidently ridiculous. I think that there really was a system of rates or taxes established for those who went to Rome to obtain absolution or purchase dispensations, but that the enemies of the Holy See added largely, in order to increase the odium against it. Consult Bayle, under the articles Bank, Pinet, Drelincourt.

It is at least positively certain, that these rates were never authorised by any council; that they constituted an enormous abuse, invented by avarice, and respected by those who were interested in its not being abolished. The sellers and the purchasers equally found their account in it; and, accordingly, none opposed it before the breaking out of the disturbances attending the reformation. It must be acknowledged that an exact list of all these rates or taxes would be eminently useful in the formation of a history of the human mind.

EXTREME.

We will here attempt to draw from the word 'extreme' an idea that may be attended with some utility.

It is every day disputed, whether in war success is ascribable to conduct or to fortune?

Whether in diseases, nature or medicine is most operative in healing or destroying?

Whether in law, it is not judicious for a man to compromise although he is in the right, and to defend a cause although he is in the wrong?

Whether the fine arts contribute to the glory or to the decline of a state?

Whether it is wise or injudicious to encourage superstition in a people?

Whether there is any truth in metaphysics, history, or morals?

Whether taste is arbitrary, and whether there is in reality a good and a bad taste? &c.

In order to decide at once all these questions, take an advantage of the extreme cases under each, compare these two extremes, and you will immediately discover the truth.

You wish to know whether success in war can be infallibly decided by conduct; consider the most extreme case, the most opposed situations in which conduct alone will infallibly triumph. The hostile army must necessarily pass through a deep mountain gorge; your commander knows this circumstance; he makes a forced march, gets possession of the heights, and completely encloses the enemy in the defile: there they must either perish or surrender. In this extreme case fortune can have no share in the victory. It is demonstrable, therefore, that skill may decide the success of a campaign, and it hence necessarily follows that war is an art.

Afterwards imagine an advantageous but not a decisive position; success is not certain, but it is exceedingly probable. And thus, from one gradation to another, you arrive at what may be considered a perfect equality between the two armies. Who shall then decide? Fortune; that is, some unexpected circumstance or event; the death of a general officer going to execute some important order; the derangement of a division in consequence of a false report, the operation of sudden panic, or various other causes for which prudence can find no remedy; yet it is still always certain that there is an art, that there is a science in war.

The same must be observed concerning medicine; the art of operating with the head or hand to preserve the life which appears likely to be lost.

The first who applied bleeding as speedily as possible to a patient under apoplexy; the first who conceived the idea of plunging a bistoury into the bladder to extract the stone from it, and of closing up the wound; the first who found out the method of stopping gangrene in any part of the human frame, were undoubtedly men almost divine, and totally unlike the physicians of Molière.

Descend from this strong and decisive example to cases less striking and more equivocal; you perceive fevers and various other maladies cured without its being possible to ascertain whether this is done by the physician or by nature; you perceive diseases, the issue of which cannot be judged of; various physicians are mistaken in their opinions of the seat or nature of them; he who has the acutest genius, the keenest eye, develops the character of the complaint. There is then an art in medicine, and the man of superior mind is acquainted with its niceties. Thus it was that Peyronius discovered that one of the courtiers had swallowed a sharp bone, which had occasioned an ulcer and endangered his life; and thus also did Boerhaave discover the complaint, as unknown as it was dreadful, of a Countess of Wassenaer. There is therefore, it cannot be doubted, an art in medicine, but in every art there are Virgils and Mæviuses.

In jurisprudence, take a case that is clear, in which the law pronounces decisively; a bill of exchange correctly drawn and regularly accepted; the acceptor is bound to pay it in every country in the world. There is, therefore, a useful jurisprudence, although in innumerable cases sentences are arbitrary, because, to the misery of mankind, the laws are ill framed.

Would you wish to know whether the fine arts are beneficial to a nation? Compare the two extremes: Cicero and a perfect ignoramus. Decide whether the fall of Rome was owing to Pliny or to Attila.

It is asked whether we should encourage superstition in the people? Consider for a moment what is the greatest extreme on this baleful subject, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the massacres of Ireland, or the crusades; and the question is decided.

Is there any truth in metaphysics? Advert to those points which are most striking and true. Something exists, something therefore has existed from all eternity. An eternal being exists of himself; this being cannot be either wicked

or inconsistent. To these truths we must yield; almost all the rest is open to disputation, and the clearest understanding discovers the truth.

It is in everything else as it is in colours; bad eyes can distinguish between black and white; better eyes, and eyes much exercised, can distinguish every nicer dgradation.

Usque adeo quod tangit idem est, tamen ultima distant.

EZEKIEL.

Of some singular Passages in this Prophet, and of certain Ancient Usages.

It is well known, that we ought not to judge of ancient usages by modern ones; he that would reform the court of Alcinous in the Odyssey, upon the model of the Grand Turk, or Louis XIV. would not meet with a very gentle reception from the learned: he who is disposed to reprehend Virgil for having described King Evander covered with a bear's skin, and accompanied by two dogs, at the introduction of ambassadors, is a contemptible critic.

The manners of the ancient Egyptians and Jews are still more different from ours, than those of King Alcinous, his daughter Nausica, and the worthy Evander. Ezekiel, when in slavery among the Chaldeans, had a vision near the small river Chobar, which falls into the Euphrates.

We ought not to be in the least astonished at his having seen animals with four faces, four wings, and with calves' feet; or wheels revolving without aid, and "instinct with life:" these images are pleasing to the imagination; but many critics have been shocked at the order given him by the Lord to eat, for a period of three hundred and ninety days, bread made of barley, wheat, or millet, covered with human ordure.

The prophet exclaimed, in strong disgust, My soul has not hitherto been polluted; and the Lord replied, Well, I will allow you instead of man's ordure, to use that of the cow, and with the latter you shall knead your bread.

As it is now unusual to eat a preparation of bread of this description, the greater number of men regard the order in question as unworthy of the Divine Majesty. Yet it must be admitted, that cow-dung, and all the diamonds of the great Mogul, are perfectly equal, not only in the eyes of a Divine Being, but in those of a true philosopher; and, with regard to the reasons which God might have for ordering the prophet this repast, we have no right to enquire into them.

It is enough for us to see, that commands which appear to us very strange, did not appear so to the Jews.

It must be admitted that the synagogue, in the time of St. Jerome, did not suffer Ezekiel to be read before the age of thirty; but this was because, in the eighteenth chapter, he says that the son shall not bear the iniquity of his father, and it shall not be any longer said, the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the childrens' teeth are set on edge.

This expression was considered in direct contradiction to Moses, who, in the twenty-eighth chapter of Numbers, declares that the children bear the iniquity of the fathers, even to the third and fourth generation.

Ezekiel, again, in the twentieth chapter, makes the Lord say, that he has given to the Jews precepts which are not good. Such are the reasons for which the synagogue forbade young people from reading an author likely to raise doubts on the irrefragibility of the laws of Moses.

The censorious critics of the present day are still more astonished with the sixteenth chapter of Ezekiel. In that chapter, he thus takes it upon him to expose the crimes of the city of Jerusalem. He introduces the Lord speaking to a young woman; and the Lord said to her, "When thou wast born, thy navel string was not cut, thou wast not salted, thou wast quite naked, I had pity on thee; thou didst increase in stature; thy breasts were fashioned, thy hair was

grown, I passed by thee, I observed thee, I knew that the time of lovers was come, I covered thy shame, I spread my skirt over thee; thou becamest mine; I washed and perfumed thee, and dressed and shod thee well; I gave thee a scarf of linen, and bracelets, and a chain for thy neck; I placed a jewel in thy nose, pendants in thy ears, and a crown upon thy head," &c.

"Then, confiding in thy beauty, thou didst in the height of thy renown, play the harlot with every passer-by .... And though hast built a high place of profanation .... and thou hast prostituted thyself in public places, and opened thy feet to every one that passed .... and thou hast committed fornication with the Egyptians .... and finally thou hast paid thy lovers and made them presents, that they might lie with thee .... and by hiring them, instead of being hired, thou hast done differently from other harlots .... The proverb is, as is the mother, so is the daughter, and that proverb is used of thee," &c.

Still more are they exasperated on the subject of the twenty-third chapter. A mother had two daughters, who early lost their virginity. The elder was called Ahola, and the younger Aholibah .... "Aholah committed fornication with young lords and captains, and lay with the Egyptians from her early youth .... Aholibah, her sister, committed still greater fornication with officers and rulers, and well made cavaliers; she discovered her shame, she multiplied her fornications, she sought eagerly for the embraces of those whose flesh was as that of asses, and whose issue was as that of horses."

These descriptions which so madden weak minds, signify, in fact, no more than the iniquities of Jerusalem and Samaria: these expressions which appear to us licentious, were not so then. The same vivacity is displayed in many other parts of scripture without the slightest apprehension. Opening the womb is very frequently mentioned. The terms made use of to express the union of Boaz with Ruth, and of Judah with his daughter-in-law. are not indelicate in the Hebrew language, but would be so in our own.

People who are not ashamed of nakedness, never cover it with a veil. In the times under consideration, no blush could have been raised by the mention of particular parts of the frame of man, as they were actually touched by the person who bound himself by any promise to another; it was a mark of respect, a symbol of fidelity, as formerly among ourselves, feudal lords put their hands between those of their sovereign.

We have translated the term adverted to, by the word thigh. Eliezer puts his hand under Abraham's thigh. Joseph puts his hand under the thigh of Jacob. This custom was very ancient in Egypt. The Egyptians were so far from attaching any disgrace to what we are desirous as much as possible to conceal, and avoid the mention of, that they bore in procession a large and characteristic image, called Phallus, in order to thank the gods for making the human frame so instrumental in the perpetuation of the human species.

All this affords sufficient proof, that our sense of decorum and propriety is different from that of other nations. When do the Romans appear to have been more polished, than in the time of Augustus? Yet Horace scruples not to say, in one of his moral pieces,

> Nec metuo, ne dum futuo vir rure recurrat.
> Satire II. book i. v. 127.

Augustus uses the same expression in an epigram on Fulvia.

The man who should among us pronounce the expression in our language corresponding to it, would be regarded as a drunken porter; that word, as well as various others used by Horace and other authors, appears to us even more indecent than the expressions of Ezekiel. Let us then do away with our prejudices when we read ancient authors, or travel among distant nations. Nature is the

same everywhere, and usages are everywhere different.

I once met at Amsterdam a rabbi quite brimful of this chapter. "Ah! my friend," says he, "how very much we are obliged to you. You have displayed all the sublimity of the Mosaic law, Ezekiel's breakfast; his delightful left-sided attitudes; Aholah and Aholibah are admirable things; they are types, my brother—types which show that one day the Jewish people will be masters of the whole world; but, why did you admit so many others which are nearly of equal strength? Why did not you represent the Lord saying to the sage Hosea, in the second verse of the first chapter, 'Hosea, take to thyself a harlot, and make to her the children of a harlot?' Such are the very words. Hosea takes the young woman, and has a son by her, and afterwards a daughter, and then again a son; and it was a type, and that type lasted three years. That is not all; the Lord says in the third chapter, 'Go and take to thyself a woman who is not merely a harlot, but an adulteress.' Hosea obeyed, but it cost him fifteen crowns and eighteen bushels of barley; for you know, there was very little wheat in the land of promise:—but are you aware of the meaning of all this?" "No," said I to him. "Nor I neither," said the rabbi.

A grave person then advanced towards us, and said, they were ingenious fictions, and abounding in exquisite beauty. "Ah, sir," remarked a young man, "if you are inclined for fictions, give the preference to those of Homer, Virgil, and Ovid." He who prefers the prophecies of Ezekiel, deserves to breakfast with him.

FABLE.

It is very likely that the more ancient fables, in the style of those attributed to Æsop, were invented by the first subjugated people. Free men would not have had occasion to disguise the truth; a tyrant can scarcely be spoken to except in parables; and at present, even this is a dangerous liberty.

It might also very well happen, that men naturally liking images and tales, ingenious persons amused themselves with composing them, without any other motive. However that may be, fable is more ancient than history.

Among the Jews, who are quite a modern people in comparison with the Chaldeans and Tyrians their neighbours, but very ancient by their own accounts, fables, very similar to those of Æsop, existed in the time of the Judges, 1233 years before our era, if we may depend upon received computations.

It is said, in the book of Judges, that Gideon had seventy sons born of his many wives; and that, by a concubine, he had another son named Abimelech.

Now, this Abimelech slew sixty-nine of his brethren upon one stone, according to Jewish custom, and, in consequence, the Jews, full of respect and admiration, went to crown him king, under an oak near Millo, a city which is but very little known in history.

Jotham alone, the youngest of the brothers, escaped the carnage (as it always happens in ancient histories), and harangued the Israelites, telling them that the trees went one day to chuse a king; we do not well see how they could march, but if they were able to speak, they might just as well be able to walk. They first addressed themselves to the olive, saying, "Reign thou over us." The olive replied, "I will not quit the care of my oil to be promoted over you." The fig-tree said that he liked his figs better than the trouble of the supreme power. The vine gave the preference to its grapes. At last, the trees addressed themselves to the bramble, which answered:—"If in truth ye anoint one king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon."

It is true, that this fable falsifies throughout, because fire cannot come from a bramble, but it shows the antiquity of the use of fables.

That of the belly and the members, which calmed a tumult in Rome about two thousand three hundred years ago, is ingenious, and without fault. The more ancient the fables, the more allegorical they were.

Is not the ancient fable of Venus, as related by Hesiod, entirely a fable of nature? This Venus is the goddess of beauty. Beauty ceases to be lovely, if unaccompanied by the graces. Beauty produces love. Love has features which pierce all hearts; he wears a bandage, which conceals the faults of those beloved. He has wings; he comes quickly, and flies away the same.

Wisdom is conceived in the brain of the chief of the gods, under the name of Minerva. The soul of man is a divine fire, which Minerva shows to Prometheus, who makes use of this divine fire to animate mankind.

It is impossible, in these fables, not to recognise a lively picture of pure nature. Most other fables are either corruptions of ancient histories, or the caprices of the imagination. It is with ancient fables as with our modern tales; some convey charming morals, and others very insipid ones.

The ingenious fables of the ancients have been grossly imitated by an unenlightened race—witness those of Bacchus, Hercules, Prometheus, Pandora, and many others, which were the amusement of the ancient world. The barbarians, who confusedly heard them spoken of, adopted them into their own savage mythology, and afterwards it is pretended that they invented them. Alas! poor unknown and ignorant people, who knew no art either useful or agreeable—to whom even the name of geometry was unknown—dare you say that you have invented anything? You have not known either how to discover truth, or to lie adroitly.

The most elegant Greek fable was that of Psyche; the most pleasant, that of the Ephesian matron. The prettiest among the moderns is that of Folly, who, having put out Love's eyes, is condemned to be his guide.

The fables attributed to Æsop are all emblems; instructions to the weak, to guard them as much as possible against the snares of the strong. All nations, possessing a little wisdom, have adopted them. La Fontaine has treated them with the most elegance. About eighty of them are master-pieces of simplicity, grace, finesse, and sometimes even of poetry. It is one of the advantages of the age of Louis XIV. to have produced a La Fontaine. He has so well discovered, almost without seeking it, the art of making one read, that he has had a greater reputation in France than genius itself.

Boileau has never reckoned him among those who did honour to the great age of Louis XIV.; his reason or his pretext was, that he had never invented anything. What will better bear out Boileau is, the great number of errors in language, and the incorrectness of style; faults which La Fontaine might have avoided, and which this severe critic could not pardon. His grasshopper, for instance; who, having sang all the summer, went to beg from the ant her neighbour in the winter, telling her, on the word of an animal, that she would pay her principal and interest before Midsummer. To whom the ant replies:—"You sang, did you; I am glad of it; then now dance."

His astrologer, again, who falling into a ditch while gazing at the stars, was asked:—"Poor wretch! do you expect to be able to read things so much above you!" Yet Copernicus, Galileo, Cassini, and Halley, have read the heavens very well; and the best astronomer that ever existed might fall into a ditch without being a poor wretch.

Judicial astrology is indeed a very ridiculous charlatanism, but the ridiculousness does not consist in regarding the heavens; it consists in believing, or in making believe, that you read what is not there. Several of these fables, either ill chosen or badly written, certainly merit the censure of Boileau.

Nothing is more insipid than the fable of the drowned woman, whose corpse was sought contrary to the course of the river, because in her life-time she had always been contradictory.

The tribute sent by the animals to King Alexander is a fable, which is not the better for being ancient. The animals sent no money, neither did the lion advise them to steal it.

The satyr who received a peasant into his hut should not have turned him out on seeing that he blew his fingers because he was cold; and afterwards, on taking the dish between his teeth, that he blew his pottage because it was hot. The man was quite right, and the satyr was a fool. Besides, we do not take hold of dishes with our teeth.

The crab-mother, who reproached her daughter with not walking straight; and the daughter, who answered that her mother walked crooked, is not an agreeable fable.

The bush and the duck, in commercial partnership with the bat, having counters, factors, agents, paying principle and interest, &c., has neither truth, nature, nor any kind of merit.

A bush, which goes with a bat into foreign countries to trade, is one of those cold and unnatural inventions, which La Fontaine should not have adopted. A house full of dogs and cats, living together like cousins and quarrelling for a dish of pottage, seems also very unworthy of a man of taste.

The chattering magpie is still worse. The eagle tells her that he declines her company because she talks too much. On which La Fontaine remarks that it is necessary, at court, to wear two faces.

Where is the merit of the fable of the kite presented by a bird-catcher to a king, whose nose he had seized with his claws?

The ape who married a Parisian girl, and beat her, is an unfortunate story, presented to La Fontaine, and which he has been so unfortunate as to put into verse.

Such fables as these, and some others, may doubtless justify Boileau: it might even happen that La Fontaine could not distinguish the bad fables from the good.

Madame de la Sablière called La Fontaine a fabulist, who bore fables as naturally as a plum-tree bears plums. It is true that he had only one style, and that he wrote an opera in the style of his fables.

Notwithstanding all this, Boileau should have rendered justice to the singular merit of the good man, as he calls him; and to the public, who are right in being enchanted with the style of many of his fables.

La Fontaine was not an original or a sublime writer, a man of established taste, or one of the first geniuses of a brilliant era; and it is a very remarkable fault in him, that he speaks not his own language correctly. He is in this respect very inferior to Phædrus, but he was a man unique in the excellent pieces that he has left us. They are very numerous, and are in the mouths of all those who have been respectably brought up: they contribute even to their education. They will descend to posterity: they are adapted for all men and for all times, while those of Boileau suit only men of letters.

Of those Fanatics who would suppress the Ancient Fables.

There is, among those whom we call Jansenists, a little sect of hard and empty heads, who would suppress the beautiful fables of antiquity, to substitute St. Prosper in the place of Ovid, and Santeuil in that of Horace. If they were attended to, our pictures would no longer represent Iris on the rainbow, or Minerva with her ægis; but instead of them, we should have Nicholas and Arnauld fighting against the Jesuits and Protestants; Mademoiselle Perrier cured of sore eyes by a thorn from the crown of Jesus Christ, brought from Jerusalem to Port Royal; Counsellor Carré de Montgeron presenting the account of St. Medard to Louis

XV.; and St. Ovid resuscitating little boys.

In the eyes of these austere sages, Fenelon was only an idolater, who, following the example of the impious poem of the Æneid, introduced the child Cupid with the nymph Eucharis.

Pluche, at the end of his fable of the Heavens, entitled their History, writes a long dissertation to prove that it is shameful to have tapestry worked in figures taken from Ovid's Metamorphoses; and that Zephyrus and Flora, Vertumnus and Pomona, should be banished from the gardens of Versailles. He exhorts the school of belles-lettres to oppose itself to this bad taste; which reform alone, he says, is capable of re-establishing the belles-lettres.

Other puritans, more severe than sage, a little time ago, would have proscribed the ancient mythology as a collection of puerile tales, unworthy the acknowledged gravity of our manners. It would, however, be a pity to burn Ovid, Horace, Hesiod, our fine tapestry pictures, and our opera. If we are spared the familiar stories of Æsop, why lay hands on those sublime fables, which have been respected by mankind, whom they have instructed? They are mingled with many insipidities, no doubt, but what good is without an alloy? All ages will adopt Pandora's box, at the bottom of which was found man's only consolation—hope; Jupiter's two vessels, which unceasingly poured forth good and evil; the cloud embraced by Ixion, which is the emblem and punishment of an ambitious man; and the death of Narcissus, which is the punishment of self-love. What is more sublime than the image of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, formed in the head of the master of the gods? What is more true and agreeable than the goddess of beauty, always accompanied by the graces? The goddesses of the arts, all daughters of memory—do they not teach us, as well as Locke, that without memory we cannot possess either judgment or wit? The arrows of Love, his fillet, and his childhood; Flora, caressed by Zephyrus, &c.—are they not all sensible personifications of pure nature? These fables have survived the religions which consecrated them. The temples of the gods of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, are no more, but Ovid still exists. Objects of credulity may be destroyed, but not those of pleasure; we shall for ever love these true and lively images. Lucretius did not believe in these fabulous gods, but he celebrated nature under the name of Venus.

Alma Venus coeli subter labentia signa
Quae mare navigerum, quae terras frugiferentes
Concelebras, per te quoniam genus omne animantum
Concipitur, visitque exortum lumina solis. &c.

Kind Venus, glory of the blest abodes,
Parent of Rome, and joy of men and gods;
Delight of all, comfort of sea and earth,
To whose kind power all creatures owe their birth, &c.
Creech.

If antiquity, in its obscurity, was led to acknowledge divinity in its images, how is it to be blamed? The productive soul of the world was adored by the sages; it governed the sea under the name of Neptune, the air under the image of Juno, and the country under that of Pan. It was the divinity of armies under the name of Mars: all these attributes were animated personifications. Jupiter was the only *god*. The golden chain with which he bound the inferior gods and men, was a striking image of the unity of a sovereign being. The people were deceived, but what are the people to us?

It is continually demanded why the Greek and Roman magistrates permitted the divinities whom they adored in their temples to be ridiculed on their stage? This is a false supposition. The gods were not mocked in their theatres, but the follies attributed to these gods by those who had corrupted the ancient mythology. The consuls and prætors found it good to treat the adventure of the two Sosias wittily, but they would not have suffered the worship of Jupiter and Mercury to be attacked before the people. It is thus that a thousand things which appear contradictory are not so in reality. I have seen, in the theatre of a learned

and witty nation, pieces taken from the golden Legend: will it, on that account, be said that this nation permits its objects of religion to be insulted? It need not be feared we shall become Pagans for having heard the opera of Proserpine at Paris, or for having seen the nuptials of Psyche, painted by Raphael, in the pope's palace at Rome. Fable forms the taste, but renders no person idolatrous.

The beautiful fables of antiquity have also this great advantage over history: they are lessons of virtue, while almost all history narrates the success of vice. Jupiter, in the fable, descends upon earth to punish Tantalus and Lycaon; but in history our Tantaluses and Lycaons are the gods of the earth. Baucis and Philemon had their cabin changed into a temple; our Baucises and Philemons are obliged to sell, for the collector of the taxes, those kettles which, in Ovid, the gods changed into vases of gold.

I know how much history can instruct us, and how necessary it is to know it; but it requires much ingenuity to be able to draw from it any rules for individual conduct. Those who only know politics through books, will be often reminded of those lines of Corneille, which observe, that examples will seldom suffice for our guidance, as it often happens that one person perishes by the very expedient which has proved the salvation of another.

> Les exemples recens suffiraient pour m'instruire
> Si par l exemple seul on devait se conduire;
> Mais souvent l'un se perd où l'autre s'est sauvé,
> Et par ou l'un périt, un autre est conservé.

Henry VIII., the tyrant of his parliament, his ministers and his wives, of consciences and purses, lived and died peaceably. Charles I. perished on the scaffold. Margaret of Anjou in vain waged war in person a dozen times with the English, the subjects of her husband, while William III. drove James II. from England without a battle. In our days we have seen the royal family of Persia murdered, and strangers upon the throne. To look at events only, history seems to accuse providence, and fine moral fables justify it. It is clear that both the useful and agreeable may be discovered in them, however exclaimed against by those who are neither the one nor the other. Let them talk on, and let us read Homer and Ovid, as well as Titus Livius and Rapin Thoyras. Taste induces preferences, and fanaticism exclusions. The arts are united, and those who would separate them know nothing about them. History teaches us what we are—fable, what we ought to be.

> Tous les arts sont amis, ainsi qu'ils sont divins:
> Qui veut les séparer est loin de les connaitre.
> L'histoire nous apprend ce que sont les humains,
> La fable ce qu'ils doivent être.

FACTION.

On the Meaning of the Word.

The word 'faction' come from the Latin facere; it is employed to signify the state of a soldier at his post, on duty (en-faction) squadrons or troops of combatants in the circus; green, blue, red, and white factions.

The acceptation in which the term is generally used is that of a seditious party in the state. The term party in itself implies nothing that is odious, that of faction is always odious.

A great man, and even a man possessing only mediocrity of talent, may easily have a party at court, in the army, in the city, or in literature.

A man may have a party in consequence of his merit, in consequence of the zeal and number of his friends, without being the head of a party.

Marshal Catinat, although little regarded at court, had a large party in the army without making any effort to obtain it.

A head of a party is always a head of a faction: such were Cardinal Retz, Henry Duke of Guise, and various others.

A seditious party, while it is yet weak, and has no influence in the government, is only a faction.

Cæsar's faction speedily became a dominant party, which swallowed up the republic.

When the Emperor Charles VI. disputed the throne of Spain with Philip V. he had a party in that kingdom, and, at length, he had no more than a faction in it. Yet we may always be allowed to talk of the "party" of Charles VI.

It is different with respect to private persons. Descartes for a long time had a party in France; it would be incorrect to say he had a faction.

Thus we perceive that words in many cases synonymous cease to be so in others.

FACULTY.

All the powers of matter and mind are faculties; and, what is still worse, faculties of which we know nothing, perfectly occult qualities; to begin with motion, of which no one has dicovered the origin.

When the president of the faculty of medicine, in the "Malade Imaginaire," asks Thomas Diafoirus,—Quare opium facit dormire?" Why does opium cause sleep? Thomas very pertinently replies, —"Quia est in eo virtus dormitiva quæ facit sopiere." Because it possesses a dormitive power producing sleep. The greatest philosophers cannot speak more to the purpose.

The honest chevalier Jaucour acknowledges, under the article Sleep, that it is impossible to go beyond conjecture with respect to the cause of it, Another Thomas, and in much higher reverence than his bachelor namesake in the comedy, has, in fact, made no other reply to all the questions which are started throughout his immense volumes.

It is said, under the article Faculty, in the grand Encyclopædia, "that the vital faculty once established in the intelligent principle by which we are animated, it may be easily conceived that the faculty, stimulated by the expressions which the vital *sensorium* transmits to part of the common *sensorium*, determines the alternate influx of the nervous fluid into the fibres which move the vital organs in order to produce the alternate contradiction of those organs."

This amounts precisely to the answer of the young physician Thomas,—"Quia est in eo virtus alterniva quæ facit alternare." And Thomas Diafoirus has at least the merit of being shortest.

The faculty of moving the foot when we wish to do so, of recalling to mind past events, or of exercising our five senses; in short, any and all of our faculties will admit of no further or better explanation than that of Diafoirus.

But consider thought! say those who understand the whole secret. Thought, which distinguishes man from all animals besides!

> Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ.
> *Ovid's Metamorph.* book i. 76
>
> More holy man, of more exalted mind!

As holy as you like; it is on this subject, that of thought or mind, that Diafoirus is more triumphant than ever. All would reply in accordance with him, —"Quia est in eo virtus pensativa quæ facit pensare." No one will ever develope the mysterious process by which he thinks.

The case we are considering, then, might be extended to everything in nature. I know not whether there may not be found in this profound and unfathomable gulph of mystery, an evidence of the existence of a supreme being. There is a secret in the originating or conservatory principles of all beings, from a pebble on the sea shore to Saturn's Ring and the Milky Way. But how can there be a secret which no one knows? It would seem that some being must exist who can develope all.

Some learned men, with a view to enlighten our ignorance, tell us that we must form systems; that we shall at last find the secret out. But we have so long sought without obtaining any explanation, that disgust against farther search has very naturally succeeded. That, say they, is

the mere indolence of philosophy: no; it is the rational repose of men who have exerted themselves and run an active race in vain. And after all, it must be admitted, that indolent philosophy is far preferable to turbulent divinity and metaphysical delusion.

FAITH.

SECTION I.

What is faith? Is it to believe that which is evident? No. It is perfectly evident to my mind that there exists a necessary, eternal, supreme, and intelligent being. This is no matter of faith, but of reason. I have no merit in thinking that this eternal and infinite being, whom I consider as virtue, as goodness itself, is desirous that I should be good and virtuous. Faith consists in believing, not what seems true, but what seems false to our understanding. The Asiatics can only by faith believe the journey of Mahomet to the seven planets, and the incarnations of the god Fo, of Vishnoo, Xaca, Brama, and Sommonocodom, &c. They submit their understandings; they tremble to examine: wishing to avoid being either impaled or burnt, they say,—"I believe."

We do not here intend the slightest allusion to the Catholic faith. Not only do we revere it, but we possess it. We speak of the false lying faith of other nations of the world, of that faith which is not faith, and which consists only in words.

There is a faith for things that are merely astonishing and prodigious, and a faith for things contradictory and impossible.

Vishnoo became incarnate five hundred times; this is extremely astonishing, but it is not, however, physically impossible; for if Vishnoo possessed a soul, he may have transferred that soul into five hundred different bodies, with a view to his own felicity. The Indian, indeed, has not a very lively faith; he is not intimately and decidedly persuaded of these metamorphoses; but he will nevertheless say to his bonze, "I have faith; it is your will and pleasure that Vishnoo has undergone five hundred incarnations, which is worth to you an income of five hundred rupees: very well; you will inveigh against me, and denounce me, and ruin my trade if I have not faith; but I have faith, and here are ten rupees over and above for you." The Indian may swear to the bonze that he believes, without taking a false oath; for, after all, there is no demonstration that Vishnoo has not actually made five hundred visits to India.

But if the bonze requires him to believe what is contradictory or impossible, as that two and two make five, or that the same body may be in a thousand different places, or that to be and not to be are precisely one and the same thing; in that case, if the Indian says he has faith, he lies; and if he swears that he believes, he commits perjury. He says, therefore, to the bonze, "My reverend father, I cannot declare that I believe in these absurdities, even though they should be worth to you an income of ten thousand rupees instead of five hundred."

"My son," the bonze answers, "give me twenty rupees, and God will give you grace to believe all that you now do not believe."

"But how can you expect or desire," rejoins the Indian, "that God should do that by me which he cannot do even by himself? It is impossible that God should either perform or believe contradictions. I am very willing to say, in order to give you satisfaction, that I believe what is obscure, but I cannot say that I believe what is impossible. It is the will of God that we should be virtuous, and not that we should be absurd. I have already given you ten rupees; here are twenty more; believe in thirty rupees; be an honest man if you can, and do not trouble me any more."

It is not thus with Christians. The faith which they have for things which they do not understand is founded upon

that which they do understand; they have grounds of credibility. Jesus Christ performed miracles in Galilee; we ought, therefore, to believe all that he said. In order to know what he said, we must consult the church. The church has declared the books which announce Jesus Christ to us to be authentic. We ought, therefore, to believe those books. Those books inform us, that he who will not listen to the church shall be considered as a tax-gatherer or a Pagan; we ought therefore to listen to the church, that we may not be disgraced and hated like the farmers-general. We ought to submit our reason to it, not with infantile and blind credulity, but with a docile faith, such as reason itself would authorise. Such is christian faith, particularly the Roman faith, which is "*the* faith" par excellence. The Lutheran, Calvinistic, or Anglican faith, is a wicked faith.

SECTION II.

Divine faith, about which so much has been written, is evidently nothing more than incredulity brought under subjection; for we certainly have no other faculty than the understanding by which we can believe; and the objects of faith are not those of the understanding. We can believe only what appears to be true; and nothing can appear true but in one of the three following ways:—by intuition or feeling, as I exist, I see the sun; or by an accumulation of probability amounting to certainty, as there is a city called Constantinople; or by positive demonstration, as triangles of the same base and height are equal.

Faith, therefore, being nothing at all of this description, can no more be a belief, a persuasion, than it can be yellow or red. It can be nothing but the annihilation of reason, a silence of adoration at the contemplation of things absolutely incomprehensible. Thus, speaking philosophically, no person believes the Trinity; no person believes that the same body can be in a thousand places at once; and he who says, I believe these mysteries, will see, beyond the possibility of a doubt, if he reflects for a moment on what passes in his mind, that these words mean no more than, I respect these mysteries; I submit myself to those who announce them. For they agree with me, that my reason, or their own reason, believe them not; but it is clear that if my *reason* is not persuaded, *I* am not persuaded. I and my reason cannot possibly be two different beings. It is an absolute contradiction that I should receive that as true which my understanding rejects as false. Faith, therefore, is nothing but submissive or deferential incredulity.

But why should this submission be exercised when my understanding invincibly recoils? The reason, we well know, is, that my understanding has been persuaded that the mysteries of my faith are laid down by God himsel. All, then, that I can do, as a reasonable being, is to be silent and adore. This is what divines call external faith; and this faith neither is, nor can be, anything more than respect for things incomprehensible, in consequence of the reliance I place on those who teach them.

If God himself were to say to me, "Thought is of an olive colour;" "the square of a certain number is bitter;" I should certainly understand nothing at all from these words. I could not adopt them either as true or false. But I will repeat them, if he commands me to do it; and I will make others repeat them at the risk of my life. This is faith: it is nothing more than obedience.

In order to obtain a foundation then for this obedience, it is merely necessary to examine the books which require it. Our understanding, therefore, should investigate the books of the Old and New Testament, just as it would Plutarch or Livy; and if it finds in them incontestible and decisive evidences,—evidences obvious to all minds, and such as would be admitted by men of all nations,—that God himself is their author, then it

is our incumbent duty to subject our understanding to the yoke of faith.

SECTION III.

We have long hesitated whether or not to publish the following article, "Faith," which we met with in an old book. Our respect for the chair of St. Peter restrained us. But some pious men having satisfied us that Alexander VI. and St. Peter had nothing in common, we have at last determined to publish this curious little production, and do it without the slightest scruple.

Prince Pica de Mirandola once met Pope Alexander VI. at the house of the courtezan Emilia, while Lucretia, the holy father's daughter, was confined in child-birth, and the people of Rome were discussing whether the child of which she was delivered belonged to the pope, to his son the Duke de Valentinois, or to Lucretia's husband, Alphonso of Arragon, who was considered by many as impotent. The conversation immediately became animated and gay. Cardinal Bembo relates a portion of it. "My little Pica," says the pope, "whom do you think the father of my grandson?" "I think your son-in-law," replied Pica. "What! how can you possibly believe such nonsense?" "I believe it by faith." "But surely you know that an impotent man cannot be a father." "Faith," replied Pica, "consists in believing things because they are impossible; and, besides, the honour of your house demands that Lucretia's son should not be reputed the offspring of incest. You require me to believe more incomprehensible mysteries. Am I not bound to believe that a serpent spoke; that from that time all mankind were damned; that the ass of Balaam also spoke with great eloquence; and that the walls of Jericho fell down at the sound of trumpets?" Pica thus proceeded with a long train of all the prodigious things in which he believed. Alexander absolutely fell back upon his sofa with laughing. "I believe all that as well as you," says he, "for I well know that I can be saved only by faith, as I can certainly never be so by works." "Ah, holy father!" says Pica, "you need neither works nor faith; they are well enough for such poor profane creatures as we are; but you, who are absolutely a vice-god—you may believe and do just whatever you please. You have the keys of heaven; and St. Peter will certainly never shut the door in your face. But with respect to myself, who am nothing but a poor prince, I freely confess that I should have found some very powerful protection necessary, if I had lain with my own daughter, or had employed the stiletto and night-shade as often as your holiness." Alexander VI. understood raillery. "Let us speak seriously," says he to the prince. "Tell me what merit there can be in a man's saying to God that he is persuaded of things of which, in fact, he cannot be persuaded? What pleasure can this afford to God? Between ourselves, a man who says that he believes what is impossible to be believed, is—a liar."

Pica de Mirandola at this crossed himself in great agitation. "My God!" says he, "I beg your holiness's pardon; but you are not a Christian." "I am not," says the pope, "upon my faith." "I suspected so," said Pica de Mirandola.

FALSITY.

Falsity, properly speaking, is the contrary to truth; not intentional lying.

It is said that there were a hundred thousand men destroyed by the great earthquake at Lisbon; this is not a lie—it is a falsity. Falsity is much more common than error; falsity falls more on facts, and error on opinions. It is an error to believe that the sun turns round the earth; but it is a falsity to advance that Louis XIV. dictated the will of Charles II.

The falsity of a deed is a much greater crime than a simple lie; it is a legal imposture—a fraud committed with the pen.

A man has a false mind when he always takes things in a wrong sense, when, not

considering the whole, he attributes to one side of an object that which belongs to the other, and when this defect of judgment has become habitual.

False-heartedness is, when a person is accustomed to flatter, and to utter sentiments which he does not possess; this is worse than dissimulation, and is that which the Latins call *simulatio*.

There is much falsity in historians; error among philosophers. Falsities abound in all polemical writings, and still more in satirical ones. False minds are insupportable, and false hearts are horrible.

FALSITY OF HUMAN VIRTUES.

When the Duke de la Rochefoucauld wrote his Thoughts on Self-Love, and discovered this great spring of human action, one M. Esprit of the Oratory, wrote a book, entitled "Of the Falsity of Human Virtues." This author says, that there is no virtue but by grace; and he terminates each chapter by referring to Christian charity. So that, according to M. Esprit, neither Cato, Aristides, Marcus Aurelius, nor Epictetus, were good men, who can be found only among the Christians. Among the Christians, again, there is no virtue except among the Catholics; and even among the Catholics, the Jesuits must be excepted as the enemies of the Oratory;—ergo, virtue is scarcely to be found anywhere except among the enemies of the Jesuits.

This M. Esprit commences by asserting, that prudence is not a virtue; and his reason is, that it is often deceived. It is as if he had said, that Cæsar was not a great captain because he was conquered at Dirachium.

If M. Esprit had been a philosopher, he would not have examined prudence as a virtue, but as a talent—as a useful and happy quality; for a great rascal may be very prudent, and I have known many such. Oh the age of pretending that

Nul n'aura de vertu que nous et nos amis!
None are virtuous but ourself and friends!

What is virtue, my friend? It is to do good; let us then do it, and that will suffice. But we give thee credit for the motive. What, then! according to thee, there is no difference between the President de Thou and Ravaillac? between Cicero and that Popilius whose life he saved, and who afterwards cut off his head for money; and thou wilt pronounce Epictetus and Porphyrius rogues, because they did not follow our dogmas? Such insolence is disgusting; but I will say no more, for I am getting angry.

FANATICISM.

SECTION I.

Fanaticism is the effect of a false conscience, which makes religion subservient to the caprices of the imagination, and the excesses of the passions.

It arises, in general, from legislators entertaining too narrow views, or from their extending their regulations beyond the limits within which alone they were intended to operate. Their laws are made merely for a select society. When extended by zeal to a whole people, and transferred by ambition from one climate to another, some changes of institution should take place, some accommodation to persons, places, and circumstances. But what, in fact, has been the case? Certain minds, constituted in a great degree like those of the small original flock, have received a system with equal ardour, and become its apostles, and even its martyrs, rather than abate a single iota of its demands. Others, on the contrary, less ardent, or more attached to their prejudices of education, have struggled with energy against the new yoke, and consented to receive it only after considerable softenings and mitigations: hence the schism between rigorists and moderates, by which all are urged on to vehemence and madness—the one party for servitude, and the other for freedom.

Let us imagine an immense rotunda, a pantheon, with innumerable altars placed under its dome. Let us figure to

ourselves a devotee of every sect, whether at present subsisting or extinct, at the feet of that divinity which he worships in his own peculiar way, under all the extravagant forms which human imagination has been able to invent. On the right we perceive one stretched on his back upon a mat, absorbed in contemplation, and awaiting the moment when the divine light shall come forth to inform his soul. On the left is a prostrate energumen striking his forehead against the ground, with a view to obtain from it an abundant produce. Here we see a man with the air and manner of a mountebank, dancing over the grave of him whom he invokes. There we observe a penitent, motionless and mute as the statue before which he has bent himself in humiliation. One, on the principle that God will not blush at his own resemblance, displays openly what modesty universally conceals; another, as if the artist would shudder at the sight of his own work, covers with an impenetrable veil his whole person and countenance; another turns his back upon the south, because from that quarter blows the devil's tempest. Another stretches out his arms towards the east, because there God first shows his radiant face. Young women, suffused with tears, bruise and gash their lovely persons under the idea of assuaging the demon of desire, although by means tending in fact rather to strengthen his influence; others again, in opposite attitudes, solicit the approaches of the Divinity. One young man, in order to mortify the most urgent of his feelings, attaches to particular parts of his frame large iron rings, as heavy as he can bear; another checks still more effectually the tempter's violence, by inhuman amputation, and suspends the bleeding sacrifice upon the altar.

Let us observe them quit the temple, and, full of the inspiration of their respective deities, spread the terror and delusion over the face of the earth. They divide the world between them; and the four extremities of it are almost instantly in flames: nations obey them, and kings tremble before them. That almost despotic power which the enthusiasm of a single person exercises over a multitude who see or hear him; the ardour communicated to each other by assembled minds; numberless strong and agitating influences acting in such circumstances, augmented by each individual's personal anxiety and distress, require but a short time to operate, in order to produce universal delirium. Only let a single people be thus fascinated and agitated under the guidance of a few impostors, the seduction will spread with the speed of wild-fire, prodigies will be multiplied beyond calculation, and whole communities be led astray for ever. When the human mind has once quitted the luminous track pointed out by nature, it returns to it no more; it wanders round the truth, but never obtains of it more than a few faint glimmerings, which, mingling with the false lights of surrounding superstition, leave it, in fact, in complete and palpable obscurity.

It is dreadful to observe, how the opinion, that the wrath of heaven might be appeased by human massacre, spread, after being once started, through almost every religion; and what various reasons have been given for the sacrifice, as though, in order to preclude, if possible, the escape of any one from extirpation. Sometimes they are enemies, who must be immolated to Mars the exterminator. The Scythians slay upon the altars of this deity a hundredth part of their prisoners of war; and from this usage attending victory, we may form some judgment of the justice of war: accordingly, among other nations, it was engaged in solely to supply these human sacrifices, so that, having first been instituted, as it would seem, to expiate the horrors of war, they at length came to serve as a justification of them.

Sometimes a barbarous deity requires victims from among the just and good. The Getæ eagerly dispute the honour of personally conveying to Zamolxis the vows and devotions of their country.

He whose good fortune has destined him to be the sacrifice, is thrown with the greatest violence upon a range of spears, fixed for the purpose. If on falling he receives a mortal wound, it argurs well as to the success of the negociation and the merit of the envoy; but if he survives the wound, he is a wretch, with whom the god would not condescend to hold any communication.

Sometimes children are demanded, and the respective divinities recal the life they had but just imparted: "Justice," says Montaigne, "thirsting for the blood of innocence!" Sometimes the call is for the dearest and nearest blood: the Carthagenians sacrificed their own sons to Saturn, as if Time did not devour them with sufficient speed. Sometimes the demand was for the blood of the most beautiful. That Amestris, who had buried twelve men alive, in order to obtain from Pluto, in return for so revolting an offering, a somewhat longer life—that same Amestris farther sacrifices to that insatiable divinity twelve daughters of the highest personages in Persia; as the sacrificing priests have always taught men that they ought to offer on the altar the most valuable of their possessions. It is upon this principle that among some nations the first-born were immolated, and that among others they were redeemed by offerings more valuable to the ministers of sacrifice. This it is, unquestionably, which introduced into Europe the practice prevalent for centuries of devoting children to celibacy at the early age of five years, and shutting up in a cloister the brothers of an hereditary prince, just as in Asia, the practice is to murder them.

Sometimes it is the purest blood that is demanded. We read of certain Indians, if I recollect rightly, who hospitably entertain all who visit them, and make a merit of killing every sensible and virtuous stranger who enters their country, that his talents and virtues may remain with them. Sometimes the blood required is that which is most sacred. With the majority of idolaters, priests perform the office of executioner at the altar; and among the Siberians, it is the practice to kill the priests, in order to dispatch them to pray in the other world for the fulfilment of the wishes of the people.

But let us turn our attention to other frenzies and other spectacles. All Europe passes into Asia, by a road inundated with the blood of Jews, who commit suicide to avoid falling into the hands of their enemies. This epidemic depopulates one half of the inhabited world; kings, pontiffs, women, the young and the aged, all yield to the influence of the holy madness which, for a series of two hundred years, instigated the slaughter of innumerable nations at the tomb of a god of peace. Then were to be seen lying oracles, and military hermits; monarchs in pulpits, and prelates in camps. All the different states constitute one delirious populace; barriers of mountains and seas are surmounted; legitimate possessions are abandoned, to enable their owners to fly to conquests which were no longer, in point of fertility, the land of promise; manners become corrupted under foreign skies; princes, after having exhausted their respective kingdoms to redeem a country which had never been theirs, complete the ruin of them for their personal ransom; thousands of soldiers, wandering under the banners of many chieftains, acknowledge the authority of none, and hasten their defeat by their desertion; and the disease terminates only to be succeeded by a contagion still more horrible and desolating.

The same spirit of fanaticism cherished the rage for distant conquests: scarcely had Europe repaired its losses, when the discovery of a new world hastened the ruin of our own. At that terrible injunction, "Go and conquer," America was desolated and its inhabitants exterminated; Africa and Europe were exhausted in vain to repeople it; the poison of money and of pleasure having enervated the species, the world became

nearly a desert, and appeared likely every day to advance nearer to desolation, by the continual wars which were kindled on our continent, from the ambition of extending its power to foreign lands.

Let us now compute the immense number of slaves which fanaticism has made, whether in Asia, where uncircumcision was a mark of infamy, or in Africa, where the Christian name was a crime, or in America, where the pretext of baptism absolutely extinguished the feelings of humanity. Let us compute the thousands who have been seen to perish either on scaffolds in the ages of persecution, or in civil wars by the hands of their fellow citizens, or by their own hands through excessive austerities, and maceration. Let us survey the surface of the earth, and glance at the various standards unfurled and blazing in the name of religion; in Spain against the Moors, in France against the Turks, in Hungary against the Tartars; at the numerous military orders, founded for converting infidels by the point of the sword, and slaughtering one another at the foot of the altar they had come to defend. Let us then look down from the appalling tribunal thus raised on the bodies of the innocent and miserable, in order to judge the living, as God, with a balance widely different, will judge the dead.

In a word, let us contemplate the horrors of fifteen centuries, all frequently renewed in the course of a single one; unarmed men slain at the feet of altars; kings destroyed by the dagger or by poison; a large state reduced to half its extent by the fury of its own citizens: the nation at once the most warlike and the most pacific on the face of the globe, divided in fierce hostility against itself; the sword unsheathed between the sons and the father; usurpers, tyrants, executioners, sacrilegious robbers and blood-stained parricides violating, under the impulse of religion, every convention divine or human;—such is the deadly picture of fanaticism.

SECTION II.

If this term has at present any connection with its original meaning, it is exceedingly slight.

Fanaticus was an honourable designation. It signified the minister or benefactor of a temple. According to the dictionary of Trevoux, some antiquaries have discovered inscriptions in which Roman citizens of considerable consequence assumed the title of *fanaticus*.

In Cicero's oration "pro domo sua," a passage occurs in which the word *fanaticus* appears to me of difficult explanation. The seditious and libertine Clodius, who had brought about the banishment of Cicero for having saved the republic, had not only plundered and demolished the houses of that great man; but in order that Cicero might never be able to return to his city residence, he procured the consecration of the land on which it stood; and the priests had erected there a temple to liberty, or rather to slavery, in which Cæsar, Pompey, Crassus, and Clodius, then held the republic: Thus in all ages has religion been employed as an instrument in the persecution of great men.

When at length, in a happier period, Cicero was recalled, he pleaded before the people, in order to obtain the restoration of the ground on which his house had stood, and the rebuilding of the house at the expense of the Roman people. He thus expresses himself in the speech against Clodius (Oratio pro Domo sua, chap. xl.)

"Adspicite, adspicite, pontifices, hominem religiosum.. monete eum, modum quemdam esse religionis; nimium esse superstitiosum non oportere. Quid tibi necesse fuit anili superstitione, homo fanatice, sacrificium, quod alienæ domi fieret, invisere?"

Does the word *fanaticus*, as used above, mean senseless, pitiless, abominable fanatic, according to the present acceptation, or does it rather imply the pious religious man, the frequenter and

consecrator of temples? Is it used here in the meaning of decided censure or ironical praise? I do not feel myself competent to determine, but will give a translation of the passage:—

"Behold, reverend pontiffs, behold the pious man . . . suggest to him, that even religion itself has its limits, that a man ought not to be so over-scrupulous. What occasion was there for a sacred person, a fanatic like yourself, to have recourse to the superstition of an old woman, in order to assist at a sacrifice performed in another person's house?"

Cicero alludes here to the mysteries of the *Bona Dea*, which had been profaned by Clodius, who, in the disguise of a female, and accompanied by an old woman, had obtained an introduction to them, with a view to an assignation with Cæsar's wife. The passage is, in consequence, evidently ironical.

Cicero calls Clodius a religious man, and the irony requires to be kept up through the whole passage. He employs terms of honourable meaning, more clearly to exhibit Clodius's infamy. It appears to me, therefore, that he uses the word in question, *fanaticus*, in its respectable sense, as a word conveying the idea of a sacrificer, a pious man, a zealous minister of a temple.

The term might be afterwards applied to those who believed themselves inspired by the gods, who bestowed a somewhat curious gift on the interpreters of their will, by ordaining that, in order to be a prophet, the loss of reason is indispensable.

> Les Dieux à leur interprète
> Ont fait un étrange don;
> Ne peut on être prophète
> Sans qu'on perd la raison?

The same dictionary of Trevoux informs us, that the old chronicles of France call Clovis fanatic and pagan. The reader wonld have been pleased to have had the particular chronicles specified. I have not found this epithet applied to Clovis in any of the few books I possess at my house near Mount Krapak, where I now write.

We understand by fanaticism, at present, a religious madness, gloomy and cruel. It is a malady of the mind, which is taken in the same way as the small-pox. Books communicate it much less than meetings and discourses. We seldom get heated while reading in solitude; for our minds are then tranquil and sedate. But when an ardent man of strong imagination addresses himself to weak imaginations, his eyes dart fire, and that fire rapidly spreads; his tones, his gestures, absolutely convulse the nerves of his auditors. He exclaims, "The eye of God is at this moment upon you; sacrifice every mere human possession and feeling; fight the battles of the Lord:"—and they rush to the fight.

Fanaticism is, in reference to superstition, what delirium is to fever, or rage to anger.

He who is involved in extacies and visions, who takes dreams for realities, and his own imaginations for prophecies, is a fanatical novice of great hope and promise, and will probably soon advance to the highest form, and kill man for the love of God.

Bartholomew Diaz was a fanatical monk. He had a brother at Nuremberg, called John Diaz, who was an enthusiastic adherent to the doctrines of Luther, and completely convinced that the pope was antichrist, and had the sign of the beast. Bartholomew, still more ardently convinced that the pope was god upon earth, quits Rome, determined either to convert or murder his brother; he accordingly murdered him! Here is a perfect case of fanaticism. We have noticed and done justice to this Diaz elsewhere.

Polyeuctes, who went to the temple on a day of solemn festival, to throw down and destroy the statues and ornaments, was a fanatic less horrible than Diaz, but not less foolish. The assassins of Francis Duke of Guise, of William Prince of Orange, of King Henry III. of King Henry IV. and various others, were equally possessed, equally labouring under morbid fury, with Diaz.

The most striking example of fanaticism is that exhibited on the night of St. Bartholomew, when the people of Paris rushed from house to house, to stab, slaughter, throw out of the window, and tear in pieces, their fellow citizens not attending mass. Guyon, Patouillet, Chaudon, Nonotte, and the ex-Jesuit Paulian, are merely fanatics in a corner, —contemptible beings, whom we do not think of guarding against. They would, however, on a day of St. Bartholomew, perform wonders.

There are some cold-blooded fanatics; such as those judges who sentence men to death for no other crime than that of thinking differently from themselves; and these are so much the more guilty, and deserving of the execration of mankind, as, not labouring under madness like the Clements, Chatels, Ravaillacs, and Damiens; they might be deemed capable of listening to reason.

There is no other remedy for this epidemical malady, than that spirit of philosophy, which, extending itself from one to another, at length civilises and softens the manners of men, and prevents the access of the disease. For when the disorder has made any progress, we should, without loss of time, fly from the seat of it, and wait till the air has become purified from contagion. Law and religion are not completely efficient against the spiritual pestilence. Religion, indeed, so far from affording proper nutriment to the minds of patients labouring under this infectious and infernal distemper, is converted, by the diseased process of their mind, into poison. These malignant devotees have incessantly before their eyes the example of Ehud, who assassinated the King of Eglon; of Judith, who cut off the head of Holofernes while in bed with him; of Samuel, hewing in pieces King Agag; of Jehoiada the priest, who murdered his queen at the horse-gate, &c. &c. They do not perceive that these instances, which are respectable in antiquity, are in the present day abominable. They derive their fury from religion, decidedly as religion condemns it.

Laws are yet more powerless against these paroxysms of rage. To oppose laws to cases of such a description, would be like reading a decree of council to a man in a frenzy. The persons in question are fully convinced that the holy spirit which animates and fills them is above all laws; that their own enthusiasm is, in fact, the only law which they are bound to obey.

What can be said in answer to a man, who says he will rather obey God than men, and who consequently feels certain of meriting heaven by cutting your throat?

When once fanaticism has gangrened the brain of any man, the disease may be regarded as nearly incurable. I have seen Convulsionaries who, while speaking of the miracles of St. Paris, gradually worked themselves up to higher and more vehement degrees of agitation, till their eyes became inflamed, their whole frame shook, their countenance became distorted by rage; and had any man contradicted them, he would inevitably have been murdered.

Yes, I have seen these wretched Convulsionaries writhing their limbs and foaming at their mouths. They were exclaiming, "We must have blood." They effected the assassination of their king by a lacquey, and ended with exclaiming against philosophers.

Fanatics are almost always under the direction of knaves, who place the dagger in their hands. These knaves resemble Montaigne's Old Man of the Mountain; who, it is said, made weak persons imagine, under his treatment of them, that they really had experienced the joys of Paradise, and promised them a whole eternity of such delights, if they would go and assassinate such as he should point out to them. There has been only one religion in the world which has not been polluted by fanaticism, and that is the religion of the learned in China. The different sects of ancient philosophers were

not merely exempt from this pest of human society, but they were antidotes to it: for the effect of philosophy is to render the soul tranquil, and fanaticism and tranquillity are totally incompatible. That our own holy religion has been so frequently polluted by this infernal fury, must be imputed to the folly and madness of mankind. Thus Icarus abused the wings which he received for his benefit. They were given him for his salvation, and they ensured his destruction:—

> Ainsi du plumage qu'il eut
> Icare pervertit l'usage;
> Il le reçut pour son salut,
> Il s'en servit pour son dommage.
>
> *Bertaud*, Bishop of Sées.

SECTION III.

Fanatics do not always fight the battles of the Lord. They do not always assassinate kings and princes. There are tigers among them, but there are more foxes.

What a tissue of frauds, calumnies, and robberies, has been woven by fanatics of the court of Rome against fanatics of the court of Calvin, by Jesuits against Jansenists, and *vice versâ!* And if you go farther back, you will find ecclesiastical history, which is the school of virtues, to be that of atrocities and abominations, which have been employed by every sect against the others. They all have the same bandage over their eyes, whether marching out to burn down the cities and towns of their adversaries, to slaughter the inhabitants, or condemn them to judicial execution; or when merely engaged in the comparatively calm occupation of deceiving and defrauding, of acquiring wealth and exercising domination. The same fanaticism blinds them; they think that they are doing good. Every fanatic is a conscientious knave, but a sincere and honest murderer for the good cause.

Read, if you are able, the five or six thousand volumes in which, for a hundred years together, the Jansenists and Molinists have dealt out against each other their reproaches and revilings, their mutual exposures of fraud and knavery, and then judge whether Scapin or Trevelin can be compared with them.

One of the most curious theological knaveries ever practised is, in my opinion, that of a small bishop, (the narrative asserts that he was a Biscayan bishop; however, we shall certainly, at some future period, find out both his name and his bishopric), whose diocese was partly in Biscay and partly in France.

In the French division of his diocese, there was a parish which had formerly been inhabited by some Moors. The lord of the parish or manor was no Mahometan; he was perfectly Catholic, as the whole universe should be, for the meaning of Catholic is universal. My lord the bishop had some suspicions concerning this unfortunate seigneur, whose whole occupation consisted in doing good, and conceived that in his heart he entertained bad thoughts, and sentiments savouring not a little of heresy. He even accused him of having said, in the way of pleasantry, that there were good people in Morocco as well as in Biscay, and that an honest inhabitant of Morocco might absolutely not be a mortal enemy of the Supreme Being, who is the father of all mankind.

The fanatic, upon this, wrote a long letter to the King of France, the paramount sovereign of our little manorial lord. In this letter he intreated his majesty to transfer the manor of this stray and unbelieving sheep either to low Bretagne or low Normandy, according to his good pleasure, that he might be no longer able to diffuse the contagion of heresy among his Biscayan neighbours, by his abominable jests.

The King of France and his council smiled, as may naturally be supposed, at the extravagance and folly of the demand.

Our Biscayan pastor learning, some time afterwards, that his French sheep was sick, ordered public notices to be fixed up at the church gates of the canton, prohibiting any one from administering the communion to him, unless he should previously give in a bill of con-

fession, from which it might appear that he was not circumcised; that he condemned with his whole heart the heresy of Mahomet, and every other heresy of the like kind—as, for example, Calvinism and Jansenism; and that in every point he thought like him, the said Biscayan bishop.

Bills of confession were at that time much in fashion. The sick man sent for his parish priest, who was a simple and sottish man, and threatened to have him hanged by the parliament of Bordeaux if he did not instantly administer the viaticum to him. The priest was alarmed, and accordingly celebrated the sacred ordinance, as desired by the patient; who, after the ceremony, declared aloud, before witnesses, that the Biscayan pastor had falsely accused him before the king of being tainted with the Mussulman religion; that he was a sincere Christian, and that the Biscayan was a calumniator. He signed this, after it had been written down, in presence of a notary, and every form required by law was complied with. He soon after became better, and rest and a good conscience speedily completed his recovery.

The Biscayan, quite exasperated that the old patient should have thus exposed and disappointed him, resolved to have his revenge, and thus he set about it.

He procured, fifteen days after the event just mentioned, the fabrication, in his own language or patois, of a profession of faith which the priest pretended to have heard and received. It was signed by the priest and three or four peasants, who had not been present at the ceremony; and the forged instrument was then passed through the necessary and solemn form of verification and registry, as if this form could give it authenticity.

An instrument not signed by the party alone interested, signed by persons unknown, fifteen days after the event,—an instrument disavowed by the real and credible witnesses of that event, involved evidently the crime of forgery; and, as the subject of the forgery was a matter of faith, the crime clearly rendered both the priest and the witnesses liable to the galleys in this world, and to hell in the other.

Our lord of the manor, however, who loved a joke, but had no gall or malice in his heart, took compassion both upon the bodies and souls of these conspirators. He declined delivering them over to human justice, and contented himself with giving them up to ridicule. But he declared that after the death of the Biscayan he would, if he survived, have the pleasure of printing an account of all his proceedings and manœuvres on this business, together with the documents and evidences, just to amuse the small number of readers who might like anecdotes of that description; and not, as is often pompously announced, with a view to the instruction of the universe. There are so many authors who address themselves to the universe, who really imagine they attract, and perhaps absorb, the attention of the universe, that he conceived he might not have a dozen readers out of the whole who would attend for a moment to himself.—But let us return to fanaticism.

It is this rage for making proselytes, this intensely mad desire which men feel to bring others over to partake of their own peculiar cup or communion, that induced the Jesuit Castel and the Jesuit Routh to rush with eagerness to the death-bed of the celebrated Montesquieu. These two devoted zealots desired nothing better than to have to boast that they had persuaded him of the merits of attrition and of sufficing grace. We wrought his conversion, they said. He was, in the main, a worthy soul: he was much attached to the society of Jesus. We had some little difficulty in inducing him to admit certain fundamental truths; but as in these circumstances, in the crisis of life and death, the mind is always most clear and acute, we soon convinced him.

This fanatical eagerness for converting

men is so ardent, that the most debauched monk in his convent would even quit his mistress, and walk to the very extremity of the city, for the sake of making a single convert.

We have all seen father Poisson, a cordelier of Paris, who impoverished his convent to pay his mistresses, and who was imprisoned in consequence of the depravity of his manners. He was one of the most popular preachers at Paris, and one of the most determined and zealous of converters.

Such also was the celebrated preacher Fantin, at Versailles. The list might be easily enlarged; but it is unnecessary, if not also dangerous, to expose the freaks and freedoms of constituted authorities. You know what happened to Ham for having revealed his father's shame. He became as black as a coal.

Let us merely pray to God, whether rising or laying down, that he would deliver us from fanatics, as the pilgrims of Mecca pray that they may meet with no sour faces on the road.

SECTION IV.

Ludlow, who was rather an enthusiast for liberty than a fanatic in religion—that brave man, who hated Cromwell more than he did Charles I., relates that the parliamentary forces were always defeated by the royal army in the beginning of the civil war; just as the regiment of porters (portes-cochères) were unable to stand the shock of conflict, in the time of the Fronde against the great Condé. Cromwell said to General Fairfax,—How can you possibly expect a rabble of London porters and apprentices to resist a nobility urged on by the principle, or rather the phantom, of honour? Let us actuate them by a more powerful phantom—fanaticism! Our enemies are fighting only for their king; let us persuade our troops they are fighting for their God.

Give me a commission, and I will raise a regiment of brother murderers, whom I will pledge myself soon to make invincible fanatics!

He was as good as his word; he composed his regiment of red-coated brothers, of gloomy religionists, whom he made obedient tigers. Mahomet himself was never better served by soldiers.

But in order to inspire this fanaticism, you must be seconded and supported by the spirit of the times. A French parliament at the present day would attempt in vain to raise a regiment of such porters as we have mentioned; it could, with all its efforts, merely rouse into frenzy a few women of the fish-market.

The ablest men only have the power both to make and to guide fanatics. It is not, however, sufficient to possess the profoundest dissimulation and the most determined intrepidity; everything depends, after these previous requisites are secured, on coming into the world at a proper time.

SECTION V.

Geometry then, it seems, is not always connected with clearness and correctness of understanding. Over what precipices do not men fall, notwithstanding their boasted leading-strings of reason! A celebrated Protestant, who was esteemed one of the first mathematicians of the age, and who followed in the train of the Newtons, the Leibnitzes, and Bernouillis, at the beginning of the present century, struck out some very singular corollaries. It is said, that with a grain of faith a man may remove mountains; and this man of science, followed up the method of pure geometrical analysis, reasoned thus with himself:—I have many grains of faith, and can, therefore, remove many mountains. This was the man who made his appearance at London in 1707; and, associating himself with certain men of learning and science, some of whom, moreover, were not deficient in sagacity, they publicly announced that they would raise to life a dead person in any cemetery that might be fixed upon. Their reasoning was uniformly synthetical. They said, genuine disciples must have the power of performing miracles; we

are genuine disciples, we therefore shall be able to perform as many as we please. The mere unscientific saints of the Romish church have resuscitated many worthy persons; therefore, *a fortiori*, we, the reformers of the reformed themselves, shall resuscitate as many as we may desire.

These arguments are irrefragable, being constructed according to the most correct form possible. Here we have at a glance the explanation why all antiquity was inundated with prodigies; why the temples of Esculapius at Epidaurus, and in other cities, were completely filled with *ex votos;* the roofs adorned with thighs straightened, arms restored, and silver infants: all was miracle.

In short, the famous Protestant geometrician whom I speak of, appeared so perfectly sincere, he asserted so confidently that he would raise the dead, and his proposition was put forward with so much plausibility and strenuousness, that the people entertained a very strong impression on the subject, and Queen Anne was advised to appoint a day, an hour, and a cemetery, such as he should himself select, in which he might have the opportunity of performing his miracle legally, and under the inspection of justice. The holy geometrician chose St. Paul's cathedral for the scene of his exertion: the people ranged themselves in two rows; soldiers were stationed to preserve order both among the living and the dead; the magistrates took their seats; the register prepared his record; it was impossible that the new miracles could be verified too completely. A dead body was disinterred agreeably to the holy man's choice and direction; he then prayed, he fell upon his knees, and made the most pious and devout contortions possible; his companions imitated him; the dead body exhibited no sign of animation; it was again deposited in its grave, and the professed resuscitator and his adherents were slightly punished. I afterwards saw one of these misled creatures; he declared to me that one of the party was at the time under the stain of a venial sin, for which the dead person suffered, and but for which the resurrection would have been infallible.

Were it allowable for us to reveal the disgrace of those to whom we owe the sincerest respect, I should observe here, that Newton, the great Newton himself, discovered in the Apocalypse that the pope was antichrist, and made many other similar discoveries. I should also observe, that he was a decided Arian. I am aware that this deviation of Newton, compared to that of the other geometrician, is as unity to infinity. But if the exalted Newton imagined that he found the modern history of Europe in the Apocalypse, we may say,— Alas, poor human beings!

It seems as if superstition were an epidemical disease, from which the strongest minds are not always exempt. There are in Turkey persons of great and strong sense, who would undergo impalement for the sake of certain opinions of Abubeker. These principles being once admitted, they reason with great consistency; and the Navaricians, the Radarists, and the Jabarists, mutually consign each other to damnation in conformity to very shrewd and subtle argument. They all draw plausible consequences, but they never dare to examine principles.

A report is publicly spread abroad by some person, that there exists a giant seventy feet high; the learned soon after begin to discuss and dispute about the colour of his hair, the thickness of his thumb, the measurement of his nails; they exclaim, cabal, and even fight upon the subject. Those who maintain that the little finger of the giant is only fifteen lines in diameter, burn those who assert that it is a foot thick.—But, gentlemen, modestly observes a stranger passing by, does the giant you are disputing about really exist? What a horrible doubt! all the disputants cry out together. What blasphemy! What absurdity!—A short truce is then brought about to give time for stoning the poor stranger; and, after

having duly performed that murderous ceremony, they resume fighting upon the everlasting subject of the nails and little finger.

FANCY.

Fancy formerly signified imagination, and the term was used simply to express that faculty of the soul which receives sensible objects.

Descartes and Gassendi, and all the philosophers of their day, say that "the form or images of things are painted in the fancy." But the greater part of abstract terms are, in the course of time, received in a sense different from their original one, like tools which industry applies to new purposes.

Fancy, at present, means "a particular desire, a transient taste:" he has a fancy for going to China; his fancy for gaming and dancing has passed away.

An artist paints a fancy portrait, a portrait not taken from any model. To have fancies is to have extraordinary tastes, but of brief duration. Fancy, in this sense, falls a little short of oddity (bizarrerie), and caprice.

Caprice may express "a sudden and unreasonable disgust." He had a fancy for music, and capriciously became disgusted with it.

Whimsicality gives an idea of inconsistency and bad taste, which fancy does not; he had a fancy for building, but he constructed his house in a whimsical taste.

There are shades of distinction between having fancies and being fantastic; the fantastic is much nearer to the capricious and the whimsical.

The word fantastic expresses a character unequal and abrupt. The idea of charming or pleasant is excluded from it; whereas there are agreeable fancies.

We sometimes hear used in conversation "odd fancies," (des fantasies musquées); but the expression was never understood to mean what the Dictionary of Trevoux supposes—"The whims of men of superior rank which one must not venture to condemn;" on the contrary, that expression is used for the very object and purpose of condemning them; and *musquée*, in this connection, is an expletive adding force to the term fancies, as we say, *Sottise pommée*, *folie fieffée*, to express nonsense and folly.

FASTI.

Of the different Significations of this Word.

The Latin word *fasti* signifies festivals, and it is in this sense that Ovid treats of it in his poem entitled the Fasti.

Godeau has composed the Fasti of the Church on this model, but with less success. The religion of the Roman Pagans was more calculated for poetry than that of the Christians; to which it may be added, that Ovid was a better poet than Godeau.

The consular fasti were only the list of consuls.

The fasti of the magistrates were the days in which they were permitted to plead; and those on which they did not plead were called *nefasti*, because then they could not plead for justice.

The word *nefastus* in this sense does not signify unfortunate; on the contrary, *nefastus* and *nefandus* were the attributes of unfortunate days in another sense, signifying days in which people must not plead; days worthy only to be forgotten; "ille nefasto te posuit die."

Besides other fasti, the Romans had their *fasti urbis*, *fasti rustici*, which were calendars of the particular usages and ceremonies of the city and the country.

On these days of solemnity, every one sought to astonish by the grandeur of his dress, his equipage, or his banquet. This pomp, invisible on other days, was called fastus. It expresses magnificence in those who by their station can afford it, but vanity in others.

Though the word *fastus* may not be always injurious, the word pompous is invariably so. A devotee who makes a

parade of his virtue, renders humility itself pompous.

FATHERS—MOTHERS—CHILDREN—(THEIR DUTIES.)

The Encyclopædia has been much exclaimed against in France; because it was produced in France, and has done France honour. In other countries, people have not cried out; on the contrary, they have eagerly set about pirating or spoiling it, because money was to be gained thereby.

But we, who do not, like the Encyclopædists of Paris, labour for glory; we, who are not, like them, exposed to envy; we, whose little society lies unnoticed in Hesse, in Wirtemberg, in Switzerland, among the Grisons, or at Mount Krapak; and have, therefore, no apprehension of having to dispute with the doctor of the Comédie Italienne, or with a doctor of the Sorbonne; we, who sell not our sheets to a bookseller, but are free beings, and lay not black on white until we have examined, to the utmost of our ability, whether the said black may be of service to mankind; we, in short, who love virtue—shall boldly declare what we think.

"Honour thy father, and thy mother, that thy days may be long—"

I would venture to say, "Honour thy father and thy mother, *though this day should be thy last*."

Tenderly love and joyfully serve the mother who bore thee in her womb, fed thee at her breast, and patiently endured all that was disgusting in thy infancy. Discharge the same duties to thy father, who brought thee up.

What will future ages say of a Frank, named Louis the Thirteenth, who, at the age of sixteen, began the exercise of his authority with having the door of his mother's apartment walled up, and sending her into exile, without giving the smallest reason for so doing, and solely because it was his favourite's wish!

"But, sir, I must tell you in confidence, that my father is a drunkard, who begot me one day by chance, not caring a jot about me; and gave me no education but that of beating me every day when he came home intoxicated. My mother was a coquette, whose only occupation was love-making. But for my nurse, who had taken a liking to me, and who, after the death of her son, received me into her house for charity, I should have died of want."

"Well, then, honour thy nurse; and bow to thy father and thy mother when thou meetest them. It is said in the Vulgate, '*Honora* patram tuum et matrem tuum,'—not *dilige*."

"Very well, sir, I shall love my father and my mother, if they do me good; I shall honour them, if they do me ill. I have thought so ever since I began to think, and you confirm me in my maxims."

"Fare thee well, my child, I see thou wilt prosper, for thou hast a grain of philosophy in thy composition."

"One word more, sir. If my father were to call himself Abraham and me Isaac, and were to say to me, 'My son, thou art tall and strong; carry these faggots to the top of that hill, to burn thee with after I have cut off thy head; for God ordered me to do so when he came to see me this morning,'—what would you advise me to do in such critical circumstances?"

"Critical, indeed! But what wouldst thou do of thyself? for thou seemest to be no blockhead."

"I own, sir, that I should ask him to produce a written order, and that, from regard for himself, I should say to him—'Father, you are among strangers, who do not allow a man to assassinate his son without an express condition from God, duly signed, sealed, and delivered. See what happened to poor Calas, in the half French, half Spanish town of Toulouse. He was broken on the wheel; and the procureur-général Riquet decided on having Madame Calas the mother burned,—all on the bare and very ill-conceived suspicion, that they had hung up their son, Mark Antoine Calas, for the love of

God. I should fear that his conclusions would be equally prejudicial to the well-being of yourself and your sister or niece, Madame Sarah, my mother. Once more I say, show me a lettre-de-cachet for cutting my throat, signed by God's own hand, and countersigned by Raphael, Michael, or Belzebub. If not, father—your most obedient: I will go to Pharoah of Egypt, or to the king of the desert of Gerar, who have both been in love with my mother, and will certainly be kind to me. Cut my brother Ishmael's throat, if you like; but rely upon it, you shall not cut mine.'"

"Good; this is arguing like a true sage. The Encyclopædia itself could not have reasoned better. I tell thee, thou wilt do great things. I admire thee for not having said an ill word to thy father Abraham—for not having been tempted to beat him. And tell me:—hadst thou been that Cram, whom his father the Frankish King Clothaire had burned in a barn; a Don Carlos, son of that fox Philip the Second; a poor Alexis, son of that Czar Peter, half hero half tiger."

"Ah, sir! say no more of those horrors; you will make me detest human nature."

FAVOUR.

Of what is understood by the Word.

Favour, from the Latin word *favor*, rather signifies a benefit than a recompense.

We earnestly beg a favour: we merit and loudly demand a recompense. The god Favor, according to the Roman mythologists, was the son of Beauty and Fortune. All favour conveys the idea of something gratuitous; he has done me the favour of introducing me, of presenting me, of recommending my friend, of correcting my work. The favour of princes is the effect of their fancy, and of assiduous complaisance. The favour of the people sometimes implies merit, but is more often attributable to lucky accident.

Favour differs much from kindness. That man is in favour with the king, but he has not yet received any kindnesses from him. We say that he has been received into the good graces of a person, not he has been received into favour; though we say to be in favour, because favour is supposed to be an habitual taste; while to receive into grace, is to pardon, or, at least, is less than to bestow favour.

To obtain grace is the effect of a moment; to obtain favour is a work of time. Nevertheless, we say indifferently, do me the kindness and do me the favour, to recommend my friend.

Letters of recommendation were formerly called letters of favour. Severus says, in the tragedy of Polyeuctes:—

> Je mourrais mille fois plutot qu'abuser
> Des lettres de faveur que j'ai pour l'épouser.

> "Letters of favour," though I have to wed her,
> I'd rather die a thousand times than use them.

We have the favour and good-will, not the kindness of the prince and the public. We may obtain the favour of our audience by modesty, but it will not be gracious if we are tedious.

This expression, 'favour,' signifies a gratuitous good-will, which we seek to obtain from the prince or the public. Gallantry has extended it to the complaisance of the ladies; and though we do not say that we have the favours of the king, we say that we have the favours of a lady.

The equivalent to this expression is unknown in Asia, where the women possess less influence.

Formerly, ribbands, gloves, buckles, and sword-knots given by a lady, were called favours. The Earl of Essex wore a glove of Queen Elizabeth's in his hat, which he called the queen's favour.

FAVOURITE.

This word has sometimes a bounded and sometimes an extended sense. 'Favourite' sometimes conveys the idea of power; and sometimes it only signifies a man who pleases his master.

Henry III. had favourites who were

only playthings, and he had those who governed the state, as the dukes of Joyeuse and Epernon. A favourite may be compared to a piece of gold, which is valued at whatever the prince pleases.

An ancient writer has asked, "Who ought to be the king's favourite?—the people!" Good poets are called the favourites of the muses, as prosperous men are called the favourites of fortune, because both are supposed to receive these gifts without labouring for them. It is thus, that a fertile and well-situated land is called the favourite of nature.

The woman who pleases the sultan most, is called the favourite sultana. Somebody has written the history of favourites; that is to say, the mistresses of the greatest princes.

Several princes in Germany have country houses which they call favourites.

A lady's favourite is now only to be found in romances and stories of the last century.

FEASTS.

SECTION I.

A POOR gentleman of the province of Hagenau, cultivated his small estate, and St. Ragonda, or Radegonda, was the patron of his parish.

Now it happened, on the feast of St. Ragonda, that it was necessary to do something to this poor gentleman's field, without which great loss would be incurred. The master, with all his family, after having devoutly assisted at mass, went to cultivate his land, on which depended the subsistence of his family, while the rector and the other parishioners went to tipple as usual.

The rector, while enjoying his glass, was informed of the enormous offence committed in his parish by this profane labourer, and went burning with wine and anger to seek the cultivator. "Sir, you are very insolent and very impious to dare to cultivate your field, instead of going to the tavern like other people." "I agree, sir," replied the gentleman, "that it is necessary to drink to the honour of the Saint; but it is also necessary to eat, and my family would die of hunger if I did not labour." "Drink and die then," said the vicar—"In what law, in what book is it so written?" said the labourer—"In Ovid," replied the vicar—"I think you are mistaken," said the gentleman; "in what part of Ovid have you read that I ought to go to the tavern rather than cultivate my field on St. Ragonda's day?"

It should be remarked that both the gentleman and the pastor were well educated men. "Read the metamorphoses of the daughters of Minyeïs," said the vicar—"I have read it," answered the other, "and I maintain that they have no relation to my plough." "How, impious man! do you not remember that the daughters of Minyeïs were changed into bats for having spun on a feast day?" "The case is very different," replied the gentleman, "these ladies had not rendered any homage to Bacchus. I have been at the mass of St. Ragonda, you can have nothing to say to me; you cannot change me into a bat." "I will do worse," said the priest, "I will fine you." He did so. The poor gentleman was ruined: he quitted the country with his family—went into a strange one—became a Lutheran—and his ground remained uncultivated for several years.

This affair was related to a magistrate of good sense and much piety. These are the reflections which he made upon it:

"They were no doubt innkeepers," said he, "that invented this prodigious number of feasts; the religion of peasants and artisans consists in getting tipsy on the day of a saint, whom they only know by this kind of worship. It is on these days of idleness and debauchery that all crimes are committed; it is these feasts which fill the prisons, and which support the police officers, registers, lieutenants of police, and hangmen; the only excuse for feast-days among us. From this cause catholic countries are scarcely cultivated at all; whilst heretics, by daily

cultivating their lands, produce abundant crops."

It is all very well that the shoemakers should go in the morning to mass on St. Crispin's day, because *crepido* signifies the upper leather of a shoe; that the brush-makers should honour St. Barbara their patron; that those who have weak eyes should hear the mass of St. Clara: that St. ——— should be celebrated in many provinces; but after having paid their devoirs to the saints they should become serviceable to men, they should go from the altar to the plough; it is the excess of barbarity, and insupportable slavery, to consecrate our days to idleness and vice. Priests, command, if it be necessary that the saints Roche, Eustace, and Fiacre, be prayed to in the morning; but, magistrates order your fields to be cultivated as usual. It is labour that is necessary; the greater the industry the more the day is sanctified.

SECTION II.

Letter from a Weaver of Lyons to the Gentlemen of the Commission established at Paris, for the Reformation of Religious Orders, printed in the public papers in 1768:—

"Gentlemen,—I am a silk weaver, and have worked at Lyons for nineteen years. My wages have increased insensibly; at present I get thirty-five sous per day. My wife, who makes lace, would get fifteen more, if it were possible for her to devote her time to it; but as the cares of the house, illness, or other things, continually hinder her, I reduce her profit to ten sous, which makes forty-five sous daily. If from the year we deduct eighty-two Sundays, or holidays, we shall have two hundred and eighty-four profitable days, which at forty-five sous make six hundred and thirty-nine livres. That is my revenue; the following are my expenses:—

"I have eight living children, and my wife is on the point of being confined with the eleventh; for I have lost two. I have been married fifteen years: so that I annually reckon twenty-four livres for the expenses of her confinements and baptisms, one hundred and eight livres for two nurses, having generally two children out at nurse, and sometimes even three. I pay fifty-seven livres rent and fourteen taxes.

"My income is then reduced to four hundred and thirty-six livres, or twenty-five sous three derniers per day, with which I have to clothe and furnish my family, buy wood and candles, and support my wife and six children.

"I look forward to holidays with dismay. I confess that I often almost curse their institution. They could only have been instituted by usurers and innkeepers.

"My father made me study hard in my youth, and wished me to become a monk, showing me in that state a sure asylum against want; but I always thought that every man owes his tribute to society, and that monks are useless drones who live upon the labour of the bees. Notwithstanding, I acknowledge that when I see John C . . . with whom I studied, and who was the most idle boy in the college, possessing the first place among the *premontres*, I cannot help regretting that I did not listen to my father's advice.

"This is the third holiday in Christmas, I have pawned the little furniture I had, I am in a week's debt with my tradesmen, and I want bread—how are we to get over the fourth? This is not all; I have the prospect of four more next week. Great God! Eight holidays in ten days; thou canst not have commanded it!

"One year I hoped that rents would diminish by the suppression of one of the monasteries of the capuchins and cordeliers. What useless houses in the centre of Lyons are those of the Jacobins, nuns of St. Peter, &c. Why not establish them in the suburbs, if they are thought necessary? How many more useful inhabitants would supply their places!

"All these reflections, gentlemen, have induced me to address myself to you who have been chosen by the king for the task of rectifying abuses. I am not the only one who thinks thus. How many labourers in Lyons and other places; how many labourers in the kingdom are reduced to the same extremities as myself? It is evident that every holiday costs the state several millions (livres). These considerations will lead you to take more to heart the interests of the people, which are rather too little attended to.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"Bocen."

This request, which was really presented, will not be misplaced in a work like the present.

SECTION III.

The feast given to the Roman people by Julius Cæsar and the emperors who succeeded him, are well known. The feast of twenty-two thousand tables served by twenty-two thousand purveyors: the naval fights on artificial lakes, &c. have not however been imitated by the Herulian, Lombard, and Frankish chieftains, who would have their festivity equally celebrated.

FERRARA.

What we have to say of Ferrara has no relation to literature, but it has a very great one to justice, which is much more necessary than the belles-lettres, and much less cultivated, at least in Italy.

Ferrara was constantly a fief of the empire, like Parma and Placencia. Pope Clement VIII. robbed Cæsar d'Este of it by force of arms, in 1597. The pretext for this tyranny was a very singular one for a man who called himself the humble vicar of Jesus Christ.

Alphonso d'Este, the first of the name, Sovereign of Ferrara, Modena, Este, Carpio, and Rovigno, espoused a simple gentlewoman of Ferrara, named Laura Eustochia, by whom he had three children before marriage. These children he solemnly acknowledged in the face of the church. None of the formalities prescribed by the laws were wanting at this recognition. His successor Alphonso d'Este, was acknowledged Duke of Ferrara; he espoused Julia d'Urbino, the daughter of Francis Duke d'Urbino, by whom he had the unfortunate Cæsar d'Este, the incontestible heir of all the property of all the family, and declared so by the last duke, who died the 27th of October, 1597. Pope Clement VIII. surnamed Aldobrandino, and originally of the family of a merchant of Florence, dared to pretend that the grandmother of Cæsar d'Este was not sufficiently noble, and that the children which she had brought into the world ought to be considered bastards. The first reason is ridiculous and scandalous in a bishop, the second is unwarrantable in every tribunal in Europe. If the duke was not legitimate, he ought to have lost Modena and his other states also; and if there was no flaw in his title, he ought to have kept Ferrara as well as Modena.

The acquisition of Ferrara was too fine a thing for the pope not to procure all the decretals and decisions of those brave theologians, who declare that the pope can render just that which is unjust. Consequently he first excommunicated Cæsar d'Este, and as excommunication necessarily deprives a man of all his property, the common father of the faithful raised his troops against the excommunicated, to rob him of his inheritance in the name of the church. These troops were defeated, but the Duke of Modena soon saw his finances exhausted, and his friends become cool.

To make his case still more deplorable, the King of France, Henry IV. believed himself obliged to take the side of the pope, in order to balance the credit of Philip II. at the court of Rome; in the same manner that good King Louis XII. less excusably dishonoured himself by uniting with that monster Alexander VI. and his execrable bastard the Duke of

Borgia. The duke was obliged to return and the pope caused Ferrara to be invaded by Cardinal Aldobrandino, who entered this flourishing city at the head of a thousand horse and five thousand foot soldiers.

It is a great pity that such a man as Henry IV. descended to this unworthiness which is called politic. The Catos, Metelluses, Scipios, and Fabriciuses would not thus have betrayed justice to please a priest—and such a priest!

From this time Ferrara became a desert; its uncultivated soil was covered with standing marshes. This province, under the house of Este, had been one of the finest in Italy; the people always regretted their ancient masters. It is true that the duke was indemnified; he was nominated to a bishopric and a benefice; he was even furnished with some measures of salt from the mines of Cervia. But it is no less true that the house of Modena has incontestable and imprescriptable rights to the duchy of Ferrara, of which it was thus shamefully despoiled.

Now, my dear reader, let us suppose that this scene took place at the time in which Jesus Christ appeared to his apostles after his resurrection, and that Simon Barjonas, surnamed Peter, wished to possess himself of the states of this poor Duke of Ferrara. Imagine the duke coming to Bethany to demand justice of the Lord Jesus. Our Lord sends immediately for Peter and says to him, "Simon, son of Jonas, I have given thee the keys of heaven, but I have not given thee those of the earth. Because thou hast been told that the heavens surround the globe, and that the contained is in the containing, dost thou imagine that kingdoms here below belong to thee, and that thou hast only to possess thyself of whatever thou likest? I have already forbidden thee to draw the sword. Thou appearest to me a very strange compound; at one time cutting off the ear of Malchus, and at another even denying me. Be more lenient and decorous, and take neither the property nor the ears of any one for fear of thine own."

FEVER.

It is not as a physician, but as a patient, that I wish to say a word or two on fever. We cannot help now and then speaking of our enemies; and this one has been attacking me for more than twenty years; not Fréron himself has been more implacable.

I ask pardon of Sydenham, who defined fever to be "an effort of nature, labouring with all its power to expel the peccant matter." We might thus define the small-pox, the measles, diarrhœa, vomitings, cutaneous eruptions, and twenty other diseases. But, if this physician defined ill, he practised well. He cured, because he had experience, and he knew how to wait.

Boerhaave says, in his Aphorisms:—"A more frequent opposition, and an increased resistance about the capillary vessels, give an absolute idea of an acute fever."

These are the words of a great master; but he sets out with acknowledging that the nature of fever is profoundly hidden.

He does not tell us what that secret principle is which develops itself at regular periods, in intermittent fever—what that internal poison is, which, after the lapse of a day, is renewed—where that flame is, which dies and revives at stated moments.

We pretty well know, that we are liable to fever after excess, or in unseasonable weather. We know that quinquina, judiciously administered, will cure it. This is quite enough: the *how* we do not know.

Every animal that does not perish suddenly, dies by fever. This fever seems to be the inevitable effect of the fluids that compose the blood, or that which is in the place of blood. The structure of every animal proves to natural philosophers, that it must, at all times, have enjoyed a very short life.

Theologians have held, or have pro-

m itigated, other opinions. It is not for us to examine this question. The philosophers and physicians have been right *in sensu humano*, and the theologians, *in sensu divino*. It is said in Deuteronomy, (chap. xxviii. 22.), that if the Jews do not serve the law, they shall be smitten "with a consumption, and with a fever, and with an inflammation, and with an extreme burning." It is only in Deuteronomy, and in Molière's Physician in Spite of Himself, that people have been threatened with fever.

It seems impossible that fever should not be an accident natural to an animate body, in which so many fluids circulate; just as it is impossible for an animate body not to be crushed by the falling of a rock.

Blood makes life; it furnishes the viscera, the limbs, the skin, the very extremities of the hairs and nails, with the fluids, the humours proper for them.

This blood, by which the animal has life, is formed by the chyle. During pregnancy, this chyle is transmitted from the uretha to the child; and, after the child is born, the milk of the nurse produces this same chyle. The greater diversity of aliments it afterwards receives, the more the chyle is liable to be soured. This alone forming the blood, and this blood, composed of so many different humours, so subject to corruption, circulating through the whole human body more than five hundred and fifty times in twenty-four hours, with the rapidity of a torrent, it is not only astonishing that fever is not more frequent; it is astonishing that man lives. In every articulation, in every gland, in every passage, there is danger of death; but there are also as many succours as there are dangers. Almost every membrane extends or contracts as occasion requires. All the veins have sluices, which open and shut, giving passage to the blood, and preventing a return, by which the machine would be destroyed. The blood, rushing through all these canals, purifies itself. It is a river that carries with it a thousand impurities; it discharges itself by perspiration, by transpiration, by all the secretions. Fever is itself a succour: it is a rectification when it does not kill.

Man, by his reason, accelerates the cure, by administering bitters, and, above all, by regimen. This reason is an oar, with which he may row for some time on the sea of the world, when disease does not swallow him up.

It is asked,—How is it that nature has abandoned the animals, her work, to so many horrible diseases, almost always accompanied by fever? How and why so many disorders, with so much order, formation, and destruction, everywhere side by side? This is a difficulty that often gives me a fever; but I beg you will read the letters of Memmius. Then, perhaps, you will be inclined to suspect that the incomprehensible artificer of vegetables, animals, and worlds, having made all for the best, could not have made anything better.

FICTION.

Is not a fiction, which teaches new and interesting truths, a fine thing? Do you not admire the Arabian story of the sultan, who would not believe that a little time could appear long, and who disputed with his dervise on the nature of duration? The latter, to convince him of it, begged him only to plunge his head for a moment into the basin in which he was washing. Immediately, the sultan finds himself transported into a frightful desert; he is obliged to labour to get a livelihood; he marries, and has children, who grow up and ill treat him; finally, he returns to his country and his palace, and he there finds the dervise who has caused him to suffer so many evils for five and twenty years. He is about to kill him; and is only appeased when he is assured that all passed in the moment in which, with his eyes shut, he put his head into the water.

You still more admire the fiction of the loves of Dido and Æneas, which caused the mortal hatred between Carthage and

Rome; as also that which exhibits, in Elysium, the destinies of the great men of the Roman empire.

You also like that of Alcina, in Ariosto, who possesses the dignity of Minerva with the beauty of Venus, who is so charming to the eyes of her lovers, who intoxicates them with voluptuous delights, and unites all the loves and graces; but who, when she is at last reduced to her true self, and the enchantment has passed away, is nothing more than a little shrivelled disgusting old woman.

As to fictions which represent nothing, teach nothing, and from which nothing results, are they anything more than falsities? And if they are incoherent and heaped together without choice, are they anything better than dreams?

You will possibly tell me, that there are ancient fictions which are very incoherent, without ingenuity, and even absurd, which are still admired; but is it not rather owing to the fine images which are scattered over these fictions, than to the inventions which introduce them? I will not dispute the point; but if you would be hissed at by all Europe, and afterwards forgotten for ever, write fictions similar to those which you admire.

FIERTE.

Fierte is one of those expressions, which, having been originally employed in an offensive sense, are afterwards used in a favourable one.

It is censure, when this word signifies high-flown, proud, haughty, and disdainful. It is almost praise, when it means the loftiness of a noble mind.

It is a just eulogium on a general who marches towards the enemy with fierté. Writers have praised the fierté of the gait of Louis XIV.; they should have contented themselves with remarking its nobleness.

Fierté, without dignity, is a merit incompatible with modesty. It is only fierté in air and manners which offends; it then displeases, even in kings.

Fierté of manner, in society, is the expression of pride; fierté of soul, is greatness. The distinctions are so nice, that a proud spirit is deemed blameable, while a proud soul is a theme of praise. By the former is understood one who thinks advantageously of himself, whilst the latter denotes one who entertains elevated sentiments.

Fierté, announced by the exterior, is so great a fault, that the weak, who abjectly praise it in the great, are obliged to soften it, or rather to extol it, by speaking of "this noble fierté." It is not simply vanity, which consists in setting a value upon little things; it is not presumption, which believes itself capable of great ones; it is not disdain, which adds contempt of others to a great opinion of self; but it is intimately allied to all these faults.

This word is used in romances, poetry, and above all in operas, to express the severity of female modesty. We meet with vain fierté, vigorous fierté, &c. Poets are, perhaps, more in the right than they imagine. The fierté of a woman is not only rigid modesty and love of duty, but the high value which she sets upon her beauty.

The fierté of the pencil is sometimes spoken of, to signify free and fearless touches.

FIGURE.

Every one desirous of instruction should read with attention all the articles in the "Dictionnaire Encyclopédique," under the head Figure; viz.

Figure of the Earth, by M. d'Alembert—a work both clear and profound, in which we find all that can be known on the subject.

Figure of Rhetoric, by César de Marsais—a piece of instruction which teaches at once to think and to write; and, like many other articles, make us regret that young people in general have not a convenient opportunity of reading things so useful.

Human Figure, as relating to painting

and sculpture—an excellent lesson given to every artist, by M. Watelet.

Figure, in physiology—a very ingenious article, by M. d'Abbés de Caberoles.

Figure, in arithmetic and in algebra—by M. Mallet.

Figure, in logic, in metaphysics, and in polite literature, by M. le Chevalier de Jaucour—a man superior to the philosophers of antiquity, inasmuch as he has preferred retirement, real philosophy, and indefatigable labour, to all the advantages that his birth might have procured him, in a country where birth is set above all beside, excepting money.

Figure or Form of the Earth.

Plato, Aristotle, Eratosthenes, Posidonius, and all the geometricians of Asia, of Egypt, and of Greece, having acknowledged the sphericity of our globe, how did it happen that we, for so long a time, imagined that the earth was a third longer than it was broad, and thence derived the terms *longitude* and *latitude*, which continually bear testimony to our ancient ignorance?

The reverence due to the Bible, which teaches us so many truths more necessary and more sublime, was the cause of this our almost universal error.

It had been found, in psalm ciii., that God had stretched the heavens over the earth like a skin; and as a skin is commonly longer than it is wide, the same was concluded of the earth.

St. Athanasius expresses himself as warmly against good astronomers as against the partisans of Arius and Eusebius. "Let us," says he, "stop the mouths of those barbarians, who, speaking without proof, dare to assert that the heavens also extend under the earth." The fathers considered the earth as a great ship, surrounded by water, with the prow to the east, and the stern to the west.

We still find, in Cosmas, a monk of the fourth century, a sort of geographical chart, in which the earth has this figure.

Tortato, Bishop of Avila, near the close of the fifteenth century, declares in his commentary on Genesis, that the Christian faith is shaken, if the earth is believed to be round.

Columbius, Vesputius, and Magellan, not having the fear of excommunication by this learned bishop before their eyes, the earth resumed its rotundity in spite of him.

Then man went from one extreme to the other; and the earth was regarded as a perfect sphere. But the error of the perfect sphere was the mistake of philosophers; while that of a long flat earth was the blunder of ideots.

When once it began to be clearly known that our globe revolves on its own axis every twenty-four hours, it might have been inferred from that alone that its form could not be absolutely round. Not only does the centrifugal zone considerably raise the waters in the region of the equator, by the motion of the diurnal rotation, but they are moreover elevated about twenty-five feet, twice a day, by the tides: the lands about the equator must then be perfectly inundated. But they are not so; therefore the region of the equator is much more elevated, in proportion, than the rest of the earth: then the earth is a spheroid elevated at the equator, and cannot be a perfect sphere. This proof, simple as it is, had escaped the greatest geniuses; because a universal prejudice rarely permits investigation.

We know that, in 1762, in a voyage to Cayenne, near the line, undertaken by order of Louis XIV., under the auspices of Colbert, the patron of all the arts, Richer, among many other observations, found that the oscillations or vibrations of his time-piece did not continue so frequent as in the latitude of Paris, and that it was absolutely necessary to shorten the pendulum one line and something more than a quarter. Physics and geometry were at that time not near so much cultivated as they now are: what man would have believed that an observation so tri-

vial in appearance, a line more or less, could lead to the knowledge of the greatest physical truths? It was first of all discovered that weight must necessarily be less on the equator than in our latitudes, since weight alone causes the oscillation of a pendulum. Consequently, the weight of bodies being the less the farther they are from the centre of the earth, it was inferred, that the region of the equator must be much more elevated than our own—much more remote from the centre; so the earth could not be an exact sphere.

Many philosophers acted, on the occasion of these discoveries, as all men act when an opinion is to be changed—they disputed on Richer's experiment; they pretended that our pendulums made their vibrations more slowly about the equator only because the metal was lengthened by the heat; but it was seen that the heat of the most burning summer lengthens it but one line in thirty feet; and here was an elongation of a line and a quarter, a line and a half, or even two lines, in an iron rod, only three feet and eight lines long.

Some years after, MM. Varin, Deshayes, Feuillée, and Couplet, repeated near the equator the same experiment on the pendulum; and it was always found necessary to shorten it, although the heat was very often less on the line than fifteen or twenty degrees from it. This experiment was again confirmed by the academicians whom Louis XV. sent to Peru; and who were obliged, on the mountains about Quito, where it froze, to shorten the second pendulum about two lines.

About the same time, the academicians who went to measure an arc of the meridian in the north, found that at Pello, within the Polar circle, it was necessary to lengthen the pendulum, in order to have the same oscillations as at Paris: consequently weight is greater at the polar circle than in the latitude of France, as it is greater in our latitude than at the equator. Weight being greater in the north, the north was therefore nearer the centre of the earth than the equator; therefore the earth was flattened at the poles.

Never did reasoning and experiment so fully concur to establish a truth. The celebrated Huygens, by calculating centrifugal forces, had proved that the consequent diminution of weight on the surface of a sphere was not great enough to explain the phenomena, and that therefore the earth must be a spheroid flattened at the Poles. Newton, by the principles of attraction, had found nearly the same relations: only it must be observed, that Huygens believed this force inherent in bodies determining them towards the centre of the globe, to be everywhere the same. He had not yet seen the discoveries of Newton; so that he considered the diminution of weight by the theory of centrifugal forces only. The effect of centrifugal forces diminishes the primitive gravity on the equator. The smaller the circles in which this centrifugal force is exercised become, the more it yields to the force of gravity; thus, at the pole itself the centrifugal force, being null, must leave the primitive gravity in full action. But this principle of a gravity always equal, falls to nothing before the discovery made by Newton, that a body transported, for instance, to the distance of ten diameters from the centre of the earth, would weigh one hundred times less than at the distance of one diameter.

It is then by the laws of gravitation, combined with those of the centrifugal force, that the real form of the earth must be shown. Newton and Gregory had such confidence in this theory, that they did not hesitate to advance, that experiments on weight were a surer means of knowing the form of the earth than any geographical measurement.

Louis XIV. had signalised his reign by that meridian, which was drawn through France: the illustrious Dominic Cassini had begun it with his son; and had, in 1701, drawn from the feet of the Pyrenees to the observatory a line as

straight as it could be drawn, considering the almost insurmountable obstacles which the height of mountains, the changes of refraction in the air, and the altering of instruments were constantly opposing to the execution of so vast and delicate an undertaking; he had, in 1701, measured six degrees eighteen minutes of that meridian. But, from whatever cause the error might proceed, he had found the degrees towards Paris, that is, towards the north, shorter than those towards the Pyrenees and the south. This measurement gave the lie both to that of Norwood and to the new theory of the earth flattened at the poles. Yet this new theory was beginning to be so generally received, that the academy's secretary did not hesitate, in his history of 1701, to say that the new measurements made in France proved the earth to be a spheroid flattened at the poles. The truth was, that Dominic Cassini's measurement led to a conclusion directly opposite; but, as the figure of the earth had not yet become a question in France, no one at that time was at the trouble of combatiug this false conclusion. The degrees ef the meridian from Collioure to Paris were believed to be exactly measured; and the pole. which from that measurement must necessarily be elongated, was believed to be flattened.

An engineer, named M. de Roubais, astonished at this conclusion, demonstrated that, by the measurements taken in France, the earth must be an oblate spheroid, of which the meridian passing through the poles must be longer than the equator, the poles being elongated. But of all the natural philosophers to whom he addressed his dissertation, not one would have it printed; because it seemed that the academy had pronounced it was too bold in an individual to raise his voice. Some time after the error of 1701 was acknowledged, that which had been said was unsaid; and the earth was lengthened by a just conclusion drawn from a false principle. The meridian was continued in the same principle from Paris to Dunkirk; and the degrees were still found to grow shorter as they approached the north. People were still mistaken respecting the figure of the earth, as they had been concerning the nature of light. About the same time, some mathematicians, who were performing the same operations in China, were astonished to find a difference among their degrees, which they had expected to find alike; and to discover, after many verifications, that they were shorter towards the north than towards the south. This accordance of the mathematicians of France with those of China was another powerful reason for believing in the oblate spheroid. In France they did still more; they measured parallels to the equator. It is easily understood that on an oblate spheroid our degrees of longitude must be shorter than on a sphere. M. de Cassini found the parallel which passes through St. Malo to be shorter by one thousand and thirty-seven toises than it would have been on a spherical earth.

All these measurements proved that the degrees had been found as it was wished to find them. They overturned, for a time, in France, the demonstrations of Newton and Huygens; and it was no longer doubted that the poles were of a form precisely contrary to that which had at first been attributed to them. In short, nothing at all was known about the matter.

At length, other academicians, who had visited the polar circle in 1736, having found, by new measurements, that the degree was longer there than in France, people doubted between them and the Cassinis. But these doubts were soon after removed: for these same astronomers, returning from the pole, examined afresh the degree measured by Picard, in 1677, to the north of Paris; and found the degree to be a hundred and twenty-three toises longer than it was according to Picard's measurement. If, then, Picard, with all his precautions, had made his degree one hundred and

twenty-three toises too short, it was not at all unlikely that the degrees towards the south had in like manner been found too long. Thus the first error of Picard, having furnished the foundations for the measurements of the meridian, also furnished an excuse for the almost inevitable errors, which very good astronomers might have committed in the course of these operations.

Unfortunately, other men of science found that, at the Cape of Good Hope, the degrees of the meridian did not agree with ours. Other measurements, taken in Italy, likewise contradicted those of France, and all were falsified by those of China. People again began to doubt, and to suspect, in my opinion very reasonably, that the earth had protuberances.

As for the English, though they are fond of travelling, they spared themselves the fatigue, and held fast their theory.

The difference between one diameter and the other is not more than five or six of our leagues—a difference immense in the eyes of a disputant, but almost imperceptible to those who consider the measurement of the globe only in reference to the purposes of utility which it may serve. A geographer could scarcely make this difference perceptible on a map; nor would a pilot be able to discover whether he was steering on a spheroid or on a sphere.

Yet there have been men bold enough to assert, that the lives of navigators depended on this question. Oh quackery! wilt thou spare no *degrees*—not even those of the meridian?

FIGURED—FIGURATIVE.

We say, a truth 'figured' by a fable, by a parable; the church 'figured' by the young spouse in Solomon's Song; ancient Rome 'figured' by Babylon. A figurative style is constituted by metaphorical expressions, figuring the things spoken of—and disfiguring them when the metaphors are not correct.

Ardent imagination, passion, desire—frequently deceived—produce the figurative style. We do not admit it into history, for too many metaphors are hurtful, not only to perspicuity, but also to truth, by saying more or less than the thing itself.

In didactic works, this style should be rejected. It is much more out of place in a sermon than in a funeral oration, because the sermon is a piece of instruction in which the truth is to be announced; while the funeral oration is a declamation in which it is to be exaggerated.

The poetry of enthusiasm as the epbpee and the ode, is that to which this style is best adapted. It is less admissible in tragedy, where the dialogue should be natural as well as elevated; and still less in comedy, where the style must be more simple.

The limits to be set to the figurative style, in each kind, are determined by taste. Balthazar Gracian says, that "our thoughts depart from the vast shores of memory, embark on the sea of imagination, arrive in the harbour of intelligence, and are entered at the custom-house of the understanding."

This is precisely the style of Harlequin. He says to his master, "The ball of your commands has rebounded from the racket of my obedience." Must it not be owned that such is frequently that oriental style which people strive to admire.

Another fault of the figurative style is the accumulating of incoherent figures. A poet, speaking of some philosophers, has called them:—

> D'ambitieux pygmées
> Qui sur leurs pieds vainement redressés
> Et sur des monts d'argumens entassés
> De jour en jour superbes Encelades,
> Vont redoublant leurs folles escalades.

When philosophers are to be written against, it should be done better. How do ambitious pigmies, reared on their hind legs on mountains of arguments, continue escalades? What a false and ridiculous image! What elaborate dulness!

In an allegory by the same author, en-

titled the Liturgy of Cytherea, we find these lines:—

> De toutes parts, autour de l'inconnue,
> Ils vont tomber comme grêle menue,
> Moissons des cœurs sur la terre jonchés,
> Et des Dieux même à son char attachés,
>
> De par Venus nous verons cette affaire
> Si s'en retourne aux cieux dans son sérail,
> En ruminant comment il pourra faire
> Pour ramener la brebis au bercail.

Here we have harvests of hearts thrown on the ground like small hail; and among these hearts palpitating on the ground, are gods bound to the car of the unknown; while Love, sent by Venus, ruminates in his seraglio in heaven, what he shall do to bring back to the fold this lost mutton surrounded by scattered hearts. All this forms a figure at once so false, so puerile, and so incoherent—so disgusting, so extravagant, so stupidly expressed, we are astonished that a man, who made good verses of another kind, and was not devoid of taste, could write anything so miserably bad.

Figures, metaphors, are not necessary in an allegory: what has been invented with imagination, may be told with simplicity. Plato has more allegories than figures; he often expresses them elegantly and without ostentation.

Nearly all the maxims of the ancient orientals and of the Greeks were in the figurative style. All those sentences are metaphors, or short allegories; and in them the figurative style has great effect in rousing the imagination and impressing the memory.

We know that Pythagoras said, "In the tempest adore the echo," that is, during civil broils retire to the country; and, "Stir not the fire with the sword," meaning, do not irritate minds already inflamed.

In every language, there are many common proverbs, which are in the figurative style.

FIGURE IN THEOLOGY.

It is quite certain, and is agreed by the most pious men, that figures and allegories have been carried too far. Some of the fathers of the church regard the piece of red cloth, placed by the courtezan Rahab at her window, for a signal to Joshua's spies, as a figure of the blood of Jesus Christ. This is an error of an order of mind, which would find mystery in everything.

Nor can it be denied that St. Ambrose made a very bad use of his taste for allegory, when he says, in his book of Noah and the Ark, that the back-door of the ark was a figure of our hinder parts.

All men of sense have asked how it can be proved that these Hebrew words, "maher, salas-has-bas," (take quick the spoils) are a figure of Jesus Christ? How Judah, tying his ass to a vine, and washing his cloak in the wine, is also a figure of him? How Ruth, slipping into bed to Boaz, can figure the church? How Sarah and Rachel are the church, and Hagar and Leah the synagogue? How the kisses of the Shunamite typify the marriage of the church?

A volume might be made of these enigmas, which, to the best theologians of later times, have appeared to be rather far-fetched than edifying.

The danger of this abuse is fully admitted by the abbé Fleury, the author of the "Ecclesiastical History." It is a vestige of rabbinism; a fault into which the learned St. Jerome never fell. It is like oniromancy, or the explanation of dreams. If a girl sees muddy water, when dreaming, she will be ill married; if she sees clear water, she will have a good husband; a spider denotes money, &c.

In short, will enlightened posterity believe it? the understanding of dreams has, for more than four thousand years, been made a serious study.

Symbolical Figures.

All nations have made use of them, as we have said in the article Emblem. But who began? Was it the Egyptians? It is not very likely. We think we have already more than once proved that Egypt is a country quite new, and that many ages were requisite to save the

country from inundations, and render it habitable. It is impossible that the Egyptians should have invented the signs of the zodiac, since the figures denoting our seed-time and harvest cannot coincide with theirs. When we cut our corn, their land is covered with water; and when we sow, their reaping time is approaching. Thus the bull of our zodiac, and the girl bearing ears of corn, cannot have come from Egypt.

Here is also an evident proof of the falsity of the new paradox, that the Chinese are an Egyptian colony. The characters are not the same. The Chinese mark the course of the sun by twenty-eight constellations; and the Egyptians, after the Chaldeans, reckoned only twelve, like ourselves.

The figures that denote the planets are in China and in India all different from those of Egypt and of Europe; so are the signs of the metals; so is the method of guiding the hand in writing. Nothing could have been more chimerical than to send the Egyptians to people China.

All these fabulous foundations, laid in fabulous times, have caused an irreparable loss of time to a prodigious multitude of the learned, who have all been bewildered in their laborious researches, which might have been serviceable to mankind if directed to arts of real utility.

Pluche, in his History, or rather his fable, of the Heavens, assures us that Ham, son of Noah, went and reigned in Egypt, where there was nobody to reign over; that his son Menes was the greatest of legislators, and that Thoth was his prime minister.

According to him and his authorities, this Thoth, or somebody else, instituted feasts in honour of the deluge; and the joyful cry of "Io Bacche," so famous among the Greeks, was, among the Egyptians, a lamentation. *Bacche* came from the Hebrew *beke*, signifying *sobs*, and that at a time when the Hebrew people did not exist. According to this explanation, *joy* means *sorrow*, and *to sing* signifies *to weep*.

The Iroquois have more sense. They do not take the trouble to enquire what passed on the shores of lake Ontario some thousand years ago: instead of making systems, they go hunting.

The same authors affirm that the sphynxes, with which Egypt was adorned, signified *superabundance*, because some interpreters have asserted that the Hebrew word *spung* meant an *excess;* as if the Egyptians had taken lessons from the Hebrew tongue, which is, in great part, derived from the Phenician: besides, what relation has a sphynx to an abundance of water? Future schoolmen will maintain, with greater appearance of reason, that the masks which decorate the key-stones of our windows are emblems of our masquerades; and that these fantastic ornaments announced that balls were given in every house to which they were affixed.

Figure, Figurative, Allegorical, Mystical, Tropological, Typical, &c.

This is often the art of finding in books everything but what they really contain. For instance, Romulus killing his brother Remus shall signify the death of the Duke of Berry, brother to Louis XI.; Regulus, imprisoned at Carthage, shall typify St. Louis captive at Massoura.

It is very justly remarked in the Encyclopedia, that many fathers of the church have, perhaps, carried this taste for allegorical figures a little too far; but they are to be reverenced, even in their wanderings.

If the holy fathers used and then abused this method, their little excesses of imagination may be pardoned, in consideration of their holy zeal.

The antiquity of the usage may also be pleaded in justification, since it was practised by the earliest philosophers. But it is true that the symbolical figures employed by the fathers are in a different taste.

For example: When St. Augustin wishes to make it appear that the forty-

two generations of the genealogy of Jesus are announced by St. Matthew, who gives only forty-one, he says that Jechonias must be counted twice, because Jechonias is a *corner-stone* belonging to two walls; that these two walls figure the old and the new law; and that Jechonias, being thus the *corner-stone*, figures Jesus Christ, who is the *real corner-stone*.

The same saint, in the same sermon, says that the number forty must prevail; and at once abandons Jechonias and his corner-stone, counted as two. The number forty, he says, signifies life; *ten*, which is perfect beatitude, being multiplied by *four*, which, being the number of the seasons, figures time.

Again, in the same sermon, he explains why St. Luke gives Jesus Christ seventy-seven ancestors: fifty-six up to the patriarch Abraham, and twenty-one from Abraham up to God himself. It is true that, according to the Hebrew text, there would be but seventy-six; for the Hebrew does not reckon a Cainan, who is interpolated in the Greek translation called the Septuagint.

Thus saith Augustin :—"The number seventy-seven figures the abolition of all sins by baptism.... the number ten signifies justice and beatitude, resulting from the creature, which makes seven with the Trinity, which is three: therefore it is that God's commandments are ten in number. The number eleven denotes sin, because it *transgresses* ten.... This number seventy-seven is the product of eleven, figuring sin, multiplied by seven, and not by ten, for seven is the symbol of the creature. Three represents the soul, which is in some sort an image of the Divinity; and four represents the body, on account of its four qualities," &c.

In these explanations, we find some trace of the cabalistic mysteries and the quaternary of Pythagoras. This taste was very long in vogue.

St. Augustin goes much farther, concerning the dimensions of matter. *Breadth* is the dilatation of the heart, which performs good works; *length* is perseverance; *depth* is the hope of reward. He carries the allegory very far, applying it to the cross, and drawing great consequences therefrom.

The use of these figures had passed from the Jews to the Christians long before St. Augustin's time. It is not for us to know within what bounds it was right to stop.

The examples of this fault are innumerable. No one who has studied to advantage will hazard the introduction of such figures, either in the pulpit or in the school. We find no such instances among the Romans or the Greeks, not even in their poets.

In Ovid's Metamorphoses themselves, we find only ingenious deductions drawn from fables which are given as fables.

Deucalion and Pyrrha threw stones behind them between their legs, and men were produced therefrom. Ovid says:—

> Inde genus durum sumus, experiensque laborum,
> Et documenta damus qua simus origine nati.

> Thence we're a hardened and laborious race,
> Proving full well our stony origin.

Apollo loves Daphne, but Daphne does not love Apollo. This is because love has two kinds of arrows; the one golden and piercing, the other leaden and blunt. Apollo has received in his heart a golden arrow, Daphne a leaden one.

> Ecce sagittifera prompsit duo tela pharetra
> Diversorum operum; fugat hoc, facit illud amorem
> Quod facit auratum est, et cuspide fulget acuta:
> Quod fugat obtusum est, et habet sub arundine plumbum, &c.

> Two different shafts he from his quiver draws;
> One to repel desire and one to cause.
> One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold,
> To bribe the love, and make the lover bold;
> One blunt and tipt with lead, whose base allay
> Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.—*Dryden.*

These figures are all ingenious, and deceive no one.

That Venus, the goddess of beauty, should not go unattended by the Graces, is a charming truth. These fables, which were in the mouth of every one—these allegories, so natural and attractive—had so much sway over the minds of men, that perhaps the first Christians imitated while they opposed them.

They took up the weapons of mythology to destroy it, but they could not wield them with the same address. They did not reflect that the sacred austerity of our holy religion placed these resources out of their power, and that a Christian hand would have dealt but awkwardly with the lyre of Apollo.

However, the taste for these typical and prophetic figures was so firmly rooted, that every prince, every statesman, every pope, every founder of an order, had allegories or allusions taken from the holy scriptures, applied to him. Satire and flattery rivalled each other in drawing from this source.

When Pope Innocent III. made a bloody crusade against the court of Toulouse, he was told, "Innocens eris a malèdictione."

When the order of the Minimes was established, it appeared that their founder had been foretold in Genesis:—"Minimus cum patre nostro."

The preacher who preached before John of Austria after the celebrated battle of Lepanto, took for his text, "Fuit homo missus à Deo, cui nomen erat Johannes;" A man sent from God, whose name was John: and this allusion was very fine, if all the rest were ridiculous. It is said to have been repeated for John Sobeiski, after the deliverance of Vienna; but this latter preacher was nothing more than a plagiarist.

In short, so constant has been this custom, that no preacher of the present day has ever failed to take an allegory for his text. One of the most happy instances, is the text of the funeral oration over the Duke of Candale, delivered before his sister, who was considered a pattern of virtue:—"Dic, quia soror mea es, ut mihi bene eveniat propter te."—"Say, I pray thee, that thou art my sister, that it may be well with me for thy sake."

It is not to be wondered at, that the Cordeliers carried these figures rather too far in favour of St. Francis of Assisi, in the famous, but little known book, entitled, "Conformities of St. Francis of Assisi with Jesus Christ." We find in it sixty-four predictions of the coming of St. Francis, some in the Old Testament, others in the New; and each prediction contains three figures, which signify the founding of the Cordeliers. So that these fathers find themselves foretold in the Bible a hundred and ninety-two times.

From Adam down to St. Paul, everything prefigured the blessed Francis of Assisi. The scriptures were given to announce to the universe the sermons of Francis to the quadrupeds, the fishes, and the birds, the sport he had with a woman of snow, his frolics with the devil, his adventures with brother Elias and brother Pacificus.

These pious reveries, which amounted even to blasphemy, have been condemned. But the Order of St. Francis has not suffered by them, having renounced these extravagancies so common to the barbarous ages.

FINAL CAUSES.

SECTION I.

VIRGIL says, (Æneid, book vi. 727):

Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.
This active mind infus'd, through all the space
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.—*Dryden.*

Virgil said well: and Benedict Spinoza, who has not the brilliancy of Virgil, nor his merit, is compelled to acknowledge an intelligence presiding over all. Had he denied this, I should have said to him—Benedict, you are a fool; you possess intelligence and you deny it, and to whom do you deny it?

In the year 1770, there appeared a man, in some respects far superior to Spinoza, as eloquent as the Jewish Hollander is dry, less methodical, but infinitely more perspicuous; perhaps equal to him in mathematical science, but without the ridiculous affectation of applying mathematical reasonings to metaphysical and moral subjects. The man I mean is the author of the "System of Nature." He assumed the name of Mirabaud, the secretary of the French Academy. Alas! the worthy secretary was incapable of

writing a single page of the book of our formidable opponent. I would recommend it to all you, who are disposed to avail yourselves of your reason and acquire instruction, to read the following eloquent though dangerous passage from the System of Nature. (Part II., chap. v., p. 153, &c.)

"It is contended, that animals furnish us with a convincing evidence that there is some powerful cause of their existence; the admirable adaptation of their different parts, mutually receiving and conferring aid towards accomplishing their functions, and maintaining in health and vigour the entire being, announce to us an artificer uniting power to wisdom. Of the power of nature, it is impossible for us to doubt; she produces all the animals that we see by the help of combinations of that matter, which is in incessant action; the adaptation of the parts of these animals is the result of the necessary laws of their nature, and of their combination. When the adaptation ceases, the animal is necessarily destroyed. What then becomes of the wisdom, the intelligence, or the goodness of that alleged cause, to which was ascribed all the honour of this boasted adaptation. Those animals of so wonderful a structure as to be pronounced the works of an immutable God, do not they undergo incessant changes; and do not they end in decay and destruction? Where are the wisdom, the goodness, the foresight, the immutability of an artificer, whose sole object appears to be to derange and destroy the springs of those machines which are proclaimed to be master-pieces of his power and skill? If this God can act no otherwise than thus, he is neither free nor omnipotent. If his will changes, he is not immutable. If he permit machines, which he has endowed with sensibility, to experience pain, he is deficient in goodness. If he has been unable to render his productions solid and durable, he is deficient in skill. Perceiving as we do the decay and ruin not only of all animals but of all the other works of deity, we cannot but inevitably conclude, either that everything performed in the course of nature is absolutely necessary—the unavoidable result of its simperative and insuperable laws, or that the artificer who impels her various operations is destitute of plan, of power, of constancy, of skill, and of goodness.

"Man, who considers himself the master-work of the divinity, supplies us more readily and completely than any other production, with evidence of the incapacity or malignity of his pretended author. In this being, possessed of feeling, intuition, and reason, which considers itself as the perpetual object of divine partiality, and forms its God on the model of itself, we see a machine more changeable, more frail, more liable to derangement from its extraordinary complication, than that of the coarsest and grossest beings. Beasts which are destitute of our mental powers and acquirements, plants which merely vegetate, stones which are unendowed with sensation, are, in many respects, beings far more favoured than man. They are, at least, exempt from distress of mind, from the tortures of thought, and corrosions of care, to which the latter is a victim. Who would not prefer being a mere unintelligent animal, or a senseless stone, when his thoughts revert to the irreparable loss of an object dearly beloved? Would it not be infinitely more desirable to be an inanimate mass, than the gloomy votary and victim of superstition, trembling under the present yoke of his diabolical deity, and anticipating infinite torments in a future existence? Beings, destitute of sensation, life, memory, and thought, experience no affliction from the idea of what is past, present, or to come; they do not believe there is any danger of incurring eternal torture for inaccurate reasoning; which is believed, however, by many of those favoured beings who maintain that the great architect of the world has created the universe for themselves.

"Let us not be told that we have no idea of a work without having that of the artificer distinguished from the work.

Nature is not a work: She has always existed of herself. Every process takes place in her bosom. She is an immense manufactory, provided with materials, and she forms the instruments by which she acts: all her works are effects of her own energy, and of agents or causes which she frames, contains, and impels. Eternal, uncreated elements—elements indestructible, ever in motion, and combining in exquisite and endless diversity, originate all the beings and all the phenomena that we behold; all the effects, good or evil, that we feel; the order or disorder which we distinguish, merely by different modes in which they affect ourselves; and, in a word, all those wonders which excite our meditation and confound our reasoning. These elements, in order to effect objects thus comprehensive and important, require nothing beyond their own properties, individual or combined, and the motion essential to their very existence; and thus preclude the necessity of recurring to an unknown artificer, in order to arrange, mould, combine, preserve, and dissolve them.

"But, even admitting for a moment, that it is impossible to conceive of the universe without an artificer who formed it, and who preserves and watches over his work, where shall we place that artificer? shall he be within or without the universe? is he matter or motion? or is he mere space, nothingness, vacuity? In each of these cases, he will either be nothing, or he will be comprehended in nature, and subjected to her laws. If he is in nature, I think I see in her only matter in motion, and cannot but thence conclude, that the agent impelling her is corporeal and material, and that he is consequently liable to dissolution. If this agent is out of nature, then I have no idea of what place he can occupy, nor of an immaterial being, nor of the manner in which a spirit, without extension, can operate upon the matter from which it is separated. Those unknown tracts of space which imagination has placed beyond the visible world, may be considered as having no existence for a being who can scarcely see to the distance of his own feet; the ideal power which inhabits them can never be represented to my mind, unless when my imagination combines at random the fantastic colours which it is always forced to employ in the world on which I am. In this case, I shall merely reproduce in idea what my senses have previously actually perceived; and that God, which I, as it were, compel myself to distinguish from nature, and to place beyond her circuit, will ever, in opposition to all my efforts, necessarily withdraw within it.

"It will be observed and insisted upon by some, that if a statue or a watch were shown to a savage who had never seen them, he would inevitably acknowledge that they were the productions of some intelligent agent, more powerful and ingenious than himself; and hence it will be inferred, that we are equally bound to acknowledge that the machine of the universe, that man, that the phenomena of nature, are the productions of an agent, whose intelligence and power are far superior to our own.

"I answer, in the first place, that we cannot possibly doubt either the great power or the great skill of nature: we admire her skill as often as we are surprised by the extended, varied, and complicated effects which we find in those of her works which we take the pains to investigate; she is not, however, either more or less skilful in any one of her works than in the rest. We no more comprehend how she could produce a stone or a piece of metal, than how she could produce a head organised like that of Newton. We call that man skilful who can perform things which we are unable to perform ourselves. Nature can perform everything; and when anything exists, it is a proof that she was able to make it. Thus, it is only in relation to ourselves that we ever judge nature to be skilful: we compare it in those cases with ourselves; and, as we possess a quality which we call intelligence, by the

aid of which we produce works, in which we display our skill, we thence conclude, that the works of nature which must excite our astonishment and admiration, are not in fact hers, but the productions of an artificer, intelligent like ourselves, and whose intelligence we proportion, in our minds, to the degree of astonishment excited in us by his works; that is, in fact, to our own weakness and ignorance."

See the reply to these arguments under the articles ATHEISM and GOD, and in the following section, written long before the "System of Nature."

SECTION II.

If a clock is not made in order to tell the time of the day, I will then admit that final causes are nothing but chimeras, and be content to go by the name of a final-cause-finder;—in plain language, fool—to the end of my life.

All the parts, however, of that great machine the world, seem made for each other. Some philosophers affect to deride final causes, which were rejected, they tell us, by Epicurus and Lucretius. But it seems to me, that Epicurus and Lucretius rather merit the derision. They tell you that the eye is not made to see; but that, since it was found out that eyes were capable of being used for that purpose, to that purpose they have been applied. According to them, the mouth is not formed to speak and eat, nor the stomach to digest, nor the heart to receive the blood from the veins and impel it through the arteries, nor the feet to walk, nor the ears to hear. Yet, at the same time, these very shrewd and consistent persons admitted, that tailors made garments to clothe them, and masons built houses to lodge them; and thus ventured to deny to nature—the great existence, the universal intelligence—what they conceded to the most insignificant artificers employed by themselves.

The doctrine of final causes ought certainly to be preserved from being abused. We have already remarked that M. le Prieur, in the Spectator of Nature, contends in vain, that the tides were attached to the ocean to enable ships to enter more easily into their ports, and to preserve the water from corruption: he might just as probably and successfully have urged, that legs were made to wear boots, and noses to bear spectacles.

In order to satisfy ourselves of the truth of a final cause, in any particular instance, it is necessary that the effect produced should be uniform and invariably in time and place. Ships have not existed in all times and upon all seas; accordingly, it cannot be said that the ocean was made for ships. It is impossible not to perceive how ridiculous it would be to maintain that nature had toiled on from the very beginning of time to adjust herself to the inventions of our fortuitous and arbitrary arts, all of which are of so late a date in their discovery; but it is perfectly clear that if noses were not made for spectacles, they were made for smelling, and there have been noses ever since there were men. In the same manner, hands, instead of being bestowed for the sake of gloves, are visibly destined for all those uses to which the metacarpus, the phalanx of the fingers, and the movements of the circular muscle of the wrist, render them applicable by us.

Cicero, who doubted everything else, had no doubt about final causes.

It appears particularly difficult to suppose that those parts of the human frame, by which the perpetuation of the species is conducted, should not, in fact, have been intended and destined for that purpose, from their mechanism so truly admirable, and the sensation which nature has connected with it more admirable still. Epicurus would be at least obliged to admit that pleasure is divine, and that that pleasure is a final cause, in consequence of which beings, endowed with sensibility, but who could never have communicated it to themselves, have been incessantly introduced into the world as others have passed away from it.

This philosopher, Epicurus, was a great man for the age in which he lived.

He saw that Descartes denied, what Gassendi affirmed, and what Newton demonstrated—that motion cannot exist without a vacuum. He conceived the necessity of atoms to serve as constituent parts of invariable species. These are philosophical ideas. Nothing, however, was more respectable than the morality of genuine Epicureans; it consisted in sequestration from public affairs, which are incompatible with wisdom, and in friendship, without which, life is but a burden. But as to the rest of the philosophy of Epicurus, it appears not to be more admissible than the grooved or tubular matter of Descartes. It is, as it appears to me, wilfully to shut the eyes and the understanding, and to maintain that there is no design in nature; and if there is design, there is an intelligent cause: there exists a God.

Some object to us the irregularities of our globe, the volcanoes, the plains of moving sands, some small mountains swallowed up in the ocean, others raised by earthquakes, &c. But does it follow from the naves of your chariot wheels taking fire, that your chariot was not made expressly for the purpose of conveying you from one place to another?

The chains of mountains which crown both hemispheres, and more than six hundred rivers which flow from the foot of these rocks towards the sea; the various streams that swell these rivers in their cause, after fertilising the fields through which they pass; the innumerable fountains which spring from the same source, which supply necessary refreshment, and growth, and beauty to animal and vegetable life; all this appears no more to result from a fortuitous concourse and an obliquity of atoms, than the retina which receives the rays of light, or the chrystalline humour which refracts it, or the drum of the ear which admits sounds, or the circulation of the blood in our veins, the systole and diastole of the heart, the regulating principle of the machine of life.

SECTION III.

It would appear that a man must be supposed to have lost his senses, before he can deny that stomachs are made for digestion, eyes to see, and ears to hear.

On the other hand, a man must have a singular partiality for final causes, to assert that stone was made for building houses, and that silk-worms are produced in China that we may wear satins in Europe.

But, it is urged, if God has evidently done one thing by design, he has then done all things by design. It is ridiculous to admit providence in the one case and to deny it in the others. Everything that is done was forseen, was arranged. There is no arrangement without an object, no effect without a cause; all, therefore, is equally the result, the produce of a final cause: it is therefore, as correct to say that noses were made to bear spectacles, and fingers to be adorned with rings, as to say that the ears were formed to hear sounds, the eyes to receive light.

All that this objection amounts to, in my opinion, is, that everything is the result, nearer or more remote, of a general final cause; that everything is the consequence of eternal laws.

When the effects are invariably the same in all times and places, and when these uniform effects are independent of the beings to which they attach, then there is visibly a final cause.

All animals have eyes and see; all have ears and hear; all have a mouth with which they eat; a stomach, or something similar, by which they digest their food; all have suitable means for expelling the fæces; all have the organs requisite for the continuation of their species; and these natural gifts perform their regular course and process without any application or intermixture of art. Here are final causes clearly established; and to deny a truth so universal would be a perversion of the faculty of reason.

But stones, in all times and places, do not constitute the materials of buildings. All noses do not bear spectacles; all fingers do not carry a ring; all legs are not covered with silk stockings. A silk-worm, therefore, is not made to cover my legs, exactly as your mouth is made for eating, and another part of your person for the "garderobe." There are, therefore, we see, immediate effects produced from final causes, and effects of a very numerous description, which are remote productions from those causes.

Everything belonging to nature is uniform, immutable, and the immediate work of its author. It is he who has established the laws by which the moon contributes three-fourths to the cause of the flux and reflux of the ocean, and the sun the remaining fourth. It is he who has given a rotatory motion to the sun, in consequence of which that orb communicates its rays of light in the short space of seven minutes and a half to the eyes of men, crocodiles, and cats.

But if, after a course of ages, we started the inventions of shears and spits, to clip the wool of sheep with the one, and with the other to roast in order to eat them, what else can be inferred from such circumstances, but that God formed us in such a manner that, at some time or other, we could not avoid becoming ingenious and carnivorous?

Sheep, undoubtedly, were not made expressly to be roasted and eaten, since many nations abstain from such food with horror. Mankind are not created essentially to massacre one another, since the bramins, and the respectable primitives called quakers, kill no one. But the clay out of which we are kneaded frequently produces massacres, as it produces calumnies, vanities, persecutions, and impertinences. It is not precisely that the formation of man is the final cause of our madnesses and follies, for a final cause is universal, and invariable in every age and place: but the horrors and absurdities of the human race are not at all the less included in the eternal order of things. When we thresh our corn, the flail is the final cause of the separation of the grain. But if that flail, while threshing my grain, crushes to death a thousand insects, that occurs not by an express and determinate act of my will, nor, on the other hand, is it by mere chance; the insects were, on this occasion, actually under my flail, and could not but be there.

It is a consequence of the nature of things that a man should be ambitious; that he should enrol and discipline a number of other men; that he should be a conqueror, or that he should be defeated; but it can never be said that the man was created by God to be killed in war.

The organs with which nature has supplied us cannot always be final causes in action. The eyes which are bestowed for seeing are not constantly open. Every sense has its season for repose. There are some senses that are even made no use of. An imbecile and wretched female, for example, shut up in a cloister at the age of fourteen years, mars one of the final causes of her existence; but the cause, nevertheless, equally subsists, and whenever it is free, it will operate.

FINESSE, FINENESS, &c.

Of the different Significations of the Word.

Fineness either in its proper or its figurative sense does not signify either light, slender, fine, or of a rare thin texture; this word expresses something delicate and finished. Light cloth, soft linen, thin lace, or slender galoon, are not always fine.

This word has a relation to the verb to finish, whence come the finishings of art; thus we say, the finishings of Vanderwerff's pencil or of Mieris: we say, a fine horse, fine gold, a fine diamond, &c. A fine horse is opposed to a clumsy one; the fine diamond to a false one;

fine or refined gold to gold mixed with alloy.

Fineness is generally applied to delicate things and lightness of manufacture. Although we say a fine horse, we seldom say, "the fineness of a horse." We speak of the fineness of hair, lace, or a stuff. When by this word we should express the fault or wrong use of anything, we add the adverb *too;* as,—This thread is broken, it was too fine; this stuff is too fine for the season.

Fineness or finesse, in a figurative sense, applies to conduct, speech, and works of mind. In conduct, finesse always expresses, as in the arts, something delicate or subtle; it may sometimes exist without ability, but it is very rarely unaccompanied by a little deception; politics admit it, and society reproves it.

Finesse is not exactly subtlety; we draw a person into a snare with finesse; we escape from it with subtlety. We act with finesse, and we play a subtle trick. Distrust is inspired by an unsparing use of finesse; yet we almost always deceive ourselves if we too generally suspect it.

Finesse, in works of wit, as in conversation, consists in the art of not expressing a thought clearly, but leaving it so as to be easily perceived. It is an enigma to which people of sense readily find the solution.

A chancellor one day offering his protection to parliament, the first president turning towards the assembly, said: "Gentlemen, thank the chancellor; he he has given us more than we demanded of him;"—a very witty reproof.

Finesse, in conversation and writing, differs from delicacy; the first applies equally to piquant and agreeable things, even to blame and praise; and still more to indecencies, over which a veil is drawn, through which we cannot penetrate without a blush. Bold things may be said with finesse.

Delicacy expresses soft and agreeable sentiments and ingenious praise; thus finesse belongs more to epigram, and delicacy to madrigal. It is delicacy which enters into a lover's jealousies, and not finesse.

The praise given to Louis XIV. by Despreaux are not always equally delicate; satires are not always sufficiently ingenious in the way of finesse.

When Iphigenia, in Racine, has received from her father the order never to see Achilles more, she cries,—

> Dieux plus doux, vous n'aviez demandé que ma vie!
> More gentle gods, 'you' only ask my life!

The true character of this line partakes rather of delicacy than of finesse.

FIRE.

SECTION I.

Is fire anything more than an element which lights, warms, and burns us? Is not light always fire, though fire is not always light? And is not Boerhaave in the right?

Is not the purest fire extracted from our combustibles, always gross, and partaking of the bodies consumed, and very different from elementary fire?

How is fire distributed throughout nature, of which it is the soul?

> Ignis ubique latet, naturam amplectitur omnem,
> Cuncta parit, renovat, dividit, unit, alit.

Why did Newton, in speaking of rays of light, always say,—"De natura radiorum lucis, utrum corpora sint nec ne non disputans;" without examining whether they were bodies or not?

Did he only speak geometrically? In that case, this doubt was useless. It is evident that he doubted of the nature of elementary fire, and doubted with reason.

Is elementary fire a body like others, as earth and water? If it was a body of this kind, would it not gravitate like all other matter? Would it escape from the luminous body in a right line? Would it have an uniform progression? And why does light never move out of a right line when it is unimpeded in its rapid course?

May not elementary fire have properties of matter little known to us, and properties of substance entirely so? May it not be a medium between matter and substances of another kind? And who can say that there are not a million of these substances? I do not say that there are, but I say it is not proved that there may not be.

It was very difficult to believe, about a hundred years ago, that bodies acted upon one another, not only without touching, and without emission, but at great distances; it is however found to be true, and is no longer doubted. At present, it is difficult to believe that the rays of the sun are penetrable by each other, but who knows what may happen to prove it?

However that may be, I wish, for the novelty of the thing, that this incomprehensible penetrability could be admitted. Light has something so divine, that we should endeavour to make it a step to the discovery of substances still more pure.

Come to my aid, Empedocles and Democritus; come and admire the wonders of electricity; see if the sparks which traverse a thousand bodies in the twinkling of an eye, are of ordinary matter; judge if elementary fire does not contract the heart, and communicate that warmth which gives life! Judge if this element is not the source of all sensation, and if sensation is not the origin of thought; though ignorant and insolent pedants have condemned the proposition, as one which should be persecuted.

Tell me, if the Supreme Being, who presides over all nature, cannot for ever preserve these elementary atoms which he has so rarely endowed? "Igneus est ollis vigor et cœlestis origo."

The celebrated Le Cat calls this vivifying fluid—"An amphibious being, endowed by its author with a superior refinement which links it to immaterial beings, and thereby ennobles and elevates it into that medium nature which we recognise, and which is the source of all its properties."

You are of the opinion of Le Cat? I would be so too if I could; but there are so many fools and villains, that I dare not: I can only think quietly in my own way at Mount Krapak. Let others think as well as they are allowed to think, whether at Salamanca or Bergamo.

SECTION II.

Of what is understood by Fire used figuratively.

Fire, particularly in poetry, often signifies love, and is employed more elegantly in the plural than in the singular. Corneille often says *un beau feu* for a virtuous and noble love. A man has fire in his conversation: that does not mean that he has brilliant and enlightened ideas, but lively expressions animated by action.

Fire in writing does not necessarily imply lightness and beauty, but vivacity, multiplied figures, and spontaneous ideas.

Fire is a merit in speech and writing only when it is well managed.

It is said that poets are animated with a divine fire when they are sublime; genius cannot exist without fire, but fire may be possessed without genius.

FIRMNESS.

Firmness comes from firm, and has a different signification from solidity and hardness; a squeezed cloth, a beaten negro, have firmness without being hard or solid.

It must always be remembered, that modifications of the soul can only be expressed by physical images: we say firmness of soul, and of mind, which does not signify that they are harder or more solid than usual.

Firmness is the exercise of mental courage; it means a decided resolution; while obstinacy, on the contrary, signifies blindness.

Those who praise the firmness of Tacitus are not so much in the wrong as P. Bouhours pretends; it is an accidental ill-chosen term, which expresses energy and strength of thought and of style. It

may be said that La Bruyere has a firm style, and that many other writers have only a hard one.

FLATTERY.

I FIND not one monument of flattery in remote antiquity: there is no flattery in Hesiod—none in Homer. Their stories are not addressed to a Greek, elevated to some dignity, nor to his lady; as each canto of Thomson's Seasons is dedicated to some person of rank, or as so many forgotten epistles in verse have been dedicated, in England, to gentlemen or ladies of quality, with a brief eulogy, and the arms of the patron or patroness placed at the head of the work.

Nor is there any flattery in Demosthenes. This way of asking alms harmoniously began, if I mistake not, with Pindar. No hand can be stretched out more emphatically.

It appears to me that, among the Romans, great flattery is to be dated from the time of Augustus. Julius Cæsar had scarcely time to be flattered. There is not, extant, any dedicatory epistle to Sylla, Marius, or Carbo, nor to their wives, or their mistresses. I can well believe that very bad verses were presented to Lucullus and Pompey; but, thank God, we have them not.

It is a great spectacle to behold Cicero equal in dignity to Cæsar, speaking before him as advocate for a king of Bithynia and Lesser Armenia named Deiotarus, accused of laying ambuscades for him, and even designing to assassinate him. Cicero begins with acknowledging that he is disconcerted in his presence, He calls him the vanquisher of the world—"victorem orbis terrarum." He flatters him; but this adulation does not yet amount to baseness; some sense of shame still remains.

But with Augustus there are no longer any bounds: the senate decrees his apotheosis during his lifetime. Under the succeeding emperors, this flattery becomes the ordinary tribute, and is no longer any thing more than a style. It is impossible to flatter any one, when the most extravagant adulation has become the ordinary currency.

In Europe, we have had no great monuments of flattery before Louis XIV. His father, Louis XIII., had very little incense offered him; we find no mention of him, except in one or two of Malherbe's odes. There, indeed, according to custom, he is called "thou greatest of kings,"—as the Spanish poets say to the King of Spain, and the English poets (laureate) to the King of England; but the better part of his praises is bestowed on Cardinal Richelieu, whose soul is great and fearless; who practises so well the healing art of government, and who knows how to cure all our evils:—

Dont l'ame toute grande est une ame hardie,
Qui pratique si bien l'art de nous secourir,
Que, pourvu qu'il soit cru, nous n'avons maladie,
Qu'il ne sache guérir.

Upon Louis XIV. flattery came in a deluge. But he was not like the man said to have been smothered by the rose leaves heaped upon him; on the contrary, he thrived the more.

Flattery, when it has some plausible pretext, may not be so pernicious as it has been thought: it sometimes encourages to great acts; but its excess is vicious, like the excess of satire.

La Fontaine says, and pretends to say it after Æsop:

On ne peut trop louer trois sortes de personnes;
Les dieux, sa maîtresse, et son roi.
Esope le disait; j'y souscris quant à moi:
Ces sont maximes toujours bonnes.

Your flattery to three sorts of folks apply:—
You cannot say too civil things
To gods, to mistresses, and kings:—
So honest Æsop said—and so say I.

Honest Æsop said no such thing; nor do we find that he flattered any king, or any concubine. It must not be thought that kings are in reality flattered by all the flatteries that are heaped upon them; for the greater part never reach them.

One very common folly of orators, is that of exhausting themselves in praising some prince who will never hear of their praises. But what is most lamentable of all is, that Ovid should have praised

Augustus even while he was dating "de Ponto."

The perfection of the ridiculous might be found in the compliments which preachers address to kings, when they have the happiness of exhibiting before their majesties. "To the reverend Father Gaillard, preacher to the king."—Ah! most reverend father, dost thou preach only for the king? Art thou like the monkey at the fair, which leaps "only for the king."

FORCE (PHYSICAL).

What is 'force?' where does it reside? whence does it come? does it perish? or is it ever the same?

It has pleased us to denominate 'force' that weight which one body exercises upon another. Here is a ball of two hundred pounds weight on this floor: it presses the floor, you say, with a 'force' of two hundred pounds. And this you call a 'dead force.' But are not these words 'dead' and 'force' a little contradictory? Might we not as well say 'dead alive'—yes and no at once?

This ball 'weighs.' Whence comes this 'weight?' and is this weight a 'force?' If the ball were not impeded, would it go directly to the centre of the earth? Whence has it this incomprehensible property?

It is supported by my floor; and you freely give to my floor the "vis inertiæ," —"inertiæ" signifying 'inactivity,' 'impotence.' Now is it not singular that 'impotence' should be denominated 'force?'

What is the living force which acts in your arm and your leg? What is the source of it? How can it be supposed that this force exists when you are dead? Does it go and take up its abode elsewhere, as a man goes to another house when his own is in ruins?

How can it have been said that there is always the same force in nature? There must, then, have been always the same number of men, or of active beings equivalent to men.

Why does a body in motion communicate its force to another body with which it comes in contact?

These are questions which neither geometry, nor mechanics, nor metaphysics can answer. Would you arrive at the first principle of the force of bodies, and of motion, you must ascend to a still superior principle. Why is there "anything?"

FORCE—STRENGTH.

These words have been transplanted from simple to figurative speech. They are applied to all the parts of a body that are in motion, in action;—the force of the heart, which some have made four hundred pounds, and some three ounces; the force of the viscera, the lungs, the voice; the force of the arm.

The metaphor which has transported these words into morals, has made them express a cardinal virtue. Strength, in this sense, is the courage to support adversity, and to undertake virtuous and difficult actions; it is the "animi fortitudo."

The strength of the mind is penetration and depth—"ingenii vis." Nature gives it as she gives that of the body: moderate labour increases, and excessive labour diminishes it.

The force of an argument consists in a clear exposition of clearly-exhibited proofs, and a just conclusion: with mathematical theorems it has nothing to do; because the evidence of a demonstration can be made neither more nor less; only it may be arrived at by a longer or a shorter path—a simpler or more complicated method. It is in doubtful questions that the force of reasoning is truly applicable.

The force of eloquence is not merely a train of just and vigorous reasoning, which is not incompatible with dryness; this force requires floridity, striking images, and energetic expressions. Thus it has been said, that the sermons of Bourdaloue have most force, those of Massillon more elegance. Verses may have strength,

and want every other beauty. The strength of a line in our language consists principally in saying something in each hemistich.

Strength in painting is the expression of the muscles, which, by feeling touches, are made to appear under the flesh that covers them. There is too much strength when the muscles are too strongly articulated. The attitudes of the combatants have great strength in the battles of Constantine, drawn by Raphael and Julio Romano; and in those of Cæsar, painted by Le Brun. Inordinate strength is harsh in painting and bombastic in poetry.

Some philosophers have asserted that force is a property inherent in matter; that each invisible particle, or rather *monad*, is endowed with an active force; but it would be as difficult to demonstrate this assertion as it would be to prove that whiteness is a quality inherent in matter, as the Trevoux Dictionary says in the article Inherent.

The strength of every animal has arrived at the highest when the animal has attained its full growth. It decreases when the muscles no longer receive the same quantity of nourishment: and this quantity ceases to be the same when the animal spirits no longer communicate to the muscles their accustomed motion. It is probable that the animal spirits are of fire, inasmuch as that old men want motion and strength in proportion as they want warmth.

FRANCHISE,

A word which always gives an idea of liberty in whatever sense it is taken; a word derived from the Franks, who were always free: it is so ancient, that when the Cid besieged and took Toledo, in the eleventh century, franchies or franchises were given to all the French who went on this expedition, and who established themselves at Toledo. All walled cities had franchises, liberties, and privileges, even in the greatest anarchy of feudal power. In all countries possessing assemblies or states, the sovereign swore, on his accession, to guard their liberties.

This name, which has been given generally to the rights of the people, to immunities, and to sanctuaries or asylums, has been more particularly applied to the quarters of the ambassadors of the court of Rome. It was a piece of ground around their palaces, which was larger or smaller according to the will of the ambassador. The ground was an asylum for criminals, who could not be there pursued. This franchise was restricted under Innocent XI. to the inside of their palaces. Churches and convents had the same privileges in Italy, but not in other states. There are in Paris several places of sanctuary, in which debtors cannot be seized for their debts by common justice, and where mechanics can pursue their trades without being freemen. Mechanics have this privilege in the Faubourg St. Antoine, but it is not an asylum like the Temple.

The word franchise, which usually expresses the liberties of a nation, city, or person, is sometimes used to signify liberty of speech, of counsel, or of a law proceeding; but there is a great difference between speaking with frankness and speaking with liberty. In a speech to a superior, liberty is a studied or too great boldness — frankness outstepping its just bounds. To speak with liberty, is to speak without fear; to speak with frankness, is to conduct yourself openly and nobly. To speak with too much liberty, is to become audacious; to speak with too much frankness, is to be too open-hearted.

FRANCIS XAVIER.

It would not be amiss to know something true concerning the celebrated Francis Xavero, whom we call Xavier, surnamed the Apostle of the Indies. Many people still imagine that he established Christianity along the whole southern coast of India, in a score of islands, and above all in Japan. But thirty years ago, even a doubt on the subject was hardly to be tolerated in Europe.

The Jesuits have not hesitated to compare him to St. Paul. His travels and miracles had been written in part by Tursellius and Orlandino, by Levena, and by Partoli, all Jesuits, but very little known in France; and the less people were acquainted with the details the greater was his reputation.

When the Jesuit Bouhours composed his history, he (Bouhours) was considered as a man of very enlightened mind, and was living in the best company in Paris; I do not mean the company of Jesus, but that of men of the world the most distinguished for intellect and knowledge. No one wrote in a purer or more unaffected style; it was even proposed in the French Academy that it should trespass against the rules of its institution, by receiving father Bouhours into its body.

He had another great advantage in the influence of his order, which then, by an almost inconceivable illusion, governed all catholic princes.

Sound criticism was, it is true, beginning to rear its head; but its progress was slow: men were, in general, more anxious to write ably than to write what was true.

Bouhours wrote the lives of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier almost without encountering a single objection. Even his comparison of St Ignatius to Cæsar, and Xavier to Alexander, passed without animadversion; it was tolerated as a flower of rhetoric.

I have seen in the Jesuit's college, rue St. Jacques, a picture twelve feet long and twelve high, representing Ignatius and Xavier ascending to heaven, each in a magnificent chariot drawn by four milk-white horses; and above, the eternal Father, adorned with a fine white beard descending to his waist, with Jesus and the Virgin beside him; the Holy Ghost beneath them, in the form of a dove; and angels joining their hands, and bending down to receive father Ignatius and father Xavier.

Had any one publicly made a jest of this picture, the reverend father La Chaise, confessor to the king, would infallibly have had the sacrilegious scoffer honoured with a lettre-de-cachet.

It cannot be denied that Francis Xavier is comparable to Alexander, inasmuch as they both went to India,—so is Ignatius to Cæsar, both having been in Gaul. But Xavier, the vanquisher of the devil, went far beyond Alexander, the conqueror of Darius. How gratifying it is to see him going, in the capacity of a volunteer converter, from Spain into France, from France to Rome, from Rome to Lisbon, and from Lisbon to Mozambique, after making the tour of Africa. He stays a long time at Mozambique, where he receives from God the gift of prophecy: he then proceeds to Melinda, where he disputes on the Koran with the Mahometans, who doubtless understand his language as well as he understands theirs, and where he even finds caciques, although they are to be found nowhere but in America. The Portuguese vessel arrives at the island of Zocotora, which is unquestionably that of the Amazons: there he converts all the islanders, and builds a church. From thence he reaches Goa, where he finds a pillar, on which St. Thomas had engraven, that one day St. Xavier should come and re-establish the Christian religion, which had flourished of old in India. Xavier has no difficulty whatever in perusing the ancient characters, whether Indian or Hebrew, in which this prophecy is expressed. He forthwith takes up a hand-bell, assembles all the little boys around him, explains to them the creed, and baptises them;—but his greatest delight was, to marry the Indians to their mistresses.

From Goa he speeds to Cape Comorin, to the fishing coast, to the kingdom of Travancore.

His greatest anxiety, on arriving in any country, is to quit it. He embarks in the first Portuguese ship he finds, whithersoever it is bound, it matters not to Xavier; provided only that he is travelling somewhere, he is content. He is

received through charity, and returns two or three times to Goa, to Cochin, to Cori, to Negapatam, to Meliapour. A vessel is departing for Malacca, and Xavier accordingly takes his passage for Malacca, in great despair that he has not yet had an opportunity of seeing Siam, Pegu, and Tonquin. We find him in the island of Sumatra, at Borneo, at Macassar, in the Moluccas, and especially at Ternate and Amboyna. The King of Ternate had, in his immense seraglio, a hundred women in the capacity of wives, and seven or eight hundred in that of concubines. The first thing Xavier does, is to turn them all out. Please to observe, that the island of Ternate is two leagues across.

From thence, finding another Portuguese vessel bound for Ceylon, he returns to Ceylon, where he makes various excursions to Goa and to Cochin. The Portuguese were already trading to Japan. A ship sails for that country: Xavier takes care to embark in it, and visits all the Japan islands.

In short (says the Jesuit Bouhours), the whole length of Xavier's routes, joined together, would reach several times round the globe.

Be it observed, that he set out on his travels in 1542, and died in 1552. If he had time to learn the languages of all the nations he visited, it was no trifling miracle: if he had the gift of tongues, it was a greater miracle still. But unfortunately, in several of his letters, he says that he is obliged to employ an interpreter; and in others, he acknowledges that he finds extreme difficulty in learning the Japanese language, which he cannot pronounce.

The Jesuit Bouhours, in giving some of his letters, has no doubt that "St. Francis Xavier had the gift of tongues;" but he acknowledges that "he had it not always." "He had it," says he, "on several occasions; for, without having learned the Chinese tongue, he preached to the Chinese every morning at Amanguchi," which is the capital of a province in Japan."

He must have been perfectly acquainted with all the languages of the East; for he made songs in them of the Paternoster, Ave-Maria, and Credo, for the instruction of the little boys and girls.

But the best of all is, that this man, who had occasion for a dragoman, spoke every tongue at once, like the apostles; and when he spoke Portuguese, in which language Bouhours acknowledges that the saint explained himself very ill, the Indians, the Chinese, the Japanese, the inhabitants of Ceylon and of Sumatra, all understood him perfectly.

One day in particular, when he was preaching on the immateriality of the soul, the motion of the planets, the eclipses of the sun and moon, the rainbow, sin and grace, paradise and purgatory, he made himself understood by twenty persons of different nations.

Is it asked how such a man could make so many converts in Japan? The simple answer is, that he did not make any; but other Jesuits, who staid a long time in the country, by favour of the treaties between the kings of Portugal and the emperors of Japan, converted so many people, that a civil war ensued, which is said to have cost the lives of nearly four hundred thousand men. This is the most noted prodigy that the missionaries have worked in Japan.

But those of Francis Xavier are not without their merit.

Among his host of miracles, we find no fewer than eight children raised from the dead.

"Xavier's greatest miracle," says the Jesuit Bouhours, "was not his raising so many of the dead to life, but his not himself dying of fatigue."

But the pleasantest of his miracles is, that having dropped his crucifix into the sea, near the island of Baranura, which I am inclined to think was the island of Barataria, a crab came, four-and-twenty hours after, and brought it him between its claws.

The most brilliant of all, and after which no other deserves to be related, is

that in a storm which lasted three days, he was constantly in two ships, a hundred and fifty leagues apart, and served one of them as a pilot. The truth of this miracle was attested by all the passengers, who could neither deceive nor be deceived.

Yet all this was written seriously and with success in the age of Louis XIV. in the age of the Provincial Letters, of Racine's tragedies, of Bayle's Dictionary, and of so many other learned works.

It would appear to be a sort of miracle that a man of sense, like Bouhours, should have committed such a mass of extravagance to the press, if we did not know to what excesses men can be carried by the corporate spirit in general, and the monachal spirit in particular We have more than two hundred volumes entirely in this taste, compiled by monks; but what is most to be lamented is, that the enemies of the monks also compile. They compile more agreeably, and are read. It is most deplorable that, in nineteen twentieths of Europe, there is no longer that profound respect and just veneration for the monks, which is still felt for them in some of the villages of Arragon and Calabria.

The miracles of St. Francis Xavier, the achievements of Don Quixote, the Comic Romance, and the convulsionaries of St. Medard, have an equal claim on our admiration and reverence.

After speaking of Francis Xavier, it would be useless to discuss the history of the other Francises. If you would be instructed thoroughly, consult the conformities of St. Francis of Assisi.

Since the fine history of St. Francis Xavier by the Jesuit Bouhours, we have had the history of St. Francis Régis by the Jesuit D'Aubenton, confessor to Philip V. of Spain: but this is small-beer after brandy. In the history of the blessed Régis, there is not even a single resuscitation.

FRANKS—FRANCE—FRENCH.

Italy has always preserved its name, notwithstanding the pretended establishment of Æneas; which should have left some traces of the language, characters, and manners of Phrygia, if he ever came with Achates and so many others, into the province of Rome, then almost desert. The Goths, Lombards, Franks, Allemans, or Germans, who have by turns invaded Italy, have at least left it its name.

The Tyrians, Africans, Romans, Vandals, Visigoths, and Saracens have, one after the other, been masters of Spain, yet the name of Spain exists. Germany has also always preserved its own name; it has merely joined that of Allemagne to it, which appellation it did not receive from any conqueror.

The Gauls are almost the only people of the west who have lost their name. This name was originally Walch or Welch; the Romans always substituted a G. for the W, which is barbarous: of "Welch" they made Galli, Gallia. They distinguished the Celtic, the Belgic, and the Aquitanic Gaul, each of which spoke a different jargon.

Who were, and whence came these Franks, who in such a small number and little time possessed themselves of all the Gauls, which in ten years Cæsar could not entirely reduce? I am reading an author who commences by these words: "The Franks from whom we descend..." Ha! my friend, who has told you that you descend in a right line from a Frank? Clodowick, whom we call Clovis, probably had not more than twenty thousand men, badly clothed and armed, when he subjugated about eight or ten millions of Welch or Gauls, held in servitude by three or four Roman legions. We have not a single family in France which can furnish, I do not say the least proof, but the least probability, that it had its origin from a Frank.

When the pirates of the Baltic sea came, to the number of seven or eight

thousand, to give Normandy in fief, and Brittany in *arrière fief*, did they leave any archives by which it may be seen whether they were the fathers of all the Normans of the present day?

It has been a long time believed that the Franks came from the Trojans. Ammianus Marcellinus, who lived in the fourth century, says,—"According to several ancient writers, troops of fugitive Trojans established themselves on the borders of the Rhine, then desert. As to Æneas, he might easily have sought an asylum at the extremity of the Mediterranean, but Francus the son of Hector had too far to travel to go towards Dusseldorp, Worms, Solm, Errenbeistein, &c.

Fredegarius doubts not that the Franks at first retired into Macedonia, and carried arms under Alexander, after having fought under Priam; on which alleged facts the monk Otfrid compliments the Emperor Louis the German.

The geographer of Ravenna, less fabulous, assigns the first habitation of the horde of Franks among the Cimbrians, beyond the Elbe, towards the Baltic sea. These Franks might well be some remains of these barbarian Cimbri defeated by Marius; and the learned Leibnitz is of this opinion.

It is very certain that, in the time of Constantine, beyond the Rhine there were hordes of Franks or Sicambri, who lived by pillage. They assembled under bandit captains, chiefs whom historians have had the folly to call kings. Constantine himself pursued them to their haunts, caused several to be hanged, and others to be delivered to wild beasts, in the amphitheatre of Treves, for his amusement. Two of their pretended kings perished in this manner, at which the panegyrists of Constantine are in ecstacies.

The Salic law, written, it is said, by these barbarians, is one of the absurd chimeras with which we have always been pestered. It would be very strange if the Franks had written such a considerable code in their marshes, and the French had not any written usages until the close of the reign of Charles VII. It might as well be said that the Algonquins and Chicachas had written laws. Men are never governed by authentic laws, consigned to public monuments, until they have been assembled into cities, and have a regular police, archives, and all that characterises a civilised nation. When you find a code in a nation which was barbarous at the time it was written, who lived upon rapine and pillage, and which had not a walled town, you may be sure that this code is a pretended one, which has been made in much later times. Fallacies and suppositions never obliterate this truth from the minds of the wise.

What is more ridiculous still, this Salic law has been given to us in Latin; as if savages, wandering beyond the Rhine had learnt the Latin language. It is supposed to have been first digested by Clovis, and it ran thus: —Whilst the illustrious nation of the Franks was still considered barbarous, the heads of this nation dictated the Salic law. They chose among themselves four chiefs, Visogast, Bodogast, Sologast, Vindogast, &c. taking, according to La Fontaine's fable, the names of places for those of men:—

> Notre magot prit pour ce coup
> Le nom d'un port pour un nom d'homme.

These names are those of some Frank cantons in the province of Worms. Whatever may be the epoch in which the customs denominated the Salic law were constructed on an ancient tradition, it is very clear that the Franks were not great legislators.

What is the original meaning of the word Frank? That is a question of which we know nothing, and which above a hundred authors have endeavoured to find out. What is the meaning of Hun, Alain, Goth, Welch, Picard? And what does it signify?

Were the armies of Clovis all composed of Franks? It does not appear so. Childeric the Frank had made inroads as far as Tournay. It is said that

Clovis was the son of Childeric and Queen Bazine, the wife of King Bazin. Now Bazin and Bazine are assuredly not German names, and we have never seen the least proof that Clovis was their son. All the German cantons elected their chiefs, and the province of Franks had no doubt elected Clovis as they had done his father. He made his expedition against the Gauls, as all the other barbarians had undertaken theirs against the Roman empire.

Dost thou really and truly believe that the Herulian Odo, surnamed Acer by the Romans, and known to us by the name of Odoacer, had only Herulians in his train, and that Genseric conducted Vandals alone into Africa? All the wretches without talent or profession, who have nothing to lose, do they not always join the first captain of robbers who raises the standard of destruction?

As soon as Clovis had the least success, his troops were no doubt joined by all the Belgians who panted for booty; and this army is nevertheless called the army of Franks. The expedition is very easy. The Visigoths had already invaded one-third of Gaul, and the Burgundians another. The rest submitted to Clovis. The Franks divided the land of the vanquished, and the Welch cultivated it.

The word Frank originally signified a free possessor, whilst the others were slaves. Hence come the words franchise, and to enfranchise,—"I make you a Frank," "I render you a free man." Hence *francalenus*, holding freely; *frank aleu*, *frank dad*, *frank chamen*,, and so many other terms half Latin and half barbarian, which have so long composed the miserable patois spoken in France.

Hence, also, a franc in gold or silver to express the money of the king of the Franks, which did not happen until a long time after, but which reminds us of the origin of the monarchy. We still say twenty francs, twenty livres, which signifies nothing in itself; it gives no idea of the weight or value of the money, being only a vague expression, by which ignorant people have been continually deceived, not knowing really how much they receive or how much they pay.

Charlemagne did not consider himself as a Frank; he was born in Austrasia, and spoke the German language. He was of the family of Arnold, Bishop of Metz, preceptor to Dagobert. Now it is not probable that a man chosen for a preceptor was a Frank. He made the greatest glory of the most profound ignorance, and was acquainted only with the profession of arms. But what gives most weight to the opinion that Charlemagne regarded the Franks as strangers to him, is the fourth article of one of his capitularies on his farms. If the Franks, said he, commit any ravages on our possessions, let them be judged according to their laws.

The Carlovingian race always passed for German: Pope Adrian IV., in his letter to the archbishops of Mayence, Cologne, and Treves, expresses himself in these remarkable terms: "The emperor was transferred from the Greeks to the Germans. Their king was not emperor until after he had been crowned by the pope . . . all that the emperor possessed he held from us. And as Zacharius gave the Greek empire to the Germans, we can give that of the Germans to the Greeks."

However, France having been divided into eastern and western, and the eastern being Austrasia, this name of France prevailed so far, that even in the time of the Saxon emperors, the court of Constantinople always called them pretended Frank emperors, as may be seen in the letters of Bishop Luitpraud, sent from Rome to Constantinople.

Of the French Nation.

When the Franks established themselves in the country of the first Welches, which the Romans called Gallia, the nation was composed of ancient Celts or Gauls, subjugated by Cæsar. Roman families who were established there,

Germans who had already emigrated there, and finally of the Franks, who had rendered themselves masters of the country under their chief Clovis. Whilst the monarchy subsisted, which united Gaul and Germany, all the people, from the source of the Weser to the seas of Gaul, bore the name of Franks. But when at the congress of Verdun in 843, under Charles the Bald, Germany and Ganl were separated, the name of Franks remained to the people of western France, which alone retained the name of France.

The name of French was scarcely known until towards the tenth century. The foundation of the nation is of Gallic families, and traces of the character of the ancient Gauls have always existed.

Indeed, every people has its character as well as every man; and this character is generally formed of all the resemblances caused by nature and custom between the inhabitants of the varieties which distinguish them. Thus French character, genius, and wit, result from that which has been common to the different provinces in the kingdom. The people of Guienne and those of Normandy differ much; there is however found in them the French genius, which forms a nation of these different provinces, and distinguishes them from the Indians and Germans. Climate and soil evidently imprint unchangeable marks on men as well as on animals and plants. Those who depend on government, religion, and education are different. That is the knot which explains how people have lost one part of their ancient character and preserved the other. A people who formerly conquered half the world are no longer recognised under sacerdotal government, but the seeds of their ancient greatness of soul still exist, though hidden beneath weakness.

In the same manner the barbarous government of the Turks have enervated the Egyptians and the Greeks, without having been able to destroy the original character or temper of their minds.

The present character of the French is the same as Cæsar painted the Gauls—prompt to resolve, ardent to combat, impetuous in attack, and easily discouraged. Cæsar, Agatius, and others say, that of all the Barbarians the Gauls were the most polished. They are still in the most civilised times the model of politeness to all their neighbours, though they occasionally discover the remains of their levity, petulance, and barbarity.

The inhabitants of the coasts of France were always good seamen; the people of Guienne always compose the best infantry; those who inhabit the provinces of Blois and Tours are not, says Tasso, robust and indefatigable, but bland and gentle, like the land which they inhabit:—

> ...... Gente robusta, e faticosa,
> La terra molle, e lieta, e dilettosa
> Simili a se gli abitator, produce.

But how can we reconcile the character of the Parisians of our day with that which the Emperor Julian, the first of princes and men after Marcus Aurelius, gave to the Parisians of his time?—"I love this people," says he in his Misopogon, "because they are serious and severe like myself." This seriousness, which seems at present banished from an immense city become the centre of pleasure, then reigned in a little town destitute of amusements: in this respect the spirit of the Parisians has changed notwithstanding the climate.

The affluence, opulence, and idleness of the people, who may occupy themselves with pleasures and the arts, and not with the government, have given a new turn of mind to a whole nation.

Further, how is it to be explained by what degrees this people have passed from the fierceness which characterised them in the time of King John, Charles VI. Charles XI. Henry III. and Henry IV. to the soft facility of manners for which they are now the admiration of Europe? It is that the storms of government and religion forced constitutional vivacity into paroxysms of faction and fanaticism; and that this same vivacity, which always will exist, has at

present no object but the pleasures of society. The Parisian is impetuous in his pleasures as he formerly was in his fierceness. The original character which is caused by the climate is always the same. If at present he cultivates the arts, of which he was so long deprived, it is not that he has another mind since he has not other organs; but it is that he has more relief, and this relief has not been created by himself, as by the Greeks and Florentines, among whom the arts flourished like the natural fruits of their soil. The Frenchman has only received them, but having happily cultivated and adopted these exotics, he has almost perfected them.

The French government was originally that of all the northern nations,—of all those whose policy was regulated in general assemblies of the nation. Kings were the chief of these assemblies; and this was almost the only administration of the French in the two first generations, before Charles the Simple.

When the monarchy was dismembered, in the decline of the Carlovingian race, when the kingdom of Arles arose, and the provinces were occupied by vassals little dependant on the crown, the name of French was more restricted. Under Hugh Capet, Henry, and Philip, the people on this side the Loire only, were called French. There was then seen a great diversity of manners and of laws in the provinces held from the crown of France. The particular lords who became the masters of these provinces introduced new customs into their new states. A Breton and a Fleming have at present some conformity, notwithstanding the difference of their character, which they hold from the sun and the climate, but originally there was not the least similitude between them.

It is only since the time of Francis I. that there has been any uniformity in manners and customs. The court, at this time, first began to serve for a model to the United Provinces; but in general, impetuosity in war, and a lax discipline, always formed the predominant character of the nation.

Gallantry and politeness began to distinguish the French under Francis I. Manners became odious after the death of Francis II. However, in the midst of these horrors, there was always a politeness at court, which the Germans and English endeavoured to imitate. The rest of Europe, in aiming to resemble them, were already jealous of the French. A character in one of Shakspeare's comedies says, that it is difficult to be polite without having been at the court of France.

Though the nation has been taxed with frivolity by Cæsar, and by all neighbouring nations, yet this kingdom, so long dismembered, and so often ready to sink, is united and sustained principally by the wisdom of its negociations, address, and patience; but above all, by the divisions of Germany and England. Brittany alone has been united to the kingdom by a marriage; Burgundy by right of fee, and by the ability of Louis XI.; Dauphiny by a donation, which was the fruits of policy; the county of Toulouse by a grant, maintained by an army; Provence by money. One treaty of peace has given Alsace, another Lorraine. The English have been driven from France, notwithstanding the most signal victories, because the kings of France have known how to temporise, and profit on all favourable occasions;—all which proves, that if the French youth are frivolous, the men of riper age, who govern it, have always been wise. Even at present the magistracy are severe in manners, as in the time of the Emperor Julian. If the first successes in Italy, in the time of Charles VIII. were owing to the warlike impetuosity of the nation, the disgraces which followed them were caused by the blindness of a court which was composed of young men alone. Francis I. was only unfortunate in his youth, when all was governed by favourites of his own age, and he rendered his kingdom more flourishing at a more advanced age.

The French have always used the same arms as their neighbours, and have nearly the same discipline in war, but were the first who quitted the use of the lance and pike. The battle of Yvri began to decry the use of lances, which was soon abolished, and under Louis XIV. pikes were also discontinued. They wore tunics and robes until the sixteenth century. They left off the custom of letting the beards grow under Louis the Young, and retook to it under Francis I. and only began to shave entirely under Louis XIV. Their dress is continually changing; and at the end of each century the French might take the portraits of their grandfathers for those of foreigners.

FRAUD.

Whether pious Frauds should be practised upon the People?

ONCE upon a time the fakir Bambabef met one of the disciples of Confutzee (whom we call Confucius); and this disciple was named Whang. Bambabef maintained that the people require to be deceived, and Whang asserted that we ought never to deceive any one. Here is a sketch of their dispute:—

BAMBABEF.

We must imitate the Supreme Being, who does not show us things as they are. He makes us see the sun with a diameter of two or three feet, although it is a million of times larger than the earth. He makes us see the moon and the stars affixed to one and the same blue surface, while they are at different elevations: he chooses that a square tower should appear round to us at a distance: he chooses that fire should appear to us to be hot, although it is neither hot nor cold: in short, he surrounds us with errors, suitable to our nature.

WHANG.

What you call error is not so. The sun, such as it is placed at millions of millions of lis from our globe, is not that which we see, that which we really perceive: we perceive only the sun which is painted on our retina, at a determinate angle. Our eyes were not given us to know sizes and distances: to know these, other aids and other operations are necessary.

Bambabef seemed much astonished at this position. Whang, being very patient, explained to him the theory of optics; and Bambabef, having some conception, was convinced by the demonstrations of the disciple of Confutzee. He then resumed in these terms:—

BAMBABEF.

If God does not, as I thought, deceive us by the ministry of our senses, you will at least acknowledge that our physicians are constantly deceiving children for their good. They tell them that they are giving them sugar, when in reality they are giving them rhubarb. I, a fakir, may then deceive the people, who are as ignorant as children.

WHANG.

I have two sons; I have never deceived them. When they have been sick, I have said to them:—"Here is a nauseous medicine; you must have the courage to take it; if it were pleasant, it would injure you." I have never suffered their nurses and tutors to make them afraid of ghosts, goblins, and witches. I have thereby made them wise and courageous citizens.

BAMBABEF.

The people are not born so happily as your family.

WHANG.

Men all nearly resemble one another; they are born with the same dispositions. Their nature ought not to be corrupted.

BAMBABEF.

We teach them errors, I own; but it is for their good. We make them believe that if they do not buy our blessed nails, if they do not expiate their sins by giving us money, they will, in another life, become post-horses, dogs, or lizards. This intimidates them and they become good people.

WHANG.

Do you not see that you are perverting these poor folks? There are among them many more than you think there are, who reason, who make a jest of your miracles and your superstitions; who see very clearly that they will not be turned into lizards, nor into post-horses. What is the consequence? They have good sense enough to perceive that you talk to them very impertinently; but they have not enough to elevate themselves to a religion pure and untrammelled by superstition like ours. Their passions make them think there is no religion, because the only one that is taught them is ridiculous: thus you become guilty of all the vices into which they plunge.

BAMBABEF.

Not at all; for we teach them none but good morals.

WHANG.

The people would stone you if you taught impure morals. Men are so constituted, that they like very well to do evil, but they will not have it preached to them. But a wise morality should not be mixed up with absurd fables: for by these impostures, which you might do without, you weaken that morality which you are forced to teach.

BAMBABEF.

What! do you think that truth can be taught to the people without the aid of fables?

WHANG.

I firmly believe it. Our literati are made of the same stuff as our tailors, our weavers, and our labourers. They worship a creating, rewarding, and avenging God. They do not sully their worship by absurd systems, nor by extravagant ceremonies. There are much fewer crimes among the lettered than among the people;—why should we not condescend to instruct our working classes as we do our literati?

BAMBABEF.

That would be great folly; as well might you wish them to have the same politeness, or to be all jurisconsults. It is neither possible nor desirable. There must be white bread for the master, and brown for the servant.

WHANG.

I own that men should not all have the same science; but there are things necessary to all. It is necessary that each one should be just; and the surest way of inspiring all men with justice is, to inspire them with religion without superstition.

BAMBABEF.

That is a fine project, but it is impracticable. Do you think it is sufficient for men to believe in a being that rewards and punishes? You have told me that the more acute among the people often revolt against fables. They will, in like manner, revolt against truth. They will say, Who shall assure me that God rewards and punishes? Where is the proof? What mission have you? What miracle have you worked that I should believe in you? They will laugh at you much more than at me.

WHANG.

Your error is this. You imagine that men will spurn an idea that is honest, likely, and useful to every one; an idea which accords with human reason, because they reject things which are dishonest, absurd, useless, dangerous, and shocking to good sense.

The people are much disposed to believe their magistrates; and when their magistrates propose to them only a rational belief, they embrace it willingly. There is no need of prodigies to believe in a just God, who reads the heart of man: this is an idea too natural, too necessary, to be combatted. It is not necessary to know precisely how God rewards and punishes: to believe in his justice is enough. I assure you that I have seen whole towns with scarcely any other tenet; and that in them I have seen the most virtue.

BAMBABEF.

Take heed what you say. You will find philosophers in these times, who will deny both pains and rewards.

WHANG.

But you will acknowledge that these philosophers will much more strongly deny your inventions; so you will gain nothing by that. Supposing that there are philosophers who do not agree with my principles, they are not the less honest men; they do not the less cultivate virtue, which should be embraced through love, and not through fear. Moreover, I maintain, that no philosopher can ever be assured that Providence does not reserve pains for the wicked, and rewards for the good. For, if they ask me who has told me that God punishes, I shall ask them who has told them that God does not punish. In short, I maintain that the philosophers, far from contradicting, will aid me. Will you be a philosopher?

BAMBABEF.

With all my heart. But do not tell the fakirs. And let us, above all, remember, that if a philosopher would be of service to human society, he must announce a God.

FREE-WILL.

From the commencement of the time in which men began to reason, philosophers have agitated this question, which theologians have rendered unintelligible by their absurd subtleties upon grace. Locke is perhaps the first, who, without having the arrogance of announcing a general principle, has examined human nature by analysis. It has been disputed for three thousand years, whether the will is free or not; Locke shows, that the question is absurd, and that liberty cannot belong to the will any more than colour and motion.

What is meant by the expression to be free? It signifies power, or rather it has no sense at all. To say that the will *can*, is in itself as ridiculous as if we said that it is yellow, or blue, round, or square. Will is will, and liberty is power. Let us gradually examine the chain of what passes within us, without confusing our minds with any scholastic terms, or antecedent principle.

It is proposed to you to ride on horseback, it is absolutely necessary for you to make a choice, for it is very clear that you must either go or not; there is no medium, you must absolutely do the one or the other. So far it is demonstrated that the will is not free. You will get on horseback? why? Because I will to do so, an ignoramus will say. This reply is an absurdity, nothing can be done without reason or cause. Your will then is caused by what? the agreeable idea which is presented to your brain; the predominant, or determined idea; but, you will say, cannot I resist an idea which predominates over me? No, for what would be the cause of your resistance? an idea by which your will is swayed still more despotically.

You receive your ideas, and, therefore, receive your will. You will then necessarily; consequently, the word liberty belongs not to will in any sense.

You ask me, how thought and will are formed within you? I answer, that I know nothing about it. I no more know how ideas are created, than I know how the world was formed. We are only allowed to grope in the dark in reference to all that inspires our incomprehensible machine.

Will, then, is not a faculty which can be called free. A free-will is a word absolutely void of sense; and that which scholars have called indifference, that is to say, will without cause, is a chimera unworthy to be combatted.

In what then consists liberty? In the power of doing what we will? I would go into my cabinet, the door is open, I am free to enter. But say you, if the door is shut and I remain where I am, I remain freely? Let us explain ourselves;—you then exercise the power that you possess of remaining, you possess this power, but not the power of going out.

Liberty, then, on which so many volumes have been written, reduced to its proper sense, is only the power of acting.

In what sense must the expression "this man is free" be spoken? In the same sense in which we use the words health, strength, and happiness. Man is not always strong, healthy, or happy. A great passion, a great obstacle, may deprive him of his liberty, or power of action.

The words liberty and free-will are, then, abstractions, general terms, like beauty, goodness, justice. These terms do not signify that all men are always handsome, good, and just, neither are they always free.

Further, liberty being only the power of acting,—what is this power? It is the effect of the constitution, and the actual state of our organs. Leibnitz would solve a problem of geometry, but falls into an apoplexy: he certainly has not the liberty to solve his problem. A vigorous young man, passionately in love, who holds his willing mistress in his arms, is he free to subdue his passion? doubtless not. He has the power of enjoying, and has not the power to abstain. Locke then is very right in calling liberty, power. When can this young man abstain, notwithstanding the violence of his passion? when a stronger idea shall determine the springs of his soul and body to the contrary.

But how? have other animals the same liberty, the same power? Why not? They have sense, memory, sentiment, and perceptions like ourselves; they act spontaneously as we do. They must, also, like us, have the power of acting by virtue of their perception, and of the play of their organs.

We exclaim,—If it be thus, all things are machines merely; everything in the universe is subjected to the eternal laws. Well, would you have everything rendered subject to a million of blind caprices? Either all is the consequence of the nature of things, or, all is the effect of the eternal order of an absolute master; in both cases, we are only wheels to the machine of the world.

It is a foolish common-place expression, that without this pretended fredom of will, rewards and punishments are useless. Reason, and you will conclude quite the contrary.

If, when a robber is executed, his accomplice, who sees him suffer, has the liberty of not being frightened at the punishment; if his will determines of itself, he will go from the foot of the scaffold to assassinate on the high road; if struck with horror, he experiences an insurmountable terror, he will no longer thieve. The punishment of his companion will become useful to him, and moreover prove to society that his will is not free.

Liberty, then, is not and cannot be anything but the power of doing what we will. That is what philosophy teaches us. But, if we consider liberty in the theological sense, it is so sublime a matter, that profane eyes may not be raised so high.

FRENCH LANGUAGE.

The French language did not begin to assume a regular form until the tenth century; it sprang from the remains of the Latin and the Celtic, mixed with a few Teutonic words. This language was, in the first instance, the provincial Roman, and the Teutonic was the language of the courts, until the time of Charles the Bald. The Teutonic remained the only language in Germany, after the grand epoch of the division in 433. The rustic Roman prevailed in western France: the inhabitants of the Pays de Vaud, of the Valais, of the valley of Engadieu, and some other cantons, still preserve some manifest vestiges of this idiom.

At the commencement of the eleventh century, French began to be written; but this French retained more of romance or rustic Roman than of the language of the present day. The romance of Philomena, written in the tenth cen-

tury, is not very different in language, from that of the laws of the Normans. We cannot yet trace the original Celtic, Latin, and German. The words which signify the members of the human body, or things in daily use, which have no relation to the Latin or German, are of ancient Gallic or Celtic, as tête, jambe, sabre, point, aller, parler, ècouter, regarder, crier, cotume, ensemble, and many more of the same kind. The greater part of the warlike phrases were French or German, as marche, halte, maréchal, bivouac, lansquenet. Almost all the rest are Latin, and the Latin words have been all abridged, according to the usage and genius of the nations of the north.

In the twelfth century, some terms were borrowed from the philosophy of Aristotle; and, towards the sixteenth century, Greek names were found for the parts of the human body, and for its maladies and their remedies. Although the language was then enriched with Greek, and aided from the time of Charles VIII. with considerable accessions from the Italian, already arrived at perfection, it did not require a regular form. Francis I. abolished the custom of pleading and of judging in Latin, which proved the barbarism of a language which could not be used in public proceeding— a pernicious custom to the natives, whose fortunes were regulated in a language which they could not understand. It then became necessary to cultivate the French, but the language was neither noble nor regular, and its syntax was altogether capricious. The genius of its conversation being turned towards pleasantry, the language became fertile in smart and lively expressions, but exceedingly barren in dignified and harmonious phrases; whence it arises that in the dictionaries of rhymes, twenty suitable words are found for comic poetry for one of poetry of a more elevated nature. This was the cause that Marot never succeeded in the serious style, and that Amyot was unable to give a version of the elegant simplicity of Plutarch.

The French tongue acquired strength from the pen of Montaigne, but still wanted elevation and harmony. Ronsard injured the language, by introducing into French poetry the Greek compounds, derivable from the physicians. Malherbe partly repaired the fault of Ronsard. It became more lofty and harmonious by the establishment of the French Academy, and finally in the age of Louis XIV. acquired the perfection by which it is now distinguised.

The genius of the French language, for every language has its genius, is clearness and order. This genius consists in the facility which a language possesses of expressing itself more or less happily, and of employing or rejecting the familiar terms of other languages. The French tongue having no declensions, and being aided by articles, cannot adopt the inversions of the Greek and the Latin; the words are necessarily arranged agreeably to the course of the ideas. We can only say in one way, "Plancus a pris soin des affaires de Cæsar;" but this phrase in Latin, "Res Cæsaris, Plancus diligenter curavit," may be arranged in a hundred and twenty different forms without injuring the sense or rules of the language. The auxiliary verbs, which lengthen and weaken phrases in the modern tongues, render that of France still less adapted to the lapidary style. Its auxiliary verbs, its pronouns, its articles, its deficiency of declinable participles, and lastly, its uniformity of position, preclude the exhibition of much enthusiasm in poetry; it possesses fewer capabilities of this nature than the Italian and the English; but this constraint and slavery render it more proper for tragedy and comedy than any language in Europe. The natural order in which the French people are obliged to express their thoughts and construct their phrases, infuses into their speech a facility and amenity which please everybody; and the genius of the nation suiting with the

genius of the language, has produced a greater number of books agreeably written than are to be found among any other people.

Social freedom and politeness having been for a long time established in France, the language has acquired a delicacy of expression, and a natural refinement, which are seldom to be found out of it. This refinement has occasionally been carried too far: but men of taste have always known how to reduce it within due bounds.

Many persons have maintained that the French language has been impoverished since the days of Montaigne and Amyot, because expressions abound in these authors which are no longer employed; but these are for the most part terms for which equivalents have been found. It has been enriched with a number of noble and energetic expressions, and, without adverting to the eloquence of matter, has certainly that of speech. It was during the reign of Louis XIV., as already observed, that the language was fixed. Whatever changes time and caprice may have in store, the good authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries will always serve for models.

Circumstances created no right to expect that France would be distinguished in philosophy. A Gothic government extinguished all kind of illumination during more than twelve centuries; and professors of error, paid for brutalising human nature, more increased the darkness. Nevertheless, there is more philosophy in Paris than in any town on earth, and possibly than in all the towns put together, excepting London. The spirit of reason has even penetrated into the provinces. In a word, the French genius is probably at present equal to that of England in philosophy; while for the last fourscore years France has been superior to all other nations in literature; and has undeniably taken the lead in the courtesies of society, and in that easy and natural politeness, which is improperly termed urbanity.

FRIENDSHIP.

The temple of friendship has long been known by name, but it is well known that it has been very little frequented: as the following verses pleasantly observe Orestes, Pylades, Pirithous, Achates, and the tender Nisus, were all genuine friends and great heroes; but, alas! existent only in fable.

> En vieux langage on voit sur la façade,
> Les noms sacrés d'Oreste et de Pylade:
> Le médaillon du bon Pirithous,
> Du sage Achate et du tendre Nisus;
> Tous grands héros, tous amis véritables:
> Ces noms sont beaux; mais ils sont dans les fables.

Friendship commands more than love and esteem. Love thy neighbour signifies assist thy neighbour, but not—enjoy his conversation with pleasure, if he be tiresome; confide to him thy secrets, if he be a tatler; or lend him thy money, if he be a spendthrift.

Friendship is the marriage of the soul, and this marriage is liable to divorce. It is a tacit contract between two sensible and virtuous persons. I say sensible, for a monk or a hermit cannot be so, who lives without knowing friendship—I say virtuous, for the wicked have only accomplices, the voluptuous companions, the interested associates; politicians assemble factions, the generality of idle men have connexions, princes courtiers—virtuous men alone possess friends

Cethegus was the accomplice of Catiline, and Mæcenas the courtier of Octavius; but Cicero was the friend of Atticus.

What is caused by this contract between two tender honest minds? Its obligations are stronger or weaker according to the degrees of sensibility, and the number of services rendered.

The enthusiasm of friendship has been stronger among the Greeks and Arabs than among us. The tales that these people have imagined on the subject of friendship, are admirable: we have none to compare to them. We are rather dry and reserved in everything. I see no great trait of friendship either in our histories, romances, or theatre.

The only friendship spoken of among the Jews, was that which subsisted between Jonathan and David. It is said that David loved him with a love stronger than that of women; but it is also said that David, after the death of his friend, dispossessed Mephibosheth his son, and caused him to be put to death.

Friendship was a point of religion and legislation among the Greeks. The Thebans had a regiment of lovers—a fine regiment! some have taken it for a regiment of nonconformists. They are deceived: it is taking a shameful accident for a noble principle. Friendship, among the Greeks, was prescribed by the laws and religion. Manners countenanced abuses, but not the laws.

FRIVOLITY.

What persuades me still more of the existence of providence, said the profound author of "Bacha Billeboquet," is, that to console us for our innumerable miseries, nature has made us frivolous. We are sometimes ruminating oxen, overcome by the weight of our yoke; sometimes dispersed doves, tremblingly endeavouring to avoid the claws of the vulture, stained with the blood of our companions; foxes, pursued by dogs; and tigers, who devour one another. Then we suddenly become butterflies; and forget, in our volatile winnowings, all the horrors that we have experienced.

If we were not frivolous, what man without shuddering could live in a town in which the wife of a Marshal of France, a lady of honour to the queen, was burnt, under the pretext that she had killed a white cock by moonlight; or in the same town in which Marshal Marillac was assassinated according to form, pursuant to a sentence passed by judicial murderers appointed by a priest in his own country-house, in which he embraced Marion de Lorme while these robed wretches executed his sanguinary wishes?

Could a man say to himself, without trembling in every nerve, and having his heart frozen with horror, Here I am, in the very place which, it is said, was strewed with the dead and dying bodies of two thousand young gentlemen, murdered near the Faubourg St. Antoine, because one man in a red cassock displeased some others in black ones!

Who could pass the Rue de la Féronerie without shedding tears and falling into paroxysms of rage against the holy and abominable principles which plunged the sword into the heart of the best of men, and of the greatest of kings?

We could not walk a step in the streets of Paris on St. Bartholomew's day, without saying, It was here that one of my ancestors was murdered for the love of God: it was here that one of my mother's family was dragged bleeding and mangled; it was here that one half of my countrymen murdered the other.

Happily, men are so light, so frivolous, so struck with the present and insensible to the past, that in ten thousand there are not above two or three who make these reflections.

How many boon companions have I seen, who, after the loss of children, wives, mistresses, fortune, and even health itself, have eagerly resorted to a party to retail a piece of scandal, or to a supper to tell humorous stories. Solidity consists chiefly in a uniformity of ideas. It has been said, that a man of sense should invariably think in the same way: reduced to such an alternative, it would be better not to have been born. The ancients never invented a finer fable than that which bestowed a cup of the water of Lethe on all who entered the Elysian fields.

Would you tolerate life, mortals, forget yourselves, and enjoy it.

GALLANT.

This word is derived from *gal*, the original signification of which was gaiety and rejoicing, as may be seen in Alain Chartier, and in Froissard; even in the Romance of the Rose we meet with the word *galandé* in the sense of ornamented, adorned.

La belle fût bien attoinée
Et d'un filet d'or galandée.

It is probable that the *gala* of the Italians, and the *galan* of the Spaniards, are derived from the word *gal*, which seems to be originally Celtic: hence, was insensibly formed *galiant*, which signifies a man forward, or eager to please. The term received an improved and more noble signification in the times of chivalry, when the desire to please manifested itself in feats of arms, and personal conflict. To conduct himself gallantly, to extricate himself from an affair gallantly, implies, even at present, a man's conducting himself conformably to principle and honour. A gallant man, among the English, signifies a man of courage; in France it means more—a man of noble general demeanour. A gallant (un homme galant), is totally different from a gallant man, (un galant homme); the latter means a man of respectable and honourable feeling—the former, something nearer the character of a petit maitre, a man successfully addicted to intrigue. Being gallant (être galant), in general implies an assiduity to please by studious attentions, and flattering deference. "He was exceedingly gallant to those ladies," means merely, he behaved more than politely to them; but being the gallant of a lady, is an expression of stronger meaning, it signifies being her lover; the word is scarcely any longer in use in this sense, except in low or familiar poetry. A gallant is not merely a man devoted to and successful in intrigue, but the term implies, moreover, somewhat of impudence and effrontery, in which sense Fontaine uses it in the following verse,

Mais un 'galant,' chercheur des pucelages.

Thus are various meanings attached to the same word. The case is similar with the term *gallantry*, which sometimes signifies a disposition to coquetry, and a habit of flattery; sometimes a present of some elegant toy, or piece of jewelry; sometimes intrigue, with one woman or with many; and latterly, it has even been applied to signify ironically the favours of Venus: thus, to talk gallantries, to give gallantries, to have gallantries, to contract a gallantry, express very different meanings. Nearly all the terms which occur frequently in conversation acquire, in the same manner, various shades of meaning, which it is difficult to discriminate: the meaning of terms of art is more precise and less arbitrary.

GARAGANTUA.

If ever a reputation was fixed on a solid basis, it is that of Garagantua. Yet in the present age of philosophy and criticism, some rash and daring minds have started forward, who have ventured to deny the prodigies believed respecting this extraordinary man—persons who have carried their scepticism so far, as even to doubt his very existence.

How is it possible, they ask, that there should have existed in the sixteenth century a distinguished hero, never mentioned by a single contemporary, by St. Ignatius, Cardinal Capitan, Galileo, or Guicciardini, and respecting whom the registers of the Sorbonne do not contain the slightest notice?

Investigate the histories of France, of Germany, of England, Spain, and other countries, and you find not a single word about Garagantua. His whole life, from his birth to his death, is a tissue of inconceivable prodigies.

His mother, Gargamelle, was delivered of him from the left ear. Almost at the instant of his birth he called out for drink, with a voice that was heard even in the districts of Beauce and Vivarais. Sixteen ells of cloth were required to make him breeches, and a hundred hides of brown cows were used in his shoes. He had not attained the age of twelve years before he gained a great battle, and founded the abbey of Théléme. Madame Badebec was given to him in marriage, and Badebec is proved to be a Syrian name.

He is represented to have devoured six pilgrims in a mere sallad, and the river Seine is stated to have flowed entirely from his person, so that the Parisians are

indebted for their beautiful river to him alone.

All this is considered contrary to nature by our carping philosophers, who scruple to admit even what is probable, unless it is well supported by evidence.

They observe, that if the Parisians have always believed in Garagantua, that is no reason why other nations should believe in him; that, if Garagantua had really performed one single prodigy out of the many attributed to him, the whole world would have resounded with it, all records would have noticed it, and a hundred monuments would have attested it. In short, they very unceremoniously treat the Parisians who believe in Garagantua, as ignorant simpletons and superstitious idiots, with whom are intermixed a few hypocrites, who pretend to believe in Garagantua, in order to obtain some convenient priorship in the abbey of Thélême.

The reverend Father Viret, a Cordelier of full-sleeved dignity, a confessor of ladies, and a preacher to the king, has replied to our pyrrhonian philosophers in a manner decisive and invincible. He very learnedly proves, that if no writer, with the exception of Rabelais, has mentioned the prodigies of Garagantua, at least, no historian has contradicted them; that the sage de Thou, who was a believer in witchcraft, divination, and astrology, never denied the miracles of Garagantua. They were not even called in question by La Mothe le Vayer. Mezerai treated them with such respect, as not to say a word against them, or indeed about them. These prodigies were performed before the eyes of all the world. Rabelais was a witness of them. It was impossible that he could be deceived, or that he would deceive. Had he deviated even in the smallest degree from the truth, all the nations of Europe would have been roused against him in indignation; all the gazetteers and journalists of the day would have exclaimed with one voice against the fraud and imposture.

In vain do the philosophers reply—for they reply to everything—that, at the period in question, gazettes and journals were not in existence. It is said in return, that there existed what was equivalent to them, and that is sufficient. Everything is impossible in the history of Garagantua, and from this circumstance itself may be inferred its incontestible truth. For if it were not true, no person could possibly have ventured to imagine it, and its incredibility constitutes the great proof that it ought to be believed.

Open all the Mercuries, all the Journals de Trevoux; those immortal works which teem with instruction to the race of man, and you will not find a single line which throws a doubt on the history of Garagantua. It was reserved for our own unfortunate age to produce monsters, who would establish a frightful pyrrhonism, under the pretence of requiring evidence as nearly approaching to mathematical as the case will admit, and of a devotion to reason, truth, and justice. What a pity! Oh for a single argument to confound them!

Garagantua founded the abbey of Thélême. The title deeds, it is true, were never found; it never had any; but it exists, and produces an income of ten thousand pieces of gold a year. The river Seine exists, and is an eternal monument of the prodigious fountain from which Garagantua supplied so noble a stream. Moreover, what will it cost you to believe in him? ought you not to take the safest side? Garagantua can procure for you wealth, honours, and influence. Philosophy can only bestow on you internal tranquillity and satisfaction, which you will of course estimate as a trifle. Believe, then, I again repeat, in Garagantua; if you possess the slightest portion of avarice, ambition, or knavery, it is the wisest part you can adopt.

GAZETTE:

A NARRATIVE of public affairs. It was at the beginning of the seventeenth century that this useful practice was suggested and established at Venice, at the

time when Italy still continued the centre of European negociations, and Venice was the unfailing asylum of liberty. The leaves or sheets containing this narrative, which were published once a week, were called Gazettes, from the word Gazetta, the name of a small coin, amounting nearly to one of our demi-sous, then current at Venice. The example was afterwards followed in all the great cities of Europe.

Journals of this description have been established in China from time immemorial. The Imperial Gazette is published there every day by order of the court. Admitting this gazette to be true, we may easily believe it does not contain all that is true; neither in fact ought it to do so.

Theophrastes Renaudot, a physician, published the first gazettes in France in 1601, and he had an exclusive privilege for the publication, which continued for a long time a patrimony to his family. The like privilege became an object of importance at Amsterdam, and the greater part of the gazettes of the United Provinces are still a source of revenue to many of the families of magistrates, who pay writers for furnishing materials for them. The city of London alone publishes more than twelve gazettes in the course of a week. They can be printed only upon stamped paper, and produce no inconsiderable income to the state.

The gazettes of China relate solely to that empire; those of the different states of Europe embrace the affairs of all countries. Although they frequently abound in false intelligence, they may nevertheless be considered as supplying good materials for history; because, in general, the errors of each particular gazette are corrected by subsequent ones, and because they contain authentic copies of almost all state papers, which indeed are published in them by order of the sovereigns or governments themselves. The French gazettes have always been revised by the ministry. It is on this account that the writers of them have always adhered to certain forms and designations, with a strictness apparently somewhat inconsistent with the courtesies of polished society, bestowing the title of monsieur only on some particular descriptions of persons, and that of sieur upon others; the authors having forgotten that they were not speaking in the name of their king. These public journals, it must be added, to their praise, have never been debased by calumny, and have always been written with considerable correctness.

The case is very different with respect to foreign gazettes; those of London, with the exception of the court gazette, abound frequently in that coarseness and licentiousness of observation which the national liberty allows. The French gazettes established in that country have been seldom written with purity, and have sometimes been not a little instrumental in corrupting the language. One of the greatest faults which has found a way into them arises from the authors having concluded that the ancient forms of expression used in public proclamations and in judicial and political proceedings and documents in France, and with which they were particularly conversant, were analogous to the regular syntax of our language, and from their having accordingly imitated that style in their narrative. This is like a Roman historian's using the style of the law of the twelve tables.

In imitation of the political gazettes, literary ones began to be published in France in 1665; for the first journals were, in fact, simply advertisements of the works recently printed in Europe: to this mere announcement of publication was soon added a critical examination or review. Many authors were offended at it, notwithstanding its great moderation. We shall here speak only of those literary gazettes with which the public, who were previously in possession of various journals from every country in Europe in which the sciences were cultivated, were completely overwhelmed. These gazettes appeared at Paris about the year 1723, under many different names, as—"The

Parnassian Intelligencer," "Observations on New Books," &c. The greater number of them were written for the single purpose of making money; and as money is not to be made by praising authors, these productions consisted generally of satire and abuse. They often contained the most odious personalities, and for a time sold in proportion to the virulence of their malignity; but reason and good taste, which are always sure to prevail at last, consigned them eventually to contempt and oblivion.

GENEALOGY.

SECTION I.

Many volumes have been written by learned divines in order to reconcile St. Matthew with St. Luke on the subject of the genealogy of Jesus Christ. The former enumerates only twenty-seven generations from David through Solomon, while Luke gives forty-two, and traces the descent through Nathan. The following is the method in which the learned Calmet solves a difficulty relating to Melchizedec. The orientals and the Greeks, ever abounding in fable and invention, fabricated a genealogy for him, in which they give us the names of his ancestors. But, adds this judicious Benedictine, as falsehood always betrays itself, some state his genealogy according to one series, and others according to another. There are some who maintain that he descended from a race obscure and degraded, and there are some who are disposed to represent him as illegitimate.

This passage naturally applies to Jesus, of whom, according to the apostle, Melchizedec was the type or figure. In fact, the gospel of Nicomedes expressly states, that the Jews, in the presence of Pilate, reproached Jesus with being born of fornication; upon which the learned Fabricius remarks, that it does not appear from any clear and credible testimony, that the Jews objected to Jesus Christ during his life, or even to his apostles, that calumny respecting his birth which they so assiduously and virulently circulated afterwards. The Acts of the Apostles, however, inform us that the Jews of Antioch opposed themselves, blaspheming against what Paul spoke to them concerning Jesus; and Origen maintains, that the passage in St. John's gospel—"We are not born of fornication, we have never been in subjection unto any man,"—was an indirect reproach thrown out by the Jews against Jesus on the subject of his birth. For, as this father informs us, they pretended that Jesus was originally from a small hamlet of Judea, and his mother nothing more than a poor villager subsisting by her labour, who, having been found guilty of adultery with a soldier of the name of Panther, was turned away by her husband, whose occupation was that of a carpenter; that, after this disgraceful expulsion, she wandered about miserably from one place to another, and was privately delivered of Jesus, who, pressed by the necessity of his circumstances, was compelled to go and hire himself as a servant in Egypt, where he acquired some of those secrets which the Egyptians turn to so good an account, and then returned to his own country, in which, full of the miracles he was enabled to perform, he proclaimed himself to be God.

According to a very old tradition, the name of Panther, which gave occasion to the mistake of the Jews, was, as we are informed by St. Epiphanius, the surname of Joseph's father, or rather, as is asserted by St. John Damascene, the proper name of Mary's grandfather.

As to the situation of a servant with which Jesus was reproached, he declares himself that he came not to be served, but to serve. Zoroaster, according to the Arabians, had in like manner been the servant of Esdras. Epictetus was even born in servitude. Accordingly, St. Cyril of Jerusalem justly observed, that it is no disgrace to any man.

On the subject of the miracles, we learn indeed from Pliny, that the Egyptians had the secret of dying with different

colours, stuffs which were dipped in the very same furnace, and this is one of the miracles which the gospel of the Infancy attributes to Jesus. But, according to St. Chrysostom, Jesus performed no miracle before his baptism, and those stated to have been wrought by him before are absolute fabrications. The reason assigned by this father for such an arrangement is, that the wisdom of God determined against Christ's performing any miracles in his childhood, lest they should have been regarded as impostures.

Epiphanius in vain alleges, that to deny the miracles ascribed by some to Jesus during his infancy, would furnish heretics with a specious pretext for saying, that he became son of God only in consequence of the effusion of the holy spirit, which descended upon him at his baptism: we are contending here, not against heretics, but against Jews.

Mr. Wagenseil has presented us with a Latin translation of a Jewish work entitled Toldos Jeschu, in which it is related that Jeschu, being at Bethlehem in Judah, the place of his birth, cried out aloud, "Who are the wicked men that pretend I am a bastard, and spring from an impure origin? They are themselves bastards, themselves exceedingly impure! Was I not born of a virgin mother? and I entered through the crown of her head!"

This testimony appeared of such importance to M. Bergier, that learned divine felt no scruple about employing it without quoting his authority. The following are his words, in the twenty-third page of the Certainty of the Proofs of Christianity:—"Jesus was born of a virgin by the operation of the holy spirit. Jesus himself frequently assured us of this with his own mouth; and to the same purpose is the recital of the apostles." It is certain that these words are only to be found in the Toldos Jeschu; and the certainty of that proof, among those adduced by M. Bergier, subsists, although St. Matthew applies to Jesus the passage of Isaiah:—"He shall not dispute, he shall not cry aloud, and no one shall hear his voice in the streets."

According to St. Jerome, there was in like manner an ancient tradition among the Gymnosophists of India, that Buddas, the author of their creed, was born of a virgin, who was delivered of him from her side. In the same manner was born Julius Cæsar, Scipio Africanus, Manlius, Edward VI. of England, and others, by means of an operation called by surgeons the *Cæsarean* operation, because it consists in abstracting the child from the womb by an incision in the abdomen of the mother. Simon, surnamed the Magician, and Manès, pretended likewise both of them to be born of a virgin. This might, however, merely mean, that their mothers were virgins at the time of conceiving them. But in order to be convinced of the uncertainty attending the marks and evidences of virginity, it will be perfectly sufficient to read the commentary of M. de Pompignan, the celebrated Bishop of Puy en Velai, on the following passage in the book of Proverbs, "There are three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not. The way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent upon a rock, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, and the way of a man in his youth." In order to give a literal translation of the passage, it would have been necessary, according to this prelate (in the third chapter of the second part of his work entitled Infidelity convinced by the Prophecies), it would have been necessary to say, "Viam viri en virgine adolescentula,"—The way of a man with a maid. The translation of our Vulgate, says he, substitutes another meaning, exact indeed and true, but less conformable to the original text. In short, he corroborates his curious interpretation by the analogy between this verse and the following one: "Such is the life of the adulterous woman, who, after having eaten, wipeth her mouth and saith, I have done no wickedness."

However, this may be, the virginity of

Mary was not generally admitted, even at the beginning of the third century. Many have entertained the opinion, and do still, said St. Clement of Alexandria, that Mary was delivered of a son, without that delivery producing any change in her person; for some say, that a midwife who visited her after the birth, found her to retain all the marks of virginity. It is clear, that St. Clement refers here to the gospel of the birth of Mary, in which the angel Gabriel says to her, "Without intercourse with man, thou, a virgin, shalt conceive, thou, a virgin, shalt be delivered of a child, thou, a virgin, shalt give suck;" and also to the first gospel of James, in which the midwife exclaims, "What an unheard of wonder! Mary has just brought a son into the world, and yet retains all the evidences of virginity." These two gospels were, nevertheless, subsequently rejected as apocryphal, although on this point, they were conformable to the opinion adopted by the church: the scaffolding was removed after the building was completed.

What is added by Jeschu—"I entered by the crown of the head"—was likewise the opinion held by the church. The Breviary of the Maronites represents the Word of the Father as having entered by the ear of the blessed woman. St. Augustin, and Pope Felix, say expressly, that the virgin became pregnant through the ear. St. Ephrem says the same in a hymn, and Voisin his translator observes, that the idea came originally from Gregory of Neocesarea, surnamed Thaumaturgos. Agobar relates, that in his time the church sang in the time of public service—"The word entered through the ear of the virgin, and came out at the golden gate." Eutychius speaks also of Elian, who attended at the council of Nice, and who said that the Word entered by the ear of the virgin, and came out in the way of child-birth. This Elian was a rural bishop, whose name occurs in Selden's published Arabic List of Fathers who attended the council of Nice.

It is well known that the Jesuit Sanchez gravely discussed the question whether the Virgin Mary contributed seminally in the incarnation of Christ, and that, like other divines before him, he concluded in the affirmative. But these extravagancies of a prurient and depraved imagination should be classed with the opinion of Aretin, who introduces the holy spirit on this occasion effecting his purpose under the figure of a dove; as mythology describes Jupiter to have succeeded with Leda in the form of a swan, or as the most eminent authors of the church—St. Austin, Athenagoras, Tertullian, St. Clement of Alexandria, St. Cyprian, Lactantius, St. Ambrose, and others believed, after Philo and Josephus, the historian, who were Jews, that angels had associated with the daughters of men, and engaged in sexual connection with them. St. Augustin goes so far as to charge the Manicheans with teaching, as a part of their religious persuasion, that beautiful young persons appeared in a state of nature before the princes of darkness, or evil angels, and deprived them of the vital substance which that father calls the nature of God. Herodius is still more explicit, and says that the divine majesty escaped through the productive organs of demons.

It is true that all these fathers believed angels to be corporeal. But, after the works of Plato had established the idea of their spirituality, the ancient opinion of a corporeal union between angels and women was explained by the supposition, that the same angel who, in a woman's form, had received the embraces of a man, in turn held communication with a woman, in the character of a man. Divines, by the terms incubus and succubus, designate the different parts thus performed by angels. Those who are curious on the subject of these offensive and revolting reveries, may see further details in "Various Readings of the Book of Genesis," by Otho Gualter; "Magical Disquisitions," by Delvis, and the "Discourses on Witchcraft," by Henry Boguet.

SECTION II.

No genealogy, even although reprinted in Moreri, approaches that of Mahomet or Mohammed, the son of Abdallah, the son of Abd'all Moutaleb, the son of Ashem; which Mohammed was, in his younger days, groom of the widow Cadisha, then her factor, then her husband, then a prophet of God, then condemned to be hanged, then conqueror and king of Arabia; and who finally died an enviable death, satiated with glory and with love.

The German barons do not trace back their origin beyond Witikind; and our modern French marquisses can scarcely, any of them, show deeds and patents of an earlier date than Charlemagne. But the race of Mahomet, or Mohammed, which still subsists, has always exhibited a genealogical tree, of which the trunk is Adam, and of which the branches reach from Ishmael down to the nobility and gentry who at the present day bear the high title of cousins of Mahomet.

There is no difficulty about this genealogy, no dispute among the learned, no false calculations to be rectified, no contradictions to palliate, no impossibilities to be made possible.

Your pride cavils against the authenticity of these titles. You tell me that you are descended from Adam as well as the greatest prophet, if Adam was the common father of our race; but that this same Adam was never known by any person, not even by the ancient Arabs themselves; that the name has never been cited except in the books of the Jews; and that, consequently, you take the liberty of writing down *false* against the high and noble claims of Mahomet or Mohammed.

You add that, in any case, if there has been a first man, whatever his name might be, you are a descendant from him as decidedly as Cadisha's illustrious groom; and that, if there has been no first man, if the human race always existed, as so many of the learned pretend, then you are clearly a gentleman from all eternity.

In answer to this you are told, that you are a plebeian (roturier) from all eternity, unless you can produce a regular and complete set of parchments.

You reply that men are equal; that one race cannot be more ancient than another; that parchments, with bits of wax dangling to them, are a recent invention; that there is no reason that compels you to yield to the family of Mahomet, or to that of Confucius; or to that of the Emperors of Japan; or to the royal secretaries of the grand college. Nor can I oppose your opinion by arguments, physical, metaphysical, or moral. You think yourself equal to the dairo of Japan, and I entirely agree with you. All that I would advise you is, that if ever you meet with him, you take good care to be the stronger.

GENESIS.

The sacred writer having conformed himself to the ideas generally received, and being indeed obliged not to deviate from them, as without such condescension to the weakness and ignorance of those whom he addressed, he would not have been understood, it only remains for us to make some observations on the natural philosophy prevailing in those early periods; for, with respect to theology, we reverence it, we believe in it, and never either dispute or discuss it.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

Thus has the original passage been translated, but the translation is not correct. There is no one, however slightly informed upon the subject, who is not aware that the real meaning of the word is, "In the beginning the gods made (firent *or* fit) the heaven and the earth." This reading, moreover, perfectly corresponds with the ancient idea of the Phenicians, who imagined that, in reducing the chaos (*chautereb*) into order, God employed the agency of inferior deities.

The Phenicians had been long a powerful people, having a theogony of their own, before the Hebrews became pos-

sessed of a few cantons of land near their territory. It is extremely natural to suppose that, when the Hebrews had at length formed a small establishment near Phenicia, they began to acquire its language. At that time their writers might, and probably did, borrow the ancient philosophy of their masters. Such is the regular march of the human mind.

At the time in which Moses is supposed to have lived, were the Phenician philosophers sufficiently enlightened to regard the earth as a mere point in comparison with the infinite multitude of orbs placed by God in the immensity of space, commonly called *heaven?* The idea so very ancient, and at the same time so utterly false, that heaven was made for earth, almost always prevailed in the minds of the great mass of the people. It would certainly be just as correct and judicious for any person to suppose, if told that God created all the mountains and a single grain of sand, that the mountains were created for that grain of sand. It is scarcely possible that the Phenicians, who were such excellent navigators, should not have had some good astronomers; but the old prejudices generally prevailed, and those old prejudices were very properly spared and indulged by the author of the book of Genesis, who wrote to instruct men in the ways of God, and not in natural philosophy.

"The earth was without form (tohu bohu) and void; darkness rested upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the surface of the waters."

Tohu bohu means precisely chaos, disorder. It is one of those imitative words which are to be found in all languages; as, for example, in the French we have sens, dessus, dessous, tintamarre, trictrac, tonnerre, bombe. The earth was not as yet formed in its present state: the matter existed, but the divine power had not yet arranged it. The spirit of God means literally the breath, the wind, which agitated the waters. The same idea occurs in the Fragments of the Phenician author Sanconiathon. The Phenicians, like every other people, believed matter to be eternal. There is not a single author of antiquity who ever represented something to have been produced from nothing. Even throughout the whole Bible, no passage is to be found in which matter is said to have been created out of nothing. Not, however, that we mean to controvert the truth of such creation. It was, nevertheless, a truth not known by the carnal Jews.

On the question of the eternity of the world, mankind has always been divided, but never on that of the eternity of matter. From nothing, nothing can proceed, nor into nothing can aught existent return.

De nihilo nihilum, et in nihilum nil posse gigni reverti.
Persius, Sat. iii.

Such was the opinion of all antiquity.

"God said let there be light, and there was light; and he saw that the light was good, and he divided the light from the darkness; and he called the light day, and the darkness night; and the evening and the morning were the first day. And God said also, let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament. And God called the firmament heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day, &c. And he saw that it was good."

We begin with examining whether Huet, Bishop of Avranches, Le Clerc, and some other commentators, are not in the right in opposing the idea of those who consider this passage as exhibiting the most sublime eloquence.

Eloquence is not aimed at in any history written by the Jews. The style of the passage in question, like that of all the rest of the work, possesses the most perfect simplicity. If an orator, intending to give some idea of the power of God, employed for that purpose the short and simple expression we are consider-

ing, "He said, let there be light, and there was light;" it would then be sublime. Exactly similar is the passage in one of the psalms, "Dixit, et facta sunt," "He spake, and they were made." It is a trait which, being unique in this place, and introduced purposely in order to create a majestic image, elevates and transports the mind. But, in the instance under examination, the narrative is of the most simple character. The Jewish writer is speaking of light just in the same unambitious manner as of other objects of creation, he expresses himself equally and regularly after every article, "and God saw that it was good." Everything is sublime in the course or act of creation, unquestionably, but the creation of light is no more so than that of the herbs of the field; the sublime is something which soars far from the rest, whereas all is equal throughout the chapter.

But farther, it was another very ancient opinion that light did not proceed from the sun. It was seen diffused throughout the atmosphere, before the rising and after the setting of that star; the sun was supposed merely to give it greater strength and clearness; accordingly the author of Genesis accommodates himself to this popular error, and even states the creation of the sun and moon not to have taken place until four days after the existence of light. It was impossible that there could be a morning and evening before the existence of a sun. The inspired writer deigned, in this instance, to condescend to the gross and wild ideas of the nation. The object of God was not to teach the Jews philosophy. He might have raised their minds to the truth, but he preferred descending to their error. This solution can never be too frequently repeated.

The separation of the light from the darkness is a part of the same system of philosophy. It would seem that night and day were mixed up together, as grains of different species which are easily separable from each other. It is sufficiently known that darkness is nothing but the absence of light, and that there is in fact no light when our eyes receive no sensation of it; but at that period these truths were far from being known.

The idea of a firmament, again, is of the very highest antiquity. The heavens are imagined to be a solid mass, because they always exhibited the same phenomena. They rolled over our heads, they were therefore constituted of the most solid materials. Who could suppose that the exhalations from the land and sea supplied the water descending from the clouds, or compute their corresponding quantities? No Halley then lived to make so curious a calculation. The heavens therefore were conceived to contain reservoirs. These reservoirs could be supported only on a strong arch, and as this arch of heaven was actually transparent, it must necessarily have been made of chrystal. In order that the waters above might descend from it upon the earth, sluices, cataracts, and floodgates were necessary, which might be opened and shut as circumstances required. Such was the astronomy of the day; and as the author wrote for Jews, it was incumbent upon him to adopt their gross ideas, borrowed from other people somewhat less gross than themselves.

"God also made two great lights, one to rule the day, the other the night: he also made the stars."

It must be admitted that we perceive throughout the same ignorance of nature. The Jews did not know that the moon shone only with a reflected light. The author here speaks of stars as of mere luminous points, such as they appear, although they are in fact so many suns, having each of them worlds revolving round it. The Holy Spirit, then, accommodated himself to the spirit of the times. If he had said that the sun was a million times larger than the earth, and the moon fifty times smaller, no one would have comprehended him. They appear to us two stars of nearly equal size.

"God said, also, let us make man in our own image, and let him have dominion over the fishes," &c.

What meaning did the Jews attach to the expression, "let us make man in our own image?" The same as all antiquity attached to it.

"Finxit in effigiem moderantum cuncta deorum."
Ovid, Metam. i. 82.

No images are made but of bodies. No nation ever imagined a God without body, and it is impossible to represent him otherwise. We may indeed say that God is nothing that we are acquainted with, but we can have no idea of what he is. The Jews invariably conceived God to be corporeal, as well as every other people. All the first fathers of the church, also, entertained the same belief till they had embraced the ideas of Plato, or rather until the light of Christianity became more pure.

"He created them male and female."

If God, or the secondary or inferior gods, created mankind, male and female, after their own likeness, it would seem, in that case, as if the Jews believed that God and the gods who so formed them were male and female. It has been a subject of discussion, whether the author means to say that man had originally two sexes, or merely that God made Adam and Eve on the same day. The most natural meaning is, that God formed Adam and Eve at the same time; but this interpretation involves an absolute contradiction to the statement of the woman's being made out of the rib of the man after the seven days were concluded.

"And he rested on the seventh day."

The Phenicians, Chaldeans, and Indians, represented God as having made the world in six periods, which the ancient Zoroaster calls the six "Gahambars," so celebrated among the Persians.

It is beyond all question that these nations possessed a theology before the Jews inhabited the deserts of Oreb, and Sinai, and before they could possibly have any writers. Many writers have considered it probable that the allegory of six days was imitated from that of the six periods. God may have permitted the idea to have prevailed in large and populous empires before he inspired the Jewish people with it. He had undoubtedly permitted other people to invent the arts before the Jews were in possession of any one of them.

"From this pleasant place a river went out which watered the garden, and thence it was divided into four rivers. One was called Pison, which compassed the whole land of Hivilah, whence cometh gold.. ...... the second was called Gihon and surrounds Ethiopia...... the third is the Tigris, and the fourth the Euphrates."

According to this version, the earthly paradise would have contained nearly a third part of Asia and of Africa. The sources of the Euphrates and the Tigris are sixty leagues distant from each other, in frightful mountains, bearing no possible resemblance to a garden. The river which borders Ethiopia, and which can be no other than the Nile, commences its course at the distance of more than a thousand leagues from the sources of the Tigris and Euphrates; and, if the Pison means the Phasis, it is not a little surprising that the source of a Scythian river, and that of an African one, should be situated on the same spot. We must therefore look for some other explanation, and for other rivers. Every commentator has got up a paradise of his own.

It has been said that the garden of Eden resembles the gardens of Eden at Saana in Arabia Felix, celebrated throughout all antiquity; that the Hebrews, a very recent people, might be an Arabian horde, and assume to themselves the honour of the most beautiful spot in the finest district of Arabia; and that they have always converted to their own purposes the ancient traditions of the vast and powerful nations in the midst of whom they were in bondage. They were not, however, on this account, the less under the divine protection and guidance.

"The Lord hen took the man and put him into the garden of Eden that he might cultivate it."

It is very respectable and pleasant for a man to "cultivate his garden," but it must have been somewhat difficult for Adam to have dressed and kept in order a garden of a thousand leagues in length, even although he had been supplied with some assistants. Commentators on this subject, therefore, we again observe, are completely at a loss, and must be content to exercise their ingenuity in conjecture. Accordingly, these four rivers have been described as flowing through numberless different territories.

"Eat not of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, of good and evil."

It is not easy to conceive that there ever existed a tree which could teach good and evil as there are trees that bear pears and apricots. And, besides, the question is asked, why is God unwilling that man should know good and evil? Would not his free access to this knowledge, on the contrary, appear (if we may venture to use such language) more worthy of God, and far more necessary to man? To our weak reason it would seem more natural and proper for God to command him to eat largely of such fruit; but we must bring our reason under subjection, and acquiesce with humility and simplicity in the conclusion that God is to be obeyed.

"If thou shalt eat thereof, thou shalt die."

Nevertheless, Adam eat of it and did not die; on the contrary, he is stated to have lived on for nine hundred and thirty years. Many of the fathers considered the whole matter as an allegory. In fact, it might be said, that all other animals have no knowledge that they shall die, but that man, by means of his reason, has such knowledge. This reason is the tree of knowledge which enables him to foresee his end. This, perhaps, is the most rational interpretation that can be given. We venture not to decide positively.

"The Lord said also, it is not good for man to be alone; let us make him a helpmeet for him."

We naturally expect that the Lord is about to bestow on him a wife; but first he conducts before him all the various tribes of animals. Perhaps the copyist may have committed here an error of transposition.

"And the name which Adam gave to every animal is its true name."

What we should naturally understand by the true name of an animal, would be a name describing all, or at least, the principal properties of its species. But this is not the case in any language. In each there are some imitative words, as coq and cocu in the Celtic, which bear some slight similarity to the notes of the cock and the cuckoo; tintamarre, tricktrack, in French; alali in Greek; lupus in Latin, &c. But these imitative words are exceedingly few. Moreover, if Adam had thus thoroughly known the properties of various animals, he must either have previously eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, or it would apparently have answered no end for God to have interdicted him from it. He must have already known more than the Royal Society of London, and the Academy of the Sciences.

It may be remarked, that this is the first time the name of Adam occurs in the book of Genesis. The first man, according to the ancient Brachmans, who were prodigiously anterior to the Jews, was called Adimo, a son of the earth, and his wife Procris, life. This is recorded in the Veidam, in the history of the second formation of the world. Adam and Eve expressed perfectly the same meanings in the Phenician language—a new evidence of the holy spirit's conforming itself to commonly received ideas.

"When Adam was asleep God took one of his ribs and put flesh instead thereof; and of the rib which he had taken from Adam he formed a woman, and he brought the woman to Adam."

In the previous chapter, the Lord had

already created the male and the female; why, therefore, remove a rib from the man to form out of it a woman who was already in being? It is answered, that the author barely announces in the one case what he explains in another. It is answered farther, that this allegory places the wife in subjection to her husband, and expresses their intimate union. Many persons have been led to imagine from this verse that men have one rib less than women; but this is a heresy, and anatomy informs us that a wife has no more ribs than her husband.

"But the serpent was more subtle than all animals on the earth; he said to the woman," &c.

Throughout the whole of this article there is no mention made of the devil. Everything in it relates to the usual course of nature. The serpent was considered by all oriental nations, not only as the most cunning of all animals, but likewise as immortal. The Chaldeans had a fable concerning a quarrel between God and the serpent, and this fable had been preserved by Pherecides. Origen cites it in his sixth book against Celsus. A serpent was borne in procession at the feasts of Bacchus. The Egyptians, according to the statement of Eusebius in the first book of the tenth chapter of his Evangelical Preparation, attached a species of divinity to the serpent. In Arabia, India, and even China, the serpent was regarded as a symbol of life; and hence it was that the emperors of China, long before the time of Moses, always bore upon their breast the image of a serpent.

Eve expresses no astonishment at the serpent's speaking to her. In all ancient histories, animals have spoken; hence Pilpay and Lokman excited no surprise by their introduction of animals conversing and disputing.

The whole of this affair appears so clearly to have been supposed in the natural course of events, and so unconnected with anything allegorical, that the narrative assigns a reason why the serpent, from that time, has moved creeping on its belly, why we always are eager to crush it under our feet, and why it always attempts (at least according to the popular belief) to bite and wound us. Precisely as, with respect to presumed changes affecting certain animals recorded in ancient fable, reasons were stated why the crow which originally had been white is at the present day black; why the owl quits his gloomy retreat only by night; why the wolf is devoted to carnage, &c. The fathers, however, believed the affair to be an allegory at once clear and venerable. The safest way is to believe like them.

"I will multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children. Thou shalt be under the power of the man, and he shall rule over thee."

Why, it is asked, should the multiplication of conception be a punishment? It was, on the contrary, says the objector, esteemed a superior blessing, particularly among the Jews. The pains of childbirth are inconsiderable in all, except very weak or delicate women. Those accustomed to labour are delivered, particularly in warm climates, with great ease. Brutes frequently experience greater suffering from this process of nature: some even die under it. And with respect to the superiority or dominion of the man over the woman, it is merely in the natural course of events; it is the effect of strength of body, and even of strength of mind. Men, generally speaking, possess organs more capable of continued attention than women, and are better fitted by nature for labours both of the head and arm. But when a woman possesses both a hand and a mind more powerful than her husband's, she everywhere possesses the dominion over him; it is then the husband that is under subjection to the wife. There is certainly truth in these remarks; but it might, nevertheless, very easily be the fact, that before the commission of the original sin, neither subjection nor sorrow existed.

"The Lord made for them coats of skins."

This passage decidedly proves that the Jews believed God to be corporeal. A Rabbi, of the name of Eliezar, stated in his works, that God clothed Adam and Eve with the skin of the very serpent who had tempted them; and Origen maintains that this coat of skins was a new flesh, a new body, which God conferred on man. It is far better to adhere respectfully to the literal texts.

"And the Lord said; Lo! Adam is become like one of us."

It seems as if the Jews admitted, originally, many gods. It is somewhat more difficult to determine what they meant by the word God, *Elohïm*. Some commentators have contended that the expression *one of us* signifies the Trinity. But certainly there is nothing relating to the Trinity, throughout the Bible. The Trinity is not a compound of many or several Gods: it is one and the same god threefold; and the Jews never heard the slightest mention of one god in three persons. By the words *like us*, or *as one of us*, it is probable that the Jews understood the angels, *Elohïm*. It is this passage which has induced many learned men very rashly to conclude that this book was not written until that people had adopted the belief of these inferior gods. But this opinion has been condemned.

"The Lord sent him forth from the garden of Eden to cultivate the ground."

"But," it is remarked by some, "the Lord had placed him in the garden of Eden to *cultivate* that garden." If Adam, instead of being a gardener, merely becomes a labourer, his situation, they observe, is not made very much worse by the change. A good labourer is well worth a good gardener. These remarks must be regarded as too light and frivolous. It appears more judicious to say, that God punished disobedience by banishing the offender from the place of his nativity.

The whole of this history, generally speaking, (according to the opinion of liberal, not to say licentious commentators) proceeds upon the idea which has prevailed in every past age, and still exists, that the first times were better and happier than those which followed. Men have always complained of the present and extolled the past. Pressed down by the labours of life, they have imagined happiness to consist in inactivity, not considering that the most unhappy of all states is that of a man who has nothing to do. They felt themselves frequently miserable, and framed in their imaginations an ideal period in which all the world had been happy; although it might be just as naturally and truly supposed that there had existed times in which no tree decayed and perished, in which no beast was weak, diseased, or devoured by another, and in which spiders did not prey upon flies. Hence the idea of the golden age; of the egg pierced by Arimanes; of the serpent who stole from the ass the recipe for obtaining a happy and immortal life, which the man had placed upon his packsaddle; of the conflict between Typhon and Osiris, and between Opheneus and the gods; of the famous box of Pandora; and of all those ancient tales, of which some are ingenious, but none instructive. But we are bound to believe that the fables of other nations are imitations of the Hebrew history, since we possess the ancient history of the Hebrews, and the early books of other nations are nearly all destroyed. Besides, the testimonies in favour of the book of Genesis are irrefragable.

"And he placed before the garden of Eden a cherub with a flaming sword, which turned all round to guard the way to the tree of life."

The word *kerub* signifies *ox*. An ox armed with a flaming sword is rather a singular exhibition, it is said, before a portal. But the Jews afterwards represented angels under the form of oxen, and hawks, although they were forbidden to make any images. They evidently de-

rived these emblems of oxen and hawks from the Egyptians, whom they imitated in so many other things. The Egyptians first venerated the ox as the emblem of agriculture, and the hawk as that of the winds; but they never converted the ox into a sentinel. It is probably an allegory; and the Jews by *kerub* understood nature. It was a symbol formed of the head of an ox, the head and body of a man, and the wings of a hawk.

"And the Lord set a mark upon Cain."

What Lord? says the infidel. He accepts the offering of Abel, and rejects that of his elder brother, without the least reason being assigned for the distinction. By this proceeding, the Lord was the cause of animosity between the two brothers. We are presented in this piece of history, it is true, with a moral, however humiliating, lesson; a lesson to be derived from all the fables of antiquity, that scarcely had the race of man commenced the career of existence, before one brother assassinates another. But what the sages of this world consider contrary to everything moral, to everything just, to all the principles of common sense, is that God, who inflicted eternal damnation on the race of man, and useless crucifixion on his own son, on account merely of the eating of an apple, should absolutely pardon a fratricide! nay, that he should more than pardon, that he should take the offender under his peculiar protection! He declares, that whoever shall avenge the murder of Abel shall experience sevenfold the punishment that Cain might have suffered. He puts a mark upon him as a safeguard. Here, continue these vile blasphemers, here is a fable as execrable as it is absurd. It is the raving of some wretched Jew, who wrote those infamous and revolting fooleries, in imitation of the tales so greedily swallowed by the neighbouring population in Syria. This senseless Jew attributed these atrocious reveries to Moses, at a time when nothing was so rare as books. That fatality, which affects and disposes of everything, has delivered down this contemptible production to our own times. Knaves have extolled it, and fools have believed it. Such is the language of a tribe of theists, who, while they adore a God, dare to condemn the God of Israel; and who judge of the conduct of the eternal Deity by the rules of our own imperfect morality, and erroneous justice. They admit a God, to subject him to our laws. Let us guard against such rashness; and, once again it must be repeated, let us revere what we cannot comprehend. Let us cry out, O altitudo! O the height and depth! with all our strength.

"The gods Elohim, seeing the daughters of men that they were fair, took for wives those whom they chose."

This imagination, again, may be traced in the history of every people. No nation has ever existed, unless perhaps we may except China, in which some god is not described as having had offspring from women. These corporeal gods frequently descended to visit their dominions upon earth; they saw the daughters of our race, and attached themselves to those who were most interesting and beautiful: the issue of this connection between gods and mortals must of course have been superior to other men; accordingly, Genesis informs us, that from the association it mentions, of the gods with women, sprang a race of giants.

"I will bring a deluge of waters upon the earth."

I will merely observe here that St. Augustin, in his "City of God," No. 8, says, "Maximum illud diluvium Græca nec Latina novet historia:"—neither Greek nor Latin history knows anything about the great deluge. In fact, none had ever been known in Greece but those of Ducaleon and Ogyges They are regarded as universal in the fables collected by Ovid, but are wholly unknown in eastern Asia. St. Augustin, therefore, is not mistaken, in saying that history makes no mention of this event.

"God said to Noah, I will make a

covenant with you, and with your seed after you, and with all living creatures."

God make a covenant with beasts! What sort of a covenant? Such is the outcry of infidels. But if he makes a covenant with man, why not with the beast? It has feeling, and there is something as divine in feeling as in the most metaphysical meditation. Besides, beasts feel more correctly than the greater part of men think. It is clearly in virtue of this treaty, that Francis d'Assise, the founder of the Seraphic order, said to the grasshoppers and the hares,—"Pray sing, my dear sister grasshopper; pray browse, my dear brother hare." But what were the conditions of the treaty? That all animals should devour one another; that they should feed upon our flesh, and we upon theirs; that, after having eaten them, we should proceed with wrath and fury to the extermination of our own race,—nothing being then wanting to crown the horrid series of butchery and cruelty, but devouring our fellow-men, after having thus remorsely destroyed them. Had there been actually such a treaty as this, it could have been entered into only with the devil.

Probably the meaning of the whole passage is neither more nor less, than that God is equally the absolute master of everything that breathes. This pact can be nothing more than an order, and the word covenant is used merely as more emphatic and impressive; we should not therefore be startled and offended at the words, but adore the spirit, and direct our minds back to the period in which this book was written,—a book of scandal to the weak, but of edification to the strong.

"And I will put my bow in the clouds, and it shall be a sign of my covenant," &c.

Observe that the author does not say, I *have* put my bow in the clouds; he says,—I *will* put: this clearly implies it to have been the prevailing opinion that there had not always been a rainbow. This phenomenon is necessarily produced by rain; yet in this place it is represented as something supernatural, exhibited in order to announce and prove that the earth should no more be inundated. It is singular to choose the certain sign of rain, in order to assure men against their being drowned. But it may also be replied, that in any danger of inundation, we have the cheering security of the rainbow.

"But the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the sons of Adam had built, and he said,—Behold a people which has but one language. They have begun to do this, and they will not desist until they have completed it. Come then, let us go and confound their language, that no one may understand his neighbour."

Observe here, that the sacred writer always continues to conform to the popular opinions. He always speaks of God as of a man who endeavours to inform himself of what is passing, who is desirous of seeing with his own eyes what is going on in his dominions, who calls together his council in order to deliberate with them.

"And Abraham having divided his men (who were three hundred and eighteen in number) fell upon the five kings, and pursued them unto Hoba, on the left hand of Damascus."

From the south bank of the lake of Sodom to Damascus was a distance of eighty leagues, not to mention crossing the mountains Libanus and Anti-Libanus. Infidels smile and triumph at such exaggeration. But as the Lord favoured Abraham, nothing was in fact exaggerated.

"And two angels arrived at Sodom at even."

The whole history of these two angels, whom the inhabitants of Sodom wished to violate, is perhaps the most extraordinary in the records of all antiquity. But it must be considered that almost all Asia believed in the existence of the demoniacal incubus and succubus; and moreover, that these two angels were

creatures more perfect than mankind, and must have possessed more beauty to stimulate their execrable tendencies. It is possible that the passage may be only meant as a rhetorical figure to express the atrocious depravity of Sodom and Gomorrah. It is not without the greatest diffidence that we suggest to the learned this solution.

As to Lot, who proposes to the people of Sodom the substitution of his two daughters in the room of the angels; and his wife, who was changed into a statue of salt, and all the rest of that history, what shall we venture to say? The old Arabian tale of Cinyras and Myrrha has some resemblance to the incest of Lot with his daughters; and the adventure of Philemon and Baucis is somewhat similar to the case of the two angels who appeared to Lot and his wife. With respect to the statue of salt, we know not where to find any resemblance; perhaps in the history of Orpheus and Eurydice.

Many ingenious men are of opinion, with the great Newton and the learned Le Clerc, that the Pentateuch was written by Samuel when the Jews had a little knowledge of reading and writing, and that all these histories are imitations of Syrian fables.

But it is enough that all this is in the holy scripture to induce us to reverence it, without attempting to find out in this book anything besides what is written by the holy spirit. Let us always recollect, that those times were not like our times; and let us not fail to repeat, after so many great men, that the Old Testament is a true history; and that all that has been written differing from it by the rest of the world, is fabulous.

Some critics have contended, that all the incredible passages in the canonical books, which scandalise weak minds, ought to be suppressed; but it has been observed in answer, that those critics had bad hearts, and ought to be burnt at the stake; and that it is impossible to be a good man without believing that the people of Sodom wanted to violate two angels. Such is the reasoning of a species of monsters who wish to lord it over the understandings of mankind.

It is true, that many eminent fathers of the church have had the prudence to turn all these histories into allegories, after the example of the Jews, and particularly of Philo. The popes, more discreet, have endeavoured to prevent the translation of these books into the vulgar tongue, lest some men should in consequence be led to think and judge, about what was proposed to them only to adore.

We are certainly justified in concluding hence, that those who thoroughly understand this book should tolerate those who do not understand it at all; for if the latter understand nothing of it, it is not their own fault: on the other hand, those who comprehend nothing that it contains should tolerate those who comprehend everything in it.

Learned and ingenious men, full of their own talents and acquirements, have maintained that it is impossible Moses could have written the book of Genesis. One of their principal reasons is, that in the history of Abraham, that patriarch is stated to have paid for a cave, he purchased for the interment of his wife, in silver coin, and the King of Gerar to have given Sarah a thousand pieces of silver when he restored her, after having carried her off for her beauty at the age of seventy-five. They inform us, that they have consulted all the ancient authors, and that it appears very certain that at the period mentioned, silver money was not in existence. But these are evidently mere cavils, as the church has always firmly believed Moses to have been the author of the Pentateuch. They strengthen all the doubts suggested by Aben-Ezra, and Baruch Spinoza. The physician Astruc, father-in-law of the Comptroller-general Silhouette, in his book (now become very scarce) called "Conjectures on the Book of Genesis," adds some objections, inexplicable undoubtedly to human learning, but not so

to a humble and submissive piety. The learned, many of them, contradict every line, but the devout consider every line sacred. Let us dread falling into the misfortune of believing and trusting to our reason; but let us bring ourselves into subjection in understanding as well as in heart.

"And Abraham said that Sarah was his sister, and the King of Gerar took her for himself."

We admit, as we have said under the article ABRAHAM, that Sarah was at this time ninety years of age, that she had been already carried away by a king of Egypt, and that a king of this same horrid wilderness of Gerar, likewise, many years afterwards, carried away the wife of Isaac, Abraham's son. We have also spoken of his servant Hagar, who bore him a son, and of the manner in which the patriarch sent her and her son away. It is well known how infidels triumph on the subject of all these histories, with what a disdainful smile they speak of them, and that they place the story of one Abimelech falling in love with Sarah whom Abraham had passed as his sister, and of another Abimelech falling in love with Rebecca, whom Isaac also passes as his sister, even beneath the thousand and one nights of the Arabian fables. We cannot too often remark, that the great error of all these learned critics is their wishing to try everything by the test of our feeble reason, and to judge of the ancient Arabs as they judge of the courts of France or of England.

"And the soul of Sichem, King Hamor's son, was bound up with the soul of Dinah, and he soothed her grief by his tender caresses, and he went to Hamor his father, and said to him, give me that woman to be my wife."

Here our critics exclaim in terms of stronger disgust than ever. What! say they; the son of a king is desirous to marry a vagabond girl; the marriage is celebrated; Jacob the father, and Dinah the daughter, are loaded with presents; the King of Sichem deigns to receive those wandering robbers called patriarchs within his city; he has the incredible politeness or kindness to undergo, with his son, his court, and his people, the rite of circumcision, thus condescending to the superstition of a petty horde that could not call half a league of territory their own! And in return for this astonishing hospitality and goodness, how do our holy patriarchs act? They wait for the day when the process of circumcision generally induces fever, when Simeon and Levi run through the whole city with poignards in their hands, and massacre the king, the prince his son, and all the inhabitants. We are precluded from the horror appropriate to this infernal counterpart of the tragedy of St. Bartholomew, only by a sense of its absolute impossibility. It is an abominable romance; but it is evidently a ridiculous romance. It is impossible that two men could have slaughtered in quiet the whole population of a city. The people might suffer in a slight degree from the operation which had preceded; but notwithstanding this, they would have risen in self-defence against two diabolical miscreants; they would have instantly assembled, would have surrounded them, and destroyed them with the summary and complete vengeance merited by their atrocity.

But there is a still more palpable impossibility. It is, that according to the accurate computation of time, Dinah, this daughter of Jacob, could be only three years old; and that, even by forcing up chronology as far as possible in favour of the narrative, she could at the very most be only five. It is here, then, that we are assailed with bursts of indignant exclamation! What! it is said, what! is it this book, the book of a rejected and reprobate people; a book so long unknown to all the world; a book in which sound reason and decent manners are outraged in every page—that is held up to us as irrefragable, holy, and dictated by God himself? Is it not even impious to believe it? or could anything less than

the fury of cannibals urge to the persecution of sensible and modest men for not believing it?

To this we reply,—The church declares its belief in it. The copyists may have mixed up some revolting absurdities with respectable and genuine histories. It belongs to the holy church only to decide. The profane ought to be guided by her. Those absurdities, those alleged horrors, do not affect the substance of our faith. How lamentable would be the fate of mankind, if religion and virtue depended upon what formerly happened to Sichem and to little Dinah!

"These are the kings who reigned in the land of Edom before the children of Israel had a king."

This is the celebrated passage which has proved one of the great stumbling stones. This it was which decided the great Newton, the pious and acute Samuel Clarke, the profound and philosophic Bolingbroke, the learned Le Clerc, the ingenious Freret, and a host of other enlightened men, to maintain that it was impossible Moses could have been the author of Genesis.

We admit, that in fact these words could not have been written until after the time that the Jews had kings.

It is principally this verse that determined Astruc to give up the inspired authority of the whole book of Genesis, and suppose the author had derived his materials from existing memoirs and records. His work is ingenious and accurate, but it is rash, not to say audacious. Even a council would scarcely have ventured on such an enterprise. And to what purpose has it served Astruc's thankless and dangerous labour — to double the darkness he wished to enlighten? Here is the fruit of the tree of knowledge, of which we are all so desirous of eating. Why must it be, that the fruit of the tree of ignorance should be more nourishing and more digestible?

But of what consequence can it be to us, after all, whether any particular verse or chapter was written by Moses, or Samuel, or the priest (sacrificateur) who came to Samaria, or Esdras, or any other person. In what respect can our government, our laws, our fortunes, our morals, our well-being, be bound up with the unknown chiefs of a wretched and barbarous country called Edom or Idumea, always inhabited by robbers? Alas! those poor Arabs, who have not shirts to their backs, neither know nor care whether or not we are in existence! They go on steadily plundering caravans and eating barley bread, while we are perplexing and tormenting ourselves to know whether any petty kings flourished in a particular canton of Arabia Petrea, before they existed in a particular canton adjoining the west of the lake of Sodom!

O miseras hominum curas! O pectora cœca!
Lucretius, book ii. v. 14.

Blind, wretched man! in what dark paths of strife
Thou walk'st the little journey of thy life!—Creech.

GENII.

The doctrines of judicial astrology and magic have spread all over the world. Look back to the ancient Zoroaster, and you will find that of the genii long established. All antiquity abounds in astrologers and magicians; such ideas were therefore very natural. At present, we smile at the number who entertained them: if we were in their situation,—if like them we were only beginning to cultivate the sciences, we should perhaps believe just the same. Let us suppose ourselves intelligent people, beginning to reason on our own existence, and to observe the stars. The earth, we might say, is no doubt immoveable in the midst of the world; the sun and planets only revolve in her service, and the stars are only made for us; man, therefore, is the great object of all nature. What is the intention of all these globes, and of the immensity of heaven thus destined for our use? It is very likely that all space and these globes are peopled with substances, and since we are the favourites of nature, placed in the centre of the universe, and all is made for man, these substances are evidently destined to watch over man.

The first man who believed the thing at all possible, would soon find disciples persuaded that it existed. We might then commence by saying, genii perhaps exist, and nobody could affirm the contrary; for where is the impossibility of the air and planets being peopled? We might afterwards say, there *are* genii, and certainly no one could prove that there are not. Soon after, some sages might see these genii; and we should have no right to say to them, You have not seen them; as these persons might be honourable, and altogether worthy of credit. One might see the genius of the empire or of his own city; another that of Mars or Saturn; the genii of the four elements might be manifested to several philosophers; more than one sage might see his own genius; all at first might be little more than dreaming, but dreams are the symbols of truth.

It was soon known exactly how these genii were formed. To visit our globe, they must necessarily have wings; they therefore had wings. We only know of bodies; they therefore had bodies, but bodies much finer than ours, since they were genii, and much lighter, because they came from so great a distance. The sages who had the privilege of conversing with the genii, inspired others with the hope of enjoying the same happiness. A sceptic would have been ill received, if he had said to them, I have seen no genius, therefore there are none. They would have replied, You reason ill; it does not follow that a thing exists not, which is unknown to you. There is no contradiction in the doctrine which inculcates these ethereal powers; no impossibility that they may visit us; they show themselves to our sages, they manifest themselves to us; you are not worthy of seeing genii.

Everything on earth is composed of good and evil; there are therefore incontestibly good and bad genii. The Persians had their peris and dives; the Greeks, their demons and cacodemons; the Latins, bonos et malos genios. The good genii are white, and the bad black, except among the negroes, where it is necessarily the reverse. Plato without difficulty admits of a good and an evil genius for every individual. The evil genius of Brutus appeared to him, and announced to him his death before the battle of Philippi. Have not grave historians said so? And would not Plutarch have been very injudicious to have assured us of this fact, if it were not true?

Further, consider what a source of feasts, amusements, good tales, and bon mots, originated in the belief of genii!

There were male and female genii. The genii of the ladies were called by the Romans little Junos. They also had the pleasure of seeing their genii grow up. In infancy, they were a kind of Cupid with wings, and when they protected old age, they wore long beards, and even sometimes the forms of serpents. At Rome, there is preserved a marble, on which is represented a serpent under a palm tree, to which are attached two crowns with this inscription, "To the genius of the Augusti;" it was the emblem of immortality.

What demonstrative proof have we at present, that the genii, so universally admitted by so many enlightened nations, are only phantoms of the imagination? All that can be said is reduced to this,—I have never seen a genius, and no one of my acquaintance has ever seen one; Brutus has not written, that his genius appeared to him before the battle of Philippi; neither Newton, Locke, nor even Descartes, who gave the reins to his imagination,—neither kings nor ministers of state have ever been suspected of communing with their genii; therefore I do not believe a thing of which there is not the least proof. I confess their existence is not impossible; but the possibility is not a proof of the reality. It is possible that there may be satyrs, with little turned-up tails and goats' feet; but I must see several to believe in them; for if I saw but one, I should still doubt their existence.

GENIUS.

Of genius or demon, we have already spoken in the article Angel. It is not easy to know precisely whether the peris of the Persians were invented before the demons of the Greeks, but it is very probable.

It may be, that the souls of the dead, called shades, manes, &c., passed for demons. Hercules, in Hesiod, says that a demon dictated his labours.

The demon of Socrates had so great a reputation, that Apuleius, the author of the "Golden Ass," who was himself a magician of good repute, says in his Treatise on the Genius of Socrates, that a man must be without religion who denies it. You see that Apuleius reasons precisely like brothers Garasse and Bertier,—Thou dost not believe that which I believe; thou art therefore without religion. And the Jansenists have said as much of brother Bertier, as well as of all the world except themselves. These demons, says the very religious and filthy Apuleius, are intermediate powers between ether and our lower region. They live in our atmosphere, and bear our prayers and merits to the gods. They treat of succours and benefits, as interpreters and ambassadors. Plato says, that it is by their ministry that revelations, presages, and the miracles of magicians, are effected. "Cæterum sunt quædam divinæ mediæ potestates, inter summum æthera, et infimas terras, in isto intersitæ æris spatio, per quas et desideria nostra et merita ad deos commeant. Hos Græco nominæ demonias nuncupant. Inter terricolas cœli colasque victores, hinc pecum, inde donorum: qui ultrò citròque portant, hinc petitiones, inde suppetias: ceu quidam utriusque interpretes, et salutigeri. Per hos eosdem, ut Plato in symposio autumat, cuncta denunctiata, et majorum varia miracula, omnesque præsagium species reguntur."

St. Augustin has condescended to refute Apuleius in these words:—

"It is impossible for us to say, that demons are neither mortal or eternal, for all that has life either lives eternally, or loses the breath of life by death; and Apuleius has said, that as to time, the demons are eternal. What then remains, but that demons hold a medium situation, and have one quality higher and another lower than mankind; and as, of these two things, eternity is the only higher thing which they exclusively possess, to complete the allotted medium, what must be the lower, if not misery?"

This is powerful reasoning!

As I have never seen any genii, demons, peris, or hobgoblins, whether beneficent or mischievous, I cannot speak of them from knowledge. I only relate what has been said by people who have seen them.

Among the Romans, the word genius was not used to express a rare talent, as with us: the term for that quality was *ingenium*. We use the word genius indifferently in speaking of the tutelar demon of a town of antiquity, or an artist, or musician. The term genius seems to have been intended to designate not great talents generally, but those into which invention enters. Invention, above every thing, appeared a gift from the gods—this *ingenium, quasi ingenitum*, a kind of divine inspiration. Now an artist, however perfect he may be in his profession, if he have no invention, if he be not original, is not considered a genius. He is only inspired by the artists his predecessors, even when he surpasses them.

It is very probable that many people now play at chess better than the inventor of the game, and that they might gain the prize of corn promised him by the Indian king. But this inventor was a genius, and those who might now gain the prize would be no such thing. Le Poussin, who was a great painter before he had seen any good pictures, had a genius for painting. Lulli, who never saw any good musician in France, had a genius for music.

Which is the most desirable to possess, a genius without a master, or the

attainment of perfection by imitating and surpassing the masters which precede us?

If you put this question to artists, they will perhaps be divided; if you put it to the public, it will not hesitate. Do you like a beautiful Gobelin tapestry better than one made in Flanders at the commencement of the arts? Do you prefer modern masterpieces of engraving to the first wood-cuts? the music of the present day to the first airs, which resembled the Gregorian chaunt? the makers of the artillery of our time to the genius which invented the first cannon? every body will answer yes. All purchasers will say, I own that the inventor of the shuttle had more genius than the manufacturer who made my cloth, but my cloth is worth more than that of the inventor.

In short, every one in conscience will confess, that we respect the geniuses who invented the arts, but that minds which perfect them are of more present benefit.

SECTION II.

The article 'Genius' has been treated of, in the Encyclopedia, by men who possess it. We shall hazard very little after them.

Every town, every man possessed a genius. It was imagined that those who performed extraordinary things were inspired by their genius. The nine muses were nine genii, whom it was necessary to invoke; therefore Ovid says:—

Et Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo.
The God within us, be the mind inspires.

But, properly speaking, is genius anything but capability? What is capability but a disposition to succeed in an art? Why do we say the genius of a language? It is, that every language, by its terminations, articles, participles, and shorter or longer words, will necessarily have exclusive properties of its own.

By the genius of a nation is meant the character, manners, talents, and even vices, which distinguish one people from another. It is sufficient to see the French, English, and Spanish people, to feel this difference.

We have said, that the particular genius of a man for an art is a different thing from his general talent; but this name is only given to a very superior ability. How many people have talent for poetry, music, and painting; yet it would be ridiculous to call them geniuses.

Genius, conducted by taste, will never commit a gross fault. Racine, since his Andromache, Le Poussin, and Rameau, have never committed one.

Genius, without taste, will often commit enormous errors; and, what is worse, it will not be sensible of them.

GEOGRAPHY.

Geography is one of those sciences which will always require to be perfected.

Notwithstanding the pains that have been taken, it has hitherto been impossible to have an exact description of the earth. For this great work, it would be necessary that all sovereigns should come to an understanding, and lend mutual assistance. But they have ever taken more pains to ravage the world than to measure it.

No one has yet been able to make an exact map of Upper Egypt, nor of the regions bordering on the Red Sea nor of the vast country of Arabia.

Of Africa we know only the coasts: all the interior is no more known that it was in the times of Atlas and Hercules. There is not a single well-detailed map of all the Grand Turk's possessions in Asia; all is placed at random, excepting some few large towns, the crumbling remains of which are still existing. In the States of the Great Mogul something is known of the relative positions of Agra and Delhi; but from thence to the kingdom of Golconda everything is laid down at a venture.

It is known that Japan extends from about the thirtieth to the fortieth degree

of north latitude; there cannot be an error of more than two degrees, which are about fifty leagues; so that, relying on one of our best maps, a pilot would be in danger of losing his track or his life.

As for the longitude, the first maps of the Jesuits determined it between the hundred and fifty-seventh and the hundred and seventy-fifth degree; whereas, it is now determined between the hundred and forty-sixth and the hundred and sixtieth.

China is the only Asiatic country of which we have an exact measurement; because the Emperor Kam-hi employed some astronomical Jesuits to draw exact maps, which is the best thing the Jesuits have done. Had they been content with measuring the earth, they would never have been proscribed.

In our western world, Italy, France, Russia, England, and the principal towns of the other states, have been measured by the same method which was employed in China; but it was not until a very few years ago, that in France it was undertaken to form an entire topography. A company taken from the Academy of Sciences dispatched engineers or surveyors into every corner of the kingdom, to lay down even the meanest hamlet, the smallest rivulet, the hills, the woods, in their true places. Before that time, so confused was the topography, that on the eve of the battle of Fontenoi, the maps of the country being all examined, every one of them was found entirely defective.

If a positive order had been sent from Versailles to an inexperienced general to give battle, and post himself as appeared most advisable from the maps, as sometimes happened in the time of the minister Chamillars, the battle would infallibly have been lost.

A general who should carry on a war in the country of the Morlachians, or the Montenegrians, with no knowledge of places but from the maps, would be at as great a loss as if he were in the heart of Africa.

Happily, that which has often been traced by geographers, according to their own fancy, in their closets, is rectified on the spot.

In geography, as in morals, it is very difficult to know the world without going from home.

It is not with this department of knowledge as with the arts of poetry, music, and painting. The last works of these kinds are often the worst. But in the sciences, which require exactness rather than genius, the last are always the best, provided they are done with some degree of care.

One of the greatest advantages of geography, in my opinion, is this:—your fool of a neighbour, and his wife almost as stupid, are incessantly reproaching you with not thinking as they think in the rue St. Jacques.—"See," say they, "what a multitude of great men have been of our opinion, from Peter the Lombard down to the Abbé Petit-pied. The whole universe has received our truths; they reign in the Faubourg St. Honoré, at Chaillot and at Etampes, at Rome and among the Uscoques." Take a map of the world; shew them all Africa, the empires of Japan, China, India, Turkey, Persia, and that of Russia, more extensive than was the Roman empire; make them pass their finger over all Scandinavia, all the north of Germany, the three kingdoms of Great Britain, the greater part of the Low Countries, and of Helvetia; in short make them observe, in the four great divisions of the earth; and in the fifth, which is as little known as it is great in extent, the prodigious number of races, who either never heard of those opinions, or have combatted them, or have held them in abhorrence, and you will thus oppose the whole universe to the Rue St. Jacques.

You will tell them that Julius Cæsar, who extended his power much further than that street, did not know a word of all which they think so universal; and that our ancestors, on whom Julius

Cæsar bestowed the lash, knew no more of them than he did.

They will then, perhaps, feel somewhat ashamed at having believed that the organ of St. Severin's church gave the tone to the rest of the world.

GEOMETRY.

The late M. Clairaut conceived the idea of making young people learn the elements of geometry with facility. He wished to go back to the source, and to trace the progress of our discoveries and the occasions which produced them.

This method appears agreeable and useful; but it has not been followed. It requires in the master a flexibility of mind which knows how to adapt itself, and an accommodating spirit which is rare among those who follow the routine of their profession.

It must be acknowledged that Euclid is somewhat unattractive; a beginner cannot divine whither he is to be led. Euclid says, in his first book, that "if a straight line is divided into two equal and into two unequal parts, the squares of the unequal segments are double of the squares of half the line, and of the portion of it included between the points of intersection."

A diagram is necessary to understand this obscure theorem; and when it is understood, the student says,—Of what service can it be to me? what does it matter?—He is disgusted with a science, of which he does not soon enough perceive the utility.

Painting began with the desire of roughly sketching on a wall the features of some one dear to the designer. Music, before the octave was found, was a rude mixture of some sounds which were pleasing to the ear.

The setting of the stars was observed before men became astronomers. And it appears that the course of beginners in geometry should be similarly guided.

I will suppose that a child of ready conceptions hears his father say to his gardener, "you will plant tulips on this flower-bed half a foot from one another." The child wishes to know how many tulips there will be. He runs to the flower-bed with his tutor. The parterre is inundated, and only one side of the flower-bed appears. This side is thirty feet long; but the breadth is not known. The master in the first place easily makes him understand that these tulips must border the parterre at the distance of six inches from one another. Here are already sixty tulips for the first row on that side. There are to be six lines. The child sees that there will be six times sixty, or three hundred and sixty tulips. But what will be the breadth of this bed, which I cannot measure? It will evidently be six times six inches, which are three feet.

He knows the length and the breadth. He also wishes to know the superficies. Is it not true, his teacher asks him, that if you were to run a rule three feet long and one foot broad over this bed, from one end to the other, it would successively have covered the whole? Here, then, we have the superficies; it is three times thirty. This piece of ground is ninety square feet.

A few days after, the gardener stretches a cord lengthwise from one angle to the other; which cord divides the rectangle into two equal parts.

This, says the pupil, is the same length as one of the two sides.

TUTOR.

No. It is longer.

PUPIL.

How? If I pass a line over this cross-line, which you call a diagonal, it will be no longer than the two others.—When I form the letter N, is not this line, which joins the two straight strokes together, of the same height as they are?

TUTOR.

It is of the same height, but not of the same length; that is demonstrated.—Bring down this diagonal to one of the sides, and you will find that it exceeds it.

PUPIL.

And by how much precisely does it exceed it?

TUTOR.

There are cases in which this can never be known; as it will never be known precisely what is the square root of five.

PUPIL.

But the square root of five is two and a fraction.

TUTOR.

But this fraction cannot be expressed in figures, since the square of a number composed of a whole number and a fraction cannot be a whole number. So, in geometry, there are lines, the relations of which cannot be expressed.

PUPIL.

Here, then, is a difficulty in my way. —What! shall I never know my accompts? Is there, then, nothing certain?

TUTOR.

It is certain that this sloping line divides the quadrangle into two equal parts; but it is no more surprising that this small remainder of the diagonal line has not a common measure with the sides, than that in arithmetic you cannot find the square root of five.

You will not therefore the less know your accompts; for if an arithmetician tells you that he owes you the square root of five crowns, you have only to reduce these five crowns into smaller pieces; as, for instance, into liards, and you will have twelve hundred of them; the square root of which is between thirty-four and thirty-five; so that you will make your reckoning within a liard. Nothing must be made a mystery in arithmetic or in geometry.

These first openings sharpen the young man's wit. His master having told him that the diagonal of a square is incommensurable — not measurable by the sides and the base, informs him that with this line, the value of which can never be known, he will nevertheless produce a square which shall be demonstrated to be double of any given square.

For this purpose, he first shows him that the two triangles which divide the square are equal, and then, by tracing a very simple figure, leads him to a comprehension of the famous theorem which Pythagoras found established among the Indians, and which was known to the Chinese—that any figure constructed on the larger side of a right-angled triangle is equal to the two similar figures constructed on the other sides.

If the young man wishes to measure the height of a tower, or the breadth of a river which he cannot approach, each theorem immediately has its application; and he learns geometry practically.

If he had merely been told that the product of the extremes is equal to the product of the means, he would have found this nothing more than a sterile problem: but he knows that the shadow of this stick is to the height of the stick as the shadow of the neighbouring tower is to the height of the tower. If, then, the stick be five feet, and its shadow one, and the shadow of the tower is twelve feet, he says, as one is to five, so is twelve to the height of the tower; then it is sixty feet.

He wants to know the properties of a circle. He knows that the exact measure of its circumference cannot be had. But this extreme exactness is unnecessary in practice. The unrolling of a circle is its measurement.

He will know that, this circle being a sort of polygon, its area is equal to a triangle, the short side of which is the radius of the circle, and its base the measure of the circumference.

The circumferences of circles are to one another as their radii.

Circles having the general properties of all similar rectilinear figures, and these figures being to one another as the squares of their corresponding sides, the areas of the circles will also be proportional to the squares of their radii.

Thus, as the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of the two sides, a circle, of which this hypothenuse is the radius, will be equal to two circles

having for their radii the two other sides. The knowledge of this enables you to construct a basin of water as large as two other basins together.

The circle can be doubled exactly, though it cannot be exactly squared.

When accustomed thus to feel the advantages of geometrical truths, the pupil reads in some elements of this science, that if a straight line, called a *tangent*, be drawn touching a circle in one point, another straight line can never be made to pass between this circle and this line. This is evident enough, and was scarcely worth the trouble of saying. But it is added, that an infinite number of curve lines may be made to pass through this point of contact. This surprises him; and it would surprise older persons: he is tempted to believe that matter is penetrable. The books tell him that this is not matter, that these are lines without breadth. But if they are without breadth, these metaphysical straight lines will pass one upon another for ever without touching anything. If they have breadth no curve can pass. The child no longer knows where he is; he finds himself transported into a new world, which has nothing in common with our own.

How shall he believe, that what is manifestly impossible in nature, is true?

I well conceive, he will say to a master of the transcendental geometry, that all your circles will meet in C. But this is all you can demonstrate to me. You can never demonstrate that these circular lines pass at this point between the first circle and the tangent.

A secant A G may be shorter than another secant A G H:—granted; but it does not thence follow that your curve lines can pass between two lines which touch. They can pass, the master will reply, because the secant G H as distinguished from the secants A G, and A G H may be an "infiniment-petit" of the second order.

I do not understand what "an infiniment-petit" is, says the child; and the master is obliged to acknowledge that he understands it no more than his pupil. Here Malezieux, in his Elements of Geometry, bursts into an extacy. He says positively, that there are incompatible truths. Would it not have been more simple to have said, that these lines have but one common point, on each side of which they separate.

I can always divide a number in thought; but does it thence follow that the number is infinite? Newton, in his integral, and in his differential calculation, does not use this great word; and Clairaut takes good care not to teach in his Elements of Geometry, that a hoop may be passed between a ball and the table on which it lies. A careful distinction should be made between useful and curious geometry.

To the useful we owe the proportional compasses, invented by Galileo, the measurement of triangles, that of solids, and the circulation of moving forces. Most other problems may enlighten and strengthen the intellect; very few of them will be of sensible utility to mankind. Square curves as long as you like—and while displaying extreme sagacity only resemble an arithmetician who examines the properties of his numbers, instead of calculating the amount of his own property.

When Archimedes found the specific weight of bodies, he rendered a service to mankind: what service will you render by finding three numbers, so as that the difference of the squares of two of them, added to the cube of the three, will still be a square, and that the sum of the three differences added to the same cube, shall make another square? "Nugæ difficiles."

GLORY—GLORIOUS.

SECTION I.

Glory is reputation joined with esteem, and is complete when admiration is superadded. It always supposes that which is brilliant in action, in virtue, or in talent, and the surmounting of great

difficulties. Cæsar, Alexander, had glory. The same can hardly be said of Socrates. He claims esteem, reverence, pity, indignation against his enemies; but the term glory applied to him would be improper; his memory is venerable rather than glorious. Attila had much brilliancy, but he has no glory; for history, which may be mistaken, attributes to him no virtues: Charles XII. still has glory; for his valour, his disinterestedness, his liberality, were extreme. Success is sufficient for reputation, but not for glory. The glory of Henry IV. is every day increasing; for time has brought to light all his virtues, which were incomparably greater than his defects.

Glory is also the portion of inventors in the fine arts; imitators have only applause. It is granted too to great talents, but in sublime arts only. We may well say, the glory of Virgil, or of Cicero, but not of Martial, nor of Aulus Gellius.

Men have dared to say, the glory of God: God created the world for his glory; not that the Supreme Being can have glory; but that men, having no expressions suitable to him, use for him those by which they are themselves most flattered.

Vain glory is that petty ambition which is contented with appearances, which is exhibited in pompous display, and never elevates itself to greater things. Sovereigns, having real glory, have been known to be nevertheless fond of vain glory—seeking too eagerly after praise, and being too much attached to the trappings of ostentation.

False glory often verges towards vanity; but it often leads to excesses, while vain glory is more confined to splendid littlenesses. A prince who should look for honour in revenge, would seek a false glory rather than a vain one.

To give glory, signifies to acknowledge, to bear witness. Give glory to truth, means acknowledging truth—Give glory to the God whom you serve -Bear witness to the God whom you serve.

Glory is taken for heaven—He dwells in glory; but this is the case in no religion but ours. It is not allowable to say that Bacchus, or Hercules, was received into glory, when speaking of their apotheosis.

The saints and angels have sometimes been called the glorious, as dwelling in the abode of glory.

Gloriously is always taken in the good sense; he reigned gloriously; he extricated himself gloriously from great danger or embarrassment.

To glory in, is sometimes taken in the good, sometimes in the bad sense, according to the nature of the object in question. He glories in a disgrace which is the fruit of his talents and the effect of envy. We say of the martyrs, that they glorified God—that is, that their constancy made the God whom they attested revered by men.

SECTION II.

That Cicero should love glory, after having stifled Catiline's conspiracy, may be pardoned him.

That the King of Prussia, Frederic the Great, should have the same feelings after Rosbach and Lissa, and after being the legislator, the historian, the poet, and the philosopher of his country— that he should be passionately fond of glory, and at the same time, have self-command enough to be modestly so—he will, on that account, be the more glorified.

That the Empress Catherine II. should have beeu forced by the brutal insolence of a Turkish sultan to display all her genius; that from the far north she should have sent four squadrons which spread terror in the Dardanelles and in Asia Minor; and that, in 1770, she took four provinces from those Turks who made Europe tremble;—she will not be reproached with enjoying her glory, but will be admired for speaking of her successes with that air of indifference and superiority, which shows that they were merited.

In short, glory befits geniuses of this

sort, though belonging to the very mean race of mortals.

But if, at the extremity of the west, a townsman of a place called Paris thinks he has glory in being harangued by a teacher of the university, who says to him, "Monseigneur, the glory you have acquired in the exercise of your office, your illustrious labours with which the universe resounds," &c., then I ask if there are mouths enow in that universe to celebrate, with their hisses, the glory of our citizen, and the eloquence of the pedant who attends to bray out this harangue at monseigneur's hotel?

We are such fools, that we have made God glorious like ourselves.

That worthy chief of the dervises, Ben-al-betif, said to his brethren one day:—

"My brethren, it is good that you should frequently use that sacred formula of our koran—'In the name of the most merciful God;' because God uses mercy, and you learn to do so too, by often repeating the words that recommend virtue, without which there would be few men left upon the earth. But, my brethren, beware of imitating those rash ones who boast, on every occasion, of labouring for the glory of God.

"If a young simpleton maintains a thesis on the categories, an ignoramus in furs presiding, he is sure to write in large characters, at the head of his thesis, 'Ek alha abron doxa.'—'Ad majorem Dei gloriam.'—To the greater glory of God. If a good Mussulman has had his house whitewashed, he cuts this foolish inscription in the door. A saka carries water for the greater glory of God. It is an impious usage piously used. What would you say of a little chiaoux, who, while emptying our sultan's close-stool, should exclaim,—To the greater glory of our invincible monarch? There is certainly a greater distance between God and the sultan than between the sultan and the little chiaoux.

"Ye miserable earth-worms, called men, what have you resembling the glory of the Supreme Being? Can he love glory? Can he receive it from you? Can he enjoy it? How long, ye two-legged animals without feathers, will you make God after your own image? What! because you are vain, because you love glory, you would have God love it also? If there were several Gods, perhaps each one would seek to gain the good opinion of his fellows. That might be glory to God. Such a God, if infinite greatness may be compared with extreme lowliness, would be like King Alexander or Iscander, who would enter the lists with none but kings. But you, poor creatures! what glory can you give to God? Cease to profane the sacred name. An emperor, named Octavius Augustus, forbade his being praised in the schools of Rome, lest his name should be brought into contempt. You can neither bring the name of the Supreme Being into contempt, nor into honour. Humble yourselves in the dust; adore, and be silent."

Thus spake Ben-al-betif; and the dervises cried out,—"Glory to God! Ben-al-betif has said well."

SECTION III.

Conversation with a Chinese.

In 1723, there was in Holland a Chinese: this Chinese was a man of letters and a merchant; which two professions ought not to be incompatible, but which have become so amongst us, thanks to the extreme regard which is paid to money, and the little consideration which mankind have ever shown, and will ever show, for merit.

This Chinese, who spoke a little Dutch, was once in a bookseller's shop with some men of learning. He asked for a book, and Bossuet's Universal History, badly translated, was proposed to him. "Ah!" said he, "how fortunate! I shall now see what is said of our great empire—of our nation, which has existed as a national body for more than fifty thousand years—of that succession of emperors who have governed us for so many ages; I shall now see what is thought of the re-

ligion of the men of letters, of that simple worship which we render to the Supreme Being. How pleasing to see what is said in Europe of our arts, many of which are more ancient amongst us than any European kingdom. I guess the author will have made many mistakes in the history of the war which we had twenty-two thousand five hundred and fifty-two years ago, with the warlike nations of Tonquin and Japan; and of that solemn embassy which the mighty Emperor of the Moguls sent to ask laws from us, in the year of the world 500,000,000,000,079,123, 450,000." "Alas!" said one of the learned men to him, "you are not even mentioned in that book; you are too inconsiderable; it is almost all about the first nation in the world—the only nation, the great Jewish people!"

"The Jewish people!" exclaimed the Chinese. "Are they, then, masters of at least three quarters of the earth?"—"They flatter themselves that they shall one day be so," was the answer; "until which time they have the honour of being our old-clothes-men, and, now and then, clippers of our coin."—"You jest," said the Chinese; "had these people ever a vast empire?"—"They had as their own for some years," said I, "a small country; but it is not by the extent of their states that a people are to be judged; as it is not by his riches that we are to estimate a man."

"But is no other people spoken of in this book?" asked the man of letters. "Undoubtedly," returned a learned man who stood next me, and who constantly replied, "there is a deal said in it of a small country sixty leagues broad, called Eygpt, where it is asserted that there was a lake a hundred and fifty leagues round, cut by the hands of men."—"Zounds!" said the Chinese; "a lake a hundred and fifty leagues round in a country only sixty broad! That is fine, indeed!"—"Every body was wise in that country," added the doctor. "Oh! what fine times they must have been," said the Chinese. "But is that all?"—"No," replied the European; "he also treats of that celebrated people, the Greeks."—"Who are these Greeks?" asked the man of letters. "Ah!" continued the other, "they inhabited a province about a two-hundredth part as large as China, but which has been famous throughout the world."—"I have never heard speak of these people neither in Mogul, nor in Japan, nor in Great Tartary," said the Chinese, with an ingenuous look.

"Oh ignorant, barbarous man!" politely exclaimed our scholar. "Know you not, then, the Theban Epaminondas; nor the harbour of Piræus; nor the name of the two horses of Achilles; nor that of Silenus's ass? Have you not heard of Jupiter, nor of Diogenes, nor of Laïs, nor of Cybele, nor—"

"I am much afraid," replied the man of letters, "that you know nothing at all of the ever memorable adventure of the celebrated Xixofou Concochigramki, nor of the mysteries of the great Fi Psi Hi Hi. But pray, what are the other unknown things of which this universal history treats?" The scholar then spoke for a quarter of an hour on the Roman commonwealth: but when he came to Julius Cæsar, the Chinese interrupted him, saying, "As for him, I think I know him: was he not a Turk?"

"What!" said the scholar, somewhat warm, "do you not at least know the difference between Pagans, Christians, and Mussulmen? Do you not know Constantine, and the history of the popes?" "We have indistinctly heard," answered the Asiatic, "of one Mahomet."

"It is impossible," returned the other, "that you should not, at least, be acquainted with Luther, Zuinglius, Bellarmin, Œcolampades." "I shall never remember those names," said the Chinese. He then went away to sell a considerable parcel of tea and fine grogram, with which he bought two fine girls and a ship-boy, whom he took back to his own country, adoring Tien, and commending himself to Confucius.

For myself, who was present at this

conversation, I clearly saw what glory is; and I said,—Since Cæsar and Jupiter are unknown in the finest, the most ancient, the most extensive, the most populous, and well-regulated kingdom upon earth; it beseems you, ye governors of some little country, ye preachers in some little parish, or some little town,—ye doctors of Salamanca and of Bourges, ye flimsy authors, and ye ponderous commentators—it beseems you to make pretensions to renown!

GOAT—SORCERY.

The honours of every kind which antiquity paid to goats, would be very astonishing, if anything could astonish those who have grown a little familiar with the world, ancient and modern. The Egyptians and the Jews, often designated the kings and the chiefs of the people by the word goat. We find in Zachariah,

"Mine anger was kindled against the shepherds, and I punished the goats; for the Lord of Hosts hath visited his flock, the house of Judah, and hath made them as his goodly horse in the battle."

"Remove out of the midst of Babylon," says Jeremiah to the chiefs of the people; "go forth out of the land of the Chaldeans, and be as the he-goats before the flocks."

Isaiah, in chapters x. and xiv., uses the term *goat*, which has been translated *prince*.

The Egyptians went much farther than calling their kings *goats;* they consecrated a goat in Mendes, and it is even said that they adored him. The truth very likely was, that the people took an emblem for a divinity, as is but too often the case.

It is not likely that the Egyptian shoën or shotim—*i. e.* priests, immolated goats and worshipped them at the same time. We know that they had their goat Hazazel, which they adorned and crowned with flowers, and threw down headlong, as an expiation for the people; and that the Jews took from them, not only this ceremony, but even the very name of Hazazel, as they adopted many other rites from Egypt.

But goats received another, and yet more singular honour. It is beyond a doubt, that in Egypt many women set the same example with goats, as Pasiphaë did with her bull.

The Jews but too faithfully imitated these abominations. Jeroboam instituted priests for the service of his calves and his goats.

The worship of the goat was established in Egypt, and in the lands of a part of Palestine. Enchantments were believed to be operated by means of goats, and other monsters, which were always represented with a goat's head.

Magic, sorcery, soon passed from the east into the west, and extended itself throughout the earth. The sort of sorcery that came from the Jews, was called Sabbatum by the Romans, who thus confounded their sacred day with their secret abominations. Thence it was, that in the neighbouring nations, to be a sorcerer and to go to the sabbath, at least meant the same thing.

Wretched village women, deceived by knaves, and still more by the weakness of their own imaginations, believed that after pronouncing the word abraxa, and rubbing themselves with an ointment mixed with cow-dung and goat's hair, they went to the sabbath on a broomstick in their sleep, that there they adored a goat, and that he enjoyed them.

This opinion was universal. All the doctors asserted that it was the devil, who metamorphosed himself into a goat. This may be seen in Del Rio's Disquisitions, and in a hundred other authors. The theologian Grillandus, a great promoter of the Inquisition, quoted by Del Rio, says that sorcerers call the goat Martinet. He assures us that a woman who was attached to Martinet, mounted on his back, and was carried in an instant through the air to a place called the Nut of Benevento.

Our author treats final causes with contempt, because the argument is hacknied; but this much-contemned argument is that of Cicero and of Newton. This alone might somewhat lessen the confidence of Atheists in themselves. The number is not small of the sages who, observing the course of the stars, and the prodigious art that pervades the structure of animals and vegetables, have acknowledged a powerful hand working these continual wonders.

The author asserts that matter, blind and without choice, produces intelligent animals. Produce, without intelligence, beings with intelligence! Is this conceivable? Is this system founded on the smallest verisimilitude? An opinion so contradictory requires proofs no less astonishing than itself. The author gives us none; he never proves anything; but he affirms all that he advances. What chaos! what confusion! and what temerity!

Spinosa at least acknowledged an intelligence acting in this great whole, which constituted nature: in this there was philosophy. But in the new system, I am under the necessity of saying that there is none.

Matter has extent, solidity, gravity, divisibility. I have all these as well as this stone: but was a stone ever known to feel and think. If I am extended, solid, divisible, I owe it to matter. But I have sensations and thoughts—to what do I owe them? Not to water, not to mire—most likely to something more powerful than myself. Solely to the combination of the elements, you will say. Then prove it to me. Show me plainly that my intelligence cannot have been given to me by an intelligent cause. To this are you reduced.

Our author successively combats the God of the schoolmen—a God composed of discordant qualities—a God to whom, as to those of Homer, is attributed the passions of men—a God capricious, fickle, unreasonable, absurd: but he cannot cannot combat the God of the wise The wise, contemplating nature, admit an intelligent and supreme power. It is perhaps impossible for human reason, destitute of divine assistance, to go a step further.

Our author asks where this being resides; and, from the impossibility that any one, without being infinite, should tell where he resides, he concludes that he does not exist. This is not philosophical; for we are not, because we cannot tell where the cause of an effect is, to conclude that there is no cause. If you had never seen a gunner, and you saw the effects of a battery of cannon, you would not say, it acts entirely by itself.

Shall it, then, only be necessary for you to say there is no God, in order to be believed on your words.

Finally, his great objection is, the woes and crimes of mankind—an objection alike ancient and philosophical; an objection common, but fatal and terrible, and to which we find no answer but in the hope of a better life. Yet what is this hope? We can have no certainty in it but from reason. But I will venture to say, that when it is proved to us that a vast edifice, constructed with the greatest art, is built by an architect, whoever he may be, we ought to believe in that architect, even though the edifice should be stained with our blood, polluted by our crimes, and should crush us in its fall. I enquire not whether the architect is a good one, whether I ought to be satisfied with his building, whether I should quit it rather than stay in it, nor whether those who are lodged in it for a few days, like myself, are content: I only enquire if it be true that there is an architect, or if this house, containing so many fine apartments and so many wretched garrets, built itself.

SECTION V.

The Necessity of believing in a Supreme Being.

The great, the interesting object, as it

brew books, which we find constantly disclosing the opinion entertained by the Jews, that the gods of their enemies existed, but that they were inferior to the God of the Jews.

Meanwhile, in the great states where the progress of society allowed to individuals the enjoyment of speculative leisure, there were priests, magi, and philosophers.

Some of these perfected their reason so far as to acknowledge in secret one only and universal God. So, although the ancient Egyptians adored Osiri, Osiris, or rather Osireth (which signifies this land is mine); though they also adored other superior beings, yet they admitted one Supreme, one only principal God, whom they called Knef, whose symbol was a sphere placed on the frontispiece of the temple.

After this model, the Greeks had their Zeus, their Jupiter, the master of the other gods, who were but what the angels are with the Babylonians and the Hebrews, and the saints with the Christians of the Roman communion.

It is a more thorny question than it has been considered, and one by no means profoundly examined,—whether several gods, equal in power, can exist at the same time?

We have no adequate idea of the Divinity; we creep on from conjecture to conjecture, from likelihood to probability. We have very few certainties. There is something; therefore there is something eternal; for nothing is produced from nothing. Here is a certain truth on which the mind reposes. Every work which shows us means and an end, announces a workman: then this universe, composed of springs, of means, each of which has its end, discovers a most mighty, a most intelligent workman. Here is a probability approaching the greatest certainty. But is this Supreme Artificer infinite? Is he everywhere? Is he in one place? How are we, with our feeble intelligence and limited knowledge, to answer this question?

My reason alone proves to me a Being who has arranged the matter of this world; but my reason is unable to prove to me that he made this matter,—that he brought it out of nothing. All the sages of antiquity, without exception, believed matter to be eternal, and subsisting by itself. All then that I can do, without the aid of superior light, is to believe that the God of this world is also eternal, and subsisting by himself. God and matter exist by the nature of things. May not other Gods exist, as well as other worlds? Whole nations, and very enlightened schools, have clearly admitted two gods in this world—one the source of good, the other the source of evil. They admitted an eternal war between two equal powers. Assuredly, nature can more easily suffer the existence of several independent beings in the immensity of space, than that of limited and powerless gods in this world, of whom one can do no good, and the other no harm.

If God and matter exist from all eternity, as antiquity believed, here then are two necessary beings; now, if there be two necessary beings, there may be thirty. These doubts alone, which are the germ of an infinity of reflections, serve at least to convince us of the feebleness of our understanding. We must, with Cicero, confess our ignorance of the nature of the Divinity; we shall never know any more of it than he did.

In vain do the schools tell us, that God is infinite negatively and not privately—"formaliter et non materialiter," that he is the first act, the middle, and the last—that he is everywhere without being in any place: a hundred pages of commentaries on definitions like these cannot give us the smallest light. We have no steps whereby to arrive at such knowledge.

We feel that we are under the hand of an invisible being; this is all: we cannot advance one step farther. It is mad temerity to seek to divine what this being is—whether he is extended or not, whether he is in one place or not, how he exists, or how he operates.

SECTION II.

I am ever apprehensive of being mistaken; but all monuments give me sufficient evidence that the polished nations of antiquity acknowledged a supreme God. There is not a book, not a medal, not a bas-relief, not an inscription, in which Juno, Minerva, Neptune, Mars, or any of the other deities, is spoken of as a forming being, the sovereign of all nature. On the contrary, the most ancient profane books that we have—Hesiod and Homer—represent their Zeus as the only thunderer, the only master of gods and men: he even punishes the other gods; he ties Juno with a chain, and drives Apollo out of heaven.

The ancient religion of the Brahmins—the first that admitted celestial creatures—the first which spoke of their rebellion—explains itself in sublime manner concerning the unity and power of God; as we have seen in the article ANGEL.

The Chinese, ancient as they are, come after the Indians. They have acknowledged one only god from time immemorial; they have no subordinate gods, no mediating demons or genii between god and man; no oracles, no abstract dogmas, no theological disputes among the lettered; their emperor was always the first pontiff; their religion was always august and simple; thus it is, that this vast empire, though twice subjugated, has constantly preserved its integrity, has made its conquerors receive its laws, and notwithstanding the crimes and miseries inseparable from the human race, is still the most flourishing state upon earth.

The magi of Chaldea, the Sabeans, acknowledged but one Supreme God, whom they adored in the stars, which are his work.

The Persians adored him in the sun. The sphere placed on the frontispiece of the temple of Memphis, was the emblem of one only and perfect God, called Knef by the Egyptians.

The title of Deus Optimus Maximus was never given by the Romans to any but "Jupiter, hominum sator atque deorum." This great truth, which we have elsewhere pointed out, cannot be too often repeated.

This adoration of a Supreme God, from Romulus down to the total destruction of the empire and of its religion, is confirmed. In spite of all the follies of the people, who venerated secondary and ridiculous gods, and in spite of the Epicureans, who in reality acknowledged none, it is verified that, in all times, the magistrates and the wise adored one sovereign God.

From the great number of testimonies left us to this truth, I will select first that of Maximus of Tyre, who flourished under the Antonines—those models of true piety, since they were models of humanity. These are his words, in his discourse entitled Of God, according to Plato. The reader who would instruct himself is requested to weigh them well:—

"Men have been so weak as to give to God a human figure, because they had seen nothing superior to man; but it is ridiculous to imagine, with Homer, that Jupiter or the Supreme Divinity has black eyebrows and golden hair, which he cannot shake without making the heavens tremble.

"When men are questioned concerning the nature of the Divinity, their answers are all different. Yet, notwithstanding this prodigious variety of opinions, you will find one and the same feeling throughout the earth, viz., that there is but one God who is the father of all," &c.

After this formal avowal, after the immortal discourses of Cicero, of Antonine, of Epictetus, what becomes of the declamations which so many ignorant pedants are still repeating? What avail those eternal reproachings of base polytheism and puerile idolatry, but to convince us that the reproachers have not the slightest acquaintance with sterling antiquity? They have taken the reve-

ries of Homer for the doctrines of the wise.

Is it necessary to have stronger or more expressive testimony? You will find it in the letter from Maximus of Madaura to St. Augustin; both were philosophers and orators; at least, they prided themselves on being so: they wrote to each other freely; they were even friends as much as a man of the old religion and one of the new could be friends.

Read Maximus of Madaura's letter, and the Bishop of Hippo's answer.

Letter from Maximus of Madaura.

"Now, that there is a Sovereign God, who is without beginning, and who, without having begotten anything like unto himself, is nevertheless the father and the former of all things, what man can be gross and stupid enough to doubt? He it is of whom, under different names, we adore the eternal power extending through every part of the world—thus honouring separately by different sorts of worship, what may be called his several members, we adore him entirely . . . . . May those subordinate gods preserve you, under whose names, and by whom all we mortals upon earth adore the common father of gods and men, by different sorts of worship, it is true, but all according in their very variety, and all tending to the same end."

By whom was this letter written? By a Numidian—one of the country of the Algerines!

Augustin's Answer.

"In your public square there are two statues of Mars, the one naked, the other armed; and close by, the figure of a man who, with three fingers advanced towards Mars, holds in check that divinity so dangerous to the whole town. With regard to what you say of such gods being portions of the only true God, I take the liberty you give me, to warn you not to fall into such a sacrilege; for that only God, of whom you speak, is doubtless he who is acknowledged by the whole world, and concerning whom, as some of the ancients have said, the ignorant agree with the learned. Now, will you say, that he whose strength, if not his cruelty, is represented by an inanimate man, is a portion of that God? I could easily push you hard on this subject; for you will clearly see how much might be said upon it: but I refrain, lest you should say that I employ against you the weapons of rhetoric rather than those of virtue."

We know not what was signified by these two statues, of which no vestige is left us; but not all the statues with which Rome was filled—not the Pantheon and all the temples consecrated to the inferior gods, nor even those to the twelve greater gods prevented Deus Optimus Maximus—"God, most good, most great"—from being acknowledged throughout the empire.

The misfortune of the Romans, then, was their ignorance of the Mosaic law, and afterwards of the law of the disciples of our Saviour Jesus Christ—their want of the faith—their mixing with the worship of a supreme God, the worship of Mars, of Venus, of Minerva, of Apollo, who did not exist, and their preserving that religion until the time of the Theodosii. Happily, the Goths, the Huns, the Vandals, the Heruli, the Lombards, the Franks, who destroyed that empire, submitted to the truth, and enjoyed a blessing denied to Scipio, to Cato, to Metellus, to Emilius, to Cicero, to Varro, to Virgil, and to Horace.

None of these great men knew Jesus Christ, whom they could not know; yet they did not worship the devil, as so many pedants are every day repeating—How should they worship the devil, of whom they had never heard?

A Calumny on Cicero by Warburton, on the subject of a Supreme God.

Warburton, like his contemporaries, has calumniated Cicero and ancient Rome. He boldly supposes that Cicero

pronounced these words, in his Oration for Flaccus:—

"It is unworthy of the majesty of the empire to adore one only God—Majestatem imperii non decuit ut unus tantum Deus colatur."

It will, perhaps, hardly be believed, that there is not a word of this in the oration for Flaccus, nor in any of Cicero's works. Flaccus, who had exercised the prætorship in Asia Minor, is charged with exercising some vexations. He was secretly persecuted by the Jews, who then inundated Rome; for, by their money, they had obtained privileges in Rome at the very time when Pompey, after Crassus, had taken Jerusalem, and hanged their petty king, Alexander, son of Aristobolus. Flaccus had forbidden the conveying of gold and silver specie to Jerusalem, because the money came back altered, and commerce was thereby injured; and he had seized the gold which was clandestinely carried. This gold, said Cicero, is still in the treasury. Flaccus has acted as disinterestedly as Pompey.

Cicero, then, with his wonted irony, pronounces these words:—"Each country has its religion: we have ours. While Jerusalem was yet free, while the Jews were yet at peace, even then they held in abhorrence the splendour of this empire, the dignity of the Roman name, the institutions of our ancestors. Now that nation has shown more than ever, by the strength of its arms, what it ought to think of the Roman empire. It has shown us, by its valour, how dear it is to the immortal gods: it has proved it to us, by its being vanquished, expatriated, and tributary."—"Stantibus Hierosolymis, pacatisque Judais, tamen istorum religio sacrorum, à splendore hujus imperii, gravitate nominis nostri, majorum institutis, abhorrebat: nunc verò hoc magis quid illa gens, quid de imperio nostro sentiret, ostendit armis: quàm cara diis immortalibus esset, docuit, quòd est victa, quod elocata, quod servata."

It is then quite false that Cicero, or any other Roman, ever said that it did not become the majesty of the empire to acknowledge a supreme God. Their Jupiter, the Zeus of the Greeks, the Jehovah of the Phenicians, was always considered as the master of the secondary gods. This great truth cannot be too forcibly inculcated.

Did the Romans take their Gods from the Greeks?

Had not the Romans served gods for whom they were not indebted to the Greeks?

For instance, they could not be guilty of plagiarism in adoring Cœlum, while the Greeks adored Ouranon; or in addressing themselves to Saturnus and Tellus, while the Greeks addressed themselves to Ge and Chronos.

They called Ceres, her whom the Greeks named Deo and Demiter.

Their Neptune was Poseidon, their Venus was Aphrodite; their Juno was called, in Greek, Era; their Proserpine, Core; and their favourites, Mars and Bellona, were Ares and Enio. In none of these instances do the names resemble.

Did the inventive spirits of Rome and of Greece assemble? or did the one take from the other the *thing*, while they disguised the *name?*

It is very natural that the Romans, without consulting the Greeks, should make to themselves gods of the heavens, of time; beings presiding over war, over generation, over harvests, without going to Greece to ask for gods, as they afterwards went there to ask for laws. When you find a name that resembles nothing else, it is but fair to believe it a native of that particular country.

But is not *Jupiter*, the master of all the gods, a word belonging to every nation, from the Euphrates to the Tiber. Among the first Romans, it was *Jov, Jovis;* among the Greeks, *Zeus;* among the Phenicians, the Syrians, and the Egyptians, *Jehovah.*

Does not this resemblance serve to confirm the supposition, that every people had the knowledge of the Supreme Being?—a knowledge confused, it is true; but what man can have it *distinct?*

SECTION III.

Examination of Spinosa.

Spinosa cannot help admitting an intelligence acting in matter, and forming a whole with it.

"I must conclude," he says, "that the absolute Being is neither thought nor extent, exclusively of each other; but that extent and thought are necessary attributes of the absolute Being."

Herein he appears to differ from all the atheists of antiquity; from Ocellus, Lucanus, Heraclitus, Democritus, Leucippus, Strato, Epicurus, Pythagoras, Diagoras, Zeno of Elis, Anaximander, and so many others. He differs from them, above all, in his method, which he took entirely from the reading of Descartes, whose very style he has imitated.

The multitude of those who cry out against Spinosa, without ever having read him, will especially be astonished by his following declaration. He does not make it to dazzle mankind, nor to appease theologians, nor to obtain protectors, nor to disarm a party: he speaks as a philosopher, without naming himself, without advertising himself; and expresses himself in Latin, so as to be understood by a very small number. Here is his profession of faith.

Spinosa's Profession of Faith.

"If I also concluded that the idea of God, comprised in that of the infinity of the universe, excused me from obedience, love, and worship, I should make a still more pernicious use of my reason: for it is evident to me that the laws which I *have* received, not by the relation or intervention of other men, but immediately from him, are those which the light of nature points out to me as the true guides of rational conduct. If I failed of obedience, in this particular, I should sin, not only against the principle of my being and the society of my kind, but also against myself, in depriving myself of the most solid advantage of my existence. This obedience does, it is true, bind me only to the duties of my state, and makes me look on all beside as frivolous practices, invented in superstition to serve the purposes of their inventors.

"With regard to the love of God, so far, I conceive, is this idea from tending to weaken it, that no other is more calculated to increase it; since, through it, I know that God is intimate with my being; that he gives me existence, and my every property; but he gives me them liberally, without reproach, without interest, without subjecting me to anything but my own nature. It banishes fear, uneasiness, distrust, and all the effects of a vulgar or interested love. It informs me, that this is a good which I cannot lose, and which I possess the more fully, as I know and love it."

Are these the words of the virtuous and tender Fénélon, or those of Spinosa? How is it that two men so opposed to each other, have, with such different notions of Gods concurred in the idea of loving God for himself?

It must be acknowledged, that they went both to the same end,—the one as a Christian, the other as a man who had the misfortune not to be so; the holy archbishop as a philosopher, convinced that God is distinct from nature; the other as a widely-erring disciple of Descartes, who imagined that God is all nature.

The former was orthodox, the latter was mistaken,—I must assent; but both were honest, both estimable in their sincerity, as in their mild and simple manners; though there is no other point of resemblance between the imitator of the Odyssey, and a dry Cartesian fenced round with arguments; between one of the most accomplished men of the court of Louis XIV. invested with what is

called a *high* dignity, and a poor unjudaïzed Jew, living with an income of three hundred florins, in the most profound obscurity.

If there be any similitude between them, it is that Fénélon was accused before the sanhedrim of the new law, and the other before a synagogue without power as without reason; but the one submitted, the other rebelled.

Foundation of Spinosa's Philosophy.

The great dialectician Bayle has refuted Spinosa. His system, therefore, is not demonstrated, like one of Euclid's propositions; for, if it were so, it could not be combated. It is, therefore, at least obscure.

I have always had some suspicion that Spinosa, with his universal substance, his modes and accidents, had some other meaning than that in which he is understood by Bayle; and consequently, that Bayle may be right, without having confounded Spinosa. And, in particular, I have always thought that often Spinosa did not understand himself, and that this is the principal reason why he has not been understood.

It seems to me, that the ramparts of Spinosism might be beaten down on a side which Bayle has neglected. Spinosa thinks that there can exist but one substance; and it appears throughout his book, that he builds his theory on the mistake of Descartes, that "Nature is a plenum."

The theory of a plenum is as false as that of a void. It is now demonstrated, that motion is as impossible in absolute fulness, as it is impossible that, in an equal balance, a weight of two pounds in one scale, should sink a weight of two in the other.

Now, if every motion absolutely requires empty space, what becomes of Spinosa's one and only substance? How can the substance of a star, between which and us there is a void so immense, be precisely the substance of this earth, or the substance of myself? or the substance of a fly eaten by a spider?

Perhaps I mistake, but I never have been able to conceive how Spinosa, admitting an infinite substance of which thought and matter are the two modalities—admitting the substance which he calls God, and of which all that we see is mode or accident—could nevertheless reject final causes. If this infinite, universal being thinks, must he not have design? If he has design, must he not have a will? Spinosa says, we are modes of that absolute, necessary, infinite being. I say to Spinosa, We will, and have design. we who are but modes; therefore, this infinite, necessary, absolute being cannot be deprived of them; therefore, he has will, design, power.

I am aware that various philosophers, and especially Lucretius, have denied final causes; I am also aware that Lucretius, though not very chaste, is a very great poet in his descriptions and in his morals; but in philosophy I own he appears to me to be very far behind a college porter or a parish beadle. To affirm that the eye is not made to see, nor the ear to hear, nor the stomach to digest,—is not this the most enormous absurdity, the most revolting folly, that ever entered the human mind? Doubter as I am, this insanity seems to me evident, and I say so.

For my part, I see ir nature, as in the arts, only final causes and I believe that an apple-tree is maae to bear apples, as I believe that a watch is made to tell the hour.

I must here acquaint the reader, that if Spinosa, in several passages of his works, makes a jest of final causes, he most expressly acknowledges them in the first part of his Being in General and in Particular.

Here he says, "Permit me for a few moments to dwell with admiration on the wonderful dispensation of nature, which, having enriched the constitution of man with all the resources necessary to prolong to a certain term the duration

of his frail existence, and to animate his knowledge of himself by that of an infinity of distant objects, seems purposely to have neglected to give him the means of well knowing what he is obliged to make a more ordinary use of—the individuals of his own species. Yet, when duly considered, this appears less the effect of a refusal than of an extreme liberality; for, if there were any intelligent being that could penetrate another against his will, he would enjoy such an advantage, as would of itself exclude him from society; whereas, in the present state of things, each individual enjoying himself in full independence, communicates himself so much only as he finds convenient."

What shall I conclude from this? That Spinosa frequently contradicted himself; that he had not always clear ideas; that in the great wreck of systems, he clung sometimes to one plank, sometimes to another; that in this weakness he was like Mallebranche, Arnauld, Bossuet, and Claude, who now and then contradicted themselves in their disputes; that he was like numberless metaphysicians and theologians I shall conclude, that I have additional reason for distrusting all my metaphysical notions; that I am a very feeble animal, treading on quicksands, which are continually giving way beneath me; and that there is perhaps nothing so foolish as to believe ourselves always in the right.

Baruch Spinosa, you are very confused: but are you as dangerous as you are said to be? I maintain that you are not; and my reason is, that you *are* confused, that you have written in bad Latin, and that there are not ten persons in Europe who read you from beginning to end, although you have been translated into French. Who is the dangerous author?—he who is read by the idle at court and by the ladies.

SECTION IV.

The "System of Nature."

The author of the System of Nature has had the advantage of being read by both learned and ignorant, and by women. His style, then, has merits which that of Spinosa wanted. He is often luminous—sometimes eloquent; although he may be charged, like all the rest, with repetition, declamation, and self-contradiction. But for profundity, he is very often to be distrusted both in physics and in morals. The interest of mankind is here in question; we will, therefore, examine whether his doctrine is true and useful; and will, if we can, be brief.

"Order and disorder do not exist."

What! in physics, is not a child born blind, without legs, or a monster, contrary to the nature of the species? Is it not the ordinary regularity of nature that makes order, and irregularity that constitutes disorder? Is it not a great derangement, a dreadful disorder, when nature gives a child hunger and closes the œsophagus? The evacuations of every kind are necessary; yet the channels are frequently without orifices, which it is necessary to remedy. Doubtless this disorder has its cause; for there is no effect without a cause: but it is a very disordered effect.

Is not the assassination of our friend, or of our brother, a horrible disorder in morals? Are not the calumnies of a Garasse, a Le Tellier, a Doucin, against Jansenists, and those of Jansenists against Jesuits, petty disorders? Were not the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Irish massacres, &c., execrable disorders? This crime has its cause in passion, but the effect is execrable: the cause is fatal; this disorder makes us shudder. The origin of the disorder remains to be discovered, but the disorder exists.

"Experience proves to us, that the matter which we regard as inert and dead, assumes action, intelligence, and life, when it is combined in a certain way."

This is precisely the difficulty. How does a germ come to life? Of this the author and the reader are alike ignorant.

Hence, are not the System of Nature, and all the systems in the world, so many dreams?

"It would be necessary to define the vital principle, which I deem impossible."

Is not this definition very easy, very common? Is not life organization with feeling? But that you have these two properties from the motion of matter alone, it is impossible to give any proof: and if it cannot be proved, why affirm it? Why say aloud, "I know," while you say to yourself. "I know not!"

"It will be asked, what is man?" &c.

Assuredly, this article is no clearer than the most obscure of Spinosa's; and many readers will feel indignant at the decisive tone which is assumed without anything being explained.

"Matter is eternal and necessary; but its forms and its combinations are transitory and contingent," &c.

It is hard to comprehend, matter being, according to our author, necessary, and without freedom, how there can be anything contingent. By contingency, we understand that which may be, or may not be: but since all must be, of absolute necessity, every manner of being, which he here very erroneously calls contingent, is as absolutely of necessity as the being itself. Here again we are in a labyrinth.

When you venture to affirm that there is no God, that matter acts of itself by an eternal necessity, it must be demonstrated like a proposition in Euclid, otherwise you rest your system only on a perhaps. What a foundation for that which is most interesting to the human race!

"If man is by his nature forced to love his well-being, he is forced to love the means of that well-being. It were useless, and perhaps unjust, to ask a man to be virtuous, if he cannot be so without making himself unhappy. So soon as vice makes him happy, he must love vice."

This maxim is yet more execrable in morals than the others are in physics. Were it true that a man could not be virtuous without suffering, he must be encouraged to suffer. Our author's proposition would evidently be the ruin of society. Besides, how does he know that we cannot be happy without having vices? On the contrary, is it not proved by experience, that the satisfaction of having subdued them is a thousand times greater than the pleasure of yielding to them—a pleasure always empoisoned, a pleasure leading to woe. By subduing our vices, we acquire tranquillity, the consoling testimony of our conscience; by giving ourselves up to them, we lose our health, our quiet—we risk everything. Thus our author himself, in twenty passages, wishes all to be sacrificed to virtue; and he advances this proposition only to give in his system a fresh proof of the necessity of being virtuous.

"They who, with so many arguments, reject innate ideas, should have perceived, that this ineffable intelligence by which the world is said to be guided, and of which our senses can determine neither the existence nor the qualities, is a being of reason."

But truly, how does it follow from our having no innate ideas, that there is no God? Is not this consequence absurd? Is there any contradiction in saying, that God gives us ideas through our senses? Is it not, on the contrary, most clearly evident, that if there is an Almighty Being from whom we have life, we owe to him our ideas and our senses as well as everything else? It should first have been proved that God does not exist, which our author has not done, which he has not even attempted to do before this page of his tenth chapter.

Fearful of wearying the reader by an examination of all these detached passages, I will come at once to the foundation of the book, and the astonishing error upon which the author has built his system.

Story of the Eels on which the System is founded.

About the year 1750 there was, in France, an English Jesuit called Needham, disguised as a secular, who was then serving as tutor to the nephew of M. Dillon, archbishop of Toulouse. This man made experiments in natural philosophy, and especially in chemistry.

Having put some rye-meal into well-corked bottles, and some boiled mutton gravy into other bottles, he thought that his mutton gravy and his meal had given birth to eels, which again produced others; and that thus a race of eels was formed indifferently from the juice of meat, or from a grain of rye.

A natural philosopher, of some reputation, had no doubt that this Needham was a profound atheist. He concluded that, since eels could be made of rye-meal, men might be made of wheat flour; that nature and chemistry produce all; and that it was demonstrated we may very well dispense with an all-forming God.

This property of meal very easily deceived one who, unfortunately, was already wandering amidst ideas that should make us tremble for the weakness of the human mind. He wanted to dig a hole in the centre of the earth, to see the central fire; to dissect Patagonians, that he might know the nature of the soul; to cover the sick with pitch, to prevent them from perspiring; to exalt his soul, that he might foretel the future. If to these things it were added, that he had the still greater unhappiness of seeking to oppress two of his brethren, it would do no honour to atheism; it would only serve to make us look into ourselves with confusion.

It is really strange that men, while denying a creator, should have attributed to themselves the power of creating eels.

But it is yet more deplorable that natural philosophers, of better information, adopted the Jesuit Needham's ridiculous system, and joined it to that of Maillet, who asserted that the ocean had formed the Alps and Pyrenees, and that men were originally porpoises, whose forked tails changed in the course of time into thighs and legs. Such fancies are worthy to be placed with the eels formed by meal.

We were assured, not long ago, that at Brussels a hen had brought forth half-a-dozen young rabbits.

This transmutation of meal and gravy into eels was demonstrated to be as false and ridiculous, as it really is, by M. Spallanzani, a rather better observer than Needham.

But the extravagance of so palpable an illusion was evident without his observations. Needham's eels soon followed the Brussels' hen.

Nevertheless, in 1768, the correct, elegant, and judicious translator of Lucretius was so far led away, that he not only in his notes to book viii. p. 361, repeats Needham's pretended experiments, but he also does all he can to establish their validity.

Here, then, we have the new foundation of the System of Nature.

The author, in the second chapter, thus expresses himself:—

"After moistening meal with water, and shutting up the mixture, it is found after a little time, with the aid of the microscope, that it has produced organised beings, of whose production the water and meal were believed to be incapable. Thus inanimate nature can pass into life, which is itself but an assemblage of motions."

Were this unparalleled blunder true, yet, in rigorous reasoning, I do not see how it would prove there is no God; I do not see why a supreme, intelligent, and mighty being, having formed the sun and the stars, might not also deign to form animalculæ without a germ. Here is no contradiction in terms. A demonstrative proof that God has no existence must be sought elsewhere; and most assuredly no person has ever found, or will ever find one.

There were books in which the mysteries of the sorcerers were written. I have seen one of them, at the head of which was a figure of a goat very badly drawn, with a woman on her knees behind him. In France, these books were called "grimoires;" and in other countries "the devil's alphabet." That which I saw contained only four leaves in almost illegible characters, much like those of the Shepherd's Almanack.

Reasoning and better education would have sufficed in Europe for the extirpation of such an extravagance; but executions were employed instead of reasoning. The pretended sorcerers had their "grimoire," and the judges had their sorcerer's code. In 1599, the Jesuit Del Rio, a doctor of Louvain, published his Magical Disquisitions: he affirms that all heretics are magicians, and frequently recommends that they be put to the torture. He has no doubt that the devil transforms himself into a goat, and grants his favours to all women presented to him. He quotes various juriconsults, called demonographers, who assert that Luther was the son of a woman and a goat. He assures us that at Brussels, in 1595, a woman was brought to bed of a child, of which the devil, disguised as a goat, was father; and that she was punished, but he does not inform us in what manner.

But the jurisprudence of witchcraft has been the most profoundly treated by one Boguet, "grand juge en dernier ressort" of an abbey of St. Claude in Franche-Comté. He gives an account of all the executions to which he condemned wizards and witches, and the number is very considerable. Nearly all the witches are supposed to have had commerce with the goat.

It has already been said, that more than a hundred thousand sorcerers have been executed in Europe. Philosophy alone has at length cured men of this abominable delusion, and has taught judges that they should not burn the insane.

GOD—GODS.

SECTION I.

The reader cannot too carefully bear in mind that this Dictionary has not been written for the purpose of repeating what so many others have said.

The knowledge of a God is not impressed upon us by the hands of nature, for then men would all have the same idea; and no idea is born with us. It does not come to us like the perception of light, of the ground, &c., which we receive as soon as our eyes and our understandings are opened. Is it a philosophical idea? No; men admitted the existence of gods before there were philosophers.

Whence, then, is this idea derived? From feeling, and from that natural logic which unfolds itself with age, even in the rudest of mankind. Astonishing effects of nature were beheld—harvests and barrenness, fair weather and storms, benefits and scourges; and the hand of a master was felt. Chiefs were necessary to govern societies; and it was needful to admit sovereigns of these new sovereigns whom human weakness had given itself—beings before whose power these men who could bear down their fellow-men might tremble. The first sovereigns in their time employed these notions to cement their power. Such were the first steps; thus every little society had its god. These notions were rude because everything was rude. It is very natural to reason by analogy. One society under a chief did not deny that the neighbouring tribe should likewise have its judge, or its captain; consequently it could not deny that the other should also have its god. But as it was the interest of each tribe that its captain should be the best, it was also interested in believing, and consequently it did believe, that its god was the mightiest. Hence those ancient fables which have so long been generally diffused, that the gods of one nation fought against the gods of another. Hence the numerous passages in the He-

appears to me, is, not to argue metaphysically, but to consider whether, for the common good of us miserable and thinking animals, we should admit a rewarding and avenging god, at once our restraint and consolation, or should reject this idea, and so abandon ourselves to calamity without hope, and crime without remorse.

Hobbes says, that if, in a commonwealth, in which no God should be acknowledged, any citizen were to propose one, he would have him hanged.

Apparently, he meant by this strange exaggeration, a citizen who should seek to rule in the name of a god, a charlatan who would make himself a tyrant. We understand citizens, who, feeling the weakness of human nature, its perverseness, and its misery, seek some prop to support it through the languors and horrors of this life.

From Job down to us, a great many men have cursed their existence; we have, therefore, perpetual need of consolation and hope. Of these your philosophy deprives us. The fable of Pandora was better; it left us hope—which you snatch from us! Philosophy, you say, furnishes no proof of happiness to come. No—but you have no demonstration of the contrary. There may be in us an indestructible monade which feels and thinks, without our knowing anything at all of how that monade is made. Reason is not absolutely opposed to this idea, though reason alone does not prove it. Has not this opinion a prodigious advantage over yours? Mine is useful to mankind, yours is baneful; say of it what you will, it may encourage a Nero, an Alexander VI. or a Cartouche. Mine may restrain them.

Marcus Antoninus and Epictetus believed that their monade, of whatever kind it was, would be united to the monade of the great being; and they were the most virtuous of men.

In the state of doubt in which we both are, I do not say to you with Pascal, "chuse the safest." There is no safety in uncertainty. We are here not to talk, but to examine; we must judge, and our judgment is not determined by our will. I do not propose to you to believe extravagant things, in order to escape embarrassment. I do not say to you, Go to Mecca, and instruct yourself by kissing the black stone, take hold of a cow's tail, muffle yourself in a scapulary, or be imbecile and fanatical to acquire the favour of the being of beings. I say to you, Continue to cultivate virtue, to be beneficent, to regard all superstition with horror, or with pity; but adore, with me, the design which is manifested in all nature, and consequently the author of that design—the primordial and final cause of all; hope with me that our monade, which reasons on the great eternal being, may be happy through that same great being. There is no contradiction in this. You can no more demonstrate its impossibility than I can demonstrate mathematically that it is so. In metaphysics we scarcely reason on anything but probabilities. We are all swimming in a sea of which we have never seen the shore. Woe be to those who fight while they swim! Land who can: but he that cries out to me, "You swim in vain, there is no land;" disheartens me, and deprives me of all my strength.

What is the object of our dispute? To console our unhappy existence. Who consoles it—You, or I?

You yourself own, in some passages of your work, that the belief in a God has withheld some men on the brink of crime; for me, this acknowledgment is enough. If this opinion had prevented but ten assassinations, but ten calumnies, but ten iniquitous judgments on the earth, I hold that the whole earth ought to embrace it.

Religion, you say, has produced thousands of crimes—say, rather, superstition, which unhappily reigns over this globe; it is the most cruel enemy of the pure adoration due to the Supreme Being.

Let us detest this monster which has

constantly been tearing the bosom of its mother; they who combat it are benefactors to mankind: it is a serpent enclosing religion in its folds, its head must be bruised, without wounding the parent whom it infects and devours.

You fear, "that, by adoring God, men would soon again become superstitious and fanatical." But is it not to be feared that, in denying him, they would abandon themselves to the most atrocious passions, and the most frightful crimes? Between these two extremes is there not a very rational mean? Where is the safe track between these two rocks? It is God, and wise laws.

You affirm, that it is but one step from adoration to superstition: but there is an infinity to well-constituted minds, and these are now very numerous: they are at the head of nations; they influence public manners, and, year by year, the fanaticism that overspread the earth is receding in its detestable usurpations.

I shall say a few words more in answer to what you say in page 223. "If it be presumed that there are relations between man and this incredible being, then altars must be raised and presents must be made to him, &c.; if no conception be formed of this being, then the matter must be referred to priests, who . . . ." &c. &c. &c. A great evil to be sure, to assemble in the harvest season, and thank God for the bread that he has given us! Who says you should make presents to God? The idea is ridiculous! But where is the harm of employing a citizen, called an 'elder' or 'priest,' to render thanks to the divinity in the name of the other citizens?—provided the priest is not a Gregory VII. trampling on the heads of kings, nor an Alexander VI. polluting by incest his daughter, the offspring of a rape, and, by the aid of his bastard son, poisoning and assassinating almost all the neighbouring princes: provided that, in a parish, this priest is not a knave, picking the pockets of the penitents he confesses, and using the money to seduce the girls he catechises; provided that this priest is not a Le Tellier, putting the whole kingdom in combustion by rogueries worthy of the pillory, nor a Warburton, violating the laws of society, making public the private papers of a member of parliament in order to ruin him, and calumniating whosoever is not of his opinion. The latter cases are rare. The sacerdotal state is a curb which forces to good behaviour.

A stupid priest excites contempt; a bad priest inspires horror; a good priest, mild, pious, without superstitition, charitable, tolerant, is one who ought to be cherished and revered. You dread abuses—so do I. Let us unite to prevent them; but let us not condemn the usage when it is useful to society, when it is not perverted by fanaticism, or by fraudulent wickedness.

I have one very important thing to tell you. I am persuaded that you are in a great error, but I am equally convinced that you are honest in your self-delusion. You would have men virtuous even without a God, although you have unfortunately said that "so soon as vice renders man happy, he must love vice"—a frightful proposition, which your friends should have prevailed on you to erase. Everywhere else you inspire probity. This philosophical dispute will only be between you and a few philosophers scattered over Europe; the rest of the earth will not even hear of it. The people do not read us. If some theologian were to seek to persecute us, he would be impudent as well as wicked; he would but serve to confirm you, and to make new atheists.

You are wrong: but the Greeks did not persecute Epicurus; the Romans did not persecute Lucretius. You are wrong: but your genius and your virtue must be respected, while you are refuted with all possible strength.

In my opinion, the finest homage that can be rendered to God is, to stand forward in his defence without anger; as the most unworthy portrait that can be

drawn of him is, to paint him vindictive and furious. He is truth itself; and truth is without passion. To be a disciple of God is, to announce him as of a mild heart and of an unalterable mind.

I think, with you, that fanaticism is a monster a thousand times more dangerous than philosophical atheism. Spinosa did not commit a single bad action. Châtel and Ravaillac, both devotees, assassinated Henry IV.

The atheist of the closet is almost always a quiet philosopher; while the fanatic is always turbulent: but the court atheist, the atheistical prince, might be the scourge of mankind. Borgia and his like have done almost as much harm as the fanatics of Munster and of the Cevennes. I say the fanatics on both sides. The misfortune is that atheists of the closet make atheists of the court. It was Chiron who brought up Achilles: he fed him with lion's marrow. Achilles will one day drag Hector's body round the walls of Troy, and immolate twelve captives to his vengeance.

God keep us from an abominable priest who should hew a king in pieces with his sacrificing knife; as also from him who, with a helmet on his head and a cuirass on his back, at the age of seventy, should dare to sign with his three bloody fingers the ridiculous excommunication of a king of France! and from . . . . and from . . . .

But also, may God preserve us from a choleric and barbarous despot, who, not believing in a God, should be his own God, who should render himself unworthy of his sacred trust by trampling on the duties which that trust imposes, who should remorselessly sacrifice to his passions, his friends, his relatives, his servants, and his people. These two tigers, the one shorn, the other crowned, are equally to be feared. By what means shall we muzzle them? . . . .

If the idea of a God has made a Titus or a Trajan, an Antonine or an Aurelius, and those great Chinese emperors, whose memory is so dear to the second of the most ancient and most extensive empires in the world, these examples are sufficient for my cause—and my cause is that of all mankind.

I do not believe that there is in all Europe one statesman, one man at all versed in the affairs of the world, who has not the most profound contempt for the legends with which we have been inundated, even more than we now are with pamphlets. If religion no longer gives birth to civil wars, it is to philosophy alone that we are indebted, theological disputes beginning to be regarded in much the same manner as the quarrels of Punch and Joan at the fair. An usurpation, alike odious and ridiculous, founded upon fraud on one side, and stupidity on the other, is every instant undermined by reason, which is establishing its reign. The bull "In cœnâ Domini"—that masterpiece of insolence and folly, no longer dares appear, even in Rome. If a regiment of monks makes the least evolution against the laws of the state, it is immediately broken. But, because the Jesuits have been expelled, must we also expel God? On the contrary, we must love him the more.

SECTION VI.

In the reign of Arcadius, Logomachos, a theologue of Contantinople, went into Scythia and stopped at the foot of Mount Caucasus in the fruitful plains of Zephirim, on the borders of Colchis. The good old man Dondindac was in his great hall between his large sheepfold and his extensive barn; he was on his knees with his wife, his five sons and five daughters, his kinsmen and servants; and all were singing the praises of God, after a light repast.—"What art thou doing, idolater?" said Logomachos to him. "I am not an idolater," said Dondindac. "Thou must be an idolater," said Logomachos, "for thou art not a Greek. Come, tell me what thou wast singing in thy barbarous Scythian jargon?" "All tongues are alike to the ears of God," answered the Scythian;

"we were singing his praises."—"Very extraordinary!" returned the theologue; "a Scythian family praying to God without having been instructed by us!" He soon entered into conversation with the Scythian Dondindac; for the theologue knew a little Scythian, and the other a little Greek. This conversation has been found in a manuscript preserved in the library of Constantinople.

LOGOMACHOS.

Let us see if thou knowest thy catechism. Why dost thou pray to God?

DONDINDAC.

Because it is just to adore the Supreme Being, from whom we have everything.

LOGOMACHOS.

Very fair for a barbarian. But what dost thou ask of him?

DONDINDAC.

I thank him for the blessings I enjoy, and even for the trials which he sends me; but I am careful to ask nothing of him; for he knows our wants better than we do; besides, I should be afraid of asking for fair weather while my neighbour was asking for rain.

LOGOMACHOS.

Ah! I thought he would say some nonsense or other. Let us begin further back. Barbarian, who told thee that there is a God?

DONDINDAC.

All nature tells me.

LOGOMACHOS.

That is not enough. What idea hast thou of God.

DONDINDAC.

The idea of my Creator; my master, who will reward me if I do good, and punish me if I do evil.

LOGOMACHOS.

Trifles! trash! Let us come to some essentials. Is God infinite secundum quid, or according to essence?

DONDINDAC.

I don't understand you.

LOGOMACHOS.

Brute beast! Is God in one place, or in every place?

DONDINDAC.

I know not . . . just as you please.

LOGOMACHOS.

Ignoramus!—Can he cause that which has not been to have been, or that a stick shall not have two ends? Does he see the future as future, or as present? How does he draw being from nothing, and how reduce being to nothing?

DONDINDAC.

I have never examined these things.

LOGOMACHOS.

What a stupid fellow! Well, I must come nearer to thy level . . . . . Tell me, friend, dost thou think that matter can be eternal?

DONDINDAC.

What matters it to me whether it exists from all eternity or not? I do not exist from all eternity. God must still be my master. He has given me the nature of justice; it is my duty to follow it: I seek not to be a philosopher; I wish to be a man.

LOGOMACHOS.

One has a great deal of trouble with these blockheads. Let us proceed step by step. What is God?

DONDINDAC.

My sovereign, my judge, my father.

LOGOMACHOS.

That is not what I ask. What is his nature.

DONDINDAC.

To be mighty and good.

LOGOMACHOS.

But is he corporeal or spiritual?

DONDINDAC.

How should I know that?

LOGOMACHOS.

What: dost thou not know what a spirit is?

DONDINDAC.

Not in the least. Of what service would that knowledge be to me? Should I be more just? Should I be a better husband, a better father, a better master, or a better citizen?

LOGOMACHOS.

Thou must absolutely be taught what

a spirit is. It is . . . it is . . . it is . . . I will say what another time.

DONDINDAC.

I much fear that you will tell me rather what it is not than what it is. Permit me, in turn, to ask you one question. Same time ago, I saw one of your temples: why do you paint God with a long beard?

LOGOMACHOS.

That is a very difficult question, and requires preliminary instruction.

DONDINDAC.

Before I receive your instruction, I must relate to you a thing which one day happened to me. I had just built a closet at the end of my garden, when I heard a mole arguing thus with an ant:—"Here is a fine fabric," said the mole; "it must have been a very powerful mole that performed this work."—"You jest," returned the ant; "the architect of this edifice is an ant of mighty genius." From that time I resolved never to dispute.

GOOD——THE SOVEREIGN GOOD—A CHIMERA.

SECTION I.

HAPPINESS is an abstract idea composed of certain pleasurable sensations. Plato, who wrote better than he reasoned, conceived the notion of his world in archetype; that is, his original world—of his general ideas of the beautiful, the good, the orderly, and the just, as if there had existed eternal beings, called order, good, beauty, and justice; whence might be derived the feeble copies exhibited here below of the just, the beautiful, and the good.

It is, then, in consequence of his suggestions, that philosophers have occupied themselves in seeking for the sovereign good, as chemists seek for the philosopher's stone; but the sovereign good has no more existence than the sovereign square, or the sovereign crimson; there is the crimson colour, and there are squares; but there is no general existence so denominated. This chimerical manner of reasoning was, for a long time the bane of philosophy.

Animals feel pleasure in performing all the functions for which they are destined. The happiness which poetical fancy has imagined would be an uninterrupted series of pleasures, but such a series would be incompatible with our organs and our destination. There is great pleasure in eating, drinking, and connubial endearments; but it is clear that if a man were always eating, or always in the full extacy of enjoyment, his organs would be incapable of sustaining it: it is farther evident that he would be unable to fulfil the destinies he was born to, and that, in the case supposed, the human race would absolutely perish through pleasure.

To pass constantly and without interruption from one pleasure to another, is also a chimera. The woman who has conceived must go through childbirth, which is a pain; the man is obliged to cleave wood and hew stone, which is not a pleasure.

If the name of happiness is meant to be applied to some pleasures which are diffused over human life, there is in fact, we must admit, happiness. If the name attaches only to one pleasure always permanent, or a continued although varied range of delicious enjoyment, then happiness belongs not to this terraqueous globe. Go and seek for it elsewhere.

If we make happiness consist in any particular situation that a man may be in, as for instance, a situation of wealth, power, or fame, &c., we are no less mistaken. There are some scavengers who are happier than some sovereigns. Ask Cromwell whether he was more happy when he was lord protector of England, than when, in his youthful days, he enjoyed himself at a tavern; he will probably tell you in answer, that the period of his usurpation was not the period most productive of pleasures. How many plain or even ugly country women are more happy than were Helen and Cleopatra.

We must here however make one short remark; that when we say such a particular man is probably happier than some other, that a young muleteer has very superior advantages over Charles the fifth, that a dressmaker has more enjoyment than a princess, we should adhere to the probability of the case. There is certainly every appearance that a muleteer, in full health, must have more pleasure than Charles the fifth, laid up with the gout; but nevertheless it may also be, that Charles, on his crutches revolves in his mind with such extacy the facts of his holding a king of France and a pope prisoners, that his lot is absolutely preferable to that of the young and vigorous muleteer.

It certainly belongs to God alone, to a being capable of seeing through all hearts, to decide which is the happiest man. There is only one case in which a person can affirm that his actual state is worse or better than that of his neighbour; this case is that of existing rivalship, and the moment that of victory.

I will suppose that Archimedes has an assignation at night with his mistress. Nomentanus has the same assignation at the same hour. Archimedes presents himself at the door, and it is shut in his face; but it is opened to his rival, who makes an excellent supper, which he enlivens by his repeated sallies of wit upon Archimedes, and after the conclusion of which he withdraws to still higher enjoyment, while the other remains exposed in the street to all the pelting of a pitiless storm. There can be no doubt that Nomentanus has a right to say, I am more happy to-night than Archimedes: I have more pleasure than he; but it is necessary, in order to admit the truth and justness of the inference of the successful competitor in his own favour, to suppose that Archimedes is thinking only about the loss of his good supper, about being despised and deceived by a beautiful woman, about being supplanted by his rival, and annoyed by the tempest; for, if the philosopher in the street should be calmly reflecting that his soul ought to be above being discomposed by a strumpet or a storm, if he should be absorbed in a profound and interesting problem, and if he should discover the proportions between the cylinder and the sphere, he may experience a pleasure a hundred times superior to that of Nomentanus.

It is only therefore in the single case of actual pleasure and actual pain, and without a reference to anything else whatever, that a comparison between any two individuals can be properly made. It is unquestionable that he who enjoys the society of his mistress is happier at the moment than his scorned rival deploring over his misfortune. A man in health supping on a fat partridge, is undoubtedly happier at the time than another under the torment of the colic; but we cannot safely carry our inferences farther; we cannot estimate the existence of one man against that of another; we possess no accurate balance for weighing desires and sensations.

We began this article with Plato and his sovereign good; we will conclude it with Solon and the saying of his which has been so highly celebrated, that "we ought to pronounce no man happy before his death." This maxim, when examined into, will be found nothing more than a puerile remark, just like many other apothegms consecrated by their antiquity. The moment of death has nothing in common with the lot experienced by any man in life; a man may perish by a violent and ignominious death, and yet, up to that moment, may have enjoyed all the pleasures of which human nature is susceptible. It is very possible and very common for a happy man to cease to be so; no one can count it; but he has not the less had his happy moments.

What, then, can Solon's expression strictly and fairly mean? that a man happy to day is not certain of being so to-morrow! In this case it is a truth so incontestible and trivial, that, not merely is it not worthy of being elevated into a

maxim, but it is not worthy delivering at all.

SECTION II.

Well-being is a rare possession. May not the sovereign good in this world be considered as a sovereign chimera? The Greek philosophers discussed at great length, according to their usual practice, this celebrated question. The reader will, probably, compare them to just so many mendicants reasoning about the philosopher's stone.

The sovereign good! What an expression! It might as well have been asked, What is the sovereign blue, or the sovereign ragout, or the sovereign walk, or the sovereign reading, &c.

Every one places his good where he can, and has as much of it as he can, in his own way, and in very scanty measure. Castor loved horses: his twin brother, to try a fall—

Quid dem! quid non dem! renuis tu quod jubet alter—
Castor gaudet equis, ovo prognatus eodem
Pugnis, &c.

The greatest good is that which delights us so powerfully, as to render us incapable of feeling anything else; as the greatest evil is that which goes so far as to deprive us of all feeling. These are the two extremes of human nature, and these moments are short.

Neither extreme delight nor extreme torture can last a whole life. The sovereign good and the sovereign evil are nothing more than chimeras.

We all know the beautiful fable of Crantor. He introduces upon the stage at the Olympic games, Wealth, Pleasure, Health, and Virtue. Each claims the apple. Wealth says, I am the sovereign good, for with me all goods are purchased: Pleasure says, the apple belongs to me, for it is only on my account that wealth is desired: Health asserts, that without her there can be no pleasure, and wealth is useless: finally, Virtue states, that she is superior to the other three, because, although possessed of gold, pleasures, and health, a man may make himself very contemptible by misconduct. The apple was conferred on Virtue.

The fable is very ingenious; it would be still more so if Crantor had said, that the sovereign good consists in the combination of the four rivals, Virtue, Health, Wealth, and Pleasure; but this fable neither does, nor can, resolve the absurd question about the sovereign good. Virtue is not a good. It is a duty. It is of a different nature; of a superior order. It has nothing to do with painful or with agreeable sensations. A virtuous man, labouring under stone and gout, without aid, without friends, destitute of necessaries, persecuted, and chained down to the floor by a voluptuous tyrant who enjoys good health, is very wretched; and his insolent persecutor, caressing a new mistress on his bed of purple, is very happy. Say, if you please, that the persecuted sage is preferable to the persecuting profligate; say that you admire the one and detest the other; but confess that the sage in chains is scarcely less than mad with rage and pain: if he do not himself admit that he is so, he completely deceives you; he is a charlatan.

GOOD.

Of good and evil, Physical and Moral.

We here treat of a question of the greatest difficulty and importance. It relates to the whole of human life. It would be of much greater consequence to find a remedy for our evils; but no remedy is to be discovered, and we are reduced to the sad necessity of tracing out their origin. With respect to this origin, men have disputed ever since the days of Zoroaster, and in all probability they disputed on the same subject long before him. It was to explain the mixture of good and evil that they conceived the idea of two principles—Oromazes, the author of light, and Arimanes, the author of darkness; the box of Pandora; the two vessels of Jupiter; the apple eaten by Eve; and a variety of other systems. The first of dialecticians, al-

though not the first of philosophers, the illustrious Bayle, has clearly shown how difficult it is for Christians who admit one only God, perfectly good and just, to reply to the objections of the Manicheans who acknowledge two Gods—one good and the other evil.

The foundation of the system of the Manicheans, with all its antiquity, was not on that account more reasonable. Lemmas, susceptible of the most clear and rigid geometrical demonstrations, should alone have induced any men to the adoption of such a theorem as the following:—"There are two necessary beings, both supreme, both infinite, both equally powerful, both in conflict with each other, yet, finally agreeing to pour out upon this little planet—one, all the treasures of his beneficence, and the other all the stores of his malice." It is in vain that the advocates of this hypothesis attempt to explain by it the cause of good and evil: even the fable of Prometheus explains it better. Every hypothesis, which only serves to assign a reason for certain things, without being, in addition to that recommendation, established upon indisputable principles, ought invariably to be rejected.

The Christian doctors (independently of the revelation, which makes everything credible), explain the origin of good and evil no better than the partner-gods of Zoroaster.

When they say God is a tender father, God is a just king; when they add the idea of infinity to that of love, that kindness, that justice which they observe in the best of their own species, they soon fall into the most palpable and dreadful contradictions. How could this sovereign, who possessed in infinite fulness the principle or quality of human justice; how could this father, entertaining an infinite affection for his children; how could this being infinitely powerful, have formed creatures in his own likeness, to have them immediately afterwards tempted by a malignant demon, to make them yield to the temptation, to inflict death on those whom he had created immortal, and to overwhelm their posterity with calamities and crimes! We do not here speak of a contradiction still more revolting to our feeble reason. How could God, who ransomed the human race by the death of his only son; or rather, how could God, who took upon himself the nature of man, and died on the cross to save men from perdition, consign over to eternal tortures nearly the whole of that human race for whom he died? . . Certainly, when we consider this system merely as philosophers (without the aid of faith) we must consider it as absolutely monstrous and abominable. It makes of God either pure and unmixed malice, and that malice infinite, which created thinking beings, on purpose to devote them to eternal misery, or absolute impotence and imbecility, in not being able to foresee or to prevent the torments of his offspring.

But the eternity of misery is not the subject of this article, which relates properly only to the good and evil of the present life. None of the doctors of the numerous churches of Christianity, all of which advocate the doctrine we are here contesting, have been able to convince a single sage.

We cannot conceive how Bayle, who managed the weapons of dialectics with such admirable strength and dexterity, could content himself with introducing in a dispute a Manichean, a Calvinist, a Molinist, and a Socinian. Why did he not introduce, as speaking, a reasonable and sensible man? Why did not Bayle speak in his own person? He would have said far better what we shall now venture to say ourselves.

A father, who kills his children, is a monster; a king who conducts his subjects into a snare, in order to obtain a pretext for delivering them up to punishment and torture, is an execrable tyrant. If you conceive God to possess the same kindness which you require in a father, the same justice that you require in a king, no possible resource exists by which,

if we may use the expression, God can be exculpated; and by allowing him to possess infinite wisdom and infinite goodness you, in fact, render him infinitely odious; you excite a wish that he had no existence; you furnish arms to the atheist, who will ever be justified in triumphantly remarking to you, Better by far is it to deny a God altogether, than impute to him such conduct as you would punish, to the extremity of the law, in men.

We begin then with observing, that it is unbecoming in us to ascribe to God human attributes. It is not for us to make God after our own likeness. Human justice, human kindness, and human wisdom can never be applied or made suitable to him. We may extend these attributes in our imagination as far as we are able to infinity; they will never be other than human qualities with boundaries perpetually or indefinitely removed; it would be equally rational to attribute to him infinite solidity, infinite motion, infinite roundness, or infinite divisibility. These attributes can never be his.

Philosophy informs us that this universe must have been arranged by a being incomprehensible, eternal, and existing by his own nature; but, once again, we must observe, that philosophy gives us no information on the subject of the attributes of that nature. We know what he is not, and not what he is.

With respect to God, there is neither good nor evil, physically or morally.

What is physical or natural evil? Of all evils, the greatest, undoubtedly, is death. Let us for a moment consider whether man could have been immortal.

In order that a body like ours should have been indissoluble, imperishable, it would have been necessary that it should not be composed of parts; that it should not be born; that it should have neither nourishment nor growth; that it should experience no change. Let any one examine each of these points; and let every reader extend their number according to his own suggestions, and it will be seen that the proposition of an immortal man is a contradiction.

If our organized body were immortal, that of mere animals would be so likewise; but it is evident that, in the course of a very short time, the whole globe would, in this case, be incompetent to supply nourishment to those animals; those immortal beings which subsist only in consequence of renovation by food, would then perish for want of the means of such renovation. All this involves contradiction. We might make various other observations on the subject, but every reader who deserves the name of a philosopher will perceive, that death was necessary to everything that is born; that death can neither be an error on the part of God, nor an evil, an injustice, nor a chastisement to man.

Man, born to die, can no more be exempt from pain than from death. To prevent an organized substance endowed with feeling from ever experiencing pain, it would be necessary that all the laws of nature should be changed; that matter should no longer be divisible; that it should neither have weight, action, nor force; that a rock might fall on an animal without crushing it; and that water should have no power to suffocate, or fire to burn it. Man impassive, then, is as much a contradiction as man immortal.

This feeling of pain was indispensable to stimulate us to self-preservation, and to impart to us such pleasures as are consistent with those general laws by which the whole system of nature is bound and regulated.

If we never experienced pain, we should be every moment injuring ourselves without perceiving it. Without the excitement of uneasiness, without some sensation of pain, we should perform no function of life; should never communicate it, and should be destitute of all the pleasures of it. Hunger is the commencement of pain, which compels us to take our required nourishment. Ennui is a pain which stimulates to exercise and occupation. Love itself is a

necessity which becomes painful until it is met with corresponding attachment. In a word, every desire is a want, a necessity, a beginning of pain. Pain, therefore, is the main spring of all the actions of animal beings. Every animal possessed of feeling must be liable to pain, if matter is divisible; and pain was as necessary as death. It is not, therefore, an error of providence, nor a result of malignity, nor a creature of imagination. Had we seen only brutes suffer, we should, for that, never have accused nature of harshness or cruelty; had we while ourselves were impassive, witnessed the lingering and torturing death of a dove, when a kite seized upon it with his murderous talons, and leisurely devouring its bleeding limbs, doing in that no more than we do ourselves, we should not express the slightest murmur of dissatisfaction. But what claim have we for an exemption of our own bodies from such dismemberment and torture beyond what might be urged in behalf of brutes? Is it that we possess an intellect superior to theirs? But what has intellect to do with the divisibility of matter? Can a few ideas more or less in a brain prevent fire from burning, or a rock from crushing us?

Moral evil, upon which so many volumes have been written is, in fact, nothing but natural evil. This moral evil is a sensation of pain occasioned by one organized being to another. Rapine, outrage, &c. are evil only because they produce evil. But as we certainly are unable to do any evil, or occasion any pain to God, it is evident by the light of reason, (for faith is altogether a different principle) that in relation to the Supreme Being and as affecting him, moral evil can have no existence.

As the greatest of natural evils is death, the greatest of moral evils is, unquestionably, war. All crimes follow in its train; false and calumnious declarations, perfidious violation of the treaties, pillage, devastation, pain, and death under every hideous and appalling form.

All this is physical evil in relation to man, but can no more be considered moral evil in relation to God than the rage of dogs worrying and destroying one another. It is a mere common-place idea, and as false as it is feeble, that men are the only species that slaughter and destroy one another. Wolves, dogs, cats, cocks, quails, &c. all war with their respective species: house spiders devour one another; the male universally fights for the female. This warfare is the result of the laws of nature, of principles in their very blood and essence; all is connected; all is necessary.

Nature has granted man about two-and-twenty years of life, one with another; that is, of a thousand children born in the same month, some of whom have died in their infancy, and the rest lived respectively to the age of thirty, forty, fifty, and even eighty years, or perhaps beyond, the average calculation will allow to each the above mentioned number of twenty-two years.

How can it affect the deity, whether a man die in battle or of a fever? War destroys fewer human beings than the small-pox. The scourge of war is transient, that of the small-pox reigns with paramount and permanent fatality throughout the earth, followed by a numerous train of others; and taking into consideration the combined, and nearly regular operation of the various causes which sweep mankind from the stage of life, the allowance of two-and-twenty years for every individual, will be found in general to be tolerably correct.

Man, you say, offends God by killing his neighbour; if this be the case, the directors of nations must indeed be tremendous criminals; for, while even invoking God to their assistance, they urge on to slaughter immense multitudes of their fellow-beings, for contemptible interests which it would show infinitely more policy, as well as humanity, to abandon. But how (to reason merely as philosophers) how do they offend God? Just as much as tigers and cro-

codiles offend him. It is, surely, not God whom they harass and torment, but their neighbour. It is only against man that man can be guilty. A highway robber can commit no robbery on God. What can it signify to the eternal deity, whether a few pieces of yellow metal are in the hands of Jerome, or of Bonaventure? We have necessary desires, necessary passions, and necessary laws for the restraint of both; and while on this our ant-hill, during the little day of our existence, we are engaged in eager and destructive contest about a straw, the universe moves on in its majestic course, directed by eternal and unalterable laws, which comprehend in their operation the atom that we call the earth.

GOSPEL.

It is a matter of high importance to ascertain which are the first gospels. It is a decided truth, whatever Abbadie may assert to the contrary, that none of the first fathers of the church, down to Irenæus inclusively, have quoted any passage from the four gospels with which we are acquainted. And to this it may be added, that the Alogi, the Theodosians, constantly rejected the gospel of St. John, and always spoke of it with contempt; as we are informed by St. Epiphanius in his thirty-fourth homily. Our enemies farther observe, that the most ancient fathers do not merely forbear to quote anything from our gospels, but relate many passages or events which are to be found only in the apocryphal gospels rejected by the canon.

St. Clement, for example, relates that our Lord, having been questioned concerning the time when his kingdom would come, answered, "That will be when what is without shall resemble that within, and when there shall be neither male nor female." But we must admit that this passage does not occur in either of our gospels. There are innumerable other instances to prove this truth; which may be seen in the Critical Examination of M. Freret, perpetual secretary of the Academy of Belles Lettres at Paris.

The learned Fabricius took the pains to collect the ancient gospels which time has spared; that of James appears to be the first; and it is certain that it still possesses considerable authority with some of the oriental churches. It is called "the first gospel." There remain the passion and the resurrection, pretended to have been written by Nicodemus. This gospel of Nicodemus is quoted by St. Justin and Tertullian. It is there we find the names of our Lord's accusers — Annas, Caiaphas, Soumas, Dathan, Gamaliel, Judas, Levi, and Napthali; the attention and particularity with which these names are given, confer upon the work an appearance of truth and sincerity. Our adversaries have inferred, that as so many false gospels were forged, which at first were recognized as true, those which constitute at the present day the foundation of our own faith may have been forged also. They dwell much on the circumstance of the first heretics suffering even death itself in defence of these apocryphal gospels. There have evidently been, they say, forgers, seducers, and men who have been seduced by them into error, and died in defence of that error; it is, at least, therefore, no proof of the truth of Christianity that it has had its martyrs who have died for it.

They add farther, that the martyrs were never asked the question, whether they believed the gospel of John or the gospel of James. The Pagans could not put a series of interrogatories about books with which they were not at all acquainted; the magistrates punished some Christians very unjustly, as disturbers of the public peace, but they never put particular questions to them in relation to our four gospels. These books were not known to the Romans before the time of Dioclesian, and even towards the close of Dioclesian's reign, they had scarcely obtained any publicity. It was deemed in a Christian a crime both abo-

minable and unpardonable to show a gospel to any gentile. This is so true, that you cannot find the word gospel in any profane author whatever.

The rigid Socinians, influenced by the above-mentioned or other difficulties, do not consider our four divine gospels in any other light than as works of clandestine introduction, fabricated about a century after the time of Jesus Christ, and carefully concealed from the gentiles for another century beyond that; works, as they express it, of a coarse and vulgar character, written by coarse and vulgar men, who for a long time confined their discourses and appeals to the mere populace of their party. We will not here repeat the blasphemies uttered by them. This sect, although considerably diffused and numerous, is at present as much concealed as were the first gospels. The difficulty of converting them is so much the greater, in consequence of their obstinately refusing to listen to anything but mere reason. The other Christians contend against them only with the weapons of the holy scripture: it is consequently impossible that, being thus always in hostility with respect to principles, they should ever unite in their conclusions.

With respect to ourselves, let us ever remain inviolably attached to our four gospels, in union with the infallible church. Let us reject the five gospels which it has rejected; let us not enquire why our Lord Jesus Christ permitted five false gospels, five false histories of his life to be written; and let us submit to our spiritual pastors and directors, who alone on earth are enlightened by the Holy Spirit.

Into what a gross error did Abbadie fall when he considered as authentic the letters so ridiculously forged from Pilate to Tiberius, and the pretended proposal of Tiberius to place Jesus Christ in the number of the gods. If Abbadie is a bad critic and a contemptible reasoner, is the church on that account less enlightened? are we the less bound to believe it? ought we at all the less to submit to it?

GOVERNMENT.

SECTION I.

The pleasure of governing must certainly be exquisite, if we may judge from the vast numbers who are eager to be concerned in it. We have many more books on government than there are monarchs in the world. Heaven preserve me from making any attempt here to give instruction to kings and their noble ministers—their valets, confessors, or financiers. I understand nothing about the matter; I have the profoundest respect and reverence for them all. It belongs only to Mr. Wilkes, with his English balance, to weigh the merits of those who are at the head of the human race. It would, besides, be exceedingly strange if, with three or four thousand volumes on the subject of government, with Machiavel, and Bossuet's "Policy of the Holy Scripture," with the "General Financier," the "Guide to Finances," the "Means of Enriching a State," &c. there could possibly be a single person living who was not perfectly acquainted with the duties of kings and the science of government.

Professor Puffendorf, or, as perhaps we should rather say, Baron Puffendorf, says that King David, having sworn never to attempt the life of Shimei, his privy counsellor, did not violate his oath when, according to the Jewish history, he instructed his son Solomon to get him assassinated, "because David had only engaged that he himself would not kill Shimei." The baron, who rebukes so sharply the mental reservations of the Jesuits, allows David, in the present instance, to entertain one which would not be particularly palatable to privy counsellors.

Let us consider the words of Bossuet in his "Policy of the Holy Scripture," addressed to Monseigneur the Dauphin. "Thus we see royalty established accord-

ing to the order of succession in the house of David and Solomon, and the throne of David is secured for ever, (although, by the way, that same little joint-stool called a 'throne,' instead of being secured for ever, lasted, in fact, only a very short time.)" By virtue of this law, the eldest son was to succeed to the exclusion of his brothers, and on this account Adonijah, who was the eldest, said to Bathsheba, the mother of Solomon, "Thou knowest that the kingdom was mine, and all Israel had recognised my right; but the Lord hath transferred the kingdom to my brother Solomon." The right of Adonijah was incontestible. Bossuet expressly admits this at the close of this article. "The Lord has transferred" is only a usual phrase, which means, I have lost my property or right, I have been deprived of my right. Adonijah was the issue of a lawful wife; the birth of his younger brother was the fruit of a double crime.

"Unless, then," says Bossuet, "something extraordinary occurred, the eldest was to succeed." But the something extraordinary, in the present instance, which prevented it was, that Solomon, the issue of a marriage arising out of a double adultery and a murder, procured the assassination, at the foot of the altar, of his elder brother and his lawful king, whose rights were supported by the high priest Abiathar and the chief commander Joab. After this we must acknowledge, that it is more difficult than some seem to imagine to take lessons on the rights of persons, and on the true system of government from the holy scriptures, which were first given to the Jews, and afterwards to ourselves, for purposes of a far higher nature.

"The preservation of the people is the supreme law." Such is the fundamental maxim of nations; but in all civil wars the safety of the people is made to consist in slaughtering a number of the citizens. In all foreign wars, the safety of a people consists in killing their neighbours, and taking possession of their property! It is difficult to perceive in this a particularly salutary "right of nations," and a government eminently favourable to liberty of thought and social happiness.

There are geometrical figures exceedingly regular and complete in their kind; arithmetic is perfect; many trades or manufactures are carried on in a manner constantly uniform and excellent; but with respect to the government of men, is it possible for any one to be good, when all are founded on passions in conflict with each other?

No convent of monks ever existed without discord; it is impossible, therefore, to exclude it from kingdoms. Every government resembles not merely a monastic institution, but a private household. There are none existing without quarrels; and quarrels between one people and another, between one prince and another, have ever been sanguinary; those between subjects and their sovereigns have been sometimes no less destructive. How is an individual to act? Must he risk joining in the conflict, or withdraw from the scene of action?

SECTION II.

More than one people are desirous of new constitutions. The English would have no objection to a change of ministers once in every eight hours, but they have no wish to change the form of their government.

The modern Romans are proud of their church of St. Peter and their ancient Greek statues; but the people would be glad to be better fed, although they were not quite so rich in benedictions; the fathers of families would be content that the church should have less gold, if the granaries had more corn; they regret the time when the apostles journied on foot, and when the citizens of Rome travelled from one palace to another in a litter.

We are incessantly reminded of the admirable republics of Greece. There is no question that the Greeks would prefer the government of a Pericles and a Demosthenes to that of a pacha; but in their

most prosperous and palmy times they were always complaining; discord and hatred prevailed between all the cities without, and in every separate city within. They gave laws to the old Romans, who before that time had none; but their own were so bad for themselves that they were continually changing them.

What could be said in favour of a government under which the just Aristides was banished, Phocion put to death, Socrates condemned to drink hemlock after having been exposed to banter and derision on the stage by Aristophanes; and under which the Amphyctions, with contemptible imbecility, actually delivered up Greece into the power of Philip, because the Phocians had ploughed up a field which was part of the territory of Apollo? But the government of the neighbouring monarchies was worse.

Puffendorf promises us a discussion on the best form of government. He tells us, "that many pronounce in favour of monarchy, and others, on the contrary, inveigh furiously against kings; and that it does not fall within the limits of his subject to examine in detail the reasons of the latter."

If any mischievous and malicious reader expects to be told here more than he is told by Puffendorf, he will be much deceived.

A Swiss, a Hollander, a Venetian nobleman, an English peer, a cardinal, and a count of the empire, were once disputing, on a journey, about the nature of their respective governments, and which of them deserved the preference: no one knew much about the matter; each remained in his own opinion without having any very distinct idea what that opinion was; and they returned without having come to any general conclusion; every one praising his own country from vanity, and complaining of it from feeling.

What, then, is the destiny of mankind? scarcely any great nation is governed by itself.

Begin from the east, and take the circuit of the world. Japan closed its ports against foreigners from the well-founded apprehension of a dreadful revolution.

China actually experienced such a revolution; she obeys Tartars of a mixed race, half Mantchou and half Hun. India obeys Mogul Tartars. The Nile, the Orontes, Greece, and Epirus are still under the yoke of the Turks. It is not an English race that reigns in England; it is a German family which succeeded to a Dutch prince, as the latter succeeded a Scotch family which had succeeded an Angevin family, that had replaced a Norman family, which had expelled a family of usurping Saxons. Spain obeys a French family; which succeeded to an Austrasian race, that Austrasian race had succeeded families that boasted of Visigoth extraction; these Visigoths had been long driven ont by the Arabs, after having succeeded to the Romans who had expelled the Carthaginians.

Gaul obeys Franks, after having obeyed Roman prefects.

The same banks of the Danube have belonged to Germans, Romans, Arabs, Sclavonians, Bulgarians, and Huns, to twenty different families, and almost all foreigners.

And what greater wonder has Rome had to exhibit than so many emperors who were born in the barbarous provinces, and so many popes born in provinces no less barbarous? Let him govern who can. And when any one has succeeded in his attempts to become master, he governs as he can.

SECTION III.

In 1769, a traveller delivered the following narrative:—"I saw, in the course of my journey, a large and populous country, in which all offices and places were purchaseable; I do not mean clandestinely, and in evasion of the law, but publicly, and in conformity to it. The right to judge, in the last resort, of the honour, property, and life of the citizen, was put to auction in the same manner as the right and property in a few acres of land. Some very high commissions in

the army are conferred only on the highest bidder. The principal mystery of their religion is celebrated for the petty sum of three sesterces, and if the celebrator does not obtain this fee he remains idle like a porter without employment.

"Fortunes in this country are not made by agriculture, but are derived from a certain game of chance, in great practice there, in which the parties sign their names, and transfer them from hand to hand. If they lose, they withdraw into the mud and mire of their original extraction; if they win, they share in the administration of public affairs, they marry their daughters to mandarins, and their sons become a species of mandarins also.

"A considerable number of the citizens have their whole means of subsistence assigned upon a house, which possesses in fact nothing, and a hundred persons have bought for a hundred thousand crowns each the right of receiving and paying the money due to these citizens upon their assignments on this imaginary hotel; rights which they never exercise, as they in reality know nothing at all of what is thus supposed to pass through their hands.

"Sometimes a proposal is made and cried about the streets, that all who have a little money in their chest should exchange it for a slip of exquisitely manufactured paper, which will free you from all pecuniary care, and enable you to pass through life with ease and comfort. On the morrow an order is published, compelling you to change this paper for another, much better. On the following day you are deafened with the cry of a new paper, cancelling the two former ones. You are ruined! But long heads console you with the assurance, that within a fortnight the newsmen will cry up some proposal more engaging.

"You travel into one province of this empire, and purchase articles of food, drink, clothing, and lodging. If you go into another province, you are obliged to pay duties upon all those commodities, as if you had just arrived from Africa. You enquire the reason of this, but obtain no answer; or if, from extraordinary politeness, any one condescends to notice your questions, he replies that you come from a province reputed foreign, and that, consequently, you are obliged to pay for the convenience of commerce. In vain you puzzle yourself to comprehend how the province of a kingdom can be deemed foreign to that kingdom.

"On one particular occasion, while changing horses, finding myself somewhat fatigued, I requested the post-master to favour me with a glass of wine. 'I cannot let you have it,' says he; 'the superintendants of thirst, who are very considerable in number, and all of them remarkably sober, would accuse me of drinking to excess, which would absolutely be my ruin.' 'But drinking a single glass of wine,' I replied, 'to repair a man's strength, is not drinking to excess; and what difference can it make whether that single glass of wine is taken by you or me?'

"'Sir,' replied the man, 'our laws relating to thirst are much more excellent than you appear to think them. After our vintage is finished, physicians are appointed by the regular authorities to visit our cellars. They set aside a certain quantity of wine, such as they judge we may drink consistently with health. At the end of the year they return; and if they conceive that we have exceeded their restriction by a single bottle, they punish us with very severe fines; and if we make the slightest resistence, we are sent to Toulon to drink salt-water. Were I to give you the wine you ask, I should most certainly be charged with excessive drinking. You must see to what danger I should be exposed from the supervisors of our health.'

"I could not refrain from astonishment at the existence of such a system; but my astonishment was no less on meeting with a disconsolate and mortified pleader, who informed me that he had just then lost, a little beyond the nearest rivulet, a cause precisely similar to one he had

gained on this side of it. I understood from him that, in his country, there are as many different codes of laws as there are cities. His conversation raised my curiosity. 'Our nation,' said he, 'is so completely wise and enlightened, that nothing is regulated in it. Laws, customs, the rights of corporate bodies, rank, precedence, everything is arbitrary; all is left to the prudence of the nation.'

"I happened to be still in this same country when it became involved in a war with some of its neighbours. This war was nicknamed 'The Ridicule,' because there was much to be lost and nothing to be gained by it. I went upon my travels elsewhere, and did not return till the conclusion of peace, when the nation seemed to be in the most dreadful state of misery: it had lost its money, its soldiers, its fleets, and its commerce. I said to myself, its last hour is come; everything, alas! must pass away. Here is a nation absolutely annihilated. What a dreadful pity! for a great part of the people were amiable, industrious, and gay, after having been formerly coarse, superstitious, and barbarous.

"I was perfectly astonished, at the end of only two years, to find its capital and principal cities more opulent than ever. Luxury had increased, and an air of enjoyment prevailed everywhere. I could not comprehend this prodigy; and it was only after I had examined into the government of the neighbouring nations that I could discover the cause of what appeared so unaccountable. I found that the government of all the rest was just as bad as that of this nation, and that this nation was superior to all the rest in industry.

"A provincial of the country I am speaking of was once bitterly complaining to me of all the grievances which he laboured under. He was well acquainted with history. I asked him if he thought he should have been happier had he lived a hundred years before, when his country was in a comparative state of barbarism, and a citizen was liable to be hanged for having eaten flesh in Lent? He shook his head in the negative. Would you prefer the times of the civil wars, which began at the death of Francis II.; or the times of the defeats of St. Quintin and Pavia; or the long disorders attending the wars against the English; or the feudal anarchy; or the horrors of the second race of kings, or the barbarity of the first? At every successive question, he appeared to shudder more violently. The government of the Romans seemed to him the most intolerable of all. 'Nothing can be worse,' he said, 'than to be under foreign masters.' At last we came to the Druids. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'I was quite mistaken: it is still worse to be governed by sanguinary priests.' He admitted, at last, although with sore reluctance, that the time he lived in was, all things considered, the least intolerable and hateful."

SECTION IV.

An eagle governed the birds of the whole country of Ornithia. He had no other right, it must be allowed, than what he derived from his beak and claws; however, after providing liberally for his own repasts and pleasures, he governed as well as any other bird of prey.

In his old age he was invaded by a flock of hungry vultures, who rushed from the depths of the north to scatter fear and desolation through his provinces. There appeared, just about this time, a certain owl, who was born in one of the most scrubby thickets of the empire, and who had long been known under the name of luci-fugax, or light-hater. He possessed much cunning, and associated only with bats; and, while the vultures were engaged in conflict with the eagle, our politic owl and his party entered with great adroitness, in the character of pacificators, on that department of the air which was disputed by the combatants.

The eagle and vultures, after a war of long duration, at last actually referred the cause of contention to the owl, who, with his solemn and imposing physiog-

nomy, was well formed to deceive them both.

He persuaded the eagles and vultures to suffer their claws to be a little pared, and just the point of their beak to be cut off, in order to bring about perfect peace and reconciliation. Before this time, the owl had always said to the birds, "Obey the eagle;" afterwards, in consequence of the invasion, he had said to them, "Obey the vultures." He now, however, soon called out to them, "Obey me only." The poor birds did not know whom to listen to: they were plucked by the eagle, the vultures, and the owl and bats. "Qui habet aures, audiat"—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

SECTION V.

"I have in my possession a great number of catapultæ and balistæ of the ancient Romans, which are certainly rather worm-eaten, but would still do very well as specimens. I have many water-clocks, but half of them probably out of repair and broken, some sepulchral lamps, and an old copper model of a quinquereme. I have also togas, pretextas, and laticlaves in lead; and my predecessors established a society of tailors; who, after inspecting ancient monuments, can make up robes pretty awkwardly. For these reasons thereunto moving us, after hearing the report of our chief antiquary, we do hereby appoint and ordain, that all the said venerable usages should be observed and kept up for ever; and every person, through the whole extent of our dominions, shall dress and think precisely as men dressed and thought in the time of Cnidus Rufillus, proprietor of the province devolved to us by right," &c.

It is represented to an officer belonging to the department whence this edict issued, that all the engines enumerated in it are become useless.

That the understandings and the inventions of mankind are every day making new advances towards perfection; and that it would be more judicious to guide and govern men by the reins in present use, than by those by which they were formerly subjected.

That no person could be found to go on board the quinquireme of his most serene highness.

That his tailors might make as many laticlaves as they pleased, and that not a soul would purchase one of them; and that it would be worthy of his wisdom to condescend, in some small measure, to the manner of thinking that now prevailed among the better sort of people in his own dominions.

The officer above mentioned, promised to communicate this representation to a clerk, who promised to speak about it to the referendary, who promised to mention it to his most serene highness whenever an opportunity should offer.

SECTION VI.

Picture of the English Government.

The establishment of a government is a matter of curious and interesting investigation. I shall not speak, in this place, of the great Tamerlane, or Timerling, because I am not precisely acquainted with the mystery of the Great Mogul's government. But we can see our way somewhat more clearly into the administration of affairs in England; and I had rather examine that, than the administration of India; as England, we are informed, is inhabited by men and not by slaves; and in India, according to the accounts we have of it, there are many slaves and but few men.

Let us, in the first place, view a Norman bastard seating himself upon the throne of England. He had about as much right to it as St. Louis had, at a later period, to Grand Cairo. But St. Louis had the misfortune not to begin with obtaining a judicial decision in favour of his right to Egypt from the court of Rome; and William the Bastard failed not to render his cause legitimate and sacred, by obtaining in confirmation of the rightfulness of his claim a decree

of Pope Alexander II. issued without the opposite party having obtained a hearing, and simply in virtue of the words "Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven." His competitor Harold, a perfectly legitimate monarch, being thus bound by a decree of heaven, William united to this virtue of the holy see another of far more powerful efficacy still, which was the victory of Hastings. He reigned, therefore, by the right of the strongest, just as Pepin and Clovis had reigned in France; the Goths and Lombards in Italy; the Visigoths, and afterwards the Arabs in Spain; the Vandals in Africa, and all the kings of the world in succession.

It must be nevertheless admitted, that our Bastard possessed as just a title as the Saxons and the Danes, whose title, again, was quite as good as that of the Romans. And the title of all these heroes in succession was precisely that of "robbers on the highway," or, if you like it better, that of foxes and pole-cats when they commit their depredations on the farm-yard.

All these great men were so completely highway robbers, that from the time of Romulus down to the buccaneers, the only question and concern were about the "spolia opima," the pillage and plunder, the cows and oxen carried off by the hand of violence. Mercury, in the fable, steals the cows of Apollo; and in the Old Testament, Isaiah assigns the name of robber to the son whom his wife was to bring into the world, and who was to be an important and sacred type. That name was Mahershalalhashbaz, "divide speedily the soil." We have already observed, that the names of soldier and robber were often synonymous.

Thus then did William soon become king by divine right. William Rufus, who usurped the crown over his elder brother, was also king by divine right, without any difficulty; and the same right attached after him to Henry, the third usurper.

The Norman barons who had joined at their own expence in the invasion of England, were desirous of compensation. It was necessry to grant it, and for this purpose to make them great vassals, and great officers of the crown. They became possessed of the finest estates. It is evident that William would rather, had he dared, have kept all to himself, and made all these lords his guards and lacqueys. But this would have been too dangerous an attempt. He was obliged, therefore, to divide and distribute.

With respect to the Anglo-Saxon lords, there was no very easy way of killing, or even making slaves of the whole of them. They were permitted in their own districts, to enjoy the rank and denomination of lords of the manor, (seignieurs chatelans) They held of the great Norman vassals, who held of William.

By this system everything was kept in equilibrium until the breaking out of the first quarrel.

And what became of the rest of the nation? The same that had become of nearly all the population of Europe. They became serfs or villeins.

At length, after the frenzy of the crusades, the ruined princes sell liberty to the serfs of the glebe, who had obtained money by labour and commerce. Cities are made free, the commons are granted certain privileges; and the rights of men revive even out of anarchy itself.

The barons were everywhere in contention with their king, and with one another. The contention became everywhere a petty intestine war, made up out of numberless civil wars. From this abominable and gloomy chaos appeared a feeble gleam, which enlightened the commons, and considerably improved their situation.

The kings of England, being themselves great vassals of France for Normandy, and afterwards for Guienne and other provinces, easily adopted the usages of the kings from whom they held. The states of the realm were long made up, as in France, of barons and bishops.

The English court of chancery was an

imitation of the council of state, of which the chancellor of France was president. The court of king's bench was formed on the model of the parliament instituted by Philip le Bel. The common pleas were like the jurisdiction of the chatelet. The court of exchequer resembled that of the superintendants of the finances (generaux des finances) which became, in France, the court of aids.

The maxim that the king's domain is inalienable, is evidently taken from the system of French government.

The right of the king of England to call on his subjects to pay his ransom, should he become a prisoner of war; that of requiring a subsidy when he married his eldest daughter, and when he conferred the honour of knighthood on his son; all these circumstances call to recollection the ancient usages of a kingdom of which William was the chief vassal.

Scarcely had Phillip le Bel summoned the commons to the states-general, before Edward, king of England, adopted the like measure, in order to balance the great power of the barons. For it was under this monarch's reign that the commons were first clearly and distinctly summoned to parliament.

We perceive, then, that up to this epoch in the fourteenth century, the English government followed regularly in the steps of France. The two churches are entirely alike; the same subjection to the court of Rome; the same exactions which are always complained of, but, in the end, always paid to that rapacious court; the same dissensions, somewhat more or less violent; the same excommunications; the same donations to monks; the same chaos; the same mixture of holy rapine, superstition, and barbarism.

As France and England, then, were for so long a period governed by the same principles, or rather without any principle at all, and merely by usages of a perfectly similar character, how is it that, at length, the two governments have become as different as those of Morocco and Venice?

It is, perhaps, in the first place to be ascribed to the circumstance of England, or rather Great Britain, being an island, in consequence of which the king has been under no necessity of constantly keeping up a considerable standing army which might more frequently be employed against the nation itself than against foreigners.

It may be farther observed, that the English appear to have in the structure of their minds something more firm, more reflective, more persevering, and, perhaps, more obstinate, than some other nations.

To this latter circumstance it may be probably attributed, that, after incessantly complaining of the court of Rome, they at length completely shook off its disgraceful yoke; while a people of more light and volatile character has continued to wear it, affecting at the same time to laugh and dance in its chains.

The insular situation of the English, by inducing the necessity and urging to the particular pursuit and practice of navigation, has probably contributed to the result we are here considering, by giving to the natives a certain sternness and ruggedness of manners.

These stern and rugged manners, which have made their island the theatre of many a bloody tragedy, have also contributed, in all probability, to inspire a generous frankness.

It is in consequence of this combination of opposite qualities that so much royal blood has been shed in the field, and on the scaffold, and yet poison, in all their long and violent domestic contentions, has never been had recourse to; whereas, in other countries, under priestly domination poison has been the prevailing weapon of destruction.

The love of liberty appears to have advanced, and to have characterised the English, in proportion as they have advanced in knowledge and in wealth. All the citizens of a state cannot be equally

powerful, but they may be equally free. And this high point of distinction and enjoyment the English, by their firmness and intrepidity, have at length attained.

To be free, is to be dependent only on the laws. The English, therefore, have ever loved the laws, as fathers love their children, because they are, or at least think themselves, the framers of them.

A government like this could be established only at a late period; because it was necessary long to struggle with powers which commanded respect, or at least, impressed awe;—the power of the pope, the most terrible of all, as it was built on prejudice and ignorance; the royal power ever tending to burst its proper boundary, and which it was requisite, however difficult, to restrain within it; the power of the barons, which was, in fact, an anarchy; the power of the bishops, who, always mixing the sacred with the profane, left no means unattempted to prevail over both barons and kings.

The house of commons gradually became the impregnable mole, which successfully repelled those serious and formidable torrents.

The house of commons is, in reality, the nation; for the king, who is the head, acts only for himself, and what is called his prerogative. The peers are a parliament only for themselves; and the bishops only for themselves, in the same manner.

But the house of commons is for the people, as every member of it is deputed by the people. The people are to the king in the proportion of about eight millions to unity. To the peers and bishops they are as eight millions to, at most, two hundred. And these eight million free citizens are represented by the lower house.

With respect to this establishment or constitution,—in comparison with which the republic of Plato is merely a ridiculous reverie, and which might be thought to have been invented by Locke, or Newton, or Halley, or Archimedes,—it sprang, in fact, out of abuses, of a most dreadful description, and such as are calculated to make human nature shudder. The inevitable friction of this vast machine nearly proved its destruction in the days of Fairfax and Cromwell. Senseless fanaticism broke into this noble edifice, like a devouring fire that consumes a beautiful building formed only of wood.

In the time of William the Third it was rebuilt of stone. Philosophy destroyed fanaticism, which convulses to their centres states even the most firm and powerful. We cannot easily help believing that a constitution which has regulated the rights of king, lords, and people, and in which every individual finds security, will endure as long as human institutions and concerns shall have a being.

We cannot but believe, also, that all states not established upon similar principles, will experience revolutions.

The English constitution has, in fact, arrived at that point of excellence, in consequence of which all men are restored to those natural rights, which, in nearly all monarchies, they are deprived of. These rights are, entire liberty of person and property; freedom of the press; the right of being tried in all criminal cases by a jury of independent men—the right of being tried only according to the strict letter of the law; and the right of every man to profess, unmolested, what religion he chooses, while he renounces offices, which the members of the Anglican or established church alone can hold. These are denominated privileges. And, in truth, invaluable privileges they are in comparison with the usages of most other nations of the world! To be secure on lying down that you shall rise in possession of the same property with which you retired to rest; that you shall not be torn from the arms of your wife, and from your children, in the dead of night, to be thrown into a dungeon, or buried in exile in a desert; that, when rising from the bed of sleep, you will

have the power of publishing all your thoughts; and that, if you are accused of having either acted, spoken, or written wrongly, you can be tried only according to law. These privileges attach to every one who sets his foot on English ground. A foreigner enjoys perfect liberty to dispose of his property and person; and, if accused of any offence, he can demand that half the jury shall be composed of foreigners.

I will venture to assert, that, were the human race solemnly assembled for the purpose of making laws, such are the laws they would make for their security. Why then are they not adopted in other countries? But would it not be equally judicious to ask, why cocoa-nuts, which are brought to maturity in India, do not ripen at Rome? You answer, these cocoa-nuts did not always, or for some time, come to maturity in England; that the trees have not been long cultivated; that Sweden following her example planted and nursed some of them for several years, but that they did not thrive; and that it is possible to produce such fruit in other provinces, even in Bosnia and Servia. Try and plant the tree then.

And you who bear authority over these benighted people, whether under the name of pacha, effendi, or mollah, let me advise you, although an unpromising subject for advice, not to act the stupid as well as barbarous part of rivetting your nations in chains. Reflect, that the heavier you make the people's yoke, the more completely your own children, who cannot all of them be pachas, will be slaves. Surely you would not be so contemptible a wretch as to expose your whole posterity to groan in chains, for the sake of enjoying a subaltern tyranny for a few days! Oh, how great at present is the distance between an Englishman and a Bosnian!

SECTION VII.

The mixture now existing in the government of England,—this concert between the commons, the lords, and the king,—did not exist always. England was long a slave. She was so to the Romans, the Saxons, Danes, and French. William the Conqueror, in particular, ruled her with a sceptre of iron. He disposed of the properties and lives of his new subjects like an oriental despot; he prohibited them from having either fire or candle in their houses after eight o'clock at night, under pain of death: his object being either to prevent nocturnal assemblies among them, or merely, by so capricious and extravagant a prohibition, to show how far the power of some men can extend over others. It is true, that both before as well as after William the Conqueror, the English had parliaments; they made a boast of them; as if the assemblies then called parliaments, made up of tyrannical churchmen and baronial robbers, had been the guardians of public freedom and happiness.

The barbarians, who, from the shores of the Baltic poured over the rest of Europe, brought with them the usage of states or parliaments, about which a vast deal is said and very little known. The kings were not despotic, it is true; and it was precisely on this account that the people groaned in miserable slavery. The chiefs of these savages, who had ravaged France, Italy, Spain, and England, made themselves monarchs. Their captains divided among themselves the estates of the vanquished. Hence, the margraves, lairds, barons, and the whole series of the subaltern tyrants, who often contested the spoils of the people with the monarchs, recently advanced to the throne, and not firmly fixed on it. These were all birds of prey, battling with the eagle, in order to suck the blood of the doves. Every nation, instead of one good master, had a hundred tyrants. The priests soon took part in the contest. From time immemorial it had been the fate of the Gauls, the Germans, and the islanders of England, to be governed by their druids and the chiefs of their villages, an ancient species of barons, but less tyrannical than their successors.

These druids called themselves mediators between God and men; they legislated, they excommunicated, they had the power of life and death. The bishops gradually succeeded to the authority of the druids, under the Goth and Vandal government. The popes put themselves at their head; and, with briefs, bulls, and monks, struck terror into the hearts of kings, whom they sometimes dethroned and occasionally caused to be assassinated, and drew to themselves, as nearly as they were able, all the money of Europe. The imbecile Ina, one of the tyrants of the English heptarchy, was the first who, on a pilgrimage to Rome, submitted to pay St. Peter's penny (which was about a crown of our money) for every house within his territory. The whole island soon followed this example; England gradually became a province of the pope; and the holy father sent over his legates, from time to time, to levy upon it his exorbitant imposts. John, called Lackland, at length made a full and formal cession of his kingdom to his holiness, by whom he had been excommunicated; the barons, who did not at all find their account in this proceeding, expelled that contemptible king, and substituted in his room Louis VIII. father of St. Louis, King of France. But they soon became disgusted with the new-comer, and obliged him to recross the sea.

While the barons, bishops, and popes, were thus harassing and tearing asunder England, where each of the parties strove eagerly to be the dominant one, the people, who form the most numerous, useful, and virtuous portion of a community, consisting of those who study the laws and sciences, merchants, artisans, and even peasants, who exercise at once the most important and the most despised of occupations; the people, I say, were looked down upon equally by all these combatants, as a species of beings inferior to mankind. Far indeed, at that time, were the commons from having the slightest participation in the government: they were villeins, or serfs of the soil; both their labour and their blood belonged to their masters, who were called "nobles." The greater number of men in Europe were what they still continue to be in many parts of the world—the serfs of a lord, a species of cattle bought and sold together with the land. It required centuries to get justice done to humanity; to produce an adequate impression of the odious and execrable nature of the system, according to which the many sow, and only the few reap; and surely it may even be considered fortunate for France that the powers of these petty robbers were extinguished there by the legitimate authority of kings, as it was in England by that of the king and nation united.

Happily, in consequence of the convulsions of empires by the contests between sovereigns and nobles, the chains of nations are more or less relaxed. The barons compelled John (Lackland) and Henry III. to grant the famous charter, the great object of which, in reality, was to place the king in dependence on the lords, but in which the rest of the nation was a little favoured, to induce it, when occasion might require, to range itself in the ranks of its pretended protectors. This great charter, which is regarded as the sacred origin of English liberties, itself clearly shows how very little liberty was understood. The very title proves that the king considered himself absolute by right, and that the barons and clergy compelled him to abate his claim to this absolute power only by the application of superior force. These are the words with which Magna Charta begins: "We grant, of our free will, the following privileges to the archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, and barons, of our kingdom," &c. Throughout the articles of it, not a word is said of the house of commons; a proof that it did not then exist, or that it existed without power. The freemen of England are specified in it, a melancholy demonstration that there were men who were not free. We perceive,

from the thirty-seventh article, that the pretended freemen owed service to their lord. Liberty of such a description had but too strong a similarity to bondage. By the twenty-first article, the king ordains, that henceforward his officers shall not take away the horses and ploughs of freemen, without paying for them. This regulation was considered by the people as true liberty, because it freed them from a greater tyranny. Henry VII. a successful warrior and politician, who pretended great attachment to the barons, but who cordially hated and feared them, granted them permission to alienate their lands. In consequence of this, the villeins, who by their industry and skill accumulated property, in the course of time became purchasers of the castles of the illustrious nobles who had ruined themselves by their extravagance, and, gradually, nearly all the landed property of the kingdom changed masters.

The house of commons now advanced in power every day. The families of the old nobility became extinct in the progress of time; and, as in England, correctly speaking, peers only are nobles, there would scarcely have been any nobles in the country, if the kings had not, from time to time, created new barons, and kept up the body of peers, whom they had formerly so much dreaded, to counteract that of the commons, now become too formidable. All the new peers, who compose the upper house, receive from the king their title and nothing more, since none of them have the property of the lands of which they bear the names. One is Duke of Dorset, without possessing a single foot of land in Dorsetshire; another is an earl under the name of a certain village, yet scarcely knowing where that village is situated. They have power in the parliament, and nowhere else.

You hear no mention, in this country, of the high, middle, and low courts of justice, nor of the right of chase over the lands of private citizens, who have no right to fire a gun on their own estates.

A man is not exempted from paying particular taxes because he is a noble or a clergyman. All imposts are regulated by the house of commons, which, although subordinate in rank, is superior in credit to that of the lords. The peers and bishops may reject a bill sent up to them by the commons, when the object is to raise money, but they can make no alteration it: they must admit it or reject it, without restriction. When the bill is confirmed by the lords, and assented to by the king, then all classes of the nation contribute. Every man pays, not according to his rank (which would be absurd) but according to his revenue. There is no arbitrary taille or capitation, but a real tax on lands. These were all valued in the reign of the celebrated King William. The tax subsists still unaltered, although the rents of lands have considerably increased; thus no one is oppressed, and no one complains. The feet of the cultivator are not bruised and mutilated by wooden shoes; he eats white bread; he is well clothed. He is not afraid to increase his farming-stock, nor to roof his cottage with tiles, lest the following year should, in consequence, bring with it an increase of taxation. There are numerous farmers who have an income of about five or six hundred pounds sterling, and still disdain not to cultivate the land which has enriched them, and on which they enjoy the blessing of freedom.

SECTION VIII.

The reader well knows that in Spain, near the Coast of Malaga, there was discovered, in the reign of Philip II. a small community, until then unknown, concealed in the recesses of the Alpuxarras mountains. This chain of inaccessible rocks is intersected by luxuriant valleys, and these valleys are still cultivated by the descendants of the Moors, who were forced, for their own happiness, to become Christians, or at least to appear such.

Among these Moors, as I was stating,

there was, in the time of Philip, a small society, inhabiting a valley to which there existed no access but through caverns. This valley is situated between Pitos and Portugos. The inhabitants of this secluded abode were almost unknown to the Moors themselves. They spoke a language that was neither Spanish nor Arabic, and which was thought to be derived from the ancient Carthaginians.

This society had but little increased in numbers: the reason alleged for which was that the Arabs, their neighbours, and before their time the Africans, were in the practice of coming and taking from them the young women.

These poor and humble, but nevertheless happy people, had never heard any mention of the Christian, or Jewish religion; and knew very little about that of Mahomet, not holding it in any estimation. They offered up, from time immemorial, milk and fruits to a statue of Hercules. This was the amount of their religion. As to other matters, they spent their days in indolence and innocence. They were at length discovered by a familiar of the inquisition. The grand inquisitor had the whole of them burnt. This is the sole event of their history.

The hallowed motives of their condemnation were, that they had never payed taxes, although, in fact, none had ever been demanded of them, and they were totally unacquainted with money; that they were not possessed of any bible, although they did not understand Latin; and that no person had been at the pains of baptising them. They were all invested with the San-benito, and broiled to death with becoming ceremony.

It is evident that this is a specimen of the true system of government; nothing can so completely contribute to the content, harmony, and happiness of society.

GOURD OR CALABASH.

This fruit grows in America on the branches of a tree as high as the tallest oaks.

Thus, Matthew Garo, who is thought so wrong in Europe for finding fault with gourds creeping on the ground, would have been right in Mexico. He would have been still more in the right in India, where cocoas are very elevated. This proves that we should never hasten to conclusions. What God has made, he has made well, no doubt; and has placed his gourds on the ground in our climates, lest, in falling from on high, they should break Matthew Garo's nose.

The calabash will only be introduced here to show that we should mistrust the idea that all was made for man. There are people who pretend that the turf is only green to refresh the sight. It would appear, however, that it is rather made for the animals who nibble it, than for man to whom dog-grass and trefoil are useless. If nature has produced the trees in favour of some species, it is difficult to say to which she has given the preference. Leaves, and even bark, nourish a prodigious multitude of insects: birds eat their fruits, and inhabit their branches, in which they build their industriously-formed nets, while the flocks repose under their shades.

The author of the Spectacle de la Nature pretends that the sea has a flux and reflux, only to facilitate the going out and coming in of our vessels. It appears that even Matthew Garo reasoned better; the Mediterranean, on which so many vessels sail, and which only has a tide in three or four places, destroys the opinion of this philosopher.

Let us enjoy what we have, without believing ourselves the centre and object of all things.

GRACE.

In persons and works, grace signifies, not only that which is pleasing, but that which is attractive; so that the ancients imagined that the goddess of beauty ought never to appear without the graces. Beauty never displeases, but it may be deprived of this secret charm, which invites us to regard it, and sentimentally attracts and fills the soul. Grace in

figure, carriage, action, discourse, depends on its attractive merit. A beautiful woman will have no grace, if her mouth be shut without a smile, and if her eyes display no sweetness. The serious is not always graceful, because unattractive, and approaching too near to the severe, which repels.

A well-made man, whose carriage is timid or constrained, gait precipitate or heavy, and gestures awkward, has no gracefulness, because he has nothing gentle or attractive in his exterior. The voice of an orator which wants flexibility or softness, is without grace.

It is the same in all the arts. Proportion and beauty may not be graceful. It cannot be said that the pyramids of Egypt are graceful; it cannot be said that the colossus of Rhodes is as much so as the Venus of Gnidos. All that is merely strong and vigorous exhibits not the charm of grace.

It would show but small acquaintance with Michael Angelo and Caravaggio to attribute to them the grace of Albano. The sixth book of the Æneid is sublime; the fourth has more grace. Some of the gallant odes of Horace breathe gracefulness, as some of his epistles cultivate reason.

It seems, in general, that the little and pretty of all kinds are more susceptible of grace than the large. A funeral oration, a tragedy, or a sermon, are badly praised, if they are only honoured with the epithet of graceful.

It is not good for any kind of work to be opposed to grace, for its opposite is rudeness, barbarity, and dryness. The Hercules of Farnese should not have the gracefulness of the Apollo of Belvidere and of Antinous, but it is neither rude nor clumsy. The burning of Troy, in Virgil, is not described with the graces of an elegy of Tibullus, it pleases by stronger beauties. A work, then, may be deprived of grace, without being in the least disagreeable. The terrible, or horrible, in description, is not to be graceful, neither should it solely affect its opposite; for if an artist, whatever branch he may cultivate, only expresses frightful things, and softens them not by agreeable contrasts, he will repel.

Grace, in painting and sculpture, consists in softness of outline and harmonious expression; and painting, next to sculpture, has grace in the unison of parts, and of figures which animate one another, and which become agreeable by their attributes and their expression.

Graces of diction, whether in eloquence or poetry, depend on choice of words and harmony of phrases, and still more upon delicacy of ideas and smiling descriptions. The abuse of grace is affectation, as the abuse of the sublime is absurdity; all perfection is nearly a fault.

To have grace applies equally to persons and things. This dress, this work, or that woman, is graceful. What is called a good grace, applies to manner alone. She presents herself with good grace. He has done that which was expected of him with a good grace. To possess the graces:—This woman has grace in her carriage, in all that she says and does.

To obtain grace is, by metaphor, to obtain pardon, as to grant grace is to grant pardon. We make grace of one thing by taking away all the rest. The commissioners took all his effects and made him a gift (a grace) of his money. To grant graces, to diffuse graces, is the finest privilege of the sovereignty; it is to do good by something more than justice. To have one's good graces, is usually said in relation to a superior: to have a lady's good graces, is to be her favourite lover. To be in grace, is said of a courtier who has been in disgrace: we should not allow our happiness to depend on the one, or our misery on the other. Graces, in Greek, are 'charities;' a term which signifies amiable.

The graces, divinities of antiquity, are one of the most beautiful allegories of the Greek mythology. As this mythology always varied according either to the imagination of the poets, who were its theo-

logians, or to the customs of the people, the number, names, and attributes of the graces often change; but it was at last agreed to fix them to the number of three, Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne, that is to say, sparkling, blooming, mirthful. They were always near Venus. No veil should cover their charms. They preside over favours, concord, rejoicings, love, and even eloquence; they were the sensible emblem of all that can render life agreeable. They were painted dancing and holding hands; and every one who entered their temples was crowned with flowers. Those who have condemned the fabulous mythology, should at least acknowledge the merit of these lively fictions, which announce truths intimately connected with the felicity of mankind.

GRACE (Of).

SECTION I.

This term, which signifies favour or privilege, is employed in this sense by theologians. They call grace a particular operation of God on mankind, to render them just and happy. Some have admitted universal grace, that which God gives to all men, though mankind, according to them, with the exception of a very small number, will be delivered to eternal flames: others admit grace towards Christians of their communion only; and lastly, others only for the elect of that communion.

It is evident that a general grace, which leaves the universe in vice, error, and eternal misery, is not a grace, a favour, or privilege, but a contradiction in terms.

Particular grace, according to theologians, is either in the first place "sufficing," which if resisted, suffices not—resembling a pardon given by a king to a criminal, who is nevertheless delivered over to the punishment; or "efficacious," when it is not resisted, although it *may be* resisted; in this case, they just resemble famished guests to whom are presented delicious viands, of which they will surely eat, though, in general, they may be supposed at liberty not to eat; or "necessary," that is, unavoidable, being nothing more than the chain of eternal decrees and events. We shall take care not to enter into the long and appalling details, subtleties, and sophisms, with which these questions are embarrassed. The object of this dictionary is not to be the vain echo of vain disputes.

St. Thomas calls grace a substantial form, and the Jesuit Bouhours names it a *je ne sais quoi;* this is perhaps the best definition which has ever been given of it.

If the theologians had wanted a subject on which to ridicule Providence, they need not have taken any other than that which they have chosen. On one side, the Thomists assure us that man, in receiving efficacious grace, is not free in the compound sense, but that he is free in the divided sense; on the other, the Molinists invent the medium doctrine of God and congruity, &c., and imagine exciting, preventing, concomitant, and co-operating grace.

Let us quit these bad, but seriously-constructed jokes of the theologians; let us leave their books, and each consult his common sense; when he will see that all these reasoners have sagaciously deceived themselves, because they have reasoned upon a principle evidently false. They have supposed that God acts upon particular views; now an eternal God, without general, immutable, and eternal laws, is an imaginary being, a phantom, a god of fable.

Why, in all religions, on which men pique themselves on reasoning, have theologians been forced to admit this grace which they do not comprehend? It is, that they would have salvation confined to their own sect, and further, they would have this salvation divided among those who are the most submissive to themselves. These particular theologians, or chiefs of parties, divide among themselves. The Mussulman doctors entertain similar opinions and similar disputes, because they have the same interest to actuate

them; but the universal theologian, that is to say, the true philosopher, sees that it is contradictory for nature to act on particular or single views; that it is ridiculous to imagine God occupying himself in forcing one man in Europe to obey him, while he leaves all the Asiatics untractable; to suppose him wrestling with another man who sometimes submits, and sometimes disarms him, and presenting to another a help, which is nevertheless useless. Such grace, considered in a true point of view, is an absurdity. The prodigious mass of books composed on this subject, is often an exercise of intellect, but always the shame of reason.

SECTION II.

All nature, all that exists, is the grace of God; he bestows on all animals the grace of form and nourishment. The grace of growing seventy feet high is granted to the fir, and refused to the reed. He gives to man the grace of thinking, speaking, and knowing him; he grants me the grace of not understanding a word of all that Tournelli, Molina, and Soto, &c., have written on the subject of grace.

The first who has spoken of efficacious and gratuitous grace is, without contradiction, Homer. This may be astonishing to a bachelor of theology, who knows no author but St. Augustin; but, if he read the third book of the Iliad, he will see that Paris says to his brother Hector: "If the gods have given you valour, and me beauty, do not reproach me with the presents of the beautiful Venus; no gift of the gods is despicable—it does not depend upon man to obtain them."

Nothing is more positive than this passage. If we further remark that Jupiter, according to his pleasure, gave the victory, sometimes to the Greeks, and at others to the Trojans, we shall see a new proof that all was done by grace from on high. Sarpedon and, afterwards, Patroclus are barbarians, to whom by turns grace has been wanting.

There have been philosophers who were not of the opinion of Homer. They have pretended that general providence does not immediately interfere with the affairs of particular individuals; that it governs all by universal laws; that Thersites and Achilles were equal before it, and that neither Chalcas nor Talthybius ever had versatile or congruous graces.

According to these philosophers, the dog-grass and the oak, the mite and the elephant, man, the elements and stars, obey invariable laws, which God, as immutable. has established from all eternity.

SECTION III.

If any one came from the bottom of hell, to say to us on the part of the devil, —Gentlemen, I must inform you, that our sovereign lord has taken all mankind for his share, except a small number of people who live near the Vatican, and its dependencies;—we should all pray of this deputy to inscribe us on the list of the privileged; we should ask him, what we must do to obtain this grace.

If he were to answer, You cannot merit it, my master has made the list from the beginning of time; he has only listened to his own pleasure, he is continually occupied in making an infinity of pots-de-chambre, and some dozen gold vases; it you are pots-de-chambre, so much the worse for you.

At these fine words we should use our pitchforks, to send the ambassador back to his master.

This is, however, what we have dared to impute to God—to the eternal and sovereignly good being!

Man has been always reproached with having made God in his own image, Homer has been condemned for having transported all the vices and follies of earth into heaven. Plato, who has thus justly reproached him, has not hesitated to call him a blasphemer; while we, a hundred times more thoughtless, hardy, and blaspheming than this Greek, who did not understand conventional language, devoutly accuse God of a thing of which we have never accused the worst of men.

It is said that the king of Morocco, Muley Ismael, had five hundred children. What would you say, if a marabout of Mount Atlas related to you that the wise and good Muley Ismael, dining with his family, at the close of the repast, spoke thus?—

I am Muley Ismael, who have begotten you for my glory, for I am very glorious. I love you very tenderly, I shelter you as a hen covers her chickens; I have decreed that one of my youngest children shall have the kingdom of Tafilet, and that another shall possess Morocco; and for my other dear children, to the number of four hundred and ninety-eight, I order that one half shall be tortured, and the other burnt, for I am the Lord Muley Ismael. You would assuredly take the marabout for the greatest fool that Africa ever produced; but if three or four thousand marabouts, well entertained at your expense, were to repeat to you the same story, what would you do? would you not be tempted to make them fast upon bread and water until they recovered their senses?

You will allege that my indignation is reasonable enough against the supra-lapsarians, who believe that the King of Morocco only begot these five hundred children for his glory; and that he had always the intention to torture and burn them, except two, who were destined to reign.

But I am wrong, you say, against the infra-lapsarians, who avow that it was not the first intention of Muley Ismael to cause his children to perish; but that, having foreseen that they would be of no use, he thought he should be acting as a good father in getting rid of them by torture and fire.

Ah, supralapsarians, infralapsarians, free-gracians, sufficers, efficacians, jansenists, and molinists—become men, and no longer trouble the earth with such absurd and abominable fooleries.

SECTION IV.

Holy consultors of modern Rome, illustrious and infallible theologians, no one has more respect for your divine decisions than myself; but if Paulus Emilius, Scipio, Cato, Cicero, Cæsar, Titus, Trajan, or Marcus Aurelius, revisited that Rome to which they formerly did such credit, you must confess that they would be a little astonished at your decisions on grace. What would they say if they heard speak of healthful grace according to St. Thomas, and medicinal grace according to Cajetan; of exterior and interior grace, of free, sanctifying, co-operating, actual, habitual, and efficacious grace, which is sometimes inefficacious; of the sufficing which sometimes does not suffice, of the versatile and congruous:—would they really comprehend it more than you and I?

What need would these poor people have of your instructions? I fancy I hear them say:—

Reverend fathers, you are terrible genii; we foolishly thought that the eternal being never conducted himself by particular laws like vile human beings, but by general laws, eternal like himself. No one among us ever imagined that God was like a senseless master, who gives an estate to one slave and refuses food to another; who orders one with a broken arm to knead a loaf, and a cripple to be his courier.

All is grace on the part of God; he has given to the globe we inhabit the grace of form; to the trees, the grace of making them grow; to animals, that of feeding them; but will you say, because one wolf finds in his road a lamb for his supper, while another is dying with hunger, that God had given the first wolf a particular grace? Is it a preventive grace to cause one oak to grow in preference to another, in which sap is wanting? If throughout nature all being is submitted to general laws, how can a single species of animals avoid conforming to them?

Why should the absolute master of all be more occupied in directing the interior of a single man than in conducting the remainder of entire nature. By what

caprice would he change something in the heart of a Courlander or a Biscayan, while he changes nothing in the general laws which he has imposed upon all the stars.

What a pity to suppose that he is continually making, defacing, and renewing our sentiments! And what audacity in us to believe ourselves excepted from all beings! And further, is it not only for those who confess that these changes are imagined? A Savoyard, a Bergamask, on Monday, will have the grace to have a mass said for twelve sous; on Tuesday he will go to the tavern and have no grace; on Wednesday he will have a co-operating grace, which will conduct him to confession, but he will not have the efficacious grace of perfect contrition; on Thursday there will be a sufficing grace which will not suffice, as has been already said. God will labour in the head of this Bergamask—sometimes strongly, sometimes weakly, while the rest of the earth will no way concern him! He will not deign to meddle with the interior of the Indians and Chinese! If you possess a grain of reason, reverend fathers, do you not find this system prodigiously ridiculous?

Poor miserable man! behold this oak which rears its head to the clouds, and this reed which bends at its feet; you do not say that efficacious grace has been given to the oak, and with-held from the reed. Raise your eyes to heaven; see the eternal Demiourgos creating millions of worlds, which gravitate towards one another by general and eternal laws. See the same light reflected from the sun to Saturn, and from Saturn to us; and in this grant of so many stars, urged onward in their rapid course; in this general obedience of all nature, dare to believe, if you can, that God is occupied in giving a versatile grace to Sister Theresa, or a concomitant one to Sister Agnes.

Atom,—to which another foolish atom has said, that the Eternal has particular laws for some atoms of thy neighbourhood; that he gives his grace to that one and refuses it to this; that such as had not grace yesterday shall have it to-morrow;—repeat not this folly. God has made the universe, and creates not new winds to remove a few straws in one corner of the universe. Theologians are like the combatants in Homer, who believed that the gods were sometimes armed for and sometimes against them. Was not Homer considered a poet, he would be deemed a blasphemer.

It is Marcus Aurelius that speaks, and not I; for God, who inspires you, has given me grace to believe all that you say, all that you have said, and all that you will say.

GRAVE—GRAVITY.

Grave, in its moral meaning, always corresponds with its physical one; it expresses something of weight: thus, we say—a person, an author, or a maxim of weight, for a grave person, author, or maxim. The grave is to the serious what the lively is to the agreeable. It is one degree more of the same thing, and that degree a considerable one. A man may be serious by temperament, and even from want of ideas. He is grave, either from a sense of decorum, or from having ideas of depth and importance, which induce gravity. There is a difference between being grave and being a grave man. It is a fault to be unseasonably grave. He who is grave in society is seldom much sought for; but a grave man is one who acquires influence and authority more by his real wisdom than his external carriage.

> Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
> Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant.
>
> Virgil's Æneid, book i. 151.

> If then some grave and pious man appear,
> They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear.
>
> Dryden.

A decorous air should be always preserved, but a grave air is becoming only in the function of some high and important office, as for example, in council. When gravity consists, as is frequently the case, only in the exterior carriage,

frivolous remarks are delivered with a pompous solemnity, exciting at once ridicule and aversion. We do not easily pardon those who wish to impose upon us by this air of consequence and self-sufficiency.

The Duke of Rochefoucauld said, "Gravity is a mysteriousness of body assumed in order to conceal defects of mind." Without investigating whether the phrase "mysteriousness of body" is natural and judicious, it is sufficient to observe, that the remark is applicable to all who affect gravity, but not to those who merely exhibit a gravity suitable to the office they hold, the place where they are, or the business in which they are engaged.

A grave author is one whose opinions relate to matters obviously disputable. We never apply the term to one who has written on subjects which admit no doubt or controversy. It would be ridiculous to call Euclid and Archimedes grave authors.

Gravity is applicable to style. Livy and De Thou have written with gravity. The same observations cannot with propriety be applied to Tacitus, whose object was brevity, and who has displayed malignity; still less can it be applied to Cardinal de Retz, who sometimes infuses into his writings a misplaced gaiety, and sometimes even forgets decency.

The grave style declines all sallies of wit or pleasantry: if it sometimes reaches the sublime, if on any particular occasion it is pathetic, it speedily returns to the didactic wisdom and noble simplicity which habitually characterise it: it possesses strength without daring. Its greatest difficulty is to avoid monotony.

A grave affair (affaire), a grave case (cas), is used rather concerning a criminal than a civil process. A grave disease implies danger.

GREAT—GREATNESS.

Of the Meaning of these Words.

Great is one of those words which are most frequently used in a moral sense, and with the least consideration and judgment. Great man, great genius, great captain, great philosopher, great poet; we mean by this language, "one who has far exceeded ordinary limits." But, as it is difficult to define those limits, the epithet great is often applied to those who possess only mediocrity.

This term is less vague and doubtful when applied to material than to moral subjects. We know what is meant by a great storm, a great misfortune, a great disease, great property, great misery.

The term large (gros) is sometimes used with respect to subjects of the latter description, that is, material ones, as equivalent to great, but never with respect to moral subjects. We say large property for great wealth, but not a large captain for a great captain, or a large minister for a great minister. Great financier means a man eminently skilful in matters of national finance; but *gros* financier expresses merely a man who has become wealthy in the department of finance.

The great man is more difficult to be defined than the great artist. In an art or profession, the man who has far distanced his rivals, or who has the reputation of having done so, is called great in his art, and appears, therefore, to have required merit of only one description, in order to obtain this eminence; but the great man must combine different species of merit. Gonzalva, surnamed the Great Captain, who observed that "the web of honour was coarsely woven," was never called a great man. It is more easy to name those to whom this high distinction should be refused, than those to whom it should be granted. The denomination appears to imply some great virtues. All agree that Cromwell was the most intrepid general, the most profound statesman, the man best qualified to conduct a party, a parliament, or an army, of his day; yet no writer ever gives him the title of great man; because, although he possessed great qualities, he possessed not a single great virtue.

This title seems to fall to the lot only

of the small number of men who have been distinguished at once by virtues, exertions, and success. Success is essential, because the man who is always unfortunate is supposed to be so by his own fault.

Great (grand), by itself, expresses some dignity. In Spain it is a high and most distinguishing appellative (grandee) conferred by the king on those whom he wishes to honour. The grandees are covered in the presence of the king, either before speaking to him or after having spoken to him, or while taking their seats with the rest.

Charles the Fifth confirmed the privileges of grandeeship on sixteen principal noblemen. That emperor himself afterwards granted the same honours to many others. His successors, each in his turn, have added to the number. The Spanish grandees have long claimed to be considered of equal rank and dignity with the electors and the princes of Italy. At the court of France they have the same honours as peers.

The title of great has been always given, in France, to many of the chief officers of the crown—as great seneschal, great master, great chamberlain, great equerry, great pantler, great huntsman, great falconer, &c. These titles were given them to distinguish their pre-eminence above the persons serving in the same departments under them. The distinction is not given to the constable, nor to the chancellor, nor to the marshals, although the constable is the chief of all the household officers, the chancellor the second person in the state, and the marshal the second officer in the army. The reason obviously is, that they had no deputies, no vice-constables, vice-marshals, vice-chancellors, but officers under another denomination, who executed their orders, while the great steward, great chamberlain, and great equerry, &c. had stewards, chamberlains, and equerries, &c. under them.

Great (grand) in connection with seigneur, "great lord," has a signification more extensive and uncertain. We give this title of grand seigneur (seignor) to the Turkish sultan, who assumes that of pacha, to which the expression grand seignor does not correspond. The expression "un grand," a "great man," is used in speaking of a man of distinguished birth, invested with dignities, but it is used only by the common people. A person of birth or consequence never applies the term to any one. As the words great lord (grand seigneur) are commonly applied to those who unite birth, dignity, and riches, poverty seems to deprive a man of the right to it, or at least to render it inappropriate or ridiculous. Accordingly, we say a poor gentleman, but not a poor grand seigneur.

Great (grand) is different from mighty (puissant). A man may at the same time be both one and the other, but puissant implies the possession of some office of power and consequence. "Grand" indicates more show and less reality: the "puissant" commands, the "grand" possesses honours.

There is greatness (grandeur) in mind, in sentiments, in manners, and in conduct. The expression is not used in speaking of persons in the middling classes of society, but only of those who, by their rank, are bound to show nobility and elevation. It is perfectly true, that a man of the most obscure birth and connections may have more greatness of mind than a monarch. But it would be inconsistent with the usual phraseology to say, "that merchant or that farmer acted greatly" (avec grandeur); unless, indeed, in very particular circumstances, and placing certain characters in striking opposition, we should, for example, make such a remark as the following:—"The celebrated merchant who entertained Charles the Fifth in his own house, and lighted a fire of cinnamon wood with that prince's bond to him for fifty thousand ducats, displayed more greatness of soul than the emperor."

The title of "greatness" (grandeur) was formerly given to various persons

possessing stations of dignity. French clergymen, when writing to bishops, still call them "your greatness." Those titles, which are lavished by sycophancy, and caught at by vanity, are now little used.

Haughtiness is often mistaken for greatness (grandeur). He who is ostentatious of greatness, displays vanity. But one becomes weary and exhausted with writing about greatness. According to the lively remark of Montaigne, "we cannot obtain it, let us therefore take our revenge by abusing it."

GREEK.

Observations upon the Extinction of the Greek Language at Marseilles.

It is exceedingly strange that, as Marseilles was founded by a Greek colony, scarcely any vestige of the Greek language is to be found in Provence, Languedoc, or any district of France; for we cannot consider as Greek the terms which were taken, at a comparatively modern date, from the Latins, and which had been adopted by the Romans themselves from the Greeks so many centuries before. We received those only at second hand. We have no right to say that we abandoned the word Got for that of Theos, rather than that of Deus, from which, by a barbarous termination, we have made Dieu.

It is clear that the Gauls, having received the Latin language with the Roman laws, and having afterwards received from those same Romans the Christian religion, adopted from them all the terms which were connected with that religion. These same Gauls did not acquire, until a very late period, the Greek terms which relate to medicine, anatomy, and surgery.

After deducting all the words originally Greek which we have derived through the Latin, and all the anatomical and medical terms which were, in comparison, so recently acquired, there is scarcely anything left; for surely, to derive "abreger" from "brakus," rather than from "abreviare;" "acier" from "axi," rather than from "acies;" "acre" from "agros," rather than from "ager;" and "aile" from "ily," rather than from "ala;"—this, I say, would surely be perfectly ridiculous.

Some have even gone so far as to say that "omelette" comes from "omeilaton," because "meli" in Greek, signifies honey, and "oon" an egg. In the "Garden of Greek Roots," there is a more curious derivation still: it is pretended that "diner" (dinner) comes from "deipnein," which signifies supper.

As some may be desirous of possessing a list of the Greek words, which the Marseilles colony might introduce into the language of the Gauls, independently of those which came through the Romans, we present the following one:—

Aboyer, perhaps from *bauzein*.
Affre, affreux, from *afronos*.
Agacer, perhaps from *anaxein*.
Alali, a Greek war-cry.
Babiller, perhaps from *babazo*.
Balle, from *ballo*.
Bas, from *batys*.
Blesser, from the aorist of *blapto*.
Bouteille, from *bouttis*.
Bride, from *bryter*.
Brique, from *bryka*.
Coin, from *gonia*.
Colere, from *chole*.
Colle, from *colla*.
Couper, from *copto*.
Cuisse, perhaps from *ischis*.
Entraille, from *entera*.
Ermite, from *eremos*.
Fier, from *fiaros*.
Gargarizer, from *gargarizein*.
Idiot, from *idiotes*.
Maraud, from *miaros*.
Moquer, from *mokeuo*.
Moustache, from *mustax*.
Orgueil, from *orge*.
Page, from *pais*.
Siffler, perhaps from *siffloo*.
Tuer, *thuein*.

I am astonished to find so few words remaining of a language spoken at Marseilles, in the time of Augustus, in all

its purity; and I am particularly astonished to find the greater number of the Greek words preserved in Provence, signifying things of little or no utility, while those used to express things of the first necessity and importance are utterly lost. We have not a single one remaining that signifies land, sea, sky, the sun, the moon, rivers, or the principal parts of the human body; the words used for which might have been expected to be transmitted down from the beginning through every succeeding age. Perhaps we must attribute the cause of this to the Visigoths, the Burgundians, and the Franks; to the horrible barbarism of all those nations which laid waste the Roman empire, a barbarism of which so many traces yet remain.

GUARANTEE.

A GUARANTEE is a person who renders himself responsible to another for something, and who is bound to secure him in the enjoyment of it. The word (garant) is derived from the Celtic and Teutonic "warrant." In all the words which we have retained from those ancient languages we have changed the *w* into *g*. Among the greater number of the nations of the north, warrant still signifies assurance, guarantee; and in this sense, it means, in English, an order of the king, as signifying the pledge of the king. When in the middle ages kings concluded treaties, they were guaranteed on both sides by a considerable number of knights, who bound themselves by oath to see that the treaty was observed, and even, when a superior education qualified them to do so, which sometimes happened, signed their names to it. When the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa ceded so many rights to Pope Alexander III. at the celebrated congress of Venice, in 1117, the emperor put his seal to the instrument which the pope and cardinals signed. Twelve princes of the empire guaranteed the treaty by an oath upon the gospel; but none of them signed it. It is not said that the doge of Venice guaranteed that peace which was concluded in his palace.

When Philip Augustus made peace in 1200 with King John of England, the principal barons of France and Normandy swore to the due observance of it, as cautionary or guaranteeing parties. The French swore that they would take arms against their king if he violated his word, and the Normans, in like manner, to oppose their sovereign if he did not adhere to his.

One of the constables of the Montmorenci family, after a negotiation with one of the earls of March, in 1227, swore to the observance of the treaty, upon the soul of the king.

The practice of guaranteeing the states of a third party was of great antiquity, although under a different name. The Romans in this manner guaranteed the possessions of many of the princes of Asia and Africa, by taking them under their protection until they secured to themselves the possession of the territories thus protected.

We must regard as a mutual guarantee the ancient alliance between France and Castile, of king to king, kingdom to kingdom, and man to man.

We do not find any treaty in which the guarantee of the states of a third party is expressly stipulated for before that which was concluded between Spain and the States General in 1609, by the mediation of Henry IV. He procured from Philip III. King of Spain, the recognition of the United Provinces as free and sovereign states. He signed the guarantee of this sovereignty of the seven provinces, and obtained the signature of the same instrument from the King of Spain; and the republic acknowledged that it owed its freedom to the interference of the French monarch. It is principally within our own times that treaties of guarantee have become comparatively frequent. Unfortunately these engagements have occasionally produced ruptures and war; and it is clearly ascertained

that the best of all possible guarantees is power.

GREGORY VII.

Bayle himself, while admitting that Gregory was the firebrand of Europe, concedes to him the denomination of a great man. "That old Rome," says he, "which plumed itself upon conquests and military virtue, should have brought so many other nations under its dominion, redounds, according to the general maxims of mankind, to her credit and glory; but, upon the slightest reflection, can excite little surprise. On the other hand, it is a subject of great surprise to see new Rome, which pretended to value itself only on an apostolic ministry, possessed of an authority under which the greatest monarchs have been constrained to bend. Caron may observe, with truth, that there is scarcely a single emperor who has opposed the popes without feeling bitter cause to regret his resistance. Even at the present day the conflicts of powerful princes with the court of Rome almost always terminate in their confusion."

I am of a totally different opinion from Bayle. There will probably be many of a different one from mine. I deliver it however with freedom, and let him who is willing and able refute it.

1st. The differences of the princes of Orange and the Seven Provinces with Rome did not terminate in their confusion; and Bayle, who, while at Amsterdam, could set Rome at defiance, was a happy illustration of the contrary.

The triumphs of Queen Elizabeth, of Gustavus Vasa in Sweden, of the kings of Denmark, of all the princes of the north of Germany, of the finest part of Helvetia, of the single and small city of Geneva,—the triumphs, I say, of all these over the policy of the Roman court, are perfectly satisfactory testimonies that it may be easily and successfully resisted, both in affairs of religion and government.

2dly. The sacking of Rome by the troops of Charles the Fifth; the Pope (Clement VII.) a prisoner in the castle of St. Angelo; Louis XIV. compelling Pope Alexander VII. to ask his pardon, and erecting even in Rome itself a monument of the pope's submission; and, within our own times, the easy subversion of that steady, and apparently most formidable support of the papal power, the society of Jesuits in Spain, in France, in Naples, in Goa, and in Paraguay—all this furnishes decisive evidence, that, when potent princes are in hostility with Rome, the quarrel is not terminated in their confusion; they may occasionally bend before the storm, but they will not eventually be overthrown.

When the popes walked on the heads of kings, when they conferred crowns by a parchment bull, it appears to me, that at this extreme height of their power and grandeur they did no more than the Caliphs, who were the successors of Mahomet, did in the very period of their decline. Both of them, in the character of priests, conferred the investiture of empires, in solemn ceremony, on the most powerful of contending parties.

3dly. Maimbourg says—"What no pope ever did before, Gregory VIII. deprived Henry IV. of his dignity of emperor, and of his kingdoms of Germany and Italy."

Maimbourg is mistaken. Pope Zachary had, long before that, placed a crown on the head of the Austrasian Pepin, who usurped the kingdom of the Franks; and Pope Leo III. had declared the son of that Pepin emperor of the west, and thereby deprived the Empress Irene of the whole of that empire; and from that time, it must be admitted, there has not been a single priest of the Romish church who has not imagined that his bishop enjoyed the disposal of all crowns.

This maxim was always turned to account when it was possible to be so. It was considered as a consecrated weapon, deposited in the sacristy of St. John of Lateran, which might be drawn forth in solemn and impressive ceremony on every occasion that required it. This

prerogative is so commanding; it raises to such a height the dignity of an exorcist born at Velletri or Civita Vecchia, that if Luther, Œcolampadius, John Calvin, and all the prophets of the Cevennes, had been natives of any miserable village near Rome, and undergone the tonsure there, they would have supported that church with the same rage which they actually manifested for its destruction

4thly. Everything, then, depends on the time and place of a man's birth, and the circumstances by which he is surrounded. Gregory VII. was born in an age of barbarism, ignorance, and superstition; he had to deal with a young debauched inexperienced emperor, deficient in money, and whose power was contested by all the powerful lords of Germany.

We cannot believe, that, from the time of the Austrasian Charlemagne, the Roman people ever paid very willing obedience to Franks or Teutonians: it hated them as much as the genuine old Romans would have hated the Cimbri, if the Cimbri had obtained dominion in Italy. The Othos had left behind them in Rome a memory that was execrated, because they had enjoyed great power there: and, after the time of the Othos, Europe it is well known became involved in frightful anarchy.

This anarchy was not more effectually restrained under the emperors of the house of Franconia. One half of Germany was in insurrection against Henry IV. The Countess Matilda, grand duchess, his cousin german, more powerful than himself in Italy, was his mortal enemy. She possessed, either as fiefs of the empire, or as allodial property, the whole duchy of Tuscany, the territory of Cremona, Ferrara, Mantua, and Parma; a part of the Marches of Ancona, Reggio, Modena, Spoletto, and Verona; and she had rights, that is to say pretensions, to the two Burgundys; for the imperial chancery claimed those territories, according to its regular practice of claiming everything.

We admit, that Gregory VII. would have been little less than an ideot had he not exerted his strongest efforts to secure a complete influence over this powerful princess; and to obtain, by her means, a point of support and protection against the Germans. He became her director, and, after being her director, her heir.

I shall not, in this place, examine whether he was really her lover, or whether he only pretended to be so; or whether his enemies merely pretended it; or whether, in his idle moments, the assuming and ardent little director did not occasionally abuse the influence he possessed with his penitent, and prevail over a feeble and capricious woman. In the course of human events nothing can be more natural or common; but as usually no registers are kept of such cases; as those interesting intimacies between the directors and directed do not take place before witnesses, and as Gregory has been reproached with this imputation only by his enemies, we ought not to confound accusation with proof. It is quite enough that Gregory claimed the whole of his penitent's property.

5thly. The donation which he procured to be made to himself by the Countess Matilda, in the year 1077, is more than suspected. And one proof that it is not to be relied upon, is, that not merely this deed was never shown, but, that, in a second deed, the first is stated to have been lost. It was pretended that the donation had been made in the fortress of Canosse, and in the second act it is said to have been made at Rome. These circumstances may be considered as confirming the opinion of some antiquaries, a little too scrupulous, who maintain that out of a thousand grants made in those times (and those times were of long duration) there are more than nine hundred evidently counterfeit.

There have been two sorts of usurpers in our quarter of the world, Europe—robbers and forgers.

6thly. Bayle, although allowing the

title af great to Gregory, acknowledges at the same time that this turbulent man disgraced his heroism by his prophecies. He had the audacity to create an emperor, and in that he did well, as the Emperor Henry IV. had made a pope. Henry deposed him, and he deposed Henry. So far there is nothing to object:—both sides are equal. But Gregory took it into his head to turn prophet; he predicted the death of Henry IV. for the year 1080; but Henry IV. conquered, and the pretended Emperor Rodolphus was defeated and slain in Thuringia by the famous Godfry of Bouillon, a man more truly great than all the other three.

This proves, in my opinion, that Gregory had more enthusiasm than talent.

I subscribe with all my heart to the remark of Bayle, that "when a man undertakes to predict the future, he is provided against everything by a face of brass, and an inexhaustible magazine of equivocations." But your enemies deride your equivocations; they also have a face of brass like yourself; and they expose you as a knave, a braggart, and a fool.

7thly. Our great man ended his public career with witnessing the taking of Rome by assault, in the year 1083. He was besieged in the castle, since called St. Angelo, by the same Emperor Henry IV., whom he had dared to dispossess, and died in misery and contempt at Salerno, under the protection of Robert Guiscard the Norman.

I ask pardon of modern Rome, but when I read the history of the Scipios, the Catos, the Pompeys, and the Cæsars, I find a difficulty in ranking with them a factious monk who was made a pope under the name of Gregory VII.

But our Gregory has obtained even a yet finer title; he has been made a saint, at least at Rome. It was the famous Cardinal Coscia who effected this canonization under Pope Benedict XIII. Even an office or service of St. Gregory VII. was printed, in which it was said, that that saint "absolved the faithful from the allegiance which they had sworn to their emperor."

Many parliaments of the kingdom were desirous of having this legend burnt by the executioner; but Bentivoglio, the nuncio,—who kept one of the actresses at the opera, of the name of Constitution, as his mistress, and had by her a daughter called la Légende; a man otherwise extremely amiable, and a most interesting companion,—procured from the ministry a mitigation of the threatened storm; and, after passing sentence of condemnation on the legend of St. Gregory, the hostile party were contented to suppress it and to laugh at it.

HAPPY—HAPPILY.

What is called happiness is an abstract idea, composed of various ideas of pleasure; for he who has but a moment of pleasure is not a happy man, in like manner that a moment of grief constitutes not a miserable one. Pleasure is more transient than happiness, and happiness than felicity. When a person says—I am happy at this moment, he abuses the word, and only means I am pleased. When pleasure is continuous, he may then call himself happy. When this happiness lasts a little longer, it is a state of felicity. We are sometimes very far from being happy in prosperity, just as a surfeited invalid eats nothing of a great feast prepared for him.

The ancient adage, "No person should be called happy before his death," seems to turn on very false principles, if we mean by this maxim that we should not give the name of happy to a man who had been so constantly from his birth to his last hour. This continuity of agreeable moments is rendered impossible by the constitution of our organs, by that of the elements on which we depend, and by that of mankind, on whom we depend still more. Constant happiness is the philosopher's stone of the soul; it is a great deal for us not to be a long time unhappy. A person whom we might suppose to have always enjoyed a happy

life, who perishes miserably, would certainly merit the appellation of happy until his death, and we might boldly pronounce that he had been the happiest of men. Socrates might have been the happiest of the Greeks, although superstitious, absurd, or iniquitous judges, or all together, juridically poisoned him at the age of seventy years, on the suspicion that he believed in one only God.

The philosophical maxim so mueh agitated, "Nemo ante obitum felix," therefore, appears absolutely false in every sense; and if it signifies that a happy man may die an unhappy death, it signifies nothing of consequence.

The proverb of being "Happy as a king" is still more false. Every body knows how the vulgar deceive themselves.

It is demanded, if one condition is happier than another? If man in general is happier than woman? It would be necessary to have tried all conditions, to have been man and woman like Tiresias and Iphis, to decide this question; still more would it be necessary to have lived in all conditions, with a mind equally proper to each; and we must have passed through all the possible state of man and woman to judge of it.

It is further demanded, if of two men one is happier than the other? It is very clear that he who has the gout and stone, who loses his fortune, his honour, his wife and children, and who is condemned to be hanged immediately after having been mangled, is less happy in this world in everything, than a young vigorous sultan, or La Fontaine's cobbler.

But we wish to know which is the happiest of two men equally healthy, equally rich, and of an equal condition? It is clear, that it is their temper which decides it. The most moderate, the least anxious, and at the same time the most sensible, is the most happy; but unfortunately the most sensible is often the least moderate. It is not our condition, it is the temper of our souls which renders us happy. This disposition of our soul depends on our organs, and our organs have been arranged without our having the least part in the arrangement.

It belongs to the reader to make his reflexions on the above. There are many articles on which he can say more than we ought to tell him. In matters of art, it is necessary to instruct him; in affairs of morals, he should be left to think for himself.

There are dogs whom we caress, comb, and feed with biscuits, and to whom we give pretty females; there are others which are covered with the mange, which die of hunger; others which we chase and beat, and which a young surgeon slowly dissects, after having driven four great nails into their paws. Has it depended upon these poor dogs to be happy or unhappy.?

We say a happy thought, a happy feature, a happy repartee, a happy physiognomy, happy climate, &c. These thoughts, these happy traits, which strike like sudden inspirations, and which are called the happy sallies of a man of wit, strike like flashes of light across our eyes, without our seeking it. They are no more in our power than a happy physiognomy; that is to say, a sweet and noble aspect, so independent of us, and so often deceitful. The happy climate is that which nature favours; so are happy imaginations, so is happy genius, or great talent. And who can give himself genius? or who, when he has received some ray of this flame, can preserve it always brilliant?

When we speak of a happy rascal, by this word we only comprehend his success. "Felix Sylla"—the fortunate Sylla, an Alexander VI., a Duke of Borgia, have happily pillaged, betrayed, poisoned, ravaged, and assassinated. But being villains, it is very likely that they were very unhappy, even when not in fear of persons resembling themselves.

It may happen to an ill-disposed person, badly educated,—a Turk for example, of whom it ought to be said, that he is permitted to doubt the Christian faith —to put a silken cord round the necks o

his visiers, when they are rich; to strangle, massacre, or throw his brothers into the Black Sea, and to ravage a hundred leagues of country for his glory. It may happen, I say, that this man has no more remorse than his mufti, and is very happy,—on all which the reader may duly ponder.

There were formerly happy planets, and others unhappy, or unfortunate; unhappily, they no longer exist.

Some people would have deprived the public of this useful Dictionary—happily, they have not succeeded.

Ungenerous minds, and absurd fanatics, every day endeavour to prejudice the powerful and the ignorant against philosophers. If they were unhappily listened to, we should fall back into the barbarity from which philosophers alone have withdrawn us.

HEAVEN (CIEL MATERIEL)

The laws of optics, which are founded upon the nature of things, have ordained that, from this small globe of earth on which we live, we shall always see the material heaven as if we were the centre of it, although we are far from being that centre.

That we shall always see it as a vaulted roof, hanging over a plane, although there is no other vaulted roof than that of our atmosphere, which has no such plane.

That our sun and moon will always appear one third larger at the horizon than at their zenith, although they are nearer the spectator at the zenith than at the horizon.

Such are the laws of optics, such is the structure of your eyes, that, in the first place, the material heaven, the clouds, the moon, the sun, which is at so vast a distance from you; the planets, which in their apogee are still at a greater distance from it; all the stars placed at distances yet vastly greater, comets and meteors, everything, must appear to us in that vaulted roof as consisting of our atmosphere.

The sun appears to us, when in its zenith, smaller than when at fifteen degrees below; at thirty degrees below the zenith it will appear still larger than at fifteen; and finally, at the horizon, its size will seem larger yet; so that its dimensions in the lower heaven decrease in consequence of its elevations, in the follow- proportions:—

At the horizon	100
At fifteen degrees above . .	68
At thirty degrees	50
At forty-five degrees . . .	40

Its apparent magnitudes in the vaulted roof are as its apparent elevations; and it is the same with the moon, and with a comet.

It is not habit, it is not the intervention of tracts of land, it is not the refraction of the atmosphere which produce this effect. Mallebranche and Regis have disputed with each other on this subject; but Robert Smith has calculated.

Observe the two stars, which, being at a prodigious distance from each other, and at very different depths, in the immensity of space, are here considered as placed in the circle which the sun appears to traverse. You perceive them distant from each other in the great circle, but approximating to each other in every circle smaller, or within that described by the path of the sun.

It is in this manner that you see the material heaven. It is by these invariable laws of optics that you perceive the planets sometimes retrograde and sometimes stationary; there is in fact nothing of the kind. Were you stationed in the sun, we should perceive all the planets and comets moving regularly round it in those elliptic orbits which God assigns. But we are upon the planet of the earth, in a corner of the universe, where it is impossible for us to enjoy the sight of everything.

Let us not then blame the errors of our senses, like Mallebranche; the steady laws of nature originating in the immutable will of the Almighty, and adapted

to the structure of our organs, cannot be errors.

We can only see the appearances of things, and not things themselves. We are no more deceived when the sun, the work of the divinity,—that star a million times larger than our earth—appears to us quite flat and two feet in width, than when in a convex mirror, which is the work of our own hands, we see a man only a few inches high.

If the Chaldean Magi were the first who employed the understanding, which God bestows upon them, to measure and arrange in their respective stations the heavenly bodies, other nations more gross and unintelligent made no advance towards imitating them.

These childish and savage populations imagined the earth to be flat, supported, I know not how, by its own weight in the air; the sun, moon, and stars to move continually upon a solid vaulted roof called a firmament; and this roof to sustain waters, and have flood-gates at regular distances, though which these waters issued to moisten and fertilise the earth.

But how did the sun, the moon, and all the stars, reappear after their setting? Of this they knew nothing at all. The heaven touched the flat earth: and there were no means by which the sun, moon, and stars, could turn under the earth, and go to rise in the east after having set in the west. It is true, that these children of ignorance were right by chance in not entertaining the idea that the sun and fixed stars moved round the earth. But they were far from conceiving that the sun was immoveable, and the earth with its satellite revolving round him in space together with the other planets. Their fables were more distant from the true system of the world than darkness from light.

They thought that the sun and stars returned by certain unknown roads after having refreshed themselves for their course at some spot, not precisely ascertained, in the Mediterranean sea. This was the amount of astronomy, even in the time of Homer, who is comparatively recent; for the Chaldeans kept their science to themselves, in order to obtain thereby, greater respect from other nations. Homer says, more than once, that the sun plunges into the ocean (and this ocean, be it observed, is nothing but the Nile:) here, by the freshness of the waters, he repairs during the night the fatigue and exhaustion of the day, after which, he goes to the place of his regular rising by ways unknown to mortals. This idea is very like that of Baron Fœneste, who says, that the cause of our not seeing the sun when he goes back, is that he goes back by night.

As, at that time, the nations of Syria and the Greeks were somewhat acquainted with Asia and a small part of Europe, and had no notion of the countries which lie to the north of the Euxine Sea and to the south of the Nile, they laid it down as a certainty that the earth was a full third longer than it was wide; consequently the heaven, which touched the earth and embraced it, was also more long than wide. Hence came down to us degrees of longitude and latitude, names which we have always retained, although with far more correct ideas than those which originally suggested them.

The book of Job, composed by an ancient Arab who possessed some knowledge of astronomy, since he speaks of the constellations, contains nevertheless the following passages: "Where wert thou, when I laid the foundation of the earth? Who hath taken the dimensions thereof? On what are its foundations fixed? Who hath laid the corner-stone thereof?"

The least informed school-boy, at the present day, would tell him, in answer: The earth has neither corner-stone nor foundation; and, as to its dimensions, we know them perfectly well, as from Magellan to Bougainville, various navigators have sailed round it.

The same school-boy would put to silence the pompous declaimer Lactantius,

and all those who before and since his time have decided that the earth was fixed upon the water, and that there can be no heaven under the earth; and that, consequently, it is both ridiculous and impious to suppose the existence of antipodes.

It is curious to observe with what disdain, with what contemptuous pity, Lactantius looks down upon all the philosophers, who, from about four hundred years before his time, had begun to be acquainted with the apparent revolutions of the sun and planets, with the roundness of the earth, and the liquid and yielding nature of the heaven through which the planets revolved in their orbits, &c. He enquires, "by what degrees philosophers attained such excess of folly as to conceive the earth to be a globe, and to surround that globe with heaven."

These reasonings are upon a par with those he has adduced on the subject of the siblys.

Our young scholar would address some such language as this to all these consequential doctors: "You are to learn, that there are no such things as solid heavens placed one over another, as you have been told; that there are no real circles in which the stars move on a pretended firmament; that the sun is the centre of our planetary world; and that the earth and the planets move round it in space, in orbits not circular but elliptic. You must learn that there is, in fact, neither above nor below, but that the planets and the comets tend all towards the sun, their common centre, and that the sun tends towards them, according to an eternal law of gravitation."

Lactantius and his gabbling associates would be perfectly astonished, when the true system of the world was thus unfolded to them.

HEAVEN OF THE ANCIENTS.

Were a silkworm to denominate the small quantity of downy substance surrounding its ball, heaven, it would reason just as correctly as all the ancients, when they applied that term to the atmosphere; which, as M. de Fontenelle has well observed, in his "Plurality of Worlds," is the down of our ball.

The vapours which rise from our seas and land, and which form the clouds, meteors, and thunder, were supposed, in the early ages of the world, to be the residence of gods. Homer always makes the gods descend in clouds of gold; and hence painters still represent them seated on a cloud. How can any one be seated on water? It was perfectly correct to place the master of the gods more at ease than the rest: He had an eagle to carry him, because the eagle soars higher than the other birds.

The ancient Greeks, observing that the lords of cities resided in citadels on the top of some mountain, supposed that the gods might also have their citadel, and placed it in Thessaly, on Mount Olympus, whose summit is sometimes hid in clouds; so that their palace was on the same floor with their heaven.

Afterwards, the stars and planets, which appear fixed to the blue vault of our atmosphere, became the abodes of gods; seven of them had each a planet, and the rest found a lodging where they could. The general council of gods was held in a spacious hall which lay beyond the milky way; for it was but reasonable that the gods should have a hall in the air, as men had town-halls and courts of assembly upon earth.

When the Titans, a species of animal between gods and men, declared their just and necessary war against these same gods in order to recover a part of their patrimony, by the father's side, as they were the sons of heaven and earth; they contented themselves with piling two or three mountains upon one another, thinking, that would be quite enough to make them masters of heaven, and of the castle of Olympus.

Neve foret terris securior arduus æther,
Affectasse ferunt regnum celeste gigantes;
Altaque congestos struxisse ad sidera montes.
Ovid's Metamorph. i. 151—153.

Nor heaven itself was more secure than earth:
Against the gods the Titans levied wars,
And pil'd up mountains till they reached the stars.

It is, however, more than six hundred leagues from these stars to Mount Olympus, and from some stars infinitely farther.

Virgil (Eclogue v. 57.) does not hesitate to say—

Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis.

Daphnis, the guest of heaven, with wondering eyes,
Views in the milky way, the starry skies,
And far beneath him, from the shining sphere
Beholds the morning clouds, and rolling year.
Dryden.

But where then could Daphnis possibly place himself?

At the opera, and in more serious productions, the gods are introduced descending in the midst of tempests, clouds, and thunder; that is, God is brought forward in the midst of the vapours of our petty globe. These notions are so suitable to our weak minds, that they appear to us grand and sublime.

This philosophy of children and old women was of prodigious antiquity; it is believed, however, that the Chaldeans entertained nearly as correct ideas as ourselves on the subject of what is called heaven. They placed the sun in the midst of our planetary system, nearly at the same distance from our globe as our calculation imputes it; and they supposed the earth and some planets to revolve round that star; this we learn from Aristarchus of Samos. It is nearly the system of the world since established by Copernicus; but the philosophers kept the secret to themselves, in order to obtain greater respect both from kings and people, or rather, perhaps, to avoid the danger of persecution.

The language of error is so familiar to mankind, that we still apply the name of heaven to our vapours, and the space between the earth and moon. We use the expression of ascending to heaven, just as we say the sun turns round, although we well know that it does not. We are, probably, the heaven of the inhabitants of the moon; and every planet places its heaven in that planet nearest to itself.

Had Homer been asked, to what heaven the soul of Sarpedon had fled, or where that of Hercules resided, Homer would have been a good deal embarrassed, and would have answered by some harmonious verses.

What assurance could there be, that the ethereal soul of Hercules would be more at its ease in the planet Venus or in Saturn, than upon our own globe? Could its mansion be in the sun? In that flaming and consuming furnace, it would appear difficult for it to endure its station. In short, what was it that the ancients meant by heaven? They knew nothing about it; they were always exclaiming, "Heaven and earth," thus placing completely different things in most absurb connection. It would be just as judicious to exclaim, and connect in the same manner, infinity and an atom. Properly speaking, there is no heaven. There is a prodigious number of globes revolving in the immensity of space, and our globe revolves like the rest.

The ancients thought, that to go to heaven was to ascend; but there is no ascent from one globe to another. The heavenly bodies are sometimes above our horizon, and sometimes below it. Thus, let us suppose that Venus, after visiting Paphos, should return to her own planet, when that planet had set; the goddess would not in that case ascend, in reference to our horizon; she would descend, and the proper expression would be then, descended to heaven. But the ancients did not discriminate with such nicety; on every subject of natural philosophy, their notions were vague, uncertain, and contradictory. Volumes have been composed in order to ascertain and point out what they thought upon many questions of this description. Six words would have been sufficient—"they did not think at all." We must always except a small number of sages; but they appeared at too late a period, and but rarely disclosed their thoughts; and when they did so, the charlatans in power took care to send them to heaven by the shortest way.

A writer, if I am not mistaken, of the name of Pluche, has been recently exhibiting Moses as a great natural philosopher; another had previously harmonized Moses with Descartes, and published a book, which he called, "Cartesius Mosaisans; according to him, "Moses was the real inventor of "Vortices," and the subtle matter; but we full well know, that when God made Moses a great legislator and prophet, it was no part of his scheme to make him also a professor of physics. Moses instructed the Jews in their duty, and did not teach them a single word of philosophy. Calmet, who compiled a great deal, but never reasoned at all, talks of the system of the Hebrews; but that stupid people never had any system. They had not even a school of geometry; the very name was utterly unknown to them. The whole of their science was comprised in money changing and usury.

We find in their books ideas on the structure of heaven, confused, incoherent, and in every respect worthy of a people immersed in barbarism. Their first heaven was the air, the second the firmament in which the stars were fixed. This firmament was solid and made of glass, and supported the superior waters which issued from the vast reservoirs by floodgates, sluices, and cataracts, at the time of the deluge.

Above the firmament or these superior waters was the third heaven, or the empyreum, to which St. Paul was caught up. The firmament was a sort of demi-vault which came close down to the earth.

It is clear that, according to this opinion, there could be no antipodes. Accordingly, St. Augustin treats the idea of antipodes as an absurdity; and Lactantius, whom we have already quoted, expressly says, "can there possibly be any persons so simple as to believe that there are men wose heads are lower than their feet?" &c.

St. Chrysostom exclaims, in his fourteenth homily, "Where are they who pretend that the heavens are moveable, and that their form is circular?"

Lactantius, once more, says, in the third book of his Institutions, "I could prove to you by many arguments, that it is impossible heaven should surround the earth."

The author of the "Spectacle of Nature" may repeat to M. le Chevalier as often as he pleases, that Lactantius and St. Chrysostom are great philosophers. He will be told in reply that they were great saints; and that to be a great saint, it is not at all necessary to be a great astronomer. It will be believed that they are in heaven, although it will be admitted to be impossible to say precisely in what part of it.

HELL.

Infernum, subterranean; the regions below, or the infernal regions. Nations which buried the dead placed them in the inferior or infernal regions. Their soul, then, was with them in those regions. Such were the first physics and the first metaphysics of the Egyptians and Greeks.

The Indians, who were far more ancient, who had invented the ingenious doctrine of the metempsychosis, never believed that souls existed in the infernal regions.

The Japanese, Coreans, Chinese, and the inhabitants of the vast territory of eastern and western Tartary, never knew a word of the philosophy of the infernal regions.

The Greeks, in the course of time, constituted an immense kingdom of these infernal regions, which they liberally conferred on Pluto and his wife Proserpine. They assigned them three privy counsellors, three housekeepers called Furies, and three Fates to spin, wind, and cut the thread of human life. And, as in ancient times, every hero had his dog to guard his gate, so was Pluto attended and guarded by an immense dog with three heads; for everything, it seems, was to be done by threes. Of the three

privy counsellors, Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus, one judged Greece, another Asia Minor (for the Greeks were then unacquainted with the Greater Asia), and the third was for Europe.

The poets having invented these infernal regions, or hell, were the first to laugh at them. Sometimes Virgil mentions hell in the Æneid in a style of seriousness, because that style was then suitable to his subject. Sometimes he speaks of it with contempt in his Georgics (ii. 490, &c.)

> Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas
> Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
> Subjecit pedibus strepitumque Acherontis avari!
>
> Happy the man whose vigorous soul can pierce
> Through the formation of this universe,
> Who nobly dares despise with soul sedate,
> The den of Acheron, and vulgar fears and fate.
> *Wharton.*

The following lines from the Troad (chorus of act ii.) in which Pluto, Cerberus, Phlegethon, Styx, &c. are treated like dreams and childish tales, were repeated in the theatre of Rome, and applauded by forty thousand hands:—

> . . . . . Tœnara et aspero
> Regnum sub domino, limen et obsidens
> Custos non facili Cerberus ostio
> Rumores vacui, verbaque inania,
> Et par solicito fabula somnio.

Lucretius and Horace express themselves equally strong. Cicero and Seneca used similar language in innumerable parts of their writings. The great emperor Marcus Aurelius reasons still more philosophically than all those I have mentioned. "He who fears death, fears either to be deprived of all senses, or to experience other sensations. But, if you no longer retain your own senses, you will be no longer subject to any pain or grief. If you have senses of a different nature, you will be a totally different being."

To this reasoning, profane philosophy had nothing to reply. Yet, agreeably to that contradiction or perverseness which distinguishes the human species, and seems to constitute the very foundation of our nature, at the very time when Cicero publicly declared, that "not even an old woman was to be found who believed in such absurdities," Lucretius admitted that these ideas were very powerfully impressive upon men's minds; his object, he says, is to destroy them:—

> . . . . Si certum finem esse viderent
> Ærumnarum homines, aliqua ratione valerent
> Religionibus atque minis obsistere vatum.
> Nunc ratio nulla est restandi, nulla facultas:
> Æternas quoniam poenas in morte timendum.
> Lucretius, book i. 108.
>
> . . . . If it once appear
> That after death there's neither hope nor fear;
> Then might men freely triumph, then disdain
> The poet's tales, and scorn their fancied pain;
> But now we must submit, since pains we fear
> Eternal after death, we know not where.—Creech.

It is therefore true, that among the lowest classes of the people, some laughed at hell, and others trembled at it. Some regarded Cerberus, the Furies, and Pluto, as ridiculous fables, others perpetually presented offerings to the infernal gods. It was with them just as it is now among ourselves:—

> Et quocumque tamen miseri venere, parentant,
> Et nigros mactant pecudes, et Manibu divis
> Inferias mittunt multoque in rebus acerbis
> Acrius admittunt animos ad religionem.
> Lucretius. iii. 51.
>
> Nay, more than that, where'er the wretches come
> They sacrifice black sheep on every tomb,
> To please the manes: and of all the rout,
> When cares and dangers press, grow most devout.
> Creech.

Many philosophers who had no belief in the fables about hell, were yet desirous that the people should retain that belief. Such was Zimens of Locris. Such was the political historian Polybius. "Hell," says he, "is useless to sages, but necessary to the blind and brutal populace."

It is well known, that the law of the Pentateuch never announces a hell. All mankind was involved in this chaos of contradiction and uncertainty, when Jesus Christ came into the world. He confirmed the ancient doctrine of hell, not the doctrine of the heathen poets, not that of the Egyptian priests, but that which Christianity adopted, and to which every thing must yield. He announced a kingdom that was about to come, and a hell that should have no end.

He said, in express words, at Capernaum in Galilee, "Whosoever shall call his brother 'Raca,' shall be condemned

by the sanhedrim; but whosoever shall call him fool, shall be condemned to gehenna hinnon, gehenna of fire."

This proves two things, first, that Jesus Christ was adverse to abuse and reviling; for it belonged only to him, as master, to call the Pharisees hypocrites, and a 'generation of vipers.'

Secondly, that those who revile their neighbour deserve hell; for the gehenna of fire was in the valley of Hinnon, where victims had formerly been burnt in sacrifice to Moloch, and this gehenna was typical of the fire of hell.

He says in another place, "If any one shall offend one of the weak who believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea.

"And if thy hand offend thee, cut it off; it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than to go into the gehenna of inextinguishable fire, where the worm dies not, and where the fire is not quenched.

"And if thy foot offend thee, cut it off; it is better for thee to enter lame into eternal life, than to be cast with two feet into the inextinguishable gehenna, where the worm dies not, and where the fire is not quenched.

"And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out; it is better to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than to be cast with both eyes into the gehenna of fire, where the worm dies not, and the fire is not quenched.

"For every one shall be burned with fire, and every victim shall be salted with salt.

"Salt is good; but if the salt have lost its savour, with what will you salt?

"You have salt in yourselves, preserve peace one with another."

He said on another occasion, on his journey to Jerusalem, "When the master of the house shall have entered and shut the door, you will remain without, and knock, saying, Lord, open unto us; and he will answer and say unto you, 'Nescio vos', I know you not; whence are you? And then ye shall begin to say, we have eaten and drunk with thee, and thou hast taught in our public places; and he will reply, 'Nescio vos,' whence are you, workers of iniquity? And there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see there Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the prophets, and yourselves cast out."

Notwithstanding the other positive declarations made by the Saviour of mankind which assert the eternal damnation of all who do not belong to our church, Origen and some others were not believers in the eternity of punishments.

The Socinians reject such punishments; but they are without the pale. The Lutherans and Calvinists, although they have strayed beyond the pale, yet admit the doctrine of a hell without end.

When men came to live in society, they must have perceived that a great number of criminals eluded the severity of the laws; the laws punished public crimes; it was necessary to establish a check upon secret crimes; this check was to be found only in religion. The Persians, Chaldeans, Egyptians, and Greeks, entertained the idea of punishments after the present life, and of all the nations of antiquity that we are acquainted with, the Jews as we have already remarked, were the only one who admitted solely temporal punishments. It is ridiculous to believe, or pretend to believe, from some excessively obscure passages, that hell was recognised by the ancient laws of the Jews, by their Leviticus, or by their Decalogue, when the author of those laws says not a single word which can bear the slightest relation to the chastisements of a future life. We might have some right to address the compiler of the Pentateuch in such language as the following:—You are a man of no consistency, as destitute of probity as understanding, and totally unworthy of the name which you arrogate to yourself of legislator. What! you are perfectly acquainted, it seems, with that doctrine so eminently repressive of human vice, so necessary to the virtue and happiness of mankind—the doctrine of hell;

and yet you do not explicitly announce it; and, while it is admitted by all the nations which surround you, you are content to leave it for some commentators, after four thousand years have passed away, to suspect that this doctrine might possibly have been entertained by you, and to twist and torture your expressions, in order to find that in them which you have never said. Either you are grossly ignorant not to know that this belief was universal in Egypt, Chaldea, and Persia, or you have committed the most disgraceful error in judgment, in not having made it the foundation stone of your religion.

The authors of the Jewish laws could at most only answer:—We confess that we are excessively ignorant; that we did not learn the art of writing until a late period; that our people were a wild and barbarous horde, that wandered, as our own records admit, for nearly half a century in impracticable deserts, and at length obtained possession of a petty territory by the most odious rapine and detestable cruelty ever mentioned in the records of history. We had no commerce with civilised nations, and how could you suppose that, so grossly mean and grovelling as we are in all our ideas and usages, we should have invented a system so refined and spiritual as that in question?

We employed the word which most nearly corresponds with soul, merely to signify life; we knew our God and his ministers, his angels, only as corporeal beings; the distinction of soul and body, the idea of a life beyond death, can be the fruit only of long meditation and refined philosophy. Ask the Hottentots and Negroes, who inhabit a country a hundred times larger than ours, whether they know anything of a life to come? We thought we had done enough in persuading the people under our influence that God punished offenders to the fourth generation, either by leprosy, by sudden death, or by the loss of the little property of which the criminal might be possessed.

To this apology it might be replied:—You have invented a system, the ridicule and absurdity of which are as clear as the sun at noon-day; for the offender who enjoyed good health, and whose family were in prosperous circumstances, must absolutely have laughed you to scorn.

The apologist for the Jewish law would here rejoin:—You are much mistaken; since, for one criminal who reasoned correctly, there were a hundred who never reasoned at all. The man who, after he had committed a crime, found no punishment of it attached to himself or his son, would yet tremble for his grandson. Besides, if after the time of committing his offence he was not speedily seized by some festering sore, such as our nation was extremely subject to, he would experience it in a course of years. Calamities are always occurring in a family, and we, without difficulty, instilled the belief that these calamities were inflicted by the hand of God taking vengeance for secret offences.

It would be easy to reply to this answer by saying:—Your apology is worth nothing; for it happens every day that very worthy and excellent persons lose their health and their property; and, if there was no family that did not experience calamity, and that calamity at the same time was a chastisement from God, all the families of your community must have been made up of scoundrels.

The Jewish priest might again answer, and say, that there are some calamities inseparable from human nature, and others expressly inflicted by the hand of God. But, in return, we should point out to such a reasoner the absurdity of considering fever and hailstones in some cases as divine punishments; in others as mere natural effects.

In short, the Pharisees and the Essenians, among the Jews, did admit, according to certain notions of their own, the belief of a hell. This dogma had passed from the Greeks to the Romans, and was adopted by the Christians.

Many of the fathers of the church rejected the doctrine of eternal punishments. It appeared to them absurd, to burn to

all eternity an unfortunate man for stealing a goat. Virgil has finely said :—

. . . . Sedit eternum que sedebit
Infelix Theseus.

Unhappy Theseus, doomed for ever there,
Is fix'd by fate on his eternal chair.—*Dryden.*

But it is in vain for him to maintain or imply, that Theseus is for ever fixed to his chair, and that this position constitutes his punishment. Others have imagined Theseus to be a hero, who could never be seen on any seat in hell, and who was to be found in the Elysian fields.

A calvinistical divine, of the name of Petit Pierre, not long since preached and published the doctrine, that the damned would at some future period be pardoned. The rest of the ministers of his association told him that they wished for no such thing. The dispute grew warm. It was stated, that the king whose subjects they were, wrote to him, that since they were desirous of being damned without redemption, he could have no reasonable objection, and freely gave his consent. The damned majority of the church of Neufchatel ejected poor Petit Pierre, who had thus converted hell into a mere purgatory. It is stated, that one of them said to him, "My good friend, I no more believe in the eternity of hell than yourself; but recollect that it may be no bad thing, perhaps, for your servant, your tailor, and your lawyer, to believe in it."

I will add, as an illustration of this passage, a short address of exhortation to those philosophers who in their writings deny a hell; I will say to them :—Gentlemen, we do not pass our days with Cicero, Atticus, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, the Chancellor de l'Hopital, La Mothe le Vayer, Des Ivetaux, René, Descartes, Newton, or Locke, nor with the respectable Bayle, who was so superior to the power and frown of fortune, nor with the too scrupulously virtuous infidel Spinosa, who, although labouring under poverty and destitution, gave back to the children of the grand pensionary De Witt an allowance of three hundred florins, which had been granted him by that great statesman, whose heart, it may be remembered, the Hollanders actually devoured, although there was nothing to be gained by it. Every man with whom we intermingle in life is not a Des Barreaux, who paid the pleaders their fees for a cause which he had forgotten to bring into court. Every woman is not a Ninon d'Enclos, who guarded deposits in trust with religious fidelity, while the gravest personages in the state were violating them. In a word, gentlemen, all the world are not philosophers.

We are obliged to hold intercourse and transact business, and mix up in life with knaves possessing little or no reflection—with vast numbers of persons addicted to brutality, intoxication, and rapine. You may, if you please, preach to them that there is no hell, and that the soul of man is mortal. As for myself, I will be sure to thunder in their ears, that if they rob me they will inevitably be damned. I will imitate the country clergyman, who, having had a great number of sheep stolen from him, at length said to his hearers, in the course of one of his sermons—"I cannot conceive what Jesus Christ was thinking about when he died for such a set of scoundrels as you are."

There is an excellent book for fools, called the Christian Pedagogue, composed by the reverend Father d'Outreman, of the Society of Jesus, and enlarged by Coulon, curé of Ville-Juif-les-Paris. This book has passed, thank God, through fifty-one editions, although not a single page in it exhibits a gleam of common sense.

Friar Outreman asserts (in the hundred and fifty-seventh page of the second edition in quarto), that one of Queen Elizabeth's ministers, Baron Hunsdon, predicted to Cecil, secretary of state, and to six other members of the cabinet council, that they as well as he would all be damned; which, he says, was actually the case, and is the case with all heretics. It is most likely, that Cecil, and the other members of the council, gave no credit

to the said Baron Hunsdon; but if the fictitious baron had said the same to six common citizens, they would probably have believed him.

Were the time ever to arrive in which no citizen of London shall believe in a hell, what course of conduct should be adopted? What restraint upon wickedness will exist?—There will exist the feeling of honour, the restraint of the laws, that of the Deity himself, whose will it is that mankind shall be just, whether there be a hell or not.

HELL (DESCENT INTO).

Our colleague who wrote the article "Hell," has made no mention of the descent of Jesus Christ into hell. This is an article of faith of high importance; it is expressly particularised in the creed of which we have already spoken. It is asked, whence this article of faith is derived; for it is not to be found in either of our four gospels, and the creed called the Apostles' Creed, is not older than the age of those learned priests, Jerome, Augustin, and Rufinus.

It is thought, that this descent of our Lord into hell is taken originally from the gospel of Nicodemus, one of the oldest.

In that gospel, the Prince of Tartarus and Satan, after a long conversation with Adam, Enoch, Elias the Tishbite, and David, hear a voice like the thunder, and a voice like a tempest. David says to the Prince of Tartarus, "Now, thou foul and miscreant prince of hell, open thy gates, and let the king of glory enter," &c. While he was thus addressing the prince, the Lord of Majesty appeared suddenly in the form of man, and he lighted up the eternal darkness, and broke asunder the indissoluble bars, and by an invincible virtue he visited those who lay in the depth of the darkness of guilt, in the shadow of the depth of sin.

Jesus Christ appeared with St. Michael; he overcame Death; he took Adam by the hand; and the good thief followed him, bearing the cross. All this took place in hell, in the presence of Carinus and Lenthius, who resuscitated, for the express purpose of giving evidence of the fact to the priests Ananias and Caiphas, and to doctor Gamaliel, at that time St. Paul's master.

This gospel of Nicodemus has long been considered as no authority. But a confirmation of this descent into hell is found in the first epistle of St. Peter, at the close of the third chapter:—"Because Christ died once for our sins, the just for the unjust, that he might offer us to God; dead indeed in the flesh, but resuscitated in spirit, by which he went to preach to the spirits that were in prison."

Many of the fathers interpreted this passage very differently, but all were agreed as to the fact of the descent of Jesus into hell after his death. A frivolous difficulty was started upon the subject. He had, while upon the cross, said to the good thief:—"This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." By going to hell, therefore, he failed to perform his promise. This objection is easily answered, by saying, that he took him first to hell, and afterwards to paradise; but, then, what becomes of the stay of three days?

Eusebius of Cæsarea says, that Jesus left his body, without waiting for Death to come and seize it; and that, on the contrary, he seized on Death, who in terror and agony embraced his feet, and afterwards attempted to escape by flight, but was prevented by Jesus, who broke down the gates of the dungeons which inclosed the souls of the saints, drew them forth from their confinement, resuscitated them, then resuscitated himself, and conducted them in triumph to that heavenly Jerusalem which descended from heaven every night, and was actually seen by the astonished eyes of St. Justin.

It was a question much disputed, whether all those who were resuscitated died again before they ascended into heaven. St. Thomas, in his "Summary," asserts that they died again. This also is the opinion of the discriminating and judicious Calmet. "We maintain," says he,

in his dissertation on this great question, "that the saints who were resuscitated, after the death of the Saviour died again, in order to revive hereafter."

God had permitted, ages before, that the profane Gentiles should imitate in anticipation these sacred truths. The ancients imagined, that the gods resuscitated Pelops; that Orpheus extricated Eurydice from hell, at least for a moment; that Hercules delivered Alcestes from it; that Esculapius resuscitated Hippolytus, &c., &c. Let us ever discriminate between fable and truth, and keep our minds in the same subjection with respect to whatever surprises and astonishes us, as with respect to whatever appears perfectly conformable to their circumscribed and narrow views.

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

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